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JANUARY—JUNE 1897.



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BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCCCCLXXV. JANUARY 1897.

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THE GREAT SIBERIAN IRON ROAD.¹

[Since this article upon the new Trans-Siberian Railway, which the writer has just returned from visiting, was put in type, some of the effects of the undertaking have discovered themselves. The newspapers of December 8, 1896, published the terms of a treaty concluded at Pekin by Count Cassini, the Russian Minister, in which the port of Kiaochou, in the province of Shantung, is offered to Russia on temporary lease, and facilities are given for that railway extension in Manchuria, in connection with the Trans-Siberian Railway, to which the reader will find a reference in the closing pages of the paper.—Ed.]

WHEN in the years to come men will review the greater undertakings of the nineteenth century, it will be hard to find a rival to the Trans-Siberian Railway. Winding across the illimitable plains of Orenburg, traversing the broad Urals, spanning the widest rivers, such as the Irtish, Ob, and Yenesei, it creeps around the southern end of Lake Baikal, and mounts the plateau of far Trans-Baikalia. Thereafter, leaving behind it the

Yablonovoi Hills, the line descends into the valley of the Amur, exchanges it for that of the Ussuri, and ends at last in Vladivostock. Such is, in brief, the course of this vast enterprise.

For long, Russia has been feeling her way towards the open ocean. It is as if she were being choked for want of air. The White Sea and the Arctic Ocean enchained in Polar ice, the Baltic similarly blocked for half the year,

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SKETCH MAP OF
TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY
 ————— Railway completed
 - - - - - Railway in course of construction
 ===== Projected extension through Manchuria

English Mile
 0 100 200 300 400 500



the Black Sea closed in yet another way, and finally the land-locked Caspian, cannot satisfy her. In face of this, she has been compelled to seek the shores of the Pacific Ocean. As early as the middle of the seventeenth century a handful of intrepid Russian pioneers had gained the barren Okhotsk coast and founded the town that bears that name. It was only however to find that here the same conditions prevailed as on their western Baltic, and the disappointed explorers involuntarily turned their eyes towards the kindlier south. Soon a party of Cossacks and hunters, passing through Trans-Baikalia, took possession of some land on the upper Amur. Gradually the whole territory on the left bank of that river came into Russian hands, though it was General Muravieff who in 1854, during the progress of the Crimean war, played the greatest part in the work of annexation. From about four or five years later dates the appearance of Siberian railway effort.

Not only were there numerous Russian proposals for the exploitation of the country, but it stands on record that Collins, an American, and Morison and Horn, two Englishmen, were also among the first projectors. Nothing, however, was done. Some of the plans submitted were interesting, and it was quite a new idea to learn how far one could go across Siberia by simply making a canal between one of the tributaries of the Ob and the Yenesei. By means of the natural waterways one could thus reach the Baikal Lake and ascend the Selenga; thereafter all that was necessary would be to cross the Yablonovoi watershed and descend into the valley of the Amur.

It was only in the beginning of

the "eighties," however, that the railroad scheme began to be seriously considered. Discussion first centred round the questions as to which route should be followed, how the course of a railway could be most conveniently parcelled out, and whether it would be advisable to carry it right across Siberia. The last point was decided in the affirmative, mainly owing to a marked change for the better in financial prospects about this time. As to whether this railway should be a continuation from Tiumen on the Ural line, from Miass on the Samara-Zlatoust line, or simply of that which runs to Orenburg, it was, however, not so easy to decide. Eventually in February 1891 it was resolved to lay a track from Miass to Tcheliabinsk, and to carry on the survey from that town to Tomsk. Lastly, would it be enough to make a commencement in any one place merely, or, on the contrary, would it be advisable to begin operations at different points? In the latter case the construction of the middle portion of the Siberian Railway could be hastened by two years, and there appeared a possibility of entering on that of the Trans-Baikal portion even before the rails would be laid to Irkutsk. In view of these considerations, the Committee declared in favour of simultaneous commencement at different points.

This is a Russian project with which the reigning Tzar is peculiarly connected. During his journey through Siberia in 1891, while yet Tzarevitch, he became personally acquainted with every aspect of the undertaking, its difficulties and advantages. The execution of this colossal project is largely due to his great interest and enthusiasm in the matter. At Vladivostock the work was

formally inaugurated: Nicholas II. wheeled away the first barrowful of earth and placed the first stone in position. Thereafter a start was made from either end.

To carry on this undertaking, a Committee was appointed by the late Emperor Alexander III. It was to consist, amongst others, of the Ministers of Interior, of Agriculture and State Domains, of Finance, of Ways and Communications, and of War, and the Director of the Admiralty. The present Emperor was elected its first president by his father; and when, later on, he had to ascend the throne, he insisted on holding this position along with his other arduous duties. This Committee had no executive power; it was simply administrative, and when in difficulty, was required to refer to its imperial founder.

The first natural instinct was to hand over the execution of this project to the Direction of the Government railways. Later, however, it was thought that its gigantic nature would exhaust the resources of that department, and accordingly in June 1893 the direct construction of the railway was taken out of the hands of the Minister of Ways and Communications, and a new distinct branch of his department was instituted to carry the matter through. This new branch was thus, in a sense, under the Minister of Ways and Communications, and had power to see to the purchase of the rolling-stock, as also to arrange direct contracts, without being limited

to any sum. It could also change the period of contracts and terms of agreement.

The total length of the railway is 7112 versts.¹ It has been divided into seven working sections: these are—

1. Tcheliabinsk to river Ob, 1328 versts; total estimated cost, inclusive of rolling-stock and rails, 47 million roubles.

2. Ob to Irkutsk, 1754 versts; estimated cost, 73 million roubles.

3. Irkutsk to Misovskaya, 292 versts; estimated cost, 22 million roubles.

4. Misovskaya to Srjetensk, 1009 versts; estimated cost, 53 million roubles.

5. Srjetensk to Khabarovka, 2000 versts; estimated cost, 117 million roubles.

6. Khabarovka to Grafskaya, 347 versts; estimated cost, 18 million roubles.

7. Grafskaya to Vladivostock, 382 versts; estimated cost, 17 million roubles: being in all, roughly, 350 million roubles.

Such, at least, is the original plan and estimate. But it may be of interest to mention here that, while on the comparatively simple first section the actual cost has been some nine million roubles less than the estimate, on the second section, which involves cutting a way through the Taiga or forest zone, the estimate will be exceeded. The third section will be the most difficult, and, comparatively, the most costly, as the road will have to be cut through the cliffs which rise from

¹ Calculating the verst as $\frac{2}{3}$ mile, and the rouble as 2s. roughly, we find that the following figures represent the length and estimated cost of the different sections respectively: (1) 885 miles, £4,700,000; (2) 1169 miles, £7,300,000; (3) 195 miles, £2,200,000; (4) 673 miles, £5,300,000; (5) 1333 miles, £11,700,000; (6) 231 miles, £1,800,000; (7) 255 miles, £1,700,000. Total length and estimate—4741 $\frac{1}{3}$ miles, £35,000,000.

the margin of Lake Baikal to a considerable height.¹

By the 15th June 1895 one quarter of the line had been laid; but it is improbable that the whole will be finished before 1905. The following figures show the numbers of workmen employed on the West, Middle, Trans-Baikalian, and Ussuri divisions of the line: 36,629 navvies, 13,080 carters, 5851 surfacemen, 4310 carpenters, 4096 stone-masons, 2091 riveters, —in round numbers, 62,000 men. Also, to meet the demand for official servants and experts, technical schools of engineering have been opened in the towns of Omsk, Krasnoyarsk, and Khabarovka.

The other Departments of State have combined to lend a helping hand. Thus the Ministry of Agriculture and State Domains supplies and delivers gratis whatever timber may be required in the construction of the railway. The War Department has employed many of its men in survey and map-making, especially on the Amur, so as to get the best line through Khabarovka. In short, it is a work on which official Russia is quietly priding herself, and looking forward to the time when she will have a railroad twice as long as that which now unites New York and San Francisco.

The train, then, that, passing along the continuation of the Samara-Miass line, conducts the traveller on his way towards far Siberia, commences its journey at Tula. Here it was that we first came into contact with an Eastern emigration movement that has, during the past summer, been at once so sad and so remarkable.

One of the platforms was literally crowded with a mass of homeless humanity, drawn mostly from the southern and more thickly populated parts of Russia, such as the government of Poltava. It was nearly midnight, and in small family groups the emigrants had clustered round their few belongings, which were stowed away in sacks and baskets,—more rarely, wooden boxes. Over their little heaps of worldly goods they had spread sheepskins or blankets of coarse texture: piled up on these the children lay and slept, wrapped in their *shubas* (sheepskin coat), with the white hide outermost. Commonly one parent rested by them and the other watched, and it was hard to find a group without a babe. Some men and women wore a timid air, born of sheer helplessness. Most of the men, however, had the dull dogged look of driven cattle: an intelligent face you would have sought more successfully amongst their wives. Thus they reclined and slept, or talked in low subdued voices, while behind them loomed the dark red waggons with their significant inscription, "8 horses — 40 men," that were to carry them from the land of their nativity. Meanwhile men were at work on these mobilisation cars, fitting up an internal arrangement of boards, in order to render them more fit for human habitation during the week or so of railway journey to the East.

As this emigration question assumed somewhat alarming proportions during the past summer, it may be as well to offer a few remarks upon it.

For several years this movement to the East has been in pro-

¹ The average cost of laying one verst of the railway is 22,000 roubles (£2200).

gress. In some very slight form it may also be said to be in operation all the year long; but May, June, and July are the months during which the crush has commonly been most severe. In every way the Government has offered encouragement to intending settlers: they are taken at rates reduced enormously below the third-class fares—the actual price which they pay being 3 roubles per 1000 versts.¹ Those who come from the more northerly parts are conveyed by steamer from Kazan to Perm for 1½ roubles. A formal permission is indeed required in the case of every peasant, for which he may have to wait some time; but this measure is solely to prevent absconding on the part of debtors. Once this has been obtained, the arrangements permit of even the poorest peasant going.

The substance of the regulations that underlie this emigration movement may here be briefly outlined. In the governments of Tobolsk and Tomsk a grant of 15 *desiatines* (*desiatine*=2·86 English acres) of suitable land is made to every man, and in some cases an additional grant of not more than three *desiatines* of forest. In the governments of Yenesei and Irkutsk the extent of the grant is determined by the quality of the land. This land is conveyed to the settlers on letters of allotment, and whilst remaining State property, will be for their perpetual benefit. The sale and mortgage of such land is forbidden, and all similar transactions are defined as of no effect. Careful maps have been already prepared in connection with this movement at considerable cost, showing the population and physical features of each region.

Owing to the very slender popu-

lation of the Amur district, regulations have been drawn up to permit of the sale of the State lands in that territory. The principal idea underlying these regulations is to ensure that the State lands pass as private property only to those people who really wish and have the powers and capability to work them. The maximum quantity of land that can be sold to one buyer under the new regulations is not defined: all that is stated is that while allotments not exceeding 400 *desiatines* are to be made by the military governor, petitions for sale of land in larger quantities are to be presented with reasons to the chief of the district. Those who receive an agreement for the sale of land have to deposit one-half of the sum in the local treasury, whereupon an arrangement is made for the delivery of the land for three years' use and profit. To obtain full proprietorship, the following further condition is obligatory—viz., that in the course of three years the buyer shall expend in the working of the land and in furnishing the necessary plant, a sum, for an allotment not exceeding 100 *desiatines*, of not less than the cost of it on the price of purchase. For allotments from 100 to 400 *desiatines* the sum thus expended must be not less than twice the cost; above 400 *desiatines*, four times the cost. For the non-fulfilment of these conditions, the allotment is taken back, and the money received is kept as rent. The price fixed is 6 roubles the *desiatine* within 20 versts of the large towns in Eastern Siberia and in certain specially fertile places. At other points the land is sold at the rate of 3 roubles the *desiatine*, while a small addition is made for survey expenses.

¹ *I.e.*, less than 1s. per 100 miles.

In cases of dire extremity, grants of money without interest up to 100 roubles are made; while during the first three years the settler is exempt from taxes. The plan commonly followed is, that on arrival at Tcheliabinsk, on the farther side of the Urals, the settlers are arranged into parties and sent under superintendence to the locality that is to be colonised by them.

That the numbers had been gradually rising each year¹ was in no way remarkable; but the sudden increase that set in last spring was quite unlooked for. It partook of the nature of a wild stampede. How it affected the average Russian may be judged from the following incident. A gentleman personally known to myself, while staying at his country residence, was informed one morning that his cook and coachman desired to speak with him. These two men, who had been a lengthy period in his service and were the recipients of no mean wage, astonished him by quietly intimating that they were leaving for Siberia. Having known them many years he ventured to expostulate with them, but his suggestion that perhaps they were discontented with their wage and present circumstances was instantly scouted as quite out of the question. He then shared with them what he knew about the general disorganisation that had overtaken the movement during the early part of May of last year, with its sad attendant circumstances, telling them in all the truth, not so much from any wish to retain them in his service as from his personal interest in them. It was in vain: their only reply was, "Every one is going, and we must go too."

This year the tide set in early, and between the months of January and May 170,000 people had already passed through Tcheliabinsk—in May alone, 100,000; for a period of about a month, the daily number of incomers was 2000. The population of the above-mentioned town is 17,000, and on a certain day in May there were just so many settlers camping out around the station and along the railway-line, waiting for further transportation. The result was that the organisation of the young Siberian railway was quite unable to cope with this immense human flood. There was neither rolling-stock nor officials sufficient to conduct the settler-companies to their destination. In time more wagons were got out from Russia, the question was faced, and very soon that large population was moved on—not, however, before cholera, typhus, and other epidemics had broken out, and many had died. The question assumed so serious an aspect that a Secretary of State was sent out to inquire into this matter: having arrived on the spot, he at once gave orders for the cessation of all emigration, and proceeded personally to make fuller investigations and arrangements. As a result, by the end of the summer practically the whole government of Tobolsk had been settled, and the Taiga or virgin forest there is being surveyed and examined with a view to bringing under cultivation land occupied by it. The Secretary's son described to me the interest he had in seeing the different settlements in various stages of growth—some with only four-and-twenty hours of history, others three or four days old, and

¹ The figures for the year 1892 were, roughly, 100,000; for 1893, 150,000; for 1894, about 180,000.

others again whose existence dated from several weeks back. Those emigrants who wish to go to the Amur of course perform the journey by sea (forty-five days) from Odessa; but there were families settled in Tobolsk government last summer who had come back overland from that distant country, being discontented with the grant they had received there. In one case a family, after spending all they had (3000 roubles) on the journey to the Amur district and back, had settled down in Tobolsk penniless.

The journey from Tula towards Siberia cannot be called interesting. A painfully flat landscape, monotony of scenery, everywhere the tracks of the settler: that is all. Thus at Riajsk one side of the platform presented the same picture of frightened incarnations of misery, huddling together against the rain that came down in torrents, and crossing themselves at every lightning-flash and thunder-peal. We leave them, and the outlook is replaced by a broad sweep of land that extends on either side to the horizon: hedgeless and brown, where the soil has lately been upturned, but verdant also where one may distinguish the young corn. Occasionally we pass through a strip of wood whose trees exhibit a greenness that may almost be felt: it is the beginning of the Russian spring. Thereafter we traverse wide plains through which the railway track has been so simply led: the telegraph wires decrease in number, and one feels that the world is being left behind. There also, at distances of about 100 yards apart, is stacked in 10-foot lengths the wooden hoarding that in winter serves to shield the line from the fierce drifting of the snow.

Quickly we fly through the government of Penza, to whose prosperity a multitude of wind-mills testify. Acres of rye creep close up to the railway track and extend unbroken out of sight. At length we reach the Volga, Russia's "most kindly nurse." The great waterway seems dark and muddy from the height of the noble iron bridge that through 600 *sajens*¹ spans her breadth. The low left bank, flooded at parts and thickly wooded with small shrubs and trees that hug the river's brink, soon disappears, in contrast with the other bank, in height 100 feet or so, covered with luxuriant vegetation; and you may even see a scrap of sandy beach from which the river has retreated, lying beside the dark current.

We pass a village. Its most conspicuous object is the church, with whitened walls and two green domes. You notice that it holds a central place; you might almost fancy that the village had grown up around it as nucleus. The wooden huts, with their brown roofs of thatch, lighter in colour where the straw is of more recent date, stand separate in disconnected lines. The roads on which they abut preserve in part their primitive affinity with the surrounding plain — grass-covered where in their breadth they have not yet been trampled underfoot, black where some heavy wheel has rudely cut them up. A few youngsters in bright red shirts lend colour and activity to the scene. On the outskirts of the village each peasant owns a tiny plot, enclosed by stakes, which form the basis of a wall of wickerwork. Inside, you see, perhaps, two horses or a cow; it may be only straw. At the corner you

¹ *Sajen* = 7 English feet; the actual length of the bridge is 4375 feet.

will note a little dovecot raised on a pole, surmounted by a branch of birch. This welcome home is for blackbirds and the sparrows in the winter-time. Nor is this all, for on the extreme border of the small community, separated by a trench from the outer world, is an unkept square extent of land dotted with crosses, blue, black, or white, sometimes of iron, or, again, reduced to a short wooden post: thus does the peasant reverence his dead.

The rate of speed of our naphtha-stoked train is 30 versts an hour, and in process of time we leave Samara too behind us. The "elevators" form an important feature at the stations in this neighbourhood. These are large metal granaries, in which the produce of the surrounding country is stored. They are often of great height, and in them the grain is tossed about and mechanically sifted, so as to prevent over-heating. Beyond Samara we pass through gently undulating country, which now and again opens out on broader areas of damp reedy ground, which is occasionally monopolised by copses of stunted willow, birch, and oak. The only signs of habitation over long stretches are the lone cabins of the surfacemen. Sunk in the soil, with low roof sloping backwards, their tiny walls buttressed on every side by plank-imprisoned earth, these humble homes strangely testify to the advance of civilisation. Ufa proclaims that we are nearing Asia. As on the Volga, one sees on the river Ufa many house-rafts, capable of supporting a large floating population. Here and elsewhere we pass trainfuls of returning disappointed settlers.

At length we come in sight of the Ural Mountains, which figure so largely on our maps. The first sense is that of disappointment.

Although they extend a considerable length from north to south, and their breadth is fully borne in upon our minds by the slowness of the train, it is a remarkable fact that the highest peak only scales 5200 feet. Languidly the train ascends 100 feet of thickly wooded hill-country. Geological inquiry discloses the fact that we are traversing two folds in the earth's crust. Occasionally we pass through deeper dynamite-blown cuttings, and issue out of them only to look up to pine- and fir-clad heights. We strike a muddy river—Yarovka—born in these cooler latitudes. We follow it, and on either side at times the beetling brows give way to meadow-land, in which are set at intervals quiet hamlets. The tiny stations have a desolate appearance, and towards the evening a sublime silence reigns, which is only broken by the tinkling of faint cow-bells, the plaintive cuckoo's cry, or the occasional hum of human voices. Thus we pursue our way over varying heights, now riding through a cloud of butterflies that were resting by the wayside, now raising frightened wild-duck from some part of Yarovka's shaded banks.

It was early morning when we steamed into Tcheliabinsk. The country had now reverted to the flatness that characterised the western side of the Urals. Birch and beech were still the prominent trees. It was this town that saw the worst features of the emigration fever; but now, in the middle of June, scarcely three hundred remained as witnesses to the past. The platform presented a motley group of interested human beings: swarthy Tartars, sallow Russians, brisk Siberians, Bashkirs, Kirghese, and, to employ another category, the everlasting officer and sundry other petty *tchinov-*

niks. The Bashkirs, like the Kirghese, were originally a nomadic people, but have now somewhat settled down, and make excellent agricultural labourers.

Leaving Tcheliabinsk, we pass through country that indicates considerable population. Much has been reclaimed; much is under cultivation. Still more is level steppe, occasionally broken by strips of shrubby copse or statelier trees. Short posts in black and white, with the imperial eagle, help to mark out the boundaries of the land reserved on either side for the railways. The soil, where it is exposed, proclaims itself to be the far-famed *tochernozem* or black earth; beneath it in section one makes out the widespread *loess*. The villages are of course at a considerable distance from the line: this is the genius of all Russian railways.

Everything becomes simpler as we move farther east. Soon the stations resolve themselves into plain log-houses, surrounded by many square yards of birch, that serve as fuel for the locomotives.

Kurgan is the first town at which we stop in Siberia proper. From what one can see of it from the station, it has the appearance of being mainly composed of wooden houses; but, characteristically, two white churches with their green domes and roofs obtrude upon one's notice. Here we witnessed the first meeting after ten years of a well-known political exile with his parents and a younger brother, whom he now saw for the first time. A man selling models of convicts at work also reminds us of the peculiar associations that this country has for the civilised world. We have opportunity to stroll about and look around, for the train lingers an indefinite period at each point. To the Rus-

sian time is not money, still less to the Siberian. You might for that matter partake of a lengthy repast at every station if there was the wherewithal; but only at special points is provision made,—an ominous diagrammatic wine-glass before the name of a station in the time-table indicates the presence of a buffet there. At such a place one is commonly allowed twenty minutes; while elsewhere you will notice a line of tables at a fixed distance from the railroad, behind which stand a number of peasant women in picturesque attire, with milk, quass, bread, butter, and other viands for sale.

Omsk is situated in a bare plain, on two rivers, the Irtysh and the Om. As a result the town can be descried from a great way off: at this distance the barracks, Cadet Corps College, and the Church of St Nicholas are the most prominent objects. The bridge across the Irtysh is of the type commonly met with along the line—iron girders supported on stone piers. The embankment at this point is between 35 and 40 feet high; even yet a staff of men is almost constantly at work keeping it in repair. This was also found to be the case over great lengths of the line farther to the east; the heavy rains are continually washing away in part these huge structures. It is obvious that, in addition to what we may call the temporary demand for workmen, such an immense railway will require a permanent contingent of labourers to clear away snowdrifts and repair the line. To secure this object, it was proposed to introduce navvies from European Russia: steps have been already taken in this direction, and are being carried out successfully. The only distinguishing feature about Omsk station, which was in process of building, is that here

one sees half-a-dozen lines of railway. This is, of course, a provision for the future; the three trains weekly in either direction scarcely require them meantime. For the moment, except on the main line, all was in possession of a crowd of settlers.

We have already noticed the numbers of men who are engaged on this vast undertaking. In the heat of the mid-day sun it was assuredly hard work, and one was not surprised to see the somewhat deliberate fashion in which any particular task was carried through. The great majority of the labourers were toiling in white (or what were once white) cotton shirts and pantaloons, barefoot, bareheaded. Some of their tools and implements were primitive—*e.g.*, the wheelless barrow shoved along a plank. One saw the evolution of the spade in a single party, for while some were employing long-handled wooden shovels, all of one piece, others had the edge of the blade protected with a thin binding of tin, while yet others had the ordinary one with iron blade. Another tool looked like half a pick, with the back of the head flattened hammer-wise. They also made use of giant sledge-hammers of wood—a vast bole with a stout handle driven into it, making a very formidable weapon. Utilising a thick beam as lever, they would prise up great lengths of rail attached to the sleepers, and so fill in more ballast. One noticed also the absence of what are commonly known as “chairs”: the broad-based rails are simply laid on the notched sleepers, and held in position there by a small species of clamp on the inside only. Great care is being exercised in the regulation of this railway. Every hundred yards or so appear white boards indicating the gradients,

which occasionally alter very considerably over quite short ranges. Also at extremely short intervals are posted the usual men in charge of the line, green flag in hand, to signify that their section at least is clear. The railway embankment is continually followed on either side by excavations of varying size, from which the soil was taken for its construction. At those points where over long distances the embankment remains a considerable height, these trenches increase greatly in breadth, but not so much in depth. The cause of this is simply that the ground is frozen at about 6 feet below the surface till towards the end of July, so that the upper stratum only is workable. These broad ditches fill with water, and become the spacious nurseries of myriads of mosquitoes and other objectionable forms of insect life. Beyond these lie immense expanses of verdant plain, whose uniformity is rudely interrupted at intervals by irregularly set thickets of stunted birch. Occasionally some Kirghese boy reveals our laboured progress by forging ahead of the train on his hardy pony. Shaggy, sure-footed, speedy, they are the true Siberian travellers; shrewd also, for when the sun has dipped below the western horizon and the evening air seems to exist for nothing but mischief-making mosquitoes and their inhuman clan, mark how by yonder small encampment in the lee of a birch coppice the patient burden-bearers stand beside the fire, facing the wind, and holding their heads in the smoke to be relieved from their pestiferous associates. Animal life is otherwise not much in evidence. Occasionally a startled hare dashes from his haunt too near the track of progressive man. Perhaps a mallard rises from some weeded brake, and overhead a towering

hawk reck not but for his prey : save for these, we are alone.

In time we come to Krivoshe-kovo: we are now 2058 versts from Moscow, 1323 from Tcheliabinsk. The river Ob is at this point to be spanned by a bridge; but as the wooden scaffolding was burned down, the construction of it has fallen much behind that of bridges farther on, and as yet only one girder unites two of the stone piers.¹ Here again we notice a gathering of settlers, who are, however, not allowed within the imaginary precincts of the station. A goodly number of log cabins may be seen in the vicinity, but these do not form the village, which is 4 versts off across the river. What one sees is simply the natural upgrowth of two years of railway labour. It follows that the original Krivoshekovo will decline in importance, and its place be taken by this upstart village: thus does the railway make and unmake places. To drive to the river the only available conveyance is a country *vozok*: the first impression is that of a large basket supported on four wheels. More careful inspection discloses two stout axle-trees connected by six poles—branches unhewn and lying in the horizontal: a seventh, stronger than the rest, finds place below the other six. On this arrangement, only well forward, is perched the wicker basket, across which is set a board held in its place by ropes, and on this two men may sit with fear and trembling. Straw lines the bottom. A smaller board, most wonderfully balanced on the front edge of the basket, and also held in place by ropes, accommodates the driver. Behind the coble there remain about 3 feet of the horizontal framework,

on which heavy baggage may be settled: it is an embryonic *taran-tass* without the hood. The wheels have a run of 6 inches on the axle, which is so long as to prevent all chance of capsizing; along this they perpetually wobble. The shafts are two young birch-trees, with the unlopped stumps of the branches still much in evidence. Between them is a small unshod Siberian pony, of a dun shade, in size and appearance not unlike a Shetlander: the traces are two half-inch ropes. It is supported by an outrunner trotting abreast, and retained by two as slender ropes, while a strap attaching his apology for a bridle to that of his neighbour hinders him from running at an angle of more than 45° to the line of progression. We start, how? The driver simply whistles to his pair, and off they bound. It is early morning, but here many of the people are already astir. The baker's shanty is thronged by simple hungry peasants. Already in an open shed the butcher quarters his unsavoury lamb before an eager assemblage.

Now we are off, but how the dust flies! The little outrunner holds his head out to the left and runs for dear life. Such a rough track: holes every few minutes, into which we shoot and are as quickly jerked out. Soon we reach the brown turgid Ob. On its farther bank the red *rubashki* (shirts) of the men and the brightly coloured dresses of the women stand out against the dull yellow huts that crowd the bank, and against the dark pine-trees behind. We arrive at the ferry-boat and board it; but notice its primitive simplicity. Two barge-like boats are joined by a large platform deck that is com-

¹ It will, however, be completed this year.

mon to them both. At one end of this platform a wooden cogged wheel works on a goodly beam to which the tiller is attached. More complicated is the contrivance by which this paddle-boat is made to move by a literal three-horse-power. On the outside of either boat is a paddle-wheel with wooden blades; these are connected also with a large cogged wheel which lies in the horizontal. Outside this wheel is a trotting-ground, where the three ponies perform perpetual circles, being attached by horizontal poles to one large vertical axle leading through the centre wheel. The upper end of this axle turns in another thick beam that stretches across over all, being supported on either side outside the pony-track by a wooden pillar. Two of the ponies had attendant boys, who continually walked behind them and kept them moving. The third driver was a tall fine-looking peasant, with a mop of curly yellow hair and a bushy unkempt beard. In his magenta shirt and much-patched black velveteen pantaloons, whose ends were buried in tall boots, he looked an imposing figure; and it seemed a pity that a man who had to stoop each time he passed under the high cross-beam already alluded to, should have to spend his days doing such menial service.

The clayey road creeps irregularly up the bank through the straggling huts that comprise the village. A tributary of the Ob has cut deeply into the bank, and the wooden bridge with its loose planks shakes and rattles ominously as we fly across, to bury ourselves in the sweet pine-woods. The dusty road winds and twists through verst after verst of placid pine and trembling aspen: its roughness causes us to make acquaintance with every corner of

the oscillating basket. The back seat is no longer tenanted; it simply serves as something to which to cling. We pass two *telegas* (wooden cart) filled with various household stuffs: behind them are walking three barefooted peasant women with bright merry faces, a little girl with a handful of wild-flowers, and four or five men. My companion salutes them; they are from Periyaslaff in South Russia, and are proceeding to their new home, some forty miles away. Still we go on; and then another turn of the road brings us face to face with a second slow procession. In the first wicker cart sit two young men clad in grey, with bare heads and clean-shaven faces; on their knees is the coffin of a little child, dressed out in pink and wild-flowers. In the second cart rides the father, with haggard downcast look, wearing the unbleached cotton coat that proclaims him to be something more than a peasant; by his side is a young boy. The third cart contains two women. One is the mother—you see it in her face. At last we come to the station in the wood; it is called Ob. A cluster of buildings is growing up; it looks as if some day it will be a place of importance. As yet, however, nothing is open save a waiting-room; the ticket office is in a fourth-class waggon on the train, and still there are settlers, still the crowd of interested peasants.

But now the country changes; up to the Ob, plain had predominated. What seems rather like an unending park, planted with silver birch, the beauty of the Siberian forest, now supervenes. The orange-tinted *Trollius asiaticus*, so expressively called in Russian what we might render as "little fire," colours the open ground in part, growing more plentifully,

however, in the shade of individual trees. The wild rose also abounds, and brackens usurp what remains. Along the railway-line, which winds in long-drawn sigmoid curves, navvies are now in greater evidence. The Direction takes on practically all who offer, as the supply is not in excess of the demand. The astonishing daily wage of $1\frac{1}{4}$ roubles is paid; labour cannot be got cheaper. On the western half of the line the men are mainly Russians, Siberians, and in a few instances Italians; farther east you find convicts, Chinese, and Coreans. During the summer they lie out at night or rear a simple dwelling by means of sleepers, much as a child makes one of bricks.

The question of criminal labour on the railway presents some interesting features that may be briefly narrated here. Once it was resolved to employ convict labour, the problem that presented itself to the Ministry of the Interior was how, out of the criminal prisoners from European Russia, the lazy local population of the Siberian prisons, and the political exiles, to form a disciplined army of railway workmen. It was, however, solved so brilliantly that the convicts working on the Mid-Siberian road by their labour and irreproachable conduct attracted the attention of the august President of the Committee of the Siberian Railway. Convict labour was at first directed to the construction of the Ussuri Railway, where, on the contrary, it far from verified expectations, and the convict party was soon sent back to the island of Saghalin. On a larger scale the experiment was repeated in the construction of the Mid-Siberian Railway. In order to make the work attractive, and so include convicts of all categories, a regulation was made for

those who came under the Governor-General of Irkutsk, that eight months' railway work should count as one year of imprisonment or hard labour, according to circumstances. For the exiles the term required to enable them to be registered as peasants was to be reduced, in return for labour on the railway, in the proportion of one year for two. For those who more than two years before had been transported for life, the period during which they should have to wait before permission would be granted to choose a dwelling-place was reduced by one-half; and for those compelled to live in far Siberia, the term of deportation was to be shortened by counting one year as two.

The success attending convict labour on the Mid-Siberian Railway gave rise to the idea of again extending these regulations to the other farther Eastern section of the railway. With this object the same privileges were granted to prisoners and exiles coming under the surveillance of the Governor-General of Ussuri as to those under the Governor-General of Irkutsk.

For the supervision of the exiles the Minister of the Interior appointed special officers, and for the supervision of the common criminal labourers, inspectors and orderlies. The former enjoy a position of district country control, with the right added of calling out a military escort. Each individual controller has 200 versts of the road allotted to him. The inspectors and orderlies have the privileges of the lower police ranks, and are disposed at every 50 versts of road-construction.

Again we have exchanged our wooded park for the open plain, along which we ride now somewhat timidly, and at last reach the banks

of the river Tom, where the unfinished bridge once more renders the ferry-boat indispensable. Later we saw the testing of the bridge previous to opening. On each span a train consisting of four locomotives and four laden waggons had to remain for two hours; thereafter the train traversed the bridge several times, increasing the rate of speed at each passage.

Tomsk, the third largest town in all Siberia, is not situated on the main line; a branch line from a point called Taiga runs thither. True to all traditions, the Tomsk terminus is 3 versts from the town. When we passed eastwards in June, Taiga was represented by a few piles of logs, and the branch-line was in process of construction. Three months later, not only was the usual large stone water-reservoir standing sentinel, pagoda-like, over a neat array of log-houses, varying in colour and appearance, but the buffet was capable of supplying a champagne lunch in honour of the birth of a son to the Governor of Tomsk.

It was only by the courtesy of the railway officials that we proceeded farther by rail; however, it was expected that the line would be open to the public as far as Krasnoyarsk by October of last year. In two years one will probably be able to go as far as Irkutsk, and in six years more thereafter, Vladivostock and Paris may be joined by rail.

The new train on the far side of the river Tom is entirely composed of trucks filled with iron rails and tools, except for two or three carriages for the inspector and director of that division of the line; one of these we share. There is, however, one fourth-class wagon full of labourers. At Marinsk we pass a military train—part of the general movement of Russian

troops towards her Eastern frontiers. In their white cotton jackets with red epaulettes, dark-green trousers, black waist-belt, long boots, and white peak caps, the men look in the best of spirits, as if they were enjoying themselves to their hearts' content. At the station they descend, form up, and then march off, singing awhile some of their strange folk-lays. In about an hour, the sound of a measured tramp of feet accompanying a lively chorus betokens their return, and each man may be seen swinging along with a large brown loaf of rye-bread under his arm.

Now we enter a distinctly hilly and wooded country. The floral wealth is very great—purple cypripedia, aconite, blue potentillas, wild geranium, equisetum, and a hundred other varieties. Two lovely lilies now demand attention owing to their quantity,—the graceful yellow *Hemerocallis*, set like so many golden stars in a firmament of emerald, smiles back to the drooping purple *Lilium martagon*.

On occasions the train comes to a standstill, and the workmen who accompany us rush out and pull up the wild rhubarb. Scotch fir, spruce, Siberian poplar, alder, and birch predominate. Approaching Atchinsk, however, we again come on the open plain. As our wagon creeps nearer the town on a side-line, we observe that we are gradually working into the midst of a large band of settlers. Suddenly there is a violent jerk, then the train stops, and we find that we have left the rails: thus we are conveniently situated for study right in the middle of the settler colony.

It was already evening, and the cool night wind had begun to blow. Reviewing the temporary camp pitched upon either side of

us, we could perceive that it contained perhaps three hundred souls. It was only natural to find that they had mostly come from Southern Russia, but had been waiting where we found them six long weeks, in hope of further transmission to the neighbourhood of Yeneseisk. They had much of which to complain, and recounted how they had suffered numerically from epidemics. Cholera, typhus, and other loathsome enemies of mankind had walked—were walking—at their ease amongst them; thirty per cent had died. Most had ensconced themselves in the lee of the embankment, which at this point began to rise to meet a bridge that spans the small river on which Atchinsk stands. Beside them were the railway trenches water-filled; clouds of mosquitoes filled the air. These the colonists attempted to drive away by smoking, or by sitting closely round the fires that formed the centre of each family circle; or again, some plucked short half-charred sticks out of the fire, and, blowing on them, served by the heat engendered to protect their faces; while others sought refuge in shawls and handkerchiefs, so wrapping up their heads that only an eye remained visible. Not far removed, in little heaps, lay their worldly possessions,—a square box or two wrapped in sacking forming the groundwork, on and around which were bags and bundles tied with rope, untied, split, bursting, empty. A few branches bent hoopwise, with either end stuck in the ground, and interwoven with yet other leafy branches, formed their rude dwellings. Some, more fortunate, had improvised a tent of dirty cloth, into which they could just crawl. Others had adopted the device of the surfacemen, and appropriated sleepers for hut-build-

ing purposes. See them squatting there, in weariness of soul, killing time as best they may around a samovar, perhaps the family heirloom that once saw better days. Thus, then, they sat by the low fires in dark-brown homespun *kaftans*, fleecy *shubas*, or padded jackets. And as they sat they talked I know not what about, perchance some memories of home, while far to the west the last rays of the declining sun were filling the heavens with a purple glow. We sat by the car-window and watched them in the stillness of the night: now and again they would start up when there was borne from some remoter group keeping late vigil those soft, weird, minor melodies that are the priceless possession of the Russian folk. And when the dying strains of the song soared to a high-pitched note held by the female voices, while the men prolonged it an octave lower, it seemed like some sad musical interrogation, Why had they left Poltava to die on the Siberian steppe?

Next morning we left our helpless waggon, crossed the river by the ferry-boat, and started off on the last possible railway stretch in a fourth-class car.

Now we are fairly in the Taiga, as they call the forest zone. Siberian poplars, with ash-grey stem and quivering leaves; spruces, with their regular isosceles-triangular contours and dark shading; giant larches towering above their fellows; cedars having peculiar branches, crowded with knob-like bunches of green needles; Scotch firs, with cinnamon-coloured upper trunks, toning down to sombre iron-grey; birches, with pure white gentle stems; and alders,—these form the body, while the padding is largely left to the smaller but graceful Siberian spruce, with smoother bark and darker leaves.

Such is the Siberian jungle, now pierced by two thin lines of iron rail. At night, during this last journey, the coupling-irons gave way on a somewhat steep incline, and the detached portion of the train began to roll backwards. Luckily the man in charge of the only brake awoke at this moment, and in a few seconds the retreat was stopped. He confessed, however, that it was more owing to the rough state of the line than to the efficiency of the brake that the runaway portion was so quickly controlled. But this was not all, for first the engine deserted the track, and later on another waggon followed its example, so that in all we spent exactly four days in covering what was performed in thirty-six hours on the homeward run.¹ As we carried workmen with us, however, it was only a case of waiting till the necessary repairs were accomplished, except in the case of the coupling-irons. The Taiga has been cut down for about 40 yards on either side of the embankment, making a broad clearing of 100 yards or so at parts. Along the rough roadway, seldom devoid of gradient, the weary engine toils: at times it almost seems as if a steeper bit of incline would be too much for it, when suddenly with a jerk the difficulty is overcome, and we resume our seven miles an hour, which slow rate is in part a precaution for safety.

One fine morning at 3 A.M. we enter the hill-encircled plain where lies the town of Krasnoyarsk. Piles of wood, stone, and rails indicate that here, at any rate, is to be a station of some dimensions; and when towards the end of summer we passed through again,

a fine building had been reared in red sandstone. The bridge over the Yenesei will be one of the masterpieces of the line. Built, like them all, in the lattice-girder style, its single span will have a length of over 400 *sajens* (2800 feet). The bridge over the Tom is only about half as long as this one will be, with three spans, and it cost half a million roubles.

Although when coming back we joined a special waggon at a point 103 versts east of Krasnoyarsk, yet from this town we had to begin driving on the way out. We constantly passed little patches of embankment, either finished or in process of construction, or again as yet merely represented by three sticks standing in the tree-cleared vista, of which the outer two indicated the extreme limit of the breadth of the embankment, while the third attested its height at the middle point. And as we drove on through the forest we would suddenly come on the birch-bark huts of the workmen nestling in the shade of the trees. The labourers, variously attired, but with a preference for the red *rubashka*, sit round their fires: a few *telegas*, still heaped with goods, the hobbled horses, all proclaim that work has not long commenced at this point. In the distance the overseer is riding away on his horse to the nearest village, now that the day's work is over.

It is difficult to estimate the enormous amount of labour that has been expended on this railway. Consider how, to begin with, all the sleepers have been sawn tediously by hand: the log rests at a considerable elevation upon two props; one man stands upon it,

¹ *I.e.*, we retraced most of it at the rate of 27 versts an hour, while it is asserted that Prince Khilkoff was taken over parts of the line in August of last year at 52 versts an hour.

working the saw downwards to another man below. Then in the construction of any high embankment the supporting piles are driven in by a primitive contrivance, also of wood, in the form of a giant tripod, from the top of which there hangs a pulley. Over this runs a rope, to one end of which is attached a heavy stone, with level base, while the other end is led on to a wheel at the side, by means of which the weight is raised. This arrangement is fixed over *each pile* in turn, so that the descending stone may strike it; thus after a generation the pile is driven home to the required depth.

One other point may be briefly touched upon. Siberia, with one or two exceptions, is not in the possession of good roads—at least, such as could be counted on for the transport of rails, fixed or rolling stock. The natural course was therefore to employ her splendid waterways, and one of the first acts of the Committee of the Trans-Siberian Railway was to authorise the expenditure of over a million roubles on the improvement of water-communication on the rivers of Western Siberia, and on exploration of the Amur. How much was necessary to be done in the way of deepening channels, cutting down trees which threatened to fall into the water, retaining rivers in their beds, and marking dangerous places, can only be understood by those who have seen it for themselves. How much has been done is only in keeping with the really remarkable speed at which this whole enterprise is being carried through.

Lastly, one is impressed with the extremely finished nature of the work: thus the side of the large brown embankment is covered often with an infinite number of small squares of turf,

each of which is held in position by two little pegs of wood.

Evidences of the railway accompanied us so far as we went. The clearing through the Taiga now extends throughout its length, and at different points one comes on the embankment in varying stages of development. Commonly, it is still disconnected where rivers break across its course; but the magnificent bridge over the Selenga, in the neighbourhood of Verchni-Udinsk, is now in process of construction.

It was impossible to see the progress of the work round the south end of the Baikal Lake, as the direct route leads one naturally to traverse it by steamboat. This part will involve considerable difficulty, and, as it may not be ready for some time, a steamer of 4000 tons is being constructed for the purpose of transporting the train bodily across the lake. A model of this boat was on view at the Nijni-Novgorod Exhibition of last summer. It is intended that it shall make its own way across the ice-bound lake; but instead of working on the American principle of, as it were, climbing up on the ice and so breaking it down by sheer weight, in accordance with the idea of a Russian engineer the model represents the vessel as provided with a screw in the bow, which, by its action near the surface of the water, might be supposed to weaken the ice. Captain Wiggins meanwhile condemns this scheme, for however well it may succeed with a foot of ice, it seems to be a very inefficient method of coping with the thicker Baikal ice. There is a twin screw-propeller at the stern: and the bow is modelled to have the same appearance above water as the stern. Four funnels, disposed in corners of an imaginary square, serve to give the steamer,

on the whole, a very imposing appearance.

In connection with the geological expeditions that have also been at work on behalf of the railway, some excellent results have been obtained. Hitherto the fuel used has been wood, and a recent discovery of coal at Pavlodar had not been regarded with any great interest. More lately, however, in the Mid-Siberian district, there have been two remarkable discoveries of anthracite or stone coal, but of very good quality, at points within 20 versts of the railway. Also in Trans-Baikalia, in the valley of the Selenga and other places, valuable deposits have been found, some of the seams averaging 35 feet in thickness.

In its relation to Russia, it is obvious that the new railway as an exporting agency may not be altogether an unmixed blessing. A prominent official told me that it will probably involve a radical change in the administration of this matter. The route from Europe to Siberia through the Kara Sea is still too uncertain a course to come into anything like general usage. Meantime an expedition is engaged in hydrographical work in these regions; and the lapse of a few years may make a great change in the point of view from which this passage is regarded at the present moment. But Siberia requires some cheap convenient way even now by which to export her produce. The yearly excess of grain available for export is 9 to 12 million *poods* (*pood* = 36 lb. Eng.) A moment's thought will serve to show how the great railway, mainly in its function of populating the country, will soon augment this large quantity. At the same time, to flood the already crowded Russian markets with Siberian corn would

be fatal to the agricultural world of the former, where prices are even now at a minimum.

To obviate this, a proposal was laid before the Committee of the Trans-Siberian Railway to join by rail the basins of the Ob and northern Dwina. The projected line was to start from Perm, and, passing through Viatka, to strike the Dwina near the village of Kotlass, whence a run of 649 versts down the river would bring one to Archangel. At the present moment there are upwards of seventy steam craft plying on that stretch of the river. It has been estimated that the cost of delivery of grain cargoes in London would be about $1\frac{3}{4}$ to $2\frac{1}{4}$ kopecks the *pood* cheaper from Tiumen, and $3\frac{1}{4}$ to $6\frac{1}{2}$ kopecks from Barnaul through Archangel, than through St Petersburg. In time, with the improvement of the navigable condition of the Dwina and other rivers, as also by the lowering of the freights, it is supposed that this difference would yet be more increased to the advantage of Archangel. The cheapening of grain in the Archangel market will mean the fall of prices on all the White Sea coast, and will provide the possibility in the widest measure of increasing the sea industry, which is now declining year by year, and passing into the hands of the Norwegians. The estimated cost of this railway is 55 million roubles (£5,500,000). A commencement was made in 1895, and in time the line will be brought into direct connection with the other branches of the Russian railway system. Such, at least, is Prince Khilkoff's dream, which many, however, loudly prophesy will result in failure, ascribing it to what they deem to be his over-eagerness in Russian railway extension.

One feature about the railway

and its influence is very noticeable. Russians are just beginning to find out what they have got in Siberia, which is at once the gem of the Russian empire and its cesspool. The seeming indifference of the Russian people to this new exploit is really remarkable. If any English-speaking race were in the position of Russia at the present time, it is inconceivable that one would not meet with a host of individuals of all sorts and conditions rushing out to take possession of this land of promise,—clerks, tradesmen, speculators, prospective hotel proprietors, saloon-keepers, bankrupts, members of the Salvation Army,—and what does one find in Siberia? Not a single Russian travelling to spy out the land from mere love of it, and few anxious even so much as to visit this country of the future.

Finally, the political aspect of this magnificent enterprise can hardly be overlooked. It probably means the eventual acquisition of

Manchuria by the Russians. No one conceals the fact that the present line, as traced on their charts through Nertchinsk and Khabarovka down to Vladivostock is only looked on as a feeder. It traverses a region with a scanty population, and ends at a port that is shut up for six months in the year. It is needless to recount details that were quite recently published as to the survey that is at present being carried on by Russian, French, and Chinese official engineers, for the purpose of taking a line across Manchuria through Tsitsihar, by which the Ussuri and the western parts of the Trans-Siberian Railway may be united. This short cut will, it is stated, come out at Vladivostock. But the Gulf of Pechili is the ultimate goal in the vision of Russian railway enterprise, and it can only be a question of time till the Trans-Siberian Railway finds an Eastern terminus on its milder shores.

J. Y. SIMPSON.

TWENTY YEARS OF REVIEWING.

IF a person about to deal with Reviewing had no further desire than to amuse his readers or his audience at the least cost to himself, he could hardly do better than make a cento of extracts from authors on the subject of reviewers. There would certainly be no lack of matter; and as certainly there would be no lack of piquancy in what there was. As Mr Pendennis remarked of his uncle and Captain Henchman, that he was "sorry to say they disliked each other extremely, and sorry to add that it was very amusing to hear them speak of each other," so may it be said of authors and reviewers. Indeed the comparison is more than usually appropriate, for as Captain Henchman and Major Pendennis belonged after all to the same class, so also do reviewers and authors.

However, it is not my present purpose to compile in this fashion, and we may content ourselves with two key-notes uttered in harmony by perhaps the two most dissimilar writers of genius in England in the early years of this century—William Cobbett and Percy Bysshe Shelley. Cobbett, in triumphant comment on his own 'English Grammar,' asserts that fifty thousand copies of it have been sold, "without its ever having been mentioned by those old shuffling bribed sots, the reviewers." And Shelley, in one of the cancelled sentences of the preface to 'Adonais'—sentences cancelled, not out of repentance, but because he preferred to put the thing differently—inform us that "Reviewers, with some rare exceptions, are a most stupid and malignant race." Putting aside "old"—which can-

not, I think, be predicated nowadays of at least the majority of reviewers—and "sots," which is irrelevant and actionable—these two sentences from the most ethereal of great poets and the most prosaic of great prose-writers pretty well sum up the general indictment. Bribed, shuffling, stupid, malignant to worth and genius, neglectful of it when not malignant. That is what authors (when they are not reviewing, which often happens) say of reviewers.

But it is not all that is said. Persons, sometimes really impartial, sometimes affecting impartiality, and, at any rate, not merely abusive or indignant, ask what is the good of reviewing; whether any man who has real knowledge and talent would not be much better employed in creative, or at any rate substantive, work, than in simply commenting on the work of others; whether the habit of reading reviews does not provide an unhealthy substitute for the habit of reading the books themselves; whether the diversity of equipment to begin with, and the diversity of verdict in the end, do not make reviews almost impossible as instruments of instruction or edification of any kind? I have even known odder charges than these made, and complaints raised that the reviewer, by extracting (yet, on the other hand, one meets with complaints that he does *not* extract), spoils the author's market, and in fact violates his copyright. In fact, the reviewer is in even worse case than a celebrated heroine of one of the poets, who hated reviewers worst in his own peculiar fashion, and who, to do him justice, had no

very great reason to love them. He is a being whom "there are few to praise and not a soul to love."

I do not on this occasion hold any brief for the reviewer; but as it has long seemed to me that there is not only a good deal of passion in some of the things that are said against him, but a considerable deficiency of knowledge in very many of the things that are said, if not against yet about him, I have thought that it might not be uninteresting to hear what a reviewer of pretty considerable experience, who has given up reviewing, has to say on the subject. I had had rather more than twenty years' practice in reviewing at the time I gave it up; and during the greater part of that period I think my practice was about as extensive and various as that of any of my contemporaries. I have written reviews in half-a-dozen lines and reviews in forty pages. I have reviewed books in classics, in mathematics, in history, in philosophy, in geography, in politics, in the fine arts, in the arts of war by land and sea, in theology, in cookery, in pugilism, and in law. I have reviewed "travels and novels and poems," at least as many as ever did the afore-said Mr Pendennis. I have, though very rarely indeed, and always under protest, reviewed books with the printer's devil waiting to carry away the sheets to press as they were written.

I once (by no offer or intrigue of my own, but simply because as many editors, unasked, sent the volume to me) wrote five different reviews of the same book. And if any one unkindly says: "In short, you were a reviewer of all work, and refused none," I can clear myself from that imputation. For I once refused to review a

book in Syriac, because I do not know a word of that language; and I always refused to review books on the currency, because I have (for reasons based on observation) made it a rule to refrain from understanding anything whatever about that subject. I can thus, at least, plead experience, and as I never wish to write another review of the ordinary kind, I can also plead complete disinterestedness.

In one respect I may be found disappointing, for I have no mystery of iniquity to reveal, no 'Satan's Invisible World' to display. No doubt there are venal reviewers, and no doubt there are spiteful ones; there are, I presume, rascals and shabby fellows in all professions, vocations, and employments. If a man has strong private or party animus, and no very high sense of honour, he will no doubt make up his mind, as we know Macaulay did in Croker's case, to "dust the varlet's jacket for him" when he gets hold of a book by a person whom for any reason he dislikes. Nay, as there are many people who have the fortunate or unfortunate gift of being able to convert their likes and dislikes into ethical and intellectual approval or disapproval of a quasi-sincere kind, the dusting will, no doubt, often be done with a sense of action *ad majorem Dei gloriam* — with a conviction that it is a noble action and a virtuous one. But, once more, these curious self-delusions, as well as the more downright and unquestionable indulgences in evil-speaking and evil-doing, are not peculiar to reviewing. There may be a little more temptation to and opportunity for them there than elsewhere: but this temptation and this opportunity are reduced to a minimum if the editor has his wits about him

and does his duty. Of course, if editor and reviewer are in a conspiracy there is nothing to be said; but, again, conspiracies are not unknown things in any relation of life, and yet, again, I do not believe that they are more common in reviewing than anywhere else. They exist, doubtless, in some cases; but in most they are simply figments of a very well-known and only too common form of mania, and sometimes figments half-ludicrously and half-pathetically contrary to the fact.

The most curious instance of this that I ever knew was as follows: There was once upon a time a not undistinguished man of letters whom we may call A.; and there was, contemporary with him, a busy reviewer whom we shall call B. B., with his name, reviewed, not by any means savagely, but with rather qualified admiration and some strictures, a volume of A.'s poems. Some time afterwards he was told that A. was what is familiarly called a skinless person; and not finding any particular amusement in tormenting, thenceforward, when a book of A.'s came in his way, praised it if he could, or let it alone. On one occasion B. received through an editor a letter of thanks from A. for an anonymous review of his. But after A.'s death, which happened some years later, B. learnt that A. had been under the constant idea, and had frequently declared to his friends, that he, the said B., had been "hounding him anonymously throughout the press for years"! Of course nothing can be done with or for such *Heauton-timorou-menoi* as these. No praise is ever sufficient for them: all blame is undeserved, interested, malignant. But in cases of real personal enmity or friendship, or of

very strong disapproval on religious or political or other grounds, I think there is a very simple rule for the reviewer. If the book of a friend which you cannot praise, or that of an unfriend which you have to blame severely, comes to you—send it back again. The right of silence is the only one of the Rights of Man for which I have the slightest respect, or which I should feel disposed to fight for.

It has also to be remembered, when the subject of unfair and biassed reviewing is under consideration, that, at any rate nowadays, when reviews are very numerous, and when no single vehicle of them enjoys commanding reputation or influence, such reviewing does no very great harm. It is unpleasant, of course. If a man say he likes it nobody believes him, even though a gratuitous advertisement that one is not connected with certain journals may be a distinct compliment, and a kind of present. A once well-known member of the House of Commons amused it not so very many years ago by avowing his terror of the 'Skibbereen Eagle.' It was no doubt not shared by his hearers; but it may be doubted whether any one of them would not have in fact preferred, though only by a faint preference, praise in the 'Skibbereen Eagle' to abuse in it. Yet it is hardly conceivable that the abuse can really damage any one; and it sometimes, when unskilfully and extravagantly indulged in, creates a distinct revulsion in favour of the victim. It is certain that the dead-set made many years ago in certain quarters at the late Mr Froude's historical work determined more persons than one to take a more favourable view of it and of him than they might other-

wise have taken; and I think there have been similar cases since. At any rate, to my mind, deliberately unfair and partisan reviewing does much less harm than the process known as "slating" for slating's sake, or than the old and constantly revived notion that an author is mainly, if not merely, something for the critic to be clever upon. But of that we shall speak presently: some other matters must come before it.

For it will probably not be undesirable to inquire before going any further what a review ought to be, as a not useless preliminary to the discovery what ought to be the nature of a reviewer, and whether reviewing is a benefit or a nuisance *per se*. And in this inquiry we may start by clearing up a slight confusion which, like other slight confusions, has caused no slight error. I take it that a review in the general sense is addressed to, and intended for the benefit of, the general congregation of decently educated and intelligent people. There may be a special kind of review which is addressed to specialists, and which must be written for them by themselves. A scientific monograph, which purports to tell what further progress has been made in some particular department of chemistry or physiology, cannot in the proper sense be "reviewed." Its results can be abstracted; its conclusions, if they are disputable, can be argued for or against; corollaries or riders can be indicated or suggested by the expert. But as such a thing is never, except by accident and once in a thousand times, literature—as even when it is literature its literary character is accidental—it does not lend itself to review. For, once more, a review, as I take it (and the taking is not a private crotchet but a

mere generalisation of actual practice and fact during the two centuries or a little more which make the life of the review), is a thing addressed to the general body of educated people, telling whether it is or is not worth their while to make further acquaintance with such and such a document purporting to bear their address. As the circle of knowledge which is supposed to be open to the general reader and to come within the range of literature widens, the circle of reviewing will widen too. But it will always remain true that the way in which the author has done his work is the main if not the sole province of the reviewer. Has he formed an allowable, an agreeable, a fairly orderly conception of his subject? Has he shown decent diligence and accuracy in carrying this conception out? Does his book, if it belongs to the literature of knowledge, supply some real want? Does it, if it belongs to the literature of power or art, show a result not merely imitated from something else? Has it, if a poem, distinct characteristics of metre, word-sound, style? Does it, if a work of argument or exposition, urge old views freshly, or put new ones with effect? If it is a novel, does it show grasp of character, ingenuity in varying plot, brilliancy of dialogue, felicity of description? Can you, in short, "recommend it to a friend" for any of these or any similar qualities? Or can you even recommend it—the most disputable and dangerous of the grounds of recommendation, but still perhaps a valid ground in its way—because you like it, because it affects you pleasurably or beneficially, because you gain from it a distinct nervous impression, a new charm, or even, as Victor Hugo put it, a "new shudder"?

A review which observes these conditions will, whether it answers the questions in the negative or the affirmative, probably be a good review, always keeping in mind the inestimable caution of Hippothadée to Panurge, *si Dieu plaist*. On the contrary, there are certain other questions and conditions which will almost certainly make any review conducted under their influence a bad review. Such questions—for it would be more than ever impossible to put them all—are as follows. Do I—to begin nearest to the debatable ground with which we finished the last list—Do I dislike this book, without being able to give myself or others any distinct and satisfactory reason why I dislike it? Do I like or dislike the author, his opinions, his party, his country, his University, or his grandmother? Does the book run counter to, or ignore, or slight some published or private opinion of mine? Is it, without being exactly contrary to, different from something which I might have written or should have liked to write on the subject? Is there something else that I like better? Does it display more knowledge than I have, and so make me feel uncomfortably at a disadvantage? Is it about something in which I take no particular interest? In such cases the proviso of Hippothadée will have to be turned round, and we shall have to say that unless Heaven pleases very specially, it is likely to be a very bad review indeed.

For the reader will not get and cannot get from it a trustworthy answer to his legitimate question, Is this on the whole and on the author's own conception of his task—the said conception being not utterly idiotic—a fair addition to the literature of the class which

it intends to reach? He will only get an answer to any one or any combination of a large number of other questions which he has not asked and to which he does not care in the least to know the answer. He has asked, Do you as a judge think that I ought to read, or may at least with chance of profit and pleasure read, this book? He is in effect answered: I, not as a judge but as a most unjudicial advocate or even party to the other side of the cause, wish you not to read this book or to think badly of it if you read it. But I have put on the judge's robes, and deliver my opinion from the bench or a substitute for it, in hopes to make you accept my pleading as a sentence and my evidence or assertion as a verdict.

It is this danger which, not always in appropriate words or with very clear conceptions, is urged by the opponents of reviewing: and no doubt it is in a certain measure and degree a real one. We shall see better what this measure and degree is by shaking out the subject into some different shapes and lights.

Reviewing, like everything else, has a tendency to fall into certain vogues, into certain channels or ruts, where it continues for a time, and then shifts into others. The most common, the most obvious, and apparently to some views of the subject, friendly as well as unfriendly, the most natural, is that of "slating," as modern slang has it, though the thing is very far from modern. The principle or mock principle on which it depends was never put with a more innocent frankness than in the *Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur* of the 'Edinburgh Review'; and though when it is thus stated it becomes almost

ludicrous to a really critical critic himself, there is no doubt that it reflects the idea of the critical profession as conceived by outsiders, and even as practised by a large part of the profession itself. We have only, it is true, to carry out the analogy suggested by the phrase to see its absurdity. Her Majesty's judges do not deem it their duty to regard the entire body of her Majesty's subjects as guilty till they are proved innocent; nor even those who on *prima facie* suspicion are brought before them. The 'Edinburgh' motto would at least seem to infer that every book is to be regarded as bad until it is proved to be good. And further, as the functions of a judge of court are limited to condemnation or acquittal—as he is admittedly travelling rather beyond them even when he observes that the defendant leaves the court without a stain on his character—so it would seem that positive praise, that the assignment of decorations or titles of honour, is not part of the function of the critic at all.

Yet, absurd as this notion is, ill as it will stand the slightest examination, there can be no doubt that it is frequently entertained, and by no means uncommonly put in practice. We have all read—it would appear that even some of us have enjoyed, though I confess it always seemed to me from my youth up that there was no drearier reading—monotonous series of "slashing" reviews, in each of which some wretched novel, deserving at worst of a dozen lines of merciful and good-humoured raillery, was solemnly scourged round the town in two columns of laboured cavilling and forced horse-laughter. And we have all read likewise—some of us let it be hoped with a devout prayer to be kept from

imitating it—the pert yet ponderous efforts at epigram; the twentieth-hand Macaulayese of "will it be believed" and "every schoolboy knows"; the uplifting of hands and averting of eyes at a misprinted date, and an imperfectly revised false concord—in short, all the stale tricks and stock devices of the "slater."

Of course there are books which well deserve the utmost extremity of criticism; and nobody can have practised reviewing long without having—not in the least on his conscience but on his memory—instances in which he has had to do his duty, and has been well entitled to ejaculate *Laissez passer la justice de Dieu!* But the conception of the ideal reviewer as a Judge Jeffreys doubled with a Jack Ketch is, as has been said, quite ludicrously narrow; and it turns, like so many other things, upon a mere fallacy of equivocation, the double meaning of the word judge. The critic is a judge; but he is a judge of the games as well as of the courts, a caliph or cadi rather than a Lord Chief Justice or a Lord Chief Baron. He can administer sequins as well as lashes, and send a man to ride round the town in royal apparel as well as despatch him to the gallows. Or rather, to drop metaphor, his business is in the main the business of judging, not the man or the merits of the man so much as the work and the nature, rather than the merits or demerits, of the work. If he discern and expound that nature rightly, the exposition will sometimes be of itself high praise and sometimes utter blame, with all blends and degrees between the two. But the blame and the praise are rather accidents than essentials of his function.

Partly from a dim conscious-

ness of this, partly no doubt in reaction from the excesses of Jack Ketchishness, reviewing very often wanders into other excesses or defects which are equally far from the golden mean. It is sometimes openly asserted, and perhaps more often secretly held, that it is the critic's chief duty to praise—that he ought to be generous, good-natured, eager to welcome the achievements of his own time, and so forth. This, no doubt, is a less offensive error than the other; it is even a rather amiable one, and it has the additional attraction that, as it is much more difficult to praise, at least to praise well, than to blame, there is the interest of seeing how the practitioner will do it. But, after all, it is an error; and I am afraid, though a less superficially offensive, it is a rather more dangerous, error than the other. It is seldom that real harm is done to any one—except perhaps to the critic himself—by over-savage reviewing. Excessive praise does harm all round: to the critic (at least if he gives it sincerely), because it dulls and debauches his own critical perceptions; to the public, because the currency is debased, the standards of literary value tampered with and obscured; to the author most of all, because while his human weaknesses will of themselves prevent him from being injured by the blame, they will help the praise to spoil him. Especially dangerous is the form of praise—very common just now, as it is in all periods when a great literary generation is just fading away, and its successors are shining with rather uncertain light—the form which insists that our side or our time is the equal of any other. I saw the other day that a critic in whose original work I take great delight, and whose criticism is always careful and

generous, speculated on the beatitude which future generations would attribute to him in that he had seen in one week, I think, the publication of four masterpieces. I shall say nothing of these masterpieces themselves; I have not read them all, and I defy anybody to outgo me in cordial appreciation of some of the work—I mean Mr Kipling's—to which “Q” referred. But I cannot help thinking that it is a little dangerous to indulge in such a “Nunc Dimittis.” If the critic, say thirty years hence, finds his admiration of his Four Masters unchanged, or even heightened, it will be time to tempt Time himself by such an utterance. But Time is as dangerous a person to tempt as Providence; and that “wallet at his back” contains among its other alms for Oblivion (or, worse still, for an occasional memory of contempt) no small number of these admiring encomia on the unequalled happiness of particular periods, and the mastery of particular achievements.

Yet again, reviewers, afraid of or disinclined to mere blame, and having no taste or no opportunity for mere praise, very frequently take refuge in a sort of wishy-washy, shilly-shally attempt to keep clear of either, or else in a mere “account rendered,” which is rather an argument of the book than a review of it, and yet as different as possible from the argumentative exposition above commended. I have seen it frequently complained—sometimes by partisans of the “slating” or the “gushing” review respectively, but also by others—that the shilly-shally kind is particularly prevalent nowadays. Perhaps it is, and for reasons of which more later. It is certainly not a good thing. If a man has not time, or knowledge, or ability, to sum up

decidedly what a book is, and how it is done, he had better be sent about his business, which is evidently not reviewing. If it is the fault, as no doubt happens sometimes, and perhaps in these days rather often, of the book itself, then that book had much better not be reviewed at all. But I confess I think myself that, except in the case of scientific works, as above referred to, with official reports and other books that are no books, the mere *compte-rendu* is the worst review of all. It argues in the reviewer either a total want of intellect in general or a total want of understanding of the particular matter; it fills up the columns of the paper to no earthly purpose; it disappoints the just expectations of author, reader, everybody, except, perhaps, the publisher, who may like to see a certain space occupied by a notice; and it is a distinct insult to the eyes before which it is put. If I were an editor I should ruthlessly refuse to insert reviews of this kind, no matter who wrote them.

And yet it is a question whether they are worse than another kind which is very popular with editors and the public, though it may be rather less so with authors. This is the kind, or rather group of kinds, for there are many sub-varieties, of the review which is not what the Germans call *eingehend* at all,—which simply makes the book a peg, as the old journalist slang, by this time almost accepted English, has it, on which to hang the reviewer's own reflections, grave or gay. To this practice in the longer Reviews, which appear at considerable intervals, there is no great objection. It has given us much of the best critical and general work of the century. Quarterlies at least can

never hope now, and could never hope to any great extent, to introduce books to readers for the first time; and, besides, the prefixing of the title of a book or books to such articles is a perfectly understood convention. But in a review proper, a review which, presumably, the reader is to see before he sees the book, and which is to determine him whether that book is worth seeing or not, the practice seems to me to be improper, impertinent, and very nearly impudent. When the late Mr Anthony Trollope made Post Office inquiries on horseback, simultaneously (or at least on the same day) using the horses which he kept for the purpose as hunters, it was perhaps the furthest recorded instance of making the best of the two worlds of business and pleasure, duty and off-duty. But Mr Trollope did make the inquiries; nobody, I believe, ever charged him with remissness in that. The reviewer of the class to which I refer keeps the horse at the expense of the author, and uses him for the pleasure of himself and the reader only.

Nevertheless, in the more unfavourable examples of all these varieties, even of the first to some extent, I think we shall find that Ignorance as usual is more to blame than malice, and not Ignorance of fact so much as what we may call Ignorance of Art. I am sure that my late colleagues in that art, at least those of them who are worth considering, will not find fault with me for this admission, which indeed need gall no one who does not feel that he deserves galling. We have all been in the same boat, and I am only, so to speak, coaching from the bank. I do not think that reviewers deserve a good deal of the evil that is said of them; but I do think that something of

this Ignorance of Art is, especially in beginners, rather the rule than the exception. Of ignorance of fact I shall say little. It exists of course. I remember some one—it was Mr John Morley, I think—being once magisterially taken to task by a critic for using such an affected word as “incarnadine,” the critic thereby, I need hardly say, showing a slight ignorance of another author—not Mr Morley—whom we are all at least supposed to know. I have much more recently seen a plaintive and ingenious expostulation with an author for speaking about the subject of his book in a way showing considerable familiarity with the matter but not illuminative to the critic, when as a matter of fact the author’s remarks showed a very distinct unfamiliarity with that matter. But though a reviewer should certainly know Shakespeare, and though it would be at least well that he should not review a book about, let us say, Syriac without knowing it, it is, as I have already said, a blunder to require specialist knowledge in all cases. A good sound education in the tongues and the liberal arts, with the knack of putting oneself at the special point of view by resorting if necessary to the best standard authorities, combined with some portion of the critical talent and some knowledge of the critical art, will do infinitely better than specialist knowledge, which not infrequently hampers that talent and interferes with the practice of that art by interposing “idols” of more kinds than one. But the education and the experience in the Art itself are indispensables; and it is a question whether they are not rather often dispensed with.

It is the less invidious to admit this as an open question, or even

to answer it in the affirmative that, as things go, a man can very rarely help himself. I am as sure that there is an Art of Criticism as I am sure that there is no Science of it. But until very recently, when in more Universities than one or two the institution of Honours Schools in English Literature has led to something like a systematic study of literary criticism, there has not been in England, or Scotland either, anything of the sort. The Professors of Poetry at Oxford—by an honourable tradition which the names of Warton, Keble, and Mr Arnold have made not only honourable but illustrious, and which the present holder is maintaining, have done what they could; but the opportunities of that Chair are scanty and passing. The Scottish Chairs of Rhetoric have had more opportunity, and excellent work has been done in them; but until the institution of Honours they have been hampered by the necessity of levelling down to a pass standard. Even abroad there has been much less done than seems to be fancied by those who think that all things are better ordered abroad than at home. The famous French professors, from Villemain downwards, have not, as a rule, escaped that curious note of parochiality—of seeing all things in *French Literature*, which marks the nation: the Germans, incomparable at philology, are notoriously weak on the literary side of criticism. It is true that the Oxford School of *Literæ Humaniores*, which has acted, for a hundred years, better up to its name and to the genius of literature than any teaching machine of any University in the world, has always taught men a little directly and a great deal indirectly in this kind. But the direct teaching has been very

little: and I understand that it has rather lessened than increased of late years. And the constant shortening of University training, with the multiplication of examinations, has done positive harm. I question whether, limited as was his reading and too often narrow as were his views, a man who left Oxford or Cambridge in the seventeenth century, after the usual seven years' course, was not much better qualified as a reviewer than he who now leaves them after four or at most five. He had mastered the 'Rhetoric' and the 'Poetics,' which, grievous as are their gaps and huge as are the blinkers which were on Aristotle's eyes, still contain the root of the matter. He had read no small quantity of good literature; most, if not all, of it with no direct purpose of examination. Above all, he had had time to think about what he read, even if he had not actually thought. Dryden, no doubt, was Dryden — a man of genius, and of not very quickly developing genius. But if he had written the 'Essay of Dramatic Poesy' at two-and-twenty, and just after scrambling through his tripos, instead of after seven years at Cambridge and as many more of reading, and a little (not too much) writing in London, I do not think the 'Essay of Dramatic Poesy' would be what it is.

For, after all, study of literature, range in it, opportunity of comparing different kinds, of remembering the vastly different estimates held of different works, or even the same work at different times—are of even more importance to the reviewer than formal teaching in criticism. The latter will save him a great deal of time and trouble, will put him and perhaps keep him in the right road; but it will not accomplish

the journey for him. The journey itself must—except in those cases of exceptional genius for the art which may be neglected, as they occur in all arts and are not common in any—be performed; and it is only at the end of it, or rather (for that end never comes) at a fairly advanced stage of it, that a man becomes a really qualified reviewer.

It will follow from this that the number of really qualified reviewers can never be very large; and from that again that it is quite possible to have at any given time rather more reviewing than is altogether expedient. It would perhaps be wiser to say nothing on this head; for, to alter my old friend the 'Oxford Spectator' a little, "the large and well-armed tribe of reviewers" is ill to offend by one who has himself renounced their weapons though he remains exposed to their aim. But I confess that I think there is at the present moment a little too much reviewing, and I may say so freely, because I shall not be suspected of any trade-union jealousy. No doubt books have increased, and readers have increased, in the last thirty years. There are more libraries; the great multiplication of clubs and the increased habit of supplying them with new books must be considered; there may even be more book-buying. But I am not sure that these things of themselves necessitate a larger proportion of reviewing: and reviewing itself has certainly increased rather out of than in proportion. At the beginning of the last third of the nineteenth century there were in London four or five weekly reviews at the most which had any repute; reviews in the daily London papers were quite uncommon things, and betokened perhaps special merit, certainly

special favour; while out of London there was hardly any daily or weekly journal throughout the United Kingdom which carried much weight in reviewing, and there were extremely few that attempted it, at least on any large scale. I need not say how different is the case now. The number of weekly papers has increased: the great and deserved vogue of the 'Pall Mall Gazette' at the very beginning of the period of which I speak made reviewing a special function of the newer London evening papers: while, rather owing to the example of the great English provincial newspapers and of those of Scotland, than at the initiation of the London dailies themselves, almost every morning newspaper which aims at any position now at least attempts a complete review of the books of the week, in allotments varying from some columns to some lines.

This might on the face of it look as if, to quote Dryden's words as those who dislike reviewers might quote them—

"The sons of Belial had a glorious time."

I am not so sure of it, either from their own point of view or from others'. In the first place, there can, I think, be no doubt that the individual review, and even the "chorus of reviewers," indolent or otherwise, has lost some of its old authority. There are so many reviews that even the simplest person who believes in the newspapers, if such a man there be, cannot attach absolute importance to any one of them; they come out so thick and so fast that any mark made by a single one on that elastic target the public apprehension is quickly effaced by others; and the variety of their

utterances, where these utterances are distinct at all, cannot but do them some harm. And if they lose some of their effect from these causes which are not their own fault, they perhaps lose more from others which are. If there is any truth in what I have said above—if the old adage, "it is hard to be good," applies at least as much to reviewers as to others—then this extreme multiplication of reviews, this increase in the rapidity with which they are required, must have some slight effect of damage on the review itself. A reviewer is made at least as slowly as an A.B.: and we all know what comes of manning fleets, not even with pressed men, but with casual volunteers. It is true that the evil is to some extent mitigated by the fact—well enough known to experts—that though at one time it was rather uncommon for a man to write in more than one paper, any man who establishes a reputation for reviewing in London may now, if he chooses, write for a dozen, and is nearly sure to be asked to write for a dozen. But this in its turn does some harm. I have hinted that I do not think the practice of doubling reviews, if carried out honestly and industriously, so abominable as some people think it. But I must own that there is something in what was once said to me by the late Mr Harwood, who kept himself in what would seem to these days almost incredible abstinence from publicity and self-advertisement during his long tenure of the editorship of the 'Saturday Review'; but who was known to his contributors as a marvel of experience, patience, good sense, and assiduity in his office. He had already sent me a book when I received it from another editor;

and I called upon him to ask whether he had any objection to my duplicating. He was good enough to say, "No, I don't mind *your* doing it; but I am not fond of it as a rule. If the reviews are unfavourable, it is scarcely fair to the author; and if they are favourable, it rather deceives the public." It cannot, I think, be denied that there is a good deal of force in this. Moreover, it will necessarily happen that if a man has a great deal of reviewing work thrown on his hands, and if, at the same time (as the conditions above enumerated make almost certain), his editors would much rather have short slight reviews from him than long and careful ones, he will—I shall not say scamp his work,—I think very few gentlemen of the press do that,—but, let us say, do what is required of him and no more.

On the other hand, the great mass of reviewing cannot possibly be done by these few men, and it is doubtless done by others. The result of course varies inevitably in quality, from work as good as the most practised hand can turn out down to that class of work which is described by a catchword very rife just now among men of letters, I believe, as "done by the office-boy." And I have been told, and indeed partly know, that this evil is attended by another, which, though a little delicate to speak of, is very serious. Those who have studied the history of newspapers and periodicals know that the extreme disrepute into which newspaper writing generally, and reviewing in particular, fell at the end of the last century coincided with an "office-boy" period—in other words, with a period when it was handed over to wretchedly paid hacks of all work, or even to volunteers, who,

for vanity, or spite, or pastime, or what not, would write without any pay at all. These were the days of Southey's "seven pounds and a pair of breeches" for six months' reviewing—I cannot be certain of the exact figures, but it was something about as absurd as this. The establishment of the 'Edinburgh,' with its hard-and-fast rule that everybody was to be paid, that everybody was to take his pay, and that the pay itself was to be fair, was the turning-point from this state of things, and until quite recently reviewing of the better class, if not a magnificently was at any rate a fairly well paid profession. People will grumble at anything, of course. But for my own part I do not think that any one but a very great man can consider himself underpaid when he receives, as used to be the average, three-pounds ten shillings for work which should on the average take him an evening to read, and not the whole of the next morning to write. For I think that a review should never be written on the same day on which the book is read. The night brings counsel; tones down dislike to a reasonable disapproval and rash fancy to intelligent appreciation; substitutes order and grasp for chaos and want of apprehension. But this is a digression, and we must return to *£ s. d.* I am told, once more, that with the rapid spread and rise in numbers both of reviews and reviewers, the average payment of the latter has gone down very considerably, and that, with the constant supply of workers and the apparently reduced demand for the best work as compared with quantity of work, it is likely to go down farther.

This is as it may be; and at any rate I see nothing improbable

in it. For (and this is a point to which I have not yet come, and it is one on which I should be sorry to be silent) reviewing is very fascinating work, and its very fascination increases its perils of all kinds, not least those of which we have just been speaking. To a person who really loves literature and knows something of it, who has a fairly wide range of tastes beyond mere books, and takes some interest in life likewise, I know no occupation more constantly delightful. I never myself got tired of it—with a slight exception, I must admit, in the case of the lower class of novel—in the course of twenty years' unceasing practice. The words of that *locus classicus* of reviewing, the middle part of 'Pendennis': "As for Pen, he had never been so delighted in his life; his hand trembled as he cut the string of the packet and beheld within a smart new set of neat calico-bound books—novels, and travels, and poems"—remain true (except, perhaps, as to the trembling of the hand) of some of us to the last. To find such a package by your table at breakfast; to be fortunate enough (which seldom happens to reviewing man) to remember that you have got no horrid fixed engagement to spoil the fair perspective of the day; to dip into the books before you settle which you will formally read first; to select that temporary sultana; to diverge from her and look along your shelves for an older favourite which may settle some point, or suggest a comparison, or fill up a gap in your memory; to ejaculate "What an ass the man is!" when you disagree with him; or nod approval when he puts your sentiments neatly; to find luncheon-time coming just when the books have given you an appetite for something else besides

authors, and to relapse upon them, not unaided by tobacco perhaps, when you have done,—these are pleasant things and good. I do not say, Be it mine often so to spend my days, because change is good, and it is a mistake to reopen closed accounts. But I do say most heartily and sincerely that I have never in any kind of work enjoyed days more than such as these, and that a very large proportion of days of ostensible pleasure seem to me very dreary things in comparison.

Sometimes, too, these generally pleasing labours become something more than merely pleasing, and the reviewer, like Lockhart's Wandering Knight in his "ride from land to land," his "sail from sea to sea," finds fate more kind at last. He may, when scarcely out of his apprenticeship, open upon such a matchless stanza as—

"As a star sees the sun and falters,
Touched to death by diviner eyes,
As on the old Gods' untended altars
The old fire of withered worship dies."

He may a little later discover in the "Voyage of Maeldune" how half a century of constant poetical production need impair neither a poet's mastery nor even his command of new measures and methods. He may, after for years delighting in another poet's verse, see how Mr William Morris, like Sir Walter Scott, though not with like welcome from the vulgar, could close the volume of poetic romance only to open that of romance in prose. He may hear almost simultaneously the raising of two such swan-songs as the prologue to 'Asolando' and "Crossing the Bar"; and he may discover, as at last in 'Catriona,' the only grace that had been missing to make perfect the work of the most brilliant of his younger contem-

poraries. These things are but a selection of the good fortunes that fell to the lot of one reviewer: and doubtless the lucky-bag is not closed for others.

I should therefore be sorry—very sorry indeed—if the occupation which has given me so much pleasure, in which I have learnt so much, which has helped me to pay, as it were, double debts, by doing a momentary duty and adding a little to more permanent stores of knowledge and habits of practice, should go out of fashion. I hope it may never cease to be one in which a man may engage without loss of self-respect, and with that feeling which, though none but prigs parade it, necessarily accompanies all honourable occupations, that the work is of use to others as well as of honour and of decent profit to oneself. I can see no reason why any such evil day should come, even if prospects be at the moment a little downcast. There is still plenty of excellent reviewing to be found; and if it is rather more scattered than it should be, there is no reason to despair of seeing it once more concentrated. The general reviewing of England, after improving immensely between the beginning of the century and that fatal period of 1830 to 1835 which Wordsworth from another point of view celebrated in the very last effusion of his really great poetry, fell off astonishingly for some twenty years and more, and only began to improve again about the middle of the fifties. It has had vicissitudes since; and if it is not—I do not say that it is not—at its very best to-day, there is all the more reason for hoping that to-morrow may see it better.

That the disuse of reviewing, or its relegation to the sort of value-

less *réclame* or puff to which it has sunk in more than one country, at more than one time, to a chorus of unintelligent exaltation of our noble selves, to a jangle of inconsequent snarls, merely intended to gratify spite and the appetite for spite, or, worst of all, to a Dead Sea of colourless writing “about it, and about it,” with little outbreaks of temper or vanity or caprice diversifying it here and there,—that any such decline and fall would be in many ways a disastrous thing, I have no doubt. It would deprive authors—and let it be remembered that the author who is at no time a reviewer, or the reviewer who is at no time an author, is an almost unknown creature—not merely of occasionally valuable censorship, but of very commonly valuable practice. It would leave literature, to a far greater extent than is commonly understood—

“Helmless in middle turn of tide”—

drifting about anyhow as the popular breeze chooses, without protest and without correction; and it would leave the public absolutely guideless. Reviewers, according to their unfriends, are but one-eyed guides; yet the one-eyed are kings in the kingdom of the blind, and it is inevitable that the public should be very nearly blind in the case of books, if not wholly so. It simply has not time, if it had the other necessities, for reading everything; it wants to be told, and ought to be told, what to read, not perhaps without the addition of a few remarks how to read it. That is the function which a good review ought to perform.

Whether the review be good enough or not depends, I verily believe, more on the editor than on the reviewer, just as the triumphs of an army depend infin-

itely more on the general than on the soldier. A bundle of even individually good criticisms will have little weight or authority if they be simply pitchforked together; if the principles enunciated on one page or in one week's issue be set at nought in another; if animus, mannerism, and other plagues be allowed to get the better of fair dealing and sober sanity. And it is very seldom that an editor will be able even to get such a bundle together unless he picks his men carefully, unless he keeps them as far as possible to himself by good pay and plenty of work, unless he manages to indoctrinate them with *esprit de corps*, and to get them, like other soldiers, to do what he wants and not what they want—the most absolute liberty of conscience being of course reserved. No man ever writes his best against his conscience unless he has got none at all—which is a bull, but of the nobler breed; and a man who has no conscience very seldom has much else that is worth having. And while a good editor will never wantonly or idly alter his contributor's work—while he will certainly not alter it from a childish fancy for writing everything into his own style, or adjusting everything to his own crotchet—no good editor will ever hesitate to alter, and no contributor who is worth much will ever object to seeing altered, things which do not suit the attitude or policy of the paper, which show signs of undue private grudge or excessive private favour.

Lastly, I may say that as a general rule a good editor will take care to allot books for review according to his own judgment, and not according to the requests of reviewers. Of course there are cases where the two coincide. But the

plan which I have known to be practised, and which is, I believe, even rather common, the plan of not "sending a book out," as the technical phrase goes, till somebody asks for it, seems to me an exceedingly bad one; and that which, if not common, certainly has existed, of letting contributors come and pick and choose at their pleasure from the review bookshelves, seems to me utterly suicidal. The allotting of a book of any consequence—there must always, of course, be a certain ruck to be left to the judgment, not of the office-boy, but of some reviewer of rather unusual trustworthiness and general knowledge—should be a matter of distinct deliberation, a deliberation from which the reviewer himself is, as a rule, better excluded, and from which, unless he is very unwise, he will certainly not resent his exclusion.

Fewer reviews; greater concentration of power and authority in those which are given; something like despotism, provided it be vigilant, intelligent, and benevolent, on the part of the editor; better training in the history and methods of criticism, in general literature and knowledge—this may serve as a summary of the things which may be reasonably demanded in the review of the future. As for the reviews of the present and the past, in which I have taken a part, I think they have been not exactly perfect, perhaps in some cases rather far from perfection, but a good deal better than they have seemed to some, and bad, if bad at all, in ways rather different from those for which others have reproved them. That they have, as they most undoubtedly have, served as a staff to many stout aspirants, if also as a crutch to many useless cripples, in letters is,

both as a plea and as a reproach, rather apart from the merits ; but the good side of it cannot be quite ignored. That without them the public, which does not know too much of literature as it is, would know a great deal less is, I think, undeniable. And, as has been seen, I am even rash enough to think that they have in strict criticism done some good ; that they have as a rule set their faces against prevalent follies and faults ; that their strictures, even when harsh, have been wholesome in particulars. I admit that the work they undertake to do is exceedingly difficult work ; that it demands qualities not very often found in the workman, and perhaps qualities rarer still in his captains of industry. I think there might be improvement in these respects. But the great merit of even the worst review that retains some

shred of honesty—and with others, as I have said, it is unnecessary to deal—is, that however blunderingly, however unsuccessfully, it at least upholds the principle that there is a good and a bad in literature, that mere good intentions will not make up for bad performances. In short, the review in its very nature, and inevitably, insists that Literature is an Art, and the man of letters an Artist ; that to admire bad art is a disastrous and terrible thing, almost worse than the production of bad art itself ; and that while to produce the good falls not to all—falls perhaps to few—to admire it, to understand it, to rejoice in it, is the portion of every one who chooses to take a very small amount of trouble, and the exceeding great reward of that trouble itself.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

HALCYON DAYS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MONA MACLEAN.'

THEY were days of grinding poverty.

I don't mean to say that, as a rule, we were short of food, or that our shabby homespun garments were actually out of repair; I don't mean to say that we did not have outbursts of wild extravagance when we indulged in adventures the cost of which would have scared our betters; but many a time it was all we could do to buy stamps singly and bootlaces by the pair; and indeed our life in those halcyon days was a life of grinding sordid poverty.

Sordid, did I say? No, thank God; not sordid; never that! As well apply the word to the inhabitants of Dove Cottage when great-souled Dorothy made the tea in the tiny spotless kitchen. We were not great at all, my brother and I; but what the insight of genius did for the Wordsworths, exuberant youth did for him and me—raised us on the sweep of its pinions, till

"—was uns Alle bündigt, das Gemeine,"

dropt into its true perspective, and then was lost in the mists below.

Were we not heirs of the universe? And had life ever before been such a treasure cavern as it was then? Wherever we struck the rock, living water poured forth; wherever we dug, lay a vein of gold. Our "poverty was such a kingship"! Having nothing, we perforce took hold of all things. Was not Shakespeare ours, and Carlyle, and Browning? Who could rob us of Wagner and Berlioz, Turner and Ruskin, Hegel and

Kant? And was not our firmament aglow with lesser lights,—some of which have long since found their way into the text-books as stars, while others—and not always the least brilliant—have gone out with a flicker into the darkness.

And all this about a Highland boy and girl who came from their moors to a college life in Glasgow!

It was odd, was it not, that the girl was allowed to come? But there never was such a brother as Ian. Most boys, brought up in a narrow groove, would have been only too glad to shake off all fetters when the momentous day arrived; but he, with all his faults, had a strong theoretical sense of justice, which he was fain to see extended to women,—even to his own sister. He had not many pretty ways such as some boys have; I often had to carry a parcel myself, and even sometimes to walk humbly into a railway carriage at his heels; but in all essentials what a giant of chivalry he was!

I remember one day—before we left our moorland home—we had been tramping over the heather, discussing all things in heaven and earth with the fervent zeal of budding adolescence, and when evening came we sat together in the rose-scented, candle-lit manse parlour, he deep in a stray volume of *Fors* while I bent toilsomely over the mighty darning basket. He had an irritating habit of chuckling over the good things he read, and at last I said quietly in real desperation,

"Isn't it the irony of fate that you should be eating the bread of life while I am darning your socks?"

I had to repeat the remark before he looked up with laughing eyes.

"It is," he said frankly. "Shall I try my hand, and give you a shot at John the divine?"

I nodded placidly. "No: so long as you see the point, it is all right."

That little incident was the keynote of our relations to each other; and when the time came for him to go to college he grasped with quick insight my unspoken aspirations, and insisted that I should go too.

I shall never forget the day when the momentous question was decided. I hope my eyes expressed something of what I felt, for my shy Scotch lips refused. Seizing my battered hat from its peg in the hall, I strode up the peaty flank of the hill behind the manse at a pace that made a friendly shepherd pause and stare. Arrived at the summit, I looked beyond the carpet of heather and cotton grass at my feet, away to the great billowy stretch of hills on every side. Mother Nature meant something much finer, more reposeful, than I did that afternoon, but of course I refused to give ear, and made her hearken to my voice. Dear patient Mother Nature! What was it to her that another of her children meant to conquer the world? She had heard that story so often before!

The feeling of intense exhilaration comes back to me now as I write. The sunshine and wind seemed to course in my veins. A brace of grouse flew past with a flutter and *swirr*; a lark, quivering with song, bored its way steadily into the blue; and my whole being vibrated too with the intoxicating dreams and ambitions of youth.

I fought very shy of Ian for

the next few days, dreading lest he should regret his magnanimity now that his point had been gained; but, if this was the case, he concealed his feelings like a man; and a week later we stood on the platform of the great grimy station in Glasgow, a shy shabby boy and girl, with a tiny portmanteau of clothes apiece and a great box of books between them.

The rain was falling heavily of course, and it took all our enthusiasm to withstand the dreariness of that long afternoon spent in a hunt for cheap lodgings.

We were not accustomed to luxury, and I don't know that we even objected much to honest dirt; but the darkness of some of those houses,—the dinginess, the squalor, the smells! To this day, when I feel discontented with my lot, I have only to think of some of those rooms, and, thinking, I thank God and take courage.

A hotel for the night was out of the question, of course. Some arrangement must be made before bedtime. But our unaccustomed feet were sore with tramping the flags, and the lights of the city were peeping out one by one, when we arrived at the last house on our list.

"Third floor," said Ian. "Cheer up! A stout heart to a stey brae!"

Home at last! We knew that before we had exchanged half a dozen words with the shrewd, kindly landlady. The well-scoured rooms were shabby and poorly furnished; but, standing at the window, we seemed to be perched on the brow of a mighty cliff, looking out on the surging sea of human life that stretched for miles and miles, away down below. The noise that had stupefied us all day long rose softened and

mellowed now to our spellbound ears; smoke rose from countless hearths, and from many a mighty furnace; and light after light pierced its clean-cut way through the gathering dark. What untold secrets, what wealth of experience, what clue to all the philosophies lay shrouded down below!

"Ours, Ian," I cried exultingly, "our own inheritance! That whole cauldron of human life is seething and simmering there for you and me! We have only to stoop and drink."

"Don't scorch your lips in the process!" he said. "The long spoon of the proverb might chance to come in handy."

He was standing behind me, and now he put his arms with rough affection round my waist, as his manner was, and laid his chin on my shoulder with a chuckle of boyish triumph. Then he lifted me off my feet with a sweep of his muscular arms. "'But I, *mein Werther*, sit above it all. I am alone with the stars.' Heigho, Minerva, I wish Teufelsdröckh had told us how he got his book-box up the stair!"

Next day was Sunday. In the morning we went to the kirk, and dutifully thought of home; in the evening, with an awful sense of adventure, and almost of wrongdoing, we strayed into the outstretched arms of an episcopal church a few yards from our eyrie. We both considered ourselves fairly emancipated; but the lights, the flowers, the rich notes of the organ pealing up among the arches, the rising of the whole congregation to meet the white-robed procession—all these caught us suddenly in the region of the emotions, as I have seen Ian's little sailing-boat caught in an unexpected squall. Was it possible that this was a church?

Then, with a comfortable sense of getting ballast on board, we bent to read the noble words of the prayer-book, and so were enabled to square our shoulders with something of Presbyterian defiance in preparation for the sermon.

I have long since forgotten the preacher's argument, his doctrine, his creed. There lingers only in my memory the ascetic frame, the earnest eyes, the gradually deepening flush on the cheek-bones. Before two minutes had passed, we realised with a thrill that the preacher spoke as one who sees the invisible, and then we contentedly dropped anchor, and the wind whistling through the rigging disturbed our souls no more.

We walked home silently in a glow of catholicity,—were we not from henceforth the champions of poor persecuted episcopalianism?—and one of us at least lay awake for hours in eager imaginary argument with one of the dour old elders at home.

Of course we lived to learn that all the spiritual insight of the city was not confined to a single edifice, and many a time our hearts glowed with pride in the church of our fathers as we watched Robertson Smith doggedly produce his nugget of solid research, or heard Marcus Dods relentlessly hammer out his categorical imperative, or listened spellbound to the Principal when his ponderous eloquence went thundering over our heads like a mighty *Walkürenritt*.

A grand man *Ursa major*! What a feeling of reserve force he gave one at a huge meeting of riotous students! As a rule he had simply to rise to his feet in order to quell the most boisterous: if he went the length of a dignified "Gentlemen!" one's heart stood still: and when his rare, restrained "Order, gentlemen!" vibrated

through the Bute Hall, one felt that if *this* failed to meet the emergency, there was nothing left to fall back upon, save fire from heaven.

But, if *Ursa major* was grand, what shall we say of *Ursa minor*? *Ay de mi!* I wonder whether the clever cultured Oxford folk appreciate his teaching as did we Scotch boys and girls? After the first few months, I used to assert with girlish arrogance that I never needed to ask Ian's friends whether they had "taken out" Caird's class. Indeed in the eyrie the cult went dangerously near a breach of the second commandment, for two dear little Berne bears on our barren mantelshelf occupied that proud position in honour of our heroes.

But I am running far ahead of that eventful Sunday. On Monday morning Ian went in for his bursary examination. He has won all sorts of collegiate honours since then; there lies before me as I write the thin shabby postcard on which he inscribed the magic words "*Cara, Caro non careo!*"¹ but not even when he came out first in his Tripos has my heart taken quite so exultant a leap as it did at that first success. It was no dream after all! We *were* going to conquer the world, Ian and I!

And then the great gates rolled back, and we stood on the threshold of the University.

The conscientious critic will remind me at this point that—being a woman—I must have *remained* on the threshold. Away with the carping critic! Even as regards the letter of the fact he is wrong. It is true that for most of my classes I had to go to a room in St Andrew's Halls and "eat of the crumbs"; but it was not only in

the spirit that I entered the sacred precincts of Gilmorehill, for in those days Professor Nichol held his class for women within the gates. So two or three times a week I trudged up the broad gravel walk, watching the autumn leaves as they flashed into fire and fell, and I met perchance a chattering crowd of first year's men in the scarlet gowns that brightened the grey mists of Kelvinside, like poppies on a waste bit of land.

"You must find your women students very quiet and unresponsive after the men," some one said to Professor Nichol that winter.

He smiled. "Unresponsive? There are other forms of response than the thumping of feet and the clapping of hands. My class speaks back to me as the organ does to the musician. I have my hands on the keys."

I think we did respond; and he, in his turn, how he used to single out a scrap of *bona-fide* appreciation—a flash of poetic insight! The absence of the dominie element in him was almost staggering at first; but one soon learned to appreciate, first the subtle flattery, and then the education, the mental uplifting, involved in his tacit assumption that we shared his lofty and cultured standpoint.

Of course it was incumbent on Ian, as a man, to temper admiration with criticism.

"Nichol misses greatness," he remarked oracularly one day. "He is afraid of not being thought an atheist."

I did not ask his grounds for the remark, knowing that he had spent the evening before with one of the Professor's subs.

"The Lord deliver us from subs!" I remarked sententiously one evening at a University con-

¹ Referring to the Carus prize.

versazione. "I hope I shall live long enough to deliver my soul in an article on *Fact versus Formula*. These young men have learnt the formula as pat as possible. Nay, they condense and improve it. But what a gulf between them and the men who discovered the fact! Where do great men grow?"

Professor Caird strolled past to the refreshment-room with Mrs Craik on his arm, and at the same moment my eye was caught by a protégé of the Professor's, brilliant, bilious, neurotic,—I suppress the less flattering adjectives that would flow unbidden from my pen,—who was leaning idly against the wall. "Must the Mrs Craik of the future be content to be taken in to supper by a man like *that*?" I murmured.

Ian drew himself up and tapped his broad chest with his finger. "You forget," he said with quiet humour; "there will also be men like *this*!"

But no indiscreet sub could really destroy his admiration for a great chief; and it was Ian who—regardless of the wolf on our threshold—strode home in triumph with a nice damp copy of 'Theocritus and other Poems' on the day of publication. I can see him still, pacing up and down in the dusk, declaiming,

"Then the solemn glooms and glories
of the dim transition days,
Vestals chanting Roman anthems, Cov-
enanters, Hebrew lays—
Broken fragments of thy meaning,
simple Faith's impatient gleaning—
Held me in religious rapture, till thy
Presence broke the maze:
Donna Vera, Donna Vera!

Stern the call to quit our homesteads,
put away all childish things;
Hence the weak world fears thee, clinging
to long-cherished leading-strings.

Let me sing thy praises only,—what-
soever summit lonely
Bear thee skyward—saved and shel-
tered in the shadow of thy wings;
Donna Vera, Donna Vera!"

Ah me! was not that battle music
for awakening souls?

Ian was really working for his B.Sc.; but, regardless of what Professor Young used to call "limited liability," he plunged into every subject that interested him, and not unnaturally gave his friends the impression that he was taking out every class in the University. In addition to all this, he spent a great part of the day in "Sir Billy's" laboratory in "conscientious self-sacrificing labour," as the great man said when he presented the prizes at the Graduation Ceremony.

It is difficult to believe that I did not work in that laboratory too, did not lay myself open to Professor Young's stiletto thrusts, and sit at the feet of Professor Caird. Indeed I may almost say of Caird's class-room that, like the kingdom of heaven, it suffered violence, and that the violent took it by force; for I made Ian's life a burden to him until he had got his lecture notes into readable form, and together we pored over the exercises that had passed through the master's annotating hands, like baser metals through the crucible of the alchemist.

In the evenings, of course, we worked insanely, as conscientious students will, until they learn something of Nature's laws. The one book we both had to "get up" was the *Areopagitica*, and as that—according to Ian—was "easy," we resolved to read it aloud the last thing at night, or rather the last thing before we fell asleep in the morning.

The plan was as follows. No. 1

began to read aloud and read on until he, or she, discovered that No. 2 had fallen asleep. Then No. 2 was roughly awakened, and ruthlessly set to work till No. 1 fell asleep. So it went on till the day's quota was finished, or till both fell asleep at the same time. It was almost a regular part of poor "slavey's" work in the morning to pick up the *Areopagitica* from the fender or from behind the battered coal-scuttle. I am glad to think the book cannot write its history, as I am writing mine; for its life at this time was a series of hairbreadth escapes, and, even at the best, it was sadly misunderstood. I have seldom had intercourse with a more suggestive mind than Ian's; but I have seldom made less headway with a book than I did at that time with Milton's *Areopagitica*.

And yet, in spite of all our hard work, Jack got little chance of becoming a dull boy. Surely University life has never since "teemed with quiet fun" as it did in those halcyon days. It seems to me that most of the good stories one hears to this day about the Glasgow dignitaries spring from episodes that happened then.

It was surely that winter that a student of Professor Caird's dropped in on him late at night, and insisted on talking metaphysics till *Ursa minor* became uneasy, and sent for Professor Young. They decided to go for a stroll, and turned their steps in the direction of Gartnavel Asylum. Arrived there, they threw stones at Dr Yellowlees' window.

"Who's there?" called the sage.

"Caird: and Young is with him."

"Oh!" was the calm response. "Which of you has brought the other?"!

Was it not at the end of that

first term, too, that Professor Veitch's closing remarks were received with such boisterous applause that the plaster fell in Professor Ramsay's room below?

"Ah," said Professor Ramsay; "the premises don't seem to be strong enough for Veitch's conclusions."

My tendency might have been to run too much in a rut; but no chum of Ian's got a chance of doing that. I don't think we missed one of Mr Mann's excellent concerts, and many a discussion on Berlioz or Wagner took place at midnight in the eyrie, while the city slept quietly, away down below.

I remember one afternoon we were sitting sleepily over our books, when suddenly Ian shut his mighty tome with a bang.

"I must have a glimpse of that St Luke window," he said abruptly. "Coming?"

He seized his hat as he spoke, and we strode through the busy streets without a word till we found ourselves in the quiet crypt of the cathedral. What a delight that St Luke window was to both of us! Ian had discovered it, of course. He had a sleuth hound's scent for the great and beautiful. It used to be an unfailing subject of wonder to me how he came to know so much about things. We stopped for a time to listen to Dr Peace's fine sonorous music as it flooded the building, and then, with a great détour through the slums, we made our way homewards.

There was silence between us no longer. That which happened rarely, happened then. The sight of all that poverty and sickliness and crime made our hearts burn within us, and we talked with almost molten eagerness of all we

longed to do to save mankind. Poor little boy and girl!

We crossed the park, and looked back from the top of the slope. The great toiling suffering city had fallen into its ordinary perspective,—but the dusky glow of the setting sun seemed to raise it into the region of our dreams; and our ignorant untried hopes and longings rose with that cloud of smoke from the heart of the weariness and woe. Poor little boy and girl!

Such moods were rare. As a rule we were content to sip the sweets of life on a lower level. A joke could be wrung from everything in those good old days, and the greatest joke of all was our poverty. Our allowance was paid monthly. The first week we lived as lightheartedly as the lilies of the field; when the second or third week came on, we began to take thought; and the fourth week usually found us referring to physiological tables of diet “just as a matter of scientific interest,” and expressing our warm belief in the nutritive value of lentils and oatmeal.

I remember on one occasion a classmate invited me to spend a “week-end” at her home some little distance out of town. My ticket cost rather more than I expected, and I was obliged to borrow a few coppers from Ian. “And do get me a sandwich,” I added, “I am so hungry.”

He surveyed the remaining pence that lay in his hand.

“Will a bun do?” he said simply. “If I buy you a sandwich, I can’t afford my car out to the University, and I haven’t time now to walk.”

I don’t know what my fellow-passengers thought of us—I am sure they can’t have guessed the joke—but we stood and laughed

till the tears ran down our cheeks.

When the first year came to an end, I took a situation “doon the watter,” and continued my education by the feeble means of correspondence classes; but every Saturday I came up to spend a day or two with Ian. Our good landlady made this an inexpensive luxury; I took for granted that she had become attached to me; but it may only have been that she disliked darning Ian’s socks even more than I did.

I really think we saw each other to more purpose during those brief visits than we had ever done before. I was always supposed to be tired with my week’s exertions, so Ian installed me in a corner of the stiff horsehair sofa while we exchanged our newly acquired instalments towards a complete philosophy of life,—while he told me all the new jokes, and showed me the books he had bought or borrowed since my last visit. Then we went for a walk—unless he chanced to be playing football—and we wound up the evening by another royal “crack,” or some form of entertainment.

On the strength of my salary, we now considered ourselves fairly well-to-do; so much so that I rashly lent fifteen pounds to a friend—on excellent security—and, before we knew where we were, Ian and I were poorer than ever.

For three weeks I was obliged to forego my precious weekly visits; and our correspondence was confined to an impassioned appeal on my part for a scrap of geological information, wherewith to appease the wolfish hunger of a pupil with enquiring mind. Oh, those pupils with enquiring minds! —“but that is another story.”

Ian apologised afterwards for

replying to my query on a post-card. It seemed tactless certainly; but he said it was all he could afford. He had even given up his pipe for the time.

Two weeks had still to drag out their weary length before my salary was due. I had forgotten that Ian's bursary was payable in the meantime, until one morning I received the following intimation of the fact,—

"RELIEF OF LUCKNOW! Advance of General M." (the University clerk, I suppose) "to the aid of the starving garrison.

"Seats taken for Salvini to-morrow evening—front row of dress circle. Will meet you by 10.15. Postal order enclosed for fare."

Oh, the halcyon days!

At the end of three years Ian took his B.Sc. with honours, and went on to Cambridge. Neither

of us was a very great correspondent, and you may fancy my delight when some friends of his invited me up to spend May Week.

What a fortnight that was! Even now as I sit in the evening in my dusky High School classroom, poring over a mighty pile of exercises, I have only to close my eyes—

But I must not begin to talk of all that now; and, indeed, the halcyon days were over when we bade farewell to our eyrie at the top of a long common stair: the halcyon days were those in which we bought stamps singly and bootlaces by the pair; when we looked out on the lights of the mighty city away down below, and fell asleep alternately over the pages of the *Areopagitica*; when—*ach, mein Lieber!*—we were above it all—alone with the stars!

A SOLDIER'S CHRONICLE.

PERHAPS the last authorities to be consulted by one writing a military history of the reign of Queen Victoria would be the clergy; not, of course, because of any mistrust in their intelligence or truthfulness, but because they are less qualified to speak with accuracy in military matters than those who are more nearly concerned with the profession of arms. If, for example, one desired precise information about the strength of the cavalry depot at Canterbury, it would hardly be to Archbishop Temple that he would apply, nor would he be justified in troubling Dr Cameron Lees with inquiry about the strength of the forces in Scotland. Nevertheless it is on the writings of the clergy, monks or friars, that one has principally to rely for the facts of a period when the history of this country was essentially military. Barbour, Fordun—or, more accurately, his continuator Bower—and Wyntoun are the chief Scottish authorities for the momentous War of Independence, and, like the English writers, Hemingburgh, Trivet, and the nameless Franciscan friar of Carlisle, who compiled the invaluable so-called Chronicle of Lanercost, were all clerics. True, it was an age when it behoved bishops, especially those whose sees lay along the Marches, to be as much at home in the camp as the chapter-house, and many of these are far better remembered by the havoc they wrought in other people's flocks than for pastoral work in their own. But it was not they who wrote the chronicles; their military duties left them no time for superfluous quill-driving, and the duty was gener-

ally relegated to some subordinate brother in a monastery, who collected what information he could about the movement and strength of armies, and the result of battles. Hence the ludicrous exaggeration of numbers which is so frequent; as when Hemingburgh, canon-regular of Guisborough, states that in the spring of 1307 Robert de Brus was hiding (!) in the hills about Glentool with 10,000 men. It is well ascertained now that Barbour was correct in putting the following of the King of Scots at that critical period no higher than 150 to 300, to support whom the stores of fish and game in that wilderness must have been taxed to the utmost.

But there was one notable exception to the monkish chroniclers of the fourteenth century. One only, and that not Sir Thomas de la More, whose share in the authorship of 'Mors et Vita Edwardi Secundi' is known now to have been very slight. The one author who knew thoroughly what he was writing about and the scenes he was describing was an English knight, Sir Thomas Gray of Heton, in Northumberland, who was constantly in the field against the Scots in the reign of Edward III. Having had the misfortune to be captured by them early in 1355, he relieved the tedium of two years' imprisonment in Edinburgh Castle by studying various metrical and prose chronicles in Latin, French, and English. He tells us, in that Norman-French which was the habitual speech of feudal families both in England and Scotland in the fourteenth century, that *com geris nauoit en le hour autre chos afaire*—"as he had

hardly anything else to do at the time"—he conceived the idea of making an abbreviated translation of the chronicles of Great Britain. One night he dreamt that the Sibyl appeared to him, accompanied by a cordelier friar who supported a ladder of five rungs. Mounting the steps one by one, the Sibyl showed the knight in succession the works of Walter of Exeter, Gildas, Bæda, John of Tynemouth, William of Malmesbury, Roger de Hoveden, and many others. She introduced the cordelier as Thomas of Otterburn, whom she commended as a sure guide in the labour he was about to undertake. The five steps of the ladder corresponded to as many periods which Sir Thomas was enjoined to observe, four of them being historical. The fifth and highest—*le scinkisme bastoun*—he was warned not to attempt, for it embraced the future, and he would only get into difficulty if he attempted to deal with the prophecies of Merlin, Banister, and Thomas of Ercildoune.

Waking from his dream, the captive knight set about his labours at once, in the design of dividing the work into four books, comprising the periods, and compiled from the authors, indicated by the four lower rungs of the ladder. He gave his manuscript¹ the title of 'Scalacronica,' or the ladder chronicle—in allusion, no doubt, to his dream; but inasmuch as this dream is only a literary affectation, introduced as a prologue, such as John of Tynemouth prefixed to his 'Historia Aurea,' the real reference was to the crest of the Grey family, still carried by Earl Grey of Howick

and Sir Edward Grey, Bart., M.P., of Falloden—namely, a scaling-ladder or, hooked and pointed *sable*.

Were the 'Scalacronica' no more than a compilation from the sources, most of them well known, mentioned by Gray in his Prologue, there would be no excuse for detaining the readers of 'Maga' to discuss it, although it amplifies the brief allusions made by extant writers to certain important events. What impart to it special interest are the original passages introduced, not only from the personal experience of a cultivated layman, actively engaged in the events described, but from what the author had been told by his father, also named Sir Thomas Gray, who was constantly in the active service of Edward I. and Edward II. in the Scottish and Continental wars. This portion of the 'Scalacronica,' then, forms a personal narrative, extending over two generations of a period—the very heyday of chivalry—embracing the establishment of Scottish independence. The following may be among the causes why so little attention has been paid to Gray by recent historians of the fourteenth century. The only known copy of his work, written throughout in Norman French, exists in the library of Corpus Christi at Cambridge. If this is the same manuscript from which John Leland made his abstract in the first half of the sixteenth century, then we have to deplore its grievous mutilation since that time. Had the thief been content to abstract some of the contents of the first three rungs of the ladder, we should

¹ Some doubts have been expressed whether a plain soldier could be found at that period capable of writing so much with his own hand. It would be very unusual, no doubt; but even if Gray employed an amanuensis, that would not impugn his authorship.

have owed him little grudge : unluckily the rascal has purloined them from the fourth step, where Gray was writing of what was passing daily under his watchful eyes, and the loss is irreparable. The annals of sixteen years, from 1340 to 1355, have disappeared, comprising such interesting events as the institution of the Order of the Garter by Edward III., the campaign of Creci, the siege and capture of Calais, the defeat of David II. at Neville's Cross, and his long captivity.

Besides Leland's abstract, the only part of the manuscript which has been made public is that beginning with the Norman Conquest down to 1367, when the chronicle closes. This was admirably edited by Father Joseph Stevenson for the Maitland Club, and published in 1835 ; but the missing folios, of course, are not included, and as only 108 copies were printed, 'Scalacronica' remains accessible to very few readers.

The personal part of the narrative—the part, that is to say, which deals with events in which Thomas Gray, either the father or the son, take part—begins with a brief but vivid account of the famous camisade with which Wallace inaugurated his rising in 1297. In May of that year the elder Gray was at Lanark in the suite of King Edward's Sheriff of Clydesdale. Gray calls him William de Hesilrig, but we know from an enquiry held upon his effects in 1304 that the sheriff's real name was Andrew de Livingston.¹ Probably he owned lands called Hazelrig, and the chronicler made a slip between the two Williams about whom he was writing. Wallace made a night attack on the town, surprised the garrison,

and slew the Sheriff. Gray got his head broken, and, lying senseless, was stripped to the skin and left for dead. Luckily the warmth of two houses, blazing one on either side of him, kept the life in him till dawn, when William de Lundy found him, took him to shelter and *ly fist garir*—"made him recover."

Of the battle of Falkirk, where the power of Wallace was broken in 1298, the accounts have varied hugely in respect to the losses of the Scots. Walsingham puts the number of slain at the preposterous figure of 60,000, and Hemingburgh at 50,000. Both of these writers were monks, and knew nothing except from hearsay ; but it is significant of the awful scale of that disaster that Gray, well accustomed to deal with military figures, says that not less than 10,000 Scots perished.

After the defection of Robert de Brus, the national party in Scotland regarded John Comyn as their chief—*gardein et chevetaine de leur querel*. The success which he obtained at Roslyn over Sir John de Segrave—Edward's lieutenant in Scotland—in February 1303, made it necessary for the king to undertake another invasion. Gray accompanied the army, and describes how the royal household found accommodation at Dryburgh Abbey. But Sir Hugh de Audley, not content with lying in a tent, rode on with Gray and sixty men-at-arms to Melrose, where they quartered themselves upon the abbot. It was a dear night's lodging. The lynx-eyed foresters of Ettrick marked where their foes had sought harbour—*aparcyvoit lerbigage du dit Hugh*—stole into the town after night-fall, burst open the doors of the

¹ Documents relating to the History of Scotland (Bain), ii. 417.

abbey, and slew or made prisoners the whole party within. Sir Thomas Gray was in a house outside the gate, which he held in hopes of a rescue till it began to burn over his head, when he and his men were made prisoners also. His ransom must have been promptly paid, for he reappears at the siege of Stirling in the following spring of 1304. Comyn and his friends had made submission at Strathord in February, and Bruce was in the south, looking after the succession to his English estates,—finding, however, plenty of time to devote to King Edward's service, forwarding engines and munitions of war by sea for the campaign in Scotland. Dauntless Sir William Oliphant—*vn joven bachelor Descoce*—disdained, says Gray, to be bound by the conditions submitted to by Comyn, but claimed to hold authority from the Lion (*se clamoit a tenir du Lioun*), a somewhat obscure allusion, wherein the lion seems to be used figuratively to denote the Scottish cause.

Oliphant armed and provisioned his castle, and prepared to defy all the power of the mighty Edward. Wallace, almost the only other commander still resisting the English king, was at large in the Lennox, with a heavy price on his head. Oliphant was practically single-handed in his splendid enterprise. The siege began. Gray was in the retinue of Sir Henry de Beaumont, and his son describes an exciting scene which took place during an assault on the barriers. Among the engines of defence were some which flung grapnels (*tenails*) among the assailants. The hooks of one of these grapnels fastened on De Beaumont, who was being drawn rapidly over the wall, when Gray dashed forward and relieved his chief. Immediately after, Gray

was struck in the face by a quarrel from a heavy crossbow, which inflicted such a frightful wound that his comrades bore him out of the fray, believing him to be dead. A parade was formed for his burial, when somebody noticed a movement in the supposed corpse. He revived, and eventually recovered (*il comensa a mouoir et regardir et garry apres*).

One is tempted to dwell on the incidents of this siege, they are so picturesquely described, and convey such an excellent picture of Edward I., than whom nobody more thoroughly enjoyed life in the trenches, or was more eagerly alive to the importance of having the very latest inventions in military science. He was so full of energy and fire that he was impatient of those who were more leisurely. Just as he was setting out for Stirling, on March 4, he wrote a stinging letter to the Earl of March, reproaching him for want of energy in the pursuit of Wallace. "We cannot conceive," he said, "why you are so slow, unless it be to fulfil the proverb—

'Quant la guerre fu finée,
Si trest Audegier sespee.'

(When the war was over, then Audegier drew his sword.)" Who, by the bye, was Audegier, and what is the allusion?

It was natural enough that Edward should urge on his generals the importance of securing Wallace, though a letter written by him the following day is not such agreeable reading for Scotsmen. It is addressed to Robert de Brus, Earl of Carrick, begging him earnestly, "as the cloak is well made, so also to make the hood." The meaning of this is shown by the context to be that it was good to have quelled the rising of Comyn, De Soulis, Fraser,

and James the Steward; but the business would not be complete till Wallace should be taken also. Researches during recent years by Messrs Bain, Stevenson, and others have brought to light an immense number of original letters and papers of this period, and one cannot but reflect to what excellent use Lord Hailes would have put this material in compiling his *Annals*, and how he would have rejoiced in the light therein reflected upon persons and events.

Very full details have thus been exhumed of the siege of Stirling, and the volumes of 'Historical Documents' prepared from these papers and printed by direction of Parliament ought to be read side by side with Sir Thomas Gray's narrative. Edward set to work in earnest as soon as he had dissolved his mid-Lent Parliament at St Andrews. He wrote to the Prince of Wales, directing him to obtain material for his siege-engines by stripping the lead from all the church roofs between Perth and Dunblane, being careful to leave a covering over the altars. All this material, be it noted, was scrupulously paid for at a subsequent date. The siege-engines, thirteen of them, were thoroughly up to date in the latest improvements. Each bore a distinctive name, registered as precisely as that of a battleship—the Lincoln and the Segrave, the Robinet and the Kingston, the Vicar and the Parson, the Berefrey, the Linlithgow, the Bothwell, the Prince, the Gloucester, the Dovedale, and the Tout-le-monde, besides a mighty "war-wolf," the like of which had never been seen.

Aloft, on their precipitous rock, William de Oliphant and his stout garrison looked down on the gathering storm. They could see the masons busy constructing an

oriel window in a house in the town, whence the queen and her ladies might view the progress of the siege. For nineteen weeks the fortress resisted the thundering missiles and streams of wild-fire; then, when all their provender was gone, Oliphant surrendered unconditionally. But Edward was not quite satisfied. He sent word to the garrison to get into shelter till he tried a shot with his war-wolf (*tauntz il eit ferru ove le Lup de guerre*).

How clearly the scene rises before one! The eager king, intensely interested in the effect of the new machine, explaining its merits to the ladies in the oriel; the groups of knights, professionally critical; the straining ropes and creaking wheels; the stout men of Lincoln sweating under the July sun as they poised the mighty missile; then—silence! a sharp word of command, the trigger is released, the wheels fly round, the rock goes hurtling through the air, and plunges with a crash against the much-dinted walls. Then what a buzz of comment and criticism, to be hushed in turn as the order is given for the garrison to come forth, Oliphant being the last to leave the gates. They were brought before the queen, half-starved and in their rags, then shipped off to various prisons in England, after which, says Gray, the king held a grand tournament before breaking up his camp.

Among the prisoners taken in Stirling was one Ralf de Haliburton. A line is drawn through his name in the list, apparently showing that he had been released, and it is not unreasonable to identify him with "le vallet qui espia Will de Waleys," and received a reward of 40 merks. It is known from a paper in the Arundel collection

that Wallace was arrested in the house of one Rawe Raa, in Glasgow; and this Rawe or Ralf may have obtained his liberty on condition of betraying Wallace. The obloquy of this deed has usually been attached to Sir John de Menteith; but that knight was Edward's Sheriff of Dunbarton, and would be doing no more than his duty in receiving Wallace when brought to him for imprisonment.

The next point in the 'Scala-cronica' which throws an original light on historical events is an account of the circumstances of the murder of John Comyn by Robert de Brus. The statements of historians are so various and irreconcilable on this subject that it would be hardly worth while to add another, even under the hand of a contemporary, but for the curious fact that all Bruce's biographers have overlooked or intentionally suppressed the story told by Gray. It is distinctly unfavourable to Bruce, which tells all the more seriously against him, because Gray generally writes in a remarkably impartial way, taking, as a man of the world, a broad view of characters and actions.

Writing in his prison in Edinburgh in 1355, forty-nine years after an event of which he must have heard his father's account, Gray states that on the fatal 10th of February Robert de Brus sent his two brothers, Thomas and Neil, from Lochmaben to Dalswinton, the residence of John Comyn, to invite him to an interview in the church of the Minorite Friars at Dumfries. They were instructed to ride with Comyn, attack and kill him on the way. Comyn, however, received them so kindly and showed so much readiness to ride with them and meet their brother, that Thomas and Neil thought shame of their trea-

son, and brought Comyn safely to Dumfries, where their brother Robert was waiting for them.

"Sir," they said to their future king, "he gave us such a handsome reception and such large gifts, and won so upon us by his open countenance, that we could not bring ourselves to hurt him."

"Indeed," replied Robert; "you are mighty particular. Let me meet him." (*Voir, bien estes lectous, lessez moi convenir.*)

Then Bruce led Comyn before the altar, and Gray gives a lengthy report of the interview, which, as it is impossible that the substance could be known to any but the two principals, who, it is supposed, had drawn apart, is not worth repeating afresh. He mentions, however, that Sir Robert Comyn, immediately on his nephew falling wounded, struck Bruce with his sword, which glanced from his armour, and incontinently Sir Robert was cut down. The amplitude of detail which Gray has put into this incident is in marked contrast to the brevity of his style in dealing with some of the most important transactions.

There was plenty of work for the elder Gray in the long warfare brought about by Bruce's revolt, and it may be gathered from the public records how constantly he was employed on the Borders during these years. But his son has nothing to tell of his father's adventures till the spring of 1308. The greatest of the Plantagenets had passed away before then, and men had cause already to realise how little of his powerful spirit had descended on Edward of Carnarvon. Sir Thomas Gray was returning from the coronation of Edward II. to the castle of Cupar, in Fife, of which he was governor, when a countryman warned him that Sir Walter de Bickerton—

cheualer Descoce, qenherdaunt estoit a Robert de Bruys—was lying in ambush for him with four hundred men, about half a league farther on. Gray's party contained only six-and-twenty men-at-arms. To these he explained the situation, and with one voice they declared they would force the ambuscade. The grooms and valets were directed to fall behind; a standard was given to them, with instructions that they were on no account to show themselves till their masters were engaged with the enemy. The clump of spears moved on, and, as they had been warned, were fiercely attacked by De Bickerton's men. Gray was ready for them; down went the lances into rest, and the men-at-arms charged clean through the opposing force; wheeled, charged back, and again a third time. De Bickerton's men had not bargained for this: they had reckoned on making an easy prey of such a small party. Just then the party of lads and grooms rode into view, the standard gaily fluttering above them. The Scots beat a retreat, and, getting into bad ground, left nine score horses in a bog, which Gray extricated at leisure, and took home to his stables at Cupar.

Perhaps the most interesting episode in the elder Gray's adventures related by his son was his experience at Bannockburn. It is historically important, too, though it has received but little serious attention, and affords an insight into some of the circumstances of that great battle which have hitherto remained most obscure. For instance, it has generally been assumed by historians that, in the skirmish on the day before the battle—the Quatre

Bras of Bannockburn—Moray was in command of a body of horse. It could not be explained otherwise how he was able to intercept or overtake the cavalry of De Clifford and De Beaumont in their attempt to reach Stirling Castle, after they had got round the left flank of the Scottish position. On the other hand, nobody could say how Moray obtained cavalry for the purpose, as it is known that the only mounted troops in the Scottish army were the 500 lances under Sir Robert de Keith. The difficulty is clearly explained in '*Scalacronica*.'

According to Gray, it was the original intention of Edward II., in advancing from Stirling, to attack the Scots in their position on the Bannock Burn on Sunday, June 23. It is not quite clear whether Gloucester, in pressing forward with the vanguard of heavy cavalry, was aware that the main body had received orders to halt on the rising ground about Plean. At all events he held on his way—*les ioenes gentz ne aresterent my tindrent lour chemyns*—and the famous single-handed encounter took place between King Robert and Sir Henry de Bohun, or, as Gray avers, Piers de Montfort. Meanwhile De Clifford and De Beaumont had been detached by Gloucester to make their way with 300 horse¹ round the east flank of the Scots, past the hamlet of St Ninians, and effect communication with the garrison of Stirling. King Robert had foreseen this, and specially charged his nephew, Randolph Moray, to prevent any such movement. Now, Moray commanded the central of the three divisions of the Scottish line, and from his position commanded but an im-

¹ Barbour says 800, but Gray is sure to be right in this instance.

perfect view of the low ground on his left. It was the king who first detected the English horse passing along the edge of the carse, and the first intimation Moray got of what was taking place was a stinging reproach from his uncle, that "he had let a rose fall from his chaplet."

Had Moray possessed command of cavalry in his division, no doubt he would have sent or led them along the higher ground to intercept the English party riding round it. Having only infantry, he set out for the same purpose, and effected it, but only by reason of what is described by Gray. Mark this, that although Sir Thomas Gray, the chronicler, was not on the ground, his father, Sir Thomas Gray, was actually riding with De Clifford and De Beaumont. The younger Gray, therefore, had perhaps better information of the course of events than any other writer. He states that Moray *issist du boys od sa batail*—"came out of the wood with his array"—and that as soon as De Beaumont saw this, he cried, *Retreyoms nous vn poys, lessez lez uenir, donez lez chaumps*!—that is, "Hold hard a little; let them come on; give them room!" On which Sir Thomas Gray said he was afraid the Scots were too strong for them.

"Look you!" retorted De Beaumont, "if you are afraid, away with you!" (*fuez*!)

"Sir," answered Gray, "it is not for fear that I shall fly to-day." (*Sire, pur poour ne fueray ieo huy.*)

With these words he ranged up between De Beaumont and Sir William d'Eyncourt, and the word was given to charge. The Scots

were formed "en schiltrome"—the solid column which could be converted in a moment into a square, or, more correctly, a rounded oval, by halting, facing the rear companies about, and wheeling the central ones outwards by sections. Wallace had learnt this drill from the Flemings, who, as Gray reminds us, thus defeated the pride of French chivalry at Courtray, thereby first proving how infantry in this formation could withstand the shock of heavy cavalry. The two outer ranks knelt, with their long pikes held obliquely, the butts firmly planted in the ground. Behind them their comrades levelled their pikes, and against this hedge of steel the English horsemen dashed in vain. D'Eyncourt was killed at the first onset; Gray's horse fell under him, and he was taken prisoner; vain were the furious efforts of the men-at-arms to stir the solid schiltrome. Half the horses were disembowelled by the cruel pikes; the proud knights had to own themselves beaten. In full view of the garrison of Stirling they drew off, leaving many men dead or prisoners, and thus Moray's honour was retrieved, the fallen rose restored to his chaplet.¹

It is no part of my purpose to retrace in this place the story of Bannockburn; but there is one statement made by Gray which has never yet received the attention which seems to be due to it, especially as it took place within the Scottish camp, where his father remained a prisoner. He says that King Robert and his generals were of opinion that the events of Sunday had redeemed sufficiently the pledge given the previous year by Edward de Bruce to the English

¹ I have paid two visits to the battlefield during this year since reading Gray's narrative, which is the only one consistent with the nature of the ground and the position of the Scots.

knight, Sir Philip de Mowbray. They had met King Edward in the open field; the King of Scots had, with his own hand, slain the champion sent out by Gloucester; Moray had scattered the picked horsemen of De Clifford and De Beaumont, two of Edward's most famous commanders; it were folly to tempt fortune by waiting to encounter tremendous odds on the morrow. Orders had actually been issued for a midnight parade of the whole Scottish army, in order to march off into the wild country of the Lennox, when Sir Alexander de Seton, a knight in the English service, rode into the Scottish lines and demanded to be taken before the king.

"Sire," he said, "this is of all moments that which you should seize if you think of ever recovering Scotland. The English have lost all heart, and dread a sudden assault. I declare to you, on pain of being drawn and hanged, that if you give them battle on the morrow, you will win an easy victory."

On hearing this, affirms Sir Thomas Gray, the king changed his plans, with the tremendous result of which all the world knows.

The chronicler passes some melancholy reflections on the indolence (*peresce*) with which Edward II. allowed the fruits of his father's conquest to slip from his hands, and left his brave Borderers to defend their own lands. But he tells some stirring tales of chivalrous exploits performed by his own father and others during these years of discouragement. The following is too good to be allowed to perish.

About two years after Bannockburn a great banquet took place in a certain castle of the county of Nichol (*le counte de Nichol*). I am unable to fix the precise

locality of this county, but it seems to have been in the neighbourhood of Northampton. Among the lords and ladies at table was one Sir William Marmion, a knight of Lincolnshire, to whom was brought a helmet with a gold crest, a present from his lady-love. With the helmet came a letter from the lady, bidding Marmion go to the most perilous part of Britain, and there make her gift famous (*qil feist cel hearme estre conuz*). Straightway a discussion arose what place answered best to that description, and with one consent the whole company decided that there was none to be compared with Norham Castle for chance of adventure. Thither, accordingly, hied Sir Marmion, and was sympathetically received by Sir Thomas Gray the elder, constable of that castle.

Marmion had not long to wait. Just as he was sitting down to dinner at noon of the fourth day after his arrival, Sir Alexander de Mowbray and some of the hardiest knights of the Border (*od le plus apert cheualery de la marche Descocce*) appeared under the walls with 160 men-at-arms. The constable was posting his men for defence, when he perceived Marmion straddling across the courtyard in full armour, the sun flashing on his gold helmet—*tout relusaunt dor et dargent*.

"Ho! sir knight," cried Sir Thomas, "you have come here to make that helmet famous. Deeds of chivalry should be done on horseback when that is possible. Send for your horse; see! there is the foe; mount and spur in amongst them. I renounce my God if I do not rescue your body alive or dead, unless I perish myself."

The knight had no choice but to obey: he mounted his war-horse (*vu bel destreir*), the castle

gate swung back, the portcullis was raised, the drawbridge lowered, and out thundered Marmion, lance in rest, plunging straight into the enemy's squadron. He was unhorsed at once and fell, badly wounded; but the old constable was as good as his word. He led out the garrison on foot, who made wild work with their spears, driving them into the bowels of the horses. Many of the dismounted Scots were slain: the rest fled pell-mell. Then the women of the castle led out their horses to Gray's men, who mounted briskly, and pursued the flying Scots as far as the outskirts of Berwick, killing many of them and making prize of fifty valuable horses (*cheualx de pris*). Of Marmion we hear no more, save that the Scots had made shipwreck of his features (*by naufrerent hu visage*), which it is to be hoped did not prevent his lady-love rewarding him as he deserved.

Such skirmishes were of constant occurrence during the eleven years for which the elder Gray held Norham against the Scots, and *maintz beaux faitz darmys* by him and his men are recorded in the chronicle. Twice during that time he endured a regular siege—once for a whole year, and again for seven months. The Lords Percy and Neville twice managed to convey supplies to him, or he must have capitulated from famine. All the other English strongholds on the Eastern March had fallen into Scottish hands except Alnwick and Bamborough. Norham itself was very nearly taken once, during Gray's absence in the south. One of the garrison traitorously admitted the enemy to the outer baillery, which they held for three days. The garrison defended the keep, which the Scots endeavoured to undermine, but the approach of

Gray on his return caused them to take flight, after they had wrecked and burnt the outer defences.

The first action in which we have certain information of the chronicler himself taking part is that of Neville's Cross, October 17, 1346. Edward III. wrote afterwards to thank him for his services in this battle, wherein, with his own hand, he captured David Graham and John de Haliburton. It would have been most interesting to read the account of this decisive battle from the hand of an eye-witness; but unhappily the pages of the original which contained it are among those which have disappeared. So, also, has that part of the manuscript which describes his own capture in 1355, before Norham Castle, in which he had succeeded his father as constable. Leland gives it, however, in his abstract, though with tantalising brevity, as follows:—

“Patrik erle of Marche, that was patisid with Garaunceris the baron of Fraunce, King John of Fraunce agent ther, wold not consent to this trews [arranged between Percy and Douglas], and so with other cam yn roode to the castel of Norham, and imbuschid themself apoun the Scottische side of Twede, sending over a banaret with his baner, and 400 men to forage, and so gathering prayes drove them by the castelle. Thomas Gray (constable of Norham, sunne to Thomas Gray that had been 3 tymes besegid by the Scottes in Norham castel yn king Edward the secunde dayes) seing the communes of England thus robbid, issuid out of Norham with few mo the [more than] 50 menne of the garnison, and a few of the communes, and, not knowing of Patrikes band be hynd, wer by covyn beset both before and behind with the Scottes. Yet for al that Gray with his men lightting apoun foote set apoun them with a wonderful corage, and killid mo of them than they did of thenglish men. Yet wer there vi. Scottes yn numbre to one English man, and

cam so sore on the communes of England that they began to fly, and then was Thomas Gray taken prisoner."

This summary agrees with the accounts of the same skirmish given by Wyntoun and Bower, though Wyntoun says that Gray had with him fourscore men-at-arms, besides archers. He also errs in calling Sir Thomas's son, who was taken prisoner also, William. Like his father and grandfather, he, too, bore the name of Thomas. The Scottish "banaret" in command of the victors was Sir William Ramsay of Dalwolsay, whom David II. afterwards created Earl of Fife. Gray does not disdain to repeat the gossip of the day, to the effect that Ramsay owed his advancement to the charms of his wife, the King acting *moult par enchesoun de sa femme qil amast paramurs, com len disoit*. He tells, also, the sorrowful story of Katherine de Mortimer—*vn damoisel de Loundres*—to whom the impressionable king had lost his heart during his captivity. In 1360, the Queen of Scotland being at the court of her brother Edward III., David had the bad taste to take Miss Mortimer with him on a tour through his kingdom—*chevaucha toutdiz enuyroun oue ly*—to the grievous offence of sundry of his lords. These hired a rascal called Richard de Hulle, who obtained an interview with Katherine as she was riding with the king near Melrose. On a pretext of pressing business, he detained her till the king had ridden forward a space, then plunged a knife into her breast, galloped off, and, being well mounted, escaped. The king, hearing Katherine's cry, rode back, and found her expiring.

The chronicle closes with the second marriage of David to Margaret de Logie in 1367—an ill-

starred match. Gray says she had been four times married already, besides having lived with the king as his mistress, and the very last sentence he penned was the sage reflection—*cest matrimoine fust fait seulement per force damours, qe toutz veint*.

Reference has been made almost exclusively to those passages in 'Scalacronica' which relate to the Scottish wars; but those who love to read of deeds of chivalry will find plenty of description of those enacted in the French campaigns of the English kings. Inasmuch, however, as the author does not seem to have served abroad, his narrative of foreign warfare lacks the great value of personal testimony. That which he witnessed himself, he tells with soldierlike brevity and straightforwardness, bringing out with painful vividness the cruelty peculiar to feudal warfare.

This did not consist, for the most part, of horrors wreaked upon women and children, as was common in later centuries. In the whole of the Scottish wars of the three Edwards, the only instances of that kind of butchery occurred during the sack of Berwick by Edward I. in the spring of 1296, and the simultaneous barbarities, including the massacre of 200 schoolboys, enacted by Balliol and Buchan at Hexham and Corbridge. Neither was the War of Independence specially hard upon the commonalty, because of their indifference to its object. One may see, indeed, in the course of Gray's narrative, how general was this indifference in the beginning of the long dispute between England and Scotland. The bulk of the population in both countries was Anglo-Saxon; it was a matter of precious little concern to them

which set of foreign lords obtained dominion over them—the Normans who, from the days of David I., had been swarming over Scotland and called themselves Scots, or the other Normans who had swarmed over England and called themselves English, or, again, that not inconsiderable number of Normans, including both Bruces and Balliols, who owned lands in both countries, and acted alternately as English or Scots, as suited best their private interests. The inspiring influence of Robert de Brus, when at last he took up the cause of Scottish independence, undoubtedly did give a truly national character to the struggle; but to the ordinary English archer or spearman, enlisted in Hampshire or Warwickshire, it must always have been a matter of profound indifference whether he was told off for service in Gascony or in Galloway. This must always be the case when the people become involved in quarrels exclusively interesting to persons of quality. In this respect, therefore, the Scottish wars of England were no worse than the French or the Flemish. But the truly odious feature of chivalrous fighting was the unequal regard paid to the lives of knights and “communes.” Bishops, barons, knights, esquires—all who could be expected to raise ransom for their liberty—rode into the field with charmed lives. Nobody wanted to kill them; the object of the enemy was to capture them, and so win a lot of money. It was only in disasters of exceptional magnitude, such as Bannockburn on the one hand or Flodden on the other, that large numbers of eminent persons lost their lives. But common soldiers were merely pawns: as prisoners they were costly to keep, and it was far better to slay

as many as possible outright in the field, rather than have to cut their throats afterwards, as was done in the famous “Douglas larder.”

It was the same in respect to damage done to private property. A landlord's estates might be wrecked; his tenants, having lost stock, crop, gear, and “insight,” might all be bankrupt and unable to pay a penny of rent. But let the knight have a turn of luck in the field—let him capture one wealthy prisoner or more, it was enough to fill his coffers and fit him out for the next campaign. The common soldier might be as valiant as you please, he had not nearly as good a chance of making a good prize, owing to the law of chivalry, which permitted a knight when overpowered to name the person to whom he yielded. It was reckoned dishonourable to surrender to one less than an equal, and as these Norman nobles were closely related to each other in blood, they often managed to keep the money “in the family” by naming some cousin as their captor.

Gunpowder, which, when it was first used, seemed likely to make war even more horrible than before, was really a merciful invention. It put knight and churl on a level footing, for it was soon found that a bullet was as likely to find its billet in the carcass of the one as of the other.

Some of the admirers of that fine soldier Edward de Brus may have felt some chagrin at the account preserved of his death on the fatal field of Dundalk in 1318. Barbour says that on the morning of the battle Edward exchanged armour with one Gib Harper; that Gib was slain, and the conquerors, misled by the armour, believed him to be the King of Ireland, cut off his head, and sent it to King Edward. Now, for an officer of

high rank in the present day to exchange uniforms with a private soldier would be to avoid danger at the expense of the private, but, owing to the effects of the ransom system, Edward was doing precisely the reverse: he was incurring greater risk of his life by disguising himself as one of lower degree.

Of side-lights on individual characters there is abundance in 'Scalacronica.' The estimate formed by Gray of that unhappy prince Edward II. deals very gently with a tarnished memory:—

"He was sensible, gentle, and amiable in conversation, but maladroit (*mesoeurous*) in action. He was skilful in what he performed with his own hand. He was very sociable among his intimates, but solemn towards strangers, and far too much addicted to the society of one person at a time."

Sir Thomas Gray died in 1369, two years after the date at which his chronicle closes, being at the time one of the English wardens

of the East Marches, and constable of his beloved Norham Castle.

It is greatly to be desired that some one with adequate leisure, and with the turn for archaic language, should undertake a translation of that part of 'Scalacronica' which was printed for the Maitland Club, carefully collating it with the original manuscript at Cambridge. It would prove a useful work for students of history, and would furnish, besides, a delightful picture of social and military life not less vivid than Froissart's, and with the advantage of having been drawn by an observant soldier. Further, were the volume to be adorned with the shields of all the knights mentioned, printed in gold and colours, as in Mr Wright's edition of the 'Roll of Caerlaverock,' what a splendid record of chivalry we should have! Such records, alas! run to a great deal of money, and we are not allowed now to raise the necessary funds by holding wealthy gentlemen to ransom.

HERBERT MAXWELL.

DARIEL: A ROMANCE OF SURREY.¹

CHAPTER XII.—IN THE BACKGROUND.

SURELY as the world of night goes round, with clusters of stars thronging after one another, and loose wafts of vapour ever ready to flout them, and the spirit of dreams flitting over us, without any guidance of mind or matter, so surely will the dawn of our own little days bring new things to us, which we cannot understand in the clearest light of our wits beneath the sun. And of this I must give an instance now, sorry as I am to do it.

My sister Grace (the very sweetest girl, always excepting one of course, that ever tied a hat-string), what did she do but take a little touch of Cupid, without knowing anything about it? She denied it strongly, and hotly even; as a Swiss hotel-keeper abjures scarlet fever. But I insisted the more upon it; because it was quite picturesque to see Grace Cranleigh in a passion. I found it worth while to go as near the brink of a downright lie as a truthful man can step, without falling over, in order to rouse and work up this dear girl, till she actually longed to stamp her feet. There was a vivid element—the father calls it gold, and the brother calls it carrots—in her most abundant locks; and if you could only hit upon a gentle strain of chaff, which must have a little grain left in it, and pour it upon her with due gravity, she became a charming sight to a philosopher.

Her affection was so deep, and her character so placid, that a sharp word or two, or a knowing little sneer, produced nothing better than a look of wonder, or sometimes a

smile that abased them. She made no pretence to any varied knowledge, or power to settle moot questions—though she would have known where Daghestan was—and as for contradiction, her tongue was never made for it, though her mind must have whispered to her often enough that brother George's words outran his wits. In spite of all this, it was possible to put her in a very noble passion, when one had the time to spare. And it certainly was worth while for the beauty of the sight, as well as for increase of perception concerning the turns of the feminine mind. The first sign of success for the most part was a deepening of the delicate and limpid tint that flitted on the soft curves of cheek; and then if one went on with calm aggravation, that terrible portent, lightning in the blue sky of the eyes, and a seam (as of the finest needlework of an angel who hems her own handkerchief) just perceptible and no more, in the white simplicity of forehead. And after that (if you had the heart to go on), no tears, none of that opening of the dikes, which the Low Country quenches an invasion with, but a genuine burst of righteous wrath—queenly figure, and all that sort of thing, such as Britannia alone can achieve, when unfeeling nations have poked fun at her too long.

Filled with a spirit of discontent, and a longing to know how girls behave when they are beginning to think about somebody—for Dariel must be a girl, as well as an Arch-female-Angel—I contrived to fetch Grace to a prime state of wrath, the

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very first morning after her return from London. And I assure you that I learned a lot of things by that, which served me a good turn in my own case. A woman might call this a selfish proceeding. But what is love, except self flown skyward, and asking its way through the Alphabet of Heaven?

"This is a nice trick of yours," I said, with a careless air and an elderly smile; "to go waltzing about in hot weather with young Earls, as if you thought nothing of your brother hard at work."

"I have not the least idea what you mean, brother George. I am thinking of you, George, wherever I may be. I never see anybody to compare with you."

"Thousands of much better fellows everywhere." True enough that was, although I did not mean it. "Brilliant young men in gorgeous apparel. I am not fit to hold a candle for them."

"Then hold it for yourself, George, as you have the right to do. And for all of us as well. For if ever there was an industrious, simple, unselfish fellow——"

"I never like to hear about that, as you know. The little I can do is altogether useless. I only want to hear about the romantic young Earls."

"Young Earls!" exclaimed Grace, with an innocence so pure that it required a little mantle on her cheeks; "I fear that you have not been looked after properly, while I have been away, dear George; or else you have over-exerted yourself. Coming home also so late at night, several times, they tell me! Continuing your labours for our benefit, nobody seems to know exactly where! Such frightful work makes you quite red in the face."

If that were true, all that I can say is, that the idea of being brought to book by a young girl

like this, was enough to annoy the most superior brother. But to let her see that, was beneath me.

"I have thriven very tidily, while you have been away. My buttons never come off, when I sew them on myself. But you know well enough what I mean about young Earls, and for you to prevaricate is quite a new thing. What I mean is about that young milksop of a fellow, who writes verses, makes sonnets, stuff he calls poems—fytte 1, and fytte 2, enough to give you fifty fits. Lord Honey—something. What the deuce is his name?"

"If you mean the Earl of Melladew, the only thing I regret, dear George, is that you have not a particle of his fine imagination. Not that you need write poems, George; that of course would be wholly beyond you; but that the gift of those higher faculties, those sensitive feelings, if that is the right name, makes a man so much larger in his views, so very superior to all strong language, so capable of perceiving that the universe does not consist of men alone."

"Sensitive feelings! I should rather think so. He has got them, and no mistake, my dear girl. Why the year we licked Eton at Lord's, I happened just to graze him on the funny-bone with a mere lob, nothing of a whack at all for a decent fellow; and what did he do but throw down his bat, and roll about as if he was murdered? What could ever be the good of such a Molly-coddle?"

"It comes to this then. Because you hurt him sadly when he was a boy, you are inclined to look down upon him for life. Nice masculine logic! And you nearly broke his arm, I daresay."

"Scarcely took the bark off. But I'll break something else, if I catch him piping love-ditties down here. I should have hoped that you

would have shown a little more self-respect."

"Well, I don't quite understand what my crime is, George. And to fly into a passion with anybody, who dares so much as to look at me! That is all Lord Melladew has done. And even that seemed too much for his courage. I believe if he had to say boh to a goose, he would call for pen and paper, and write it down. But your anxiety about me is quite a new thing. Is there any favoured candidate of yours down here?"

How sharp girls are! This was too bad of her, when I was doing my utmost for her good. The twinkle in her eyes was enough to show that she suspected something; and if she found it out, all up thenceforth with the whole of my scheme for her benefit.

"Yes, to be sure there is," I answered in some haste, for if I had said no, it would have been untrue, for I thought more highly every day of Jackson Stoneman, whereas Lord Melladew was scarcely better off than we were, and through the same ruinous policy; "where will you find a nicer fellow, or one more highly esteemed (at any rate by himself), than my old friend, Tom Erricker? And when the tinning business comes to you, Harold will invent you a new process every day, until we are enabled to buy back all our land. Though that would be a foolish thing to do, unless he could find some new crop to put upon it. I cannot see why you think so little of Tom Erricker."

"Do you think much of him, George, in earnest? Is he a man to lead one's life? Would you like to see your favourite sister the wife of a man she could turn round her finger?"

"Confound it! There is no such thing as pleasing you;" I spoke, with a sense of what was due to

myself, having made the great mistake of reasoning. "All of you girls begin to talk, as if you were to rule the universe. No man is good enough for you, unless he is a perfect wonder of intellect. And then if you condescend to accept him, his mind is to be in perfect servitude to yours—yours that are occupied nine minutes out of ten with considerations of the looking-glass."

"Can you say that of me, George? Now with your love of truth, can you find it in your conscience to say such a thing of me?"

"Well, perhaps not. And for excellent reason. You have no need to make a study of it. Whatever you do, or whatever you wear, it makes no difference; for you are always——"

"What? What am I? Come, tell me the worst, while you are so put out with me. What are you going to call me now?"

"The sweetest, and the best girl in the world." I should not have put it quite so strongly, except for the way she was looking at me. But it was too late to qualify my words. Before I could think again, Grace was in my arms, and her hair in a golden shower falling on my breast. "After all, this is the best way to reason," she said with a smile that contained a world of logic; and I only answered, "At any rate for women;" because it is not for them to have the last word always.

However I had not changed my opinions, and did not mean to change them. For Jackson Stoneman, whom I had at first repulsed and kept at a very stiff arm's length, was beginning to grow upon me—as people say—not through any affection for his money; so far from that, indeed, that the true reason was, I could think of him now without thinking of his money. When we first

know a man of great wealth, especially if we happen to be very short of cash ourselves, we are apt to feel a certain shyness and desire to keep away from him; not from any dislike of his money, or sense of injustice at his owning such a pile, but rather through uneasiness about ourselves, and want of perfect certainty in the bottom of our hearts, that we may not try—like a man who steals his gas—to tap the “main chance” behind the meter, and fetch a little into our own parlour on the sly. And even if our conscience is too brave to shrink from that, we know that if we walk too much in amity with this man of gold he will want, or at least he ought to want, to pay the piper who besets every path of every kind in England; whereas it hurts our dignity to be paid for, except by our Uncles, or the Government.

But supposing Jackson were to become a member of our family, what could be more inspiring and graceful, as well as delightful, for him, than the privilege which must fall to his share, of endeavouring to please his relatives? And looking at the matter from a point of view even more exalted, I began to perceive the course of duty very clearly staked out for me. And the conversation above recorded made it doubly manifest. My sister had neither admitted, nor denied, that this young Melladew had been attracted by her, while she was staying at her sister's house. She had spoken of his courage with some contempt; and any perception of such a defect would be fatal to his chances with nine girls out of ten. But Grace had her own little pet ideas; and to shoot with swan-shot at a swarm of gnats is better worth the cost than to reason with such girls. They are above reason; and there's an end of it.

To pass from all this to the things one can see, it was either that very same day or the next that I came away out of the harvest-field, just for a morsel to eat and a pipe, in a snug place under the fringe of a wood, where a very small brook, fit only for minnows and grigs, made a lot of loops and tinkles. Two or three times I had been there before, and in fact was getting fond of it, because I believed, or as good as believed, without knowing every twist of it, that this little water in its own modest way never left off running until it reached the Pebblebourne; and after that it must have gone a little faster, till it came to the place where Daniel lived.

Possibly if I threw in a pint bottle, after scraping off the red pyramid, who could say that it might not land at the very feet to which all the world they ever trod upon must bow?

Encouraging these profound reflections, I sat upon the bank, and pulled out my pocket-knife, being a little sharp-set for the moment, and aware of some thrills in a quarter near the heart. There was very little more to be done that afternoon, the week having ripened into Saturday, when no man of any self-respect does more than congratulate himself upon his industry; and on this point few have a stronger sense of duty than the cultivator of the soil of Surrey. No matter what the weather is, or how important the job in hand may be, his employer may repose the purest confidence in him, that he will make off with holy zeal, right early on a Saturday.

Therefore when I heard a step behind me, I knew that it could be none of our “enlightened operatives”; not even Bob Slemmick would pull his coat off at that hour, though he would sometimes

stop long enough to put away his tools. Correct was my reasoning, and with pleasure I beheld the active figure and expressive countenance of Mr Jackson Stoneman. Not that every one would like this man, or care to have very much to do with him. Universal benevolence was not by any means the pole-star of his existence, neither was it his chief employment to saunter amicably in the Milky Way. Butter for his bread, and that the very best butter, had probably been the main quest of his life; until his good stars brought him down into our county, and toward our Grace. He was even beginning to relax his mind, while he braced up his body already; and we thought that a year or two of our fine air would bring a lot of hard gold out of him.

"Glad to see you again. Somebody told us that you were off for the Mediterranean." In this careless manner did I shake hands with this 70 cubit and 20 carat Colossus of gold. There is humbug in all of us—even in me.

"Well, I was thinking of it," he replied, as he sat down beside me, and stretched his long legs, trousered a thousand times better than mine, though I knew which had most inside the cloth; "but after all, what's the good of foreign parts?"

Knowing but little about them as yet, and believing that he might traverse many thousand leagues without finding anything to come up to Surrey, I answered very simply, "You are quite right there."

"But isn't it disgusting that, in your native land, you can never make anything go to your liking?"

This was very difficult for me to answer. I could not get along for a thousand wicked reasons—Free-trade, Democracy, adulteration, sewage-butter, foot-and-throat complaint, living wage for men who

have no life, and all the other wrong end of the stick we get.

"What I mean has nothing to do with your ideas," he continued, as if all my ideas must be wrong, just when I was hoping that he began to see the right; "for Constitutional questions, I don't care twopence. It has become a race of roguery between both sides. Don't look savage, George; you know it as well as I do. Your party would do anything to get into power again. When the bone is in their own mouths, will they even try to crack it? But I have not come to talk all that stuff. I am under your directions in a matter nearer home. Are you going to play fast and loose with me, while your sister is being truckled away to an idiot of an Earl?"

If my mind had not been very equable and just, I must have had a quarrel with him over this. And if he had looked at me with any defiance—but his gaze was very sorrowful, as if all his hopes were blasted.

"Jackson," I answered in a rather solemn voice, having sense of my own tribulation, and I saw that he liked me to address him thus, though the name is not purely romantic, "you are not a bit worse off than any other fellow. Do you suppose that nobody has ever been in love before? You look at things from such a narrow point of view. Consider how much worse it must be, for a woman."

"Well I wish it was." His reply upset my arguments; I found it very difficult to rearrange them on that basis.

"So far as that goes, I can get on well enough," he proceeded, as I looked at him sensibly; "I shall feel it for years, no doubt, but still—but still the blackness and the bitterness of it is this, that such a girl, such a girl as never before

trod the face of the earth, or inhaled the light of the sun"—“Don’t get mixed,” I implored, but he regarded me with scorn—“should be sold, I say sold, like a lamb in the market, to an idiot, just because he has a title!”

“You will be sorry when you have offended me,” I spoke with extraordinary self-control, taking a side glance at my own case; “for I don’t come round in a hurry, I can tell you. But you really don’t know what you are talking of. My father and mother have heard of no proposal, neither have I. And as for Grace herself, she despises that milksop as heartily as I do.”

“George Cranleigh, I have not known you long; but this I can say without hesitation, and I should like to see any man deny it, you are the very noblest fellow that ever——”

“Trod the face of the earth, or inhaled the light of the sun. And why? Because I happen to agree with you. Ah Jackson, allow me to improve the moment. Is there any human praise that does not flow from the like source, from the sense that the other fellow thinks as we do, and the subtle flattery of our own wisdom, and concurrence with our wishes.”

“Shut up,” he cried with a smile, which must have procured him much lucrative business in the City. “What has Farmer Jarge to do with moralising? But are you quite sure of what you said—that she despises him heartily?”

“Unless anybody runs him down, she never has a good word to say for him. He will be here upon some pretext or another; but you need have no fear. I see exactly how to treat the case—to praise him to the nines, and exalt him as the paragon of all manliness, and self-denial, and every tip-top element. And then to let her observe him closely, to see if he

comes up to that mark—and behold she finds him a selfish little funk! That is the true policy with women, Jackson Stoneman.”

The Stockbroker looked at me, with puzzle in his eyes, which were ever so much keener than mine, and had a gift of creating a gable over them, like a pair of dormer-windows with the frames painted black.

“Bless my soul, if you wouldn’t do up our way!” he said; and what higher praise could be given to a man? “Friend George, you are a thousand times sharper than I thought. But all I wish is fair play, and no favour; except of course favour in a certain pair of eyes.”

“You shall have it, my dear fellow, you shall have it. If only you will keep yourself in the background, and do the most benevolent things you can think of, without letting anybody know it. Your money is the main point against you with her. Could you manage anyhow to be bankrupt?”

“That comes to most of us in the end,” he replied, with a sigh, which I did not like at all, but hoped that it was rather of the heart than pocket; “if that were so, George, would you still take my part?”

“Not unless my sister were really committed. But if she had set her heart upon you, Stoneman, your wealth or your poverty would make no difference to me; and I am sure that it would make none to her.”

“What more could a man wish? And I am sure you mean it. Come what will, I will play my game in an open and straightforward way. We must never try any tricks with women, George. Bless them, they know us better than we know ourselves. Perhaps because they pay so much more attention to the subject.”

CHAPTER XIII.—SMILES AND TEARS.

If any one has followed my little adventures only half as carefully as I have tried to tell them, he will see that the time had now come and gone for my second visit to St Winifred's, otherwise Little Guinib. And I would have set forth what happened then, if it had been worth mentioning. But except for the medical treatment received, I might just as well have stayed away, for I never got a glimpse of Dariel; and her father was in such a sad state of mind, that he scarcely cared to speak at all. Being a most kind and courteous gentleman, he begged me to make due allowance for him, for this was the anniversary of the most unhappy day of his life, and in truth it would have been better for him if he had died before he saw that day. One of the worst things of being a gentleman, or of having high-culture like Miss Ticknor, is that you must not ask questions, or even hint at your desire to know more, but sit upon the edge of curiosity in silence, although it may be cutting you like hoop-iron on the top-rail. And this feeling was not by any means allayed, when I saw the great henchman Stepan in the court hanging his head, and without his red cross; and when with the tender of five shillings' worth of sympathy, I ventured to ask him to explain his woe, his only answer was—"Me no can."

But when another week had passed, and my next visit became due, the hills, and the valley, and everything else had put on a different complexion. It was not like a sunset when the year is growing old; but as lively and lovely as a morning of the May, when all the earth is clad in fresh apparel, and all the air is full of smiling glances at it. There came to my perception

such a bright wink from the west, and so many touches, on the high ground and the low, of the encouragement of heaven to whatsoever thing looks up at it, that in my heart there must have been a sense it had no words for—a forecast of its own perhaps that it was going to be pleased, far beyond the pleasure of the eyes and mind. And in that prophecy it hit the mark, for who should meet me at a winding of the path but Dariel herself, no other? Dariel my darling!

As yet she knew not—and I shivered with the thought that she might never care to know—in what lowly but holy shrine she was for ever paramount. But a little blush, such as a white rose might feel at the mark H.C. in an exhibition, answered my admiring gaze; and then I was nowhere in the splendour of her eyes—nowhere, except for being altogether there.

But with no such disturbance was her mind astray. Alas it was "all there," as sharp as the wits of the last man who wanted to sell me a horse. And she did not want to sell me anything; only to keep her precious value to herself. What a shame it is to leave things so that a poor fellow never knows how to begin! But that was not her meaning. In all her lovely life, she never meant anything that was not kind.

"I am not quite assured," she began, after waiting for me to begin—as if I could, with the tongue in such a turbulence of eyes and heart!—"it is beyond my knowledge of English society, Mr Cranlee, to be confident that I am taking the correct step, in advancing in this manner to declare to you the things that have come into my

thoughts. But if I have done wrong, you will pardon me, I hope, because I am so anxious about very dismal things."

"I assure you," I answered, with a flourish of my hat, which I had been practising upon the road, "that it is of the very best English society. If we dared, we should insist upon it upon every occasion, Mademoiselle."

"You must not call me that, sir. I am not of the French. I prefer the English nation very greatly. There has only been one name given to me by my father, and that is *Dariel*."

"It is the sweetest name in all the world. Oh, *Dariel*, am I to call you *Dariel*?"

"If it is agreeable to you, Mr Cran-lee, it will be also agreeable to me; for why should you not pronounce me the same as Stepan does, and Allai?"—oh that was a cruel fall for me—"although I have passed most of my life in England, and some of it even in London, I have not departed from the customs of my country, which are simple, very simple. See here is *Kuban* and *Orla* too! Will you not make reply to them?"

How could I make reply to dogs, with *Dariel's* eyes upon me? Many fellows would have been glad to kick *Kuban* and his son *Orla*, to teach them better than to jump around emotions so far above them. But not I; or at any rate not for more than half a moment; so sweetly was my spirit raised, that I never lifted either foot. Some of *Dariel's* gentle nature came to strike the balance; for I may have been a little short of that.

"Good dogs, noble dogs, what a pattern to us!" I had a very choice pair of trousers on, worthy of Tom Erricker,—if his had been ever bashful—and in another min-

ute there scarcely would have been enough of them left to plough in.

But the joy of my heart—as I was beginning already to myself to call her—perceived at a glance the right thing to do; and her smile and blush played into one another, as the rising sun colours the veil he weaves.

"If Mr Cran-lee will follow me, a step or two, I will show him a place where the dogs dare not to come."

"Follow thee! Follow thee! Wha wud na follow thee?" came into my head, with a worthier sequence than ever was vouchsafed to Highlanders.

"Where the dogs dare not come"—I kept saying to myself, instead of looking to the right or left. The music of her voice seemed to linger in those words, though they have not even a fine English sound, let alone Italian. But my mind was so far out of call that it went with them into a goodly parable. "All men are dogs in comparison with her. Let none of them come near, wherever it may be, except the one dog, that is blest beyond all others."

"Are you a Christian?" The question came so suddenly, that it sounded like a mild rebuke—but no, it was not meant so. The maiden turned towards me at a little wicket-gate, and her face expressed some doubt about letting me come in.

"Yes, I am a Christian," I answered pretty firmly, and then began to trim a little—"not a very hot one I should say. Not at all bigoted, I mean; not one of those who think that every other person is a heathen."

I had made a mull of it. For the first time I beheld a smile of some contempt upon the gentle face. And I resolved to be of the strictest Orthodoxy evermore.

Feeble religious views did not suit her.

"Christian! I should think so." I proceeded with high courage. "There is scarcely a Church-tower for ten miles round, that has not been built by my ancestors." Possibly this assertion needed not only a grain but a block of salt.

But Dariel was of good strong faith; without which a woman deserves only to be a man. She opened the gate, and let me in, so beautifully that I was quite afraid.

"You must not be frightened," she said, with a very fine rally of herself, to encourage mine, "it is the House of the Lord, and you have come into it with your hat on. But you did not know, because there is no roof."

No roof, and no walls, and no anything left, except the sweet presence of this young maid. I took off my hat, and tried to think of the Creed, and the Catechism, and my many pious ancestors, if there had been any. And I almost tumbled over a great pile of ruin stones.

"We will not go in there, because—because we are not thinking of it properly;" she pointed, as she spoke, to an inner circle of ruins, with some very fine blackberries just showing colour; and suddenly I knew it as the sanctuary, in which I had first descried her kneeling figure. "But here we may sit down, without—without—it is a long word, Mr Cran-lee, I cannot quite recall it."

"Desecration," I suggested, and she looked at me with doubt, as if the word had made the thing. "But you do not think it will be that, if I speak of my dear father here?"

I was very near telling her that we think nothing of such old monkish ruins, except to eat our chicken-pie, and drink our bottled

beer in their most holy places; but why should I shock her feelings so? Little knows the ordinary English girl, that when she displays her want of reverence for the things above her, she is doing all she can to kill that feeling towards herself, which is one of her choicest gifts.

"Dariel, you may be quite sure of this," I replied, after taking my seat upon a stone, over against the one she had chosen, but lower, so that I could look up at her; "a place of holy memories like this is the very spot especially fitted for— for consideration of your dear father. Some of my ancestors no doubt were the founders of this ancient chapel, so that I speak with some authority, upon a point of that sort."

All content has a murmur in it, according to the laws of earth; and within a few yards of my joy, the brook with perpetual change of tone, and rise and fall of liquid tune, was making as sweet a melody as a man can stop to hearken. But the brook might have ceased its noise for shame, at the music of my Dariel's voice. She gave me a timid glance at first, not for any care of me, but doubt of unlocking of her heart; and then the power of a higher love swept away all sense of self.

"My father, as you must have learned already, is one of the greatest men that have ever lived. There are many great men in this country also, in their way, which is very good; but they do not appear to cast away all regard for their own interests, in such a degree as my father does; and although they are very high Christians, they stop, or at least they appear to stop short of their doctrines, when the fear arises of not providing for themselves. They call it a question of the public good, and they are afraid of losing commerce.

"But my father is not of that character. The thing that is recommended to him by religion is the thing he does, and trade is not superior to God's will. Please to take notice of this, Mr Cran-lee, because it makes him difficult to be persuaded. And now he has told me quite lately a thing, which, if he adheres to it as he always does, will take him away, will extinguish, and altogether terminate him."

She turned her head aside, that I might not see the tears that were springing upon either cheek, and a cloud of very filmy lace from the strange octagonal cap she wore, mingled with the dark shower of her hair.

"Oh no, oh no! that shall never be," I answered as if I were master of the world; "oh Dariel, don't let your beautiful eyes——"

"It is of my father and not of myself we are speaking, Mr Cran-lee. And you are surprised what reason I can have for—for inviting you to give opinion. But it is not your opinion for which I make petition, or not the opinion only, but the assistance of kind action from you, if you can indeed be persuaded. And before that can be accomplished, I must expand to you things that you may not have been informed, concerning my father, you know, do you not?"

"Nothing, or very little except what you yourself have told me. I know all about Daghestan of course"—so I did by this time, or at least all that was in the Cyclopædia—"and that your father has been a very great man there; and I can see that he has been accustomed to authority and probably to wars, and that he is worshipped by his retainers, and that he has some especial purpose here and prefers a private life, but is kind enough to give me admission because of my accident; and after that, let me

see, what else do I know? Why nothing at all, except that he has wonderful taste, and sense of order, and the loveliest dau—door-painting I ever beheld; and after that——"

"Door-painting of great loveliness! I do not remember to have seen that, my father has never concealed from me—I will ask him——"

"Door-nailing is what I should have said of course, Fleur de Lis flourishes, classic patterns. But what is all that in comparison with him? A man of majestic appearance, and a smile—have you ever beheld such a smile?"

"Never!" cried Dariel, with great delight, "but I expected not that you would already be captured with that demonstration. It shows how good he was to be pleased with you, for he is not taken in with every one. But now please to listen, while I tell you, so far as my acquaintance of your language goes with me, what the condition is of circumstances tending about my father. Only I know not the half of it myself, for he fears to make me so solicitous; and it would not be just for me to ask questions of people of the lower rank, in whom he has placed confidence; though Stepan could tell me many things if he thought proper, and I have proved to him that it is his duty.

"My father is the Prince, as they call it in most countries, though he never takes it to himself, of the highest and noblest and most ancient of the tribes belonging to the Lesghian race. The great warrior Shamyl, who contended so long against all the armies of Russia, was of the lower, the Moslem division of the ancient Lesghian race, which is of the first origin of mankind, and has kept itself lofty as the mountains.

"But when all the other tribes fell away, with treachery and jealousy, and bribery, and cowardice, and Shamyl himself was betrayed in his stronghold, my father, who had been called to take the place of his father who died in battle, at the head of the Christian and higher division of the race, could not prolong the war. Not that he was vanquished, that could never happen to him; but because all the Mohammedans, who had made what they call a holy war of it, would not go on under the command of a Christian, and they showed themselves so treacherous that they betrayed him, for money no doubt, of which they were too loving, into the hands of the Russian General. Everyone expected that he would be destroyed on account of the bitterness between them, and the many times when he had been victorious. But the Russian Commander was much pleased with him, from the nobility of his manners, and treated him very gently, and finding that he was a Christian and descended from English Crusaders, according to the red cross which we always wear, as the badge of our lineage against the Moslem tribes, he obtained permission from Moscow to release him upon very generous conditions. His great extent of property was not taken from him, as was done to most of the other chiefs, who had fought so long against Russia, but was placed in the hands of a kinsman as his steward, and he was only banished for fourteen years, until there should be no chance of any further war.

"My father made the best of all these things. He collected all the relics of his patrimony, and travelled to many other lands and then settled in England, having learned while a boy in the 'City

of languages,' where he was educated, to speak the English language as well as many others, German, French, Italian, Russian, Arabic, almost every tongue, for which he has a talent not granted to his daughter. But above all, he loves his own Lesghian words; and the rest of his life, if he ever goes home, will be spent for the education of the Lesghian people. He will never conspire against Russia any more. He says that the tribes of the Caucasus are made up of every race under the sun, are always in conflict with one another, and speak, I forget how many languages, and have I forget how many forms of religion, whenever they have any religion at all. But though he sees all these things, and is of the largest mind ever vouchsafed to a man, he is filled in his heart with perpetual longing to be among the mountains of his early days, and to finish all his wanderings in his first home. The fourteen years of his exile will expire very soon; and then what a joy there would be for him! I also long more than it is possible to explain, to see the most noble land the Lord has ever made, though I only behold it in dreams sometimes, according to his description. For although I was born in the noblest part under the shadow of Kazbek and in the most magnificent Pass of the earth, from which my name is taken, I was but a babe, when my father took me with him."

"If it must be so, if you must leave England," I asked with a very grim smile, for what on earth would become of me without her, and I did not even belong to the Alpine Club; "why should you be so unhappy about it. I fear there is no one in this country, whom it would pain you much to leave. I fear that you find all English people

rather dull, and cold, and uninteresting, and you will be too glad to be quit of them."

"I hear that they are cold, but I do not perceive it." Her glance as she said this was beyond interpretation; could it mean any cruel check to me? "They are the first nation of all mankind, my father has declared to me, many times; but of such matters I have not yet arrived to think. The thing that makes me full of fear about going from this safe land is, that though the people may be dull and cold, as you do describe them, among them there is law and justice, and the wicked men are hanged whenever they require it. But alas my father says that among his noble people, no one can be sure of that."

"Dariel," I exclaimed with amazement, having made up my mind that her nature was all softness and all sweetness, "surely you would never wish to be sure of anybody being hanged."

"I would never go to see it, as the people do in England, and I am not at all convinced that it ought to be done here. But in lands where the law of men's lives is revenge, even upon those of their own family, what else is there to prevent them from committing murder? And that which terrifies me from all pleasure of seeing the land of my birth consists of that. Our family, the highest of the Lesghian race, have not that most wicked rule of blood-revenge; but all the other tribes around them have; and I am in the most dreadful alarm that my father has done something to make him subject to that barbarous, abominable, horrible—oh what shall I do? what shall I do?"

Once more, I made offer to administer to her the kindest and softest consolation; but she turned

away sobbing, yet concealing it, as if it could be no concern of mine. And this made me feel—I should be sorry to say how.

I believe that there is a bit of sulkiness in love, even with a man; and perhaps a large lump in a woman; because they are obliged to let it grow. At any rate I held my tongue. If her ladyship did not think me worthy of her confidence after all I felt, perhaps there was somebody else who deserved it. I knocked my stick against my trousers; and it almost seemed to me as if I should like to whistle, if I mattered so little to the wind and sky.

"You are offended! You are angry with me!" cried Dariel, turning round, as if she were the larger part of me recoiling upon all the littleness. "But I cannot tell you what I do not know. Everything is so dark to me."

Now whether it was mean of me, or noble, depends upon the right view of the case; but before she could repent of being kind, I got hold of her hand, and kissed it so as to assure her of my forgiveness. Then the loveliest colour ever seen on earth arose in her face, and in her eyes there was the sweetest light just for a moment, and then she trembled, and I was afraid of myself.

By mutual accord we dropped that point. But I knew that she felt for the first time in her heart that the whole of mine belonged to it. Crafty love and maiden fear combined to let that bide a while.

"I fear that it is too selfish of me, and too great trespass upon your good-will," she said, without looking at me again, "if I ask you to help me in this matter. But you do admire my father, I think. Nobody can meet him without that."

"He is the noblest and the grandest man I have ever had the honour

of speaking to. I wish that I could only do something for him. There can be no trespass on my good-will. Only tell me plainly."

"This is all I know, and I dare not ask more, for it is not considered good to tell me. There is one day in the year of great sorrow and bitterness, through something that has happened in my father's life. It is something that he himself has done, though no one could believe that he would ever commit a sin. Last year, and every year before that until now, I was away and saw nothing of it, being under education with good ladies of our race. But now that is finished, and it was not possible for the tribulation to be concealed from me. Long before that I had known there was something of very great misfortune and calamity to us; but I have never been permitted to hear more about it; and how can I learn, of whom can I enquire? Stepan knows, I am almost sure of that; and perhaps Baboushka does—but as for telling me—it appears that with our people, the young maidens are kept out of reach of all knowledge, but I have been brought up in England, and it is not curiosity, Mr Cran-lee, you must not be in such error as to think that I have curiosity. It is anxiety, and love of my dear father, which anyone of any age or nation has a right to; and if he is to go back into that land of danger without my knowing what I have to dread, or what to save him from, how can I be of any use? He had better have no daughter."

"Shall I go and ask him all about it? He may think what he likes of me; if it will be of any good to you. No, that is not exactly what I mean. What I mean is, that I will take any row upon myself."

"I can scarcely understand what the English is of that." Oh Dariel, can even you tell fibs? "But if

it is anything, Mr Cran-lee, of a proposal unpleasant to you, and offering unkindness to my father, it is the very last thing I would desire you to do. And what would become of you, when he regarded you, as he has the power of doing to those—to those—who show him what you call impertinence? What I was thinking of was quite different to that. And though it would give some trouble, which I have no right to seek from you, there could not be anything unbecoming in it. I thought of it last night, when I was in such sorrow, that I could not sleep with any happiness. My father has one great friend in London, a gentleman known to him, in our native land, and who was a great part of his coming to this country. He understands everything of our situation here, and I have seen him several times. My father has told me to make application to him, if anything should arise, beyond his own assistance. The gentleman is not of our own rank in life, because he is of commerce, which we do not understand. Nevertheless he is very wealthy, and nothing can be more respected than that point in England. He is now entitled Signor Nicolo, because it is better among the nations with whom he has dealings with the precious stones. But by birth, and of language, and the ways of thinking, he has always been an Englishman of the name of Nickols. And he is of an integrity beyond all common foreign names. He resides in the best part of London, mentioned by your great Shakespeare, and still called Hatton Garden."

"And you would like me to go and see him?" I enquired with the greatest alacrity, perceiving a good chance now of discovering many things still mysterious; "Dariel, it shall be done to-morrow. Don't talk of trouble, I beseech you."

"It is not only that," she answered, already assuming her right to my services, which women are never very slow to do; "but also the difficulty that Signor Nicolo will have to perceive in what authority you come. It is not as if you bore any message, or power of inquiry from my father, for he would not wish at all that I should so employ myself. And if you do this for me, Mr Cran-lee, you must bear in mind that my dear father will perhaps be much displeased that it has been done; and then although he is so just and righteous, he will inflict the whole of the blame upon you, because he can never find any fault with me. And then perhaps you would never come here any more."

"Oh that wouldn't do at all!" I exclaimed, hoping that I saw a little sadness in her eyes; "I shall put old Nickols under a frightful pledge, penalty of his very biggest diamond, never to let that cat out of the bag."

"He is not old Nickols. He is quite a young man, very clever and very agreeable. And he has promised to do anything in the world for me. Signor Nicolo is a gentleman you would be much delighted to converse with."

"Now you must know much better than that," thought I; "the more delightful he is, the more hateful to me." However, she did not seem to catch that clue; but went on, as unconscious as the wire in the air is of its own significance.

"The last time he was here, I told him of my ancient ruby cross, the one which I wear most frequently, when I come to pray for my father here. It has been preserved in our family from the period of the Crusades; when the noble prisoners escaping to our mountains converted our tribe from idolatry, and married the fairest of the

maidens. Signor Nicolo desires much to see it; and I will lend it to you, Mr Cran-lee; and then he will know that you have a right to ask concerning the questions of my father. And the great question that you go to inquire of is this, whether he can go back to the land belonging to him, without the greatest peril to his own dear life."

"It is my determination," I replied, with some infection of her freely imported English, so sweet was the voice conveying it, "not to leave this matter now, until I have got to the bottom of it. Is there any other Prince, or Jeweller, or Crusader, whose ins and outs I ought to know, before I can deal with him properly?" My wrath grew as its tongue rolled on; and what tongue but our own can tell it then?

"There is another gentleman who has expressed a desire for a knowledge of our position here, and a little interview with me;" she spoke as if she lived without any dogs, or walls, or river, and I resolved at once to make *Kuban* and *Orla* as savage as *Grab* himself was; "but him I have not as yet beheld at all. And he is a Prince, as you suppose so well, possessed of great power already, even while he is so young, because of his courage and noble appearance, and desire to die for his country. He is a cousin of mine; and I have heard—but my father is most righteous in whatever he proposes."

She dropped her beautiful eyes with a blush; and it was lucky that she did not see me grind my teeth, for verily I must have looked—however I controlled myself. "What's the fellow's name?" was the only thing I said.

"Prince Hafer, the Chief of the Ossets," she answered, looking with great surprise at me.

"Ossets! If I don't make bones

of him," I muttered; "but pardon me. Can I have the cross at once? I cannot go to see your dear father to-night. Important business—I had quite forgotten. But yours shall be the first attended to. Oh Dariel, Dariel, I must be off, before I say anything to vex you. Send Allai to-morrow night, and

you shall hear of that young Nickols."

Probably she thought I was mad, and she was not far wrong, if she did so. She gave me the cross, to get rid of me perhaps; and I snatched her hand and kissed it, and was out of sight in no time.

CHAPTER XIV.—THE RUBY CROSS.

In all matters of love there is a vast amount of luck. That there is of course in all human affairs, as far as we can interpret them; but what I mean is a larger element of luck than in any of our other miseries; unless it be the still finer conflict, and far more enduring one, for money. Any one might have concluded, as I did, that it was all up now with every little hope I might have nursed of winning the favour of Dariel. Yielding to a sudden rush of jealousy, I had quitted her hastily and almost rudely, and broken my appointment with her father. It was true that her calmness and perfect indifference were enough to provoke a saint—if he ever falls in love—but how could she know that? Though certainly she ought to know it, if she ever thought of me in at all the proper vein. "What a fool I am! It will serve me quite right, if she never even condescends to glance at me again," I thought, as I wandered about in the dark, after going home at a great pace upon the wings of rage; "and just as I was getting on so nicely too! What is the use of my going to see that Nickols? A rogue no doubt, almost sure to be a rogue, for sticking a foreign tail on to his name. No doubt he cheats them of their diamonds and rubies. That is why he wants to see this cross. Worth a lot of money, I dare say.

What an idiot I must be, to even think of that, when I remember where it has been so often! Oh Dariel, Dariel! When I first saw your beautiful, enchanting, ravishing, idolatrous—idolised I mean, confound it all—who could have imagined that I should ever hold this badge of your faith—this symbol of your own high-minded, lofty-souled archetype—pish there is no word to come near her! But oh shall I never come near her again?"

To cut short all discussion, I found myself in a frightful state both of head and of heart, and ready to do anything to bring matters to the crisis. Accordingly I said to Slemmick, who was in his right mind now, "Just look after things to-day; I'm obliged to go to London." He grinned, and I knew that he would be a tiger to any man lying down under a rick.

As yet my conceptions about jewellers, diamond-merchants, and the like were little more than a confusion of the Arabian Nights and Bond Street; so that it seemed to be quite a mistake when the policeman in a little dingy street pointed out a very common-looking house as the abode of Signor Nicolo. There was nothing to show that it contained as much as a paste shoe-buckle or a coral pin, and it struck me that if diamonds were tested

there the light must proceed from the jewel itself. But perhaps it would be lighted up by Koh-i-noors, Stars of the South, and other glorious luminaries.

Not only the house but the inhabitants thereof appeared to be sadly in need of lighting up. How many times I rang, or at any rate pulled the long handle, I will not pretend to say; but at last an old woman, not at all too clean, showed me into a small square room, remarkable for nothing except that one end appeared to consist of polished steel. My card was taken upstairs, and presently Signor Nicolo himself appeared.

"Upon important business!" he said. "Ah yes! Mr George Cranleigh. Ah yes, ah yes!" He was rather a handsome little man, about forty years old, with dark eyes and complexion, wearing a black velvet blouse, gathered in with a belt, and a red scarf under it. Apparently an Englishman who desired to pass as a foreigner, and having a considerable share of Jewish blood might do so without much trouble. Whether his perpetual "Ah yes"—which I shall not repeat half as much as he did—had first been assumed in imitation of some foreigner or had struck root into his tongue, as "you know," "don't you see?" and other little expletives are wont, it is beyond my power to say.

"And this you have brought me. Ah yes, ah yes." He proceeded when I had explained my purpose; "to certify that the Prince desires me to impart to you all my knowledge concerning him. The rubies are very fine, and the trinket very ancient. They would not be set in silver now-a-days. But I do not perceive in them, Mr Cranleigh, you will excuse my saying so, any message from the Prince to that effect."

"You mistake me, Signor," I answered with some warmth, for the man's affectation annoyed me, and I longed to call him "Jemmy Nickols," as his God-fathers and God-mothers meant him to be called; "I said nothing about Sûr Imar, who makes no pretence to be called a Prince"—that was a little rap at Jemmy—"It is his daughter who has sent me to you, because she is most anxious and miserable about her father. What she wants to know is this—can he return to his native land, from which he has been so long banished, without incurring very great danger? You can tell me or not, just as you please. The question lies between you and her. She has always believed you to be her true friend. She cannot come to see you herself of course, and her father might be angry if she tried to do so; and he would know your hand if you wrote to her. It appears to me that she has a right to ask."

"Ah yes. She has a right to ask; and more than that, it is her place to ask, that she may know how to act about it. On the other hand, the point for me is—have I any right to tell?"

I began to respect the man more, as I perceived that he really wished to do what was right, but scarcely saw the way to it, through some little complication. "Signor, I am not in any hurry," I observed.

"Ah, you cannot understand," he said, as if I had no power, even if I had a right to put my tongue in; "it is no reproach to you; but a young man who has never been among such things, ought to thank his good stars, and keep out of them. You English are so stiff, you can allow for no ideas. You think that all the world must have the same right and wrong as you have."

"Now, Signor Nicolo," I replied with admirable self-control, for I began to know all about him now, by the lights that break in as we go on in the dark, "if ever there was an Englishman, you are one." He looked at me steadily with eyes almost too dark for a pure-bred Englishman, and then seeing that I meant to make him proud he became proud, as he ought to be.

"Ah yes!" he said first, from the force of habit, and then he went on, as became his birthright. "Sir, I am an Englishman, and as proud of it as you are. But we are not popular among the smaller nations, because they have a lower standard. We give them everything in the way of trade, and they have not the calibre yet to enter into it. And I am very much afraid that they won't have that, till they have taken every farthing out of us. In spite of all lessons, we carry on still, as if all the world were full of our own ideas. And what comes of that? They believe through thick and thin that our only ambition is to rob them. My business lies chiefly on the Continent, and therefore I am Signor Nicolo."

Feeling the truth of this sad state of things, I took the hand he offered me. It was not his fault, but that of our blind rulers, that to do any business he must be of foreign blood. Still it was a new light shed upon me, for hitherto my belief had been that people unlucky enough to have to live upon the land, had to bear the brunt of that British suicide endowed with the catch-penny name Free-trade.

"Now I am in this difficulty," continued the Signor, still employing the gesticulation he had learned; "on no account would I offend Prince Imar—a Prince he is, whether he likes it or not—while on the other hand, I may be guilty of his death, if I stand upon

scruples. And that would be a very poor requital, for I owe him my life, and am proud to owe it to a man so great and magnanimous. Crotchety perhaps, as all great men are, and sometimes even more than that; but take him all round, such a man as you won't see in a long day's ride, Mr Cranleigh."

"That is the opinion I have formed of him. A man of the first magnitude in body, mind, and character. As yet I know very little of him; but one is struck with such a rarity at once, just as——"

"As I might be with an enormous diamond. But I am surprised to hear you say that you know him so little. I suppose he keeps himself very much to himself, down there. It was I who arranged that place for him."

"I do not even know whether he has any visitors. None from our part of the country I believe. But I saw no signs of secrecy about the place. It is naturally very lonely and secluded, and out of the line of the more important roads. And he has as good as told me that he was busy about something that he did not wish to talk about. It is suspected in some quarters that his business is the forgery of Russian rouble-notes."

"No, you don't say that! What a people we are! Ah yes, ah yes! I have been on the Continent for some weeks, or certainly I must have heard that grand joke. And they will make a raid upon him soon with a search-warrant I dare say. Oh, I would give something to see that. Tell them to keep the dogs in. I know what they are. And the policeman would shoot them as soon as look, for doing the very duty they have to do themselves, only doing it with a little more sagacity. Don't forget that, Mr Cranleigh. I wouldn't have those dogs killed for a thousand

pounds. There is not a dog to compare with them in England. I knew their grandfathers in the Caucasus."

Hereupon I told him, just to help my case, how lucky I had been by a very simple stratagem in saving the life of that glorious *Kuban* from a low beast of a bull-dog, and he laughed, and said "Capital! I should never have thought of that. By the by, I know something of your brother, Mr Cranleigh. He has very nearly made a diamond, and he came to me about it. Upon my word, I thought at first that he had succeeded, until I threw my test-light on it. It was the nearest approach that has been accomplished yet. I dare say, he told you all about it."

"Not a syllable. He never does, unless it is to try the effect upon me. He has the lowest possible opinion of my intellect. He has monopolised the brains of the family. But he is glad enough to come to me for more substantial things."

"Ah yes! I see. But he will astonish the world some day. What amazed me about him was not his inventive power—though that must be very great, of course—so much as the quantity of pluck he showed, at any rate I should call it so. You would have thought it the turning-point in a young man's life, to know whether he had solved the great problem, or failed; but his hand never shook, it was as steady as mine now, and his colour never changed, he was as cool as any cucumber—the last one I bought was as hot as ginger. And when I said, 'No, sir. Not quite yet,' he made me the most beautiful bow I ever saw, and walked off, leaving the work of months with me."

"That is Harold all over. But he will never do any good. He is always on the brink of success, but

never in it. And if he ever does succeed, all he'll say will be just this—'oh, any fool can do that,' and never think of it again. However, I must not go on about him. Time is getting on, and I ought to be at home again. What answer shall I take to Miss—Miss Prince Imar?"

"Do you know what Dariel is?" Nicolò was smiling in a genial manner at my levity. And then he said, to crush it in a truly British manner, "Dariel is the heiress to the throne of Georgia. She has the pink eagle on her left shoulder."

"But there is no throne of Georgia now," I answered, quite uncrushed, for she might have been heiress to the throne of all the stars, without mounting any higher than she already was with me; "the Russians have got Georgia, and who shall ever turn them out?"

This will show how I had got up my subject. A month ago Georgia, for all I knew or cared, might have been the property of our former George the fourth, or still the prize of victory for Saint George and the Dragon.

"You take things as quietly as your brother Harold does. Ah yes! it must be in the family, no doubt. But I give you my word that it is true, Mr Cranleigh. Not that her father is a Georgian though, he belongs to a higher race, the Lesghians, and the highest tribe of the Lesghians. All the others, such as Shamyl, are Mahometans. Dariel's mother was the Princess Oria, the last representative of Tamara, the celebrated Queen of Georgia; and she was carried off from Tiflis—it is a most romantic story; I can't tell you a quarter of it. But there was some frightful tragedy—bless you, they are always having tragedies there—and the long and the short of it is, that Imar has incurred the blood-feud. You may be sure that

he never ran away from it. He has the greatest contempt and loathing for all such horrible heathenism. After the capture of Shamyl all hope of resistance was over, for the Mahometan tribes fell away, at once. Shamyl's chief hold over those fierce races had been his position as Imaum, which confers divine command over those who belong to Islam. Ah, he was a gallant Chieftain, but cruel sometimes, ah yes, ah yes!"

"And your share in these adventures, Signor? You must have carried your life in your hands. It seems as if there can be no danger in the world, without some brave Englishman being in the thick of it."

Jemmy Nickols threw his blouse open and showed a fine broad chest, which he patted. "You are right there," he said, "it generally happens so. Ah, I was an active fellow in those days, and afraid of nobody but the Devil. And you may be sure, there was plenty of Him there. Ah yes, our nation is always on about its sailors; but to my mind the landmen are every bit as good. However it was business that took me there, and not any pleasure in hardship.

"I had to make my own way in the world, and was tired of sitting on a stool in London. So I got a commission from the firm to Amsterdam, my father being one of the partners, and there I heard of something which sent me across Europe to meet a Russian merchant at Odessa. I found him quite a young man and very enterprising, which was not very often the case with them in those days. We became good friends, and he told me that he had heard from a brother of his, a Russian Officer then serving against Shamyl, of a wonderful discovery of emeralds they had made among the mountains of Daghestan. My knowledge of jewels

was greater than his, and he made me an offer which I could not resist, to pay all expenses, and give me all benefit of Russian protection, if I would join him in the search for this treasure; and if we found it, 25 per cent of all net proceeds.

"This was a wild-goose chase, you will say, but what young man of spirit is not a wild goose? We had a rough time of it and repented every day of our folly, but still went on with it. The Russians had an enormous army, spread far and wide, and whenever we could keep near them we got on well enough, but where we had to trust ourselves to native guides, with the help of some interpreter, it was scarcely ever safe to close our eyes. Let me see, it must have been in 1859, the last year of Shamyl's long defence. It has often been said that the Allies should have landed a large force in Western Caucasus, to help him during our Russian war. But it would not have done a bit of good. He was far away in the Eastern chain, and it would have been a stiffish march to get near him, I can tell you, and when we were there, we could have done no good. People talk of Caucasia as if it were a nation. I cannot tell you how many tribes there are; but for the most part they hate one another, and they speak about seventy languages, and cannot write any one of their own. How could you ever make a Nation of them? Russia might have conquered them a century ago, if she had been in earnest about it; and it is the best thing that could possibly happen to them now. Some little law and honesty, without any real oppression, is ever so much better than a lot of murderous freedom. And pretty freedom! Why in many of the tribes, the women have to do all the work, while the men lounge about, or rob their neighbours. My opinion is, Mr Cranleigh, that we

talk a lot of rot about civilisation. Nature won't have it everywhere; and she shows what she means, by the way she marks the places. And the worse they are in all common sense, the closer the natives stick to them.

"Well, we got a taste of the country, and the people that therein do dwell. My poor friend did not live to tell of it, neither should I, but for Prince Imar. It was in a rocky hole where you said to yourself, 'Never shall I get out of this, and it must have been the Devil that got me into it,'—when suddenly a score or two of thundering savages jumped out from the solid crag almost, and blocked all the horrible place both ways. I am not at all sure that they meant to hurt us; and I dare say they would have been satisfied to strip us, and rob us of our arms and money, and send our guides to the right about. But unluckily my Russian friend lost his head, and sent a bullet into the crowd in front. I cannot tell you any more than he could now, what happened in the rush that was made on us. Only that my dear friend lay dead upon his back, with his eyes upon the little blink of sky above the rocks, and that I like a fool fell upon him to protect him, when nobody could harm him any more, and a big fellow was going to give me my quietus when another man twice his size sent him spinning. All the others fell away, for he had come among them suddenly, and I heard them muttering 'Sûr Imar.'

"'No Englishman shall come to harm, when I can help it. This gentleman looks like an Englishman,' he said, and I never was more ready in my life to acknowledge that. The rest of the lot could not make out what he meant, but they put down their weapons and looked at him. To cut a long story short, he took me, when the

war was over, to his own place and treated me as if I had been an invited guest, and I never knew such hospitality in all my life. I stayed there a long time, for it was not safe to travel; and there I saw the most beautiful lady that ever trod this earth. Her daughter is very beautiful; but you should have seen the Princess Oria, if you want to know the utmost that the Lord can do in the construction of the human race."

"Don't talk to me," I said, for I could not quite stand this. "You are like the rest who always talk of the past as superior to the present. But I beg your pardon, pray go on."

"I have seen a great deal of the world. Ah yes!" continued my new friend Nicolo; "and I have come to this conclusion, from all the instances within my knowledge—no very beautiful woman ever lives a life of happiness. I don't mean pretty girls of course, and all the fair women of ordinary charms. I mean the exceptional, the wonderful creatures, of perfect and enthralling loveliness, of whom there are not six in a century. They are as rare as a brilliant of three hundred carats; as yet I have only seen one, and that one was the Princess Oria."

"Then how can you argue about them all?" I enquired very reasonably. "You mean from history, and all that, I suppose. But what became of that wonder of the world?"

I should have known better than so to speak, when he was inclined to be pathetic. But absurd as it may seem, I was jealous of Dariel's own mother, when quoted against her.

"Alas, that is more than I can tell," he replied, without heeding my flippancy. "I only know that it was pitiful, pitiful, something to make all who heard of it shudder. Prince Imar was a most cheerful man, full of life and spirit, even in

the thick of blows and danger, when I had the honour of being his guest. Not a sign of jealousy about him, introducing all friends to his lovely wife—which is not the custom with the Moslem tribes of course—pleased that a comrade should share her sweet smile, and proud that she should be admired. And as for her, I believe she adored him. Insignificant as I was, I believe that she preferred me to many grander people, simply because I was never tired of singing his praises, and because I owed my life to him. They cannot have quarrelled, at least I should have thought so; neither can she have betrayed him. One never can be certain, where a woman is concerned; otherwise I should have thought it utterly impossible. And yet what else is there that can at all account for it? She perished most sadly, there is no doubt of that. And I dare not even mention the subject before him. Even Dariel knows not a word about it.”

I could well understand that a man’s most intimate friend would shrink from such a subject, and Nickols was not at all likely to be very intimate with Sûr Imar, though he might have proved a valuable agent.

“Was there any Dariel in those days?” I enquired, though I might have concluded from her age that there was not.

“No, there was not any Dariel yet. But there was a fine little chap, about a year old, and how well he could run! I have had him on my lap, many a time. What was his name? Oh, Origen. Those people save their friends a world of trouble by being contented with one name. But now I have told you all I know, Mr Cranleigh, or all that can be of importance. And of course you will not speak about it to any one. Every one

has a right to his own privacy, and our friend insists upon a private life. He might have been the lion of a season if he had liked, with his romantic history and noble appearance. Ah yes, ah yes! but I fear I must hurry you, or ask you to call again. We hold a meeting at 3 o’clock, of a Syndicate they call it—horrible word—about a big find in South Africa. In return for my information, I beg you to let me know if anything is threatened down there; and to do your utmost, if you have any influence, to keep them from returning to the Caucasus. He has plenty of money. Why can’t he stop here, and have the sweet Dariel introduced at Court? There is a very great man indeed who would be only too proud to do it.”

“Plague them all!” I cried, as he began to fidget, “How many more great men, I wonder? But did you ever get those emeralds?” The “plenty of money” made me think of this.

“Never saw one of them. Never got so far. And what could I do, when my friend was killed? Very likely they are there though. I shall look them up some day, perhaps, if I can hear of that Russian Officer. But most likely not worth finding. Pale emeralds fetch very little. Goodbye, goodbye! Don’t forget one thing. Have the dogs chained up, for fear of the police making holes in them.”

“Oh, you are not afraid of the dogs making holes in the police?” I said, while shaking hands with him. “I should be sorry to have to fight *Kuban* and *Orla*, with a police-staff.”

“So should I. But you may depend upon it, when they make a raid of that sort, expecting a big capture, and stout resistance, they will not come down without fire-arms.”

CHAPTER XV.—SISTER *v.* SWEETHEART.

There had not been, so far as I could recollect, anything that could be called even a tiff—if such a wretched syllable can find its way into the heaven seventy-seventh—between the lovely Dariel and myself; but on the other hand I had left her rather more abruptly than courtesy would warrant, because of the grievous tranquillity she displayed in speaking of a fellow (a Prince Hafer, as she called him), who possessed almost every hateful merit, and was eager to bring it in, to cut out mine, by some underhand and undermining fraud. What had I done to be treated like this? Was there no claim established on my part? Was it nothing to have come down the hill that evening, at the risk of my neck and old *Joe's* as well, and then to put up with a strained conscience for a month, and then to catch no fish every day, for it might be a week of hook and barb, and then to run a frightful risk of hydrophobia, and then to let my duty and the business of the farm—however there was not much to be said about that; but what had I done that no message came, that I should be left to cool my heels, without even a distant sigh in token of some little anxiety about me?

"Send Allai to me to-morrow night," I had said as plainly as possible, "and you shall hear all about young Nickols." It was no young Nickols—that was my mistake, or my jealousy had rejuvenised him; but that could not alter the intention.

Was it to be supposed that Dariel, the gentle, and sensible, and simple-hearted Dariel, had taken offence at my hasty departure, and resolved to have no more to say to me?

I passed a very anxious and uncomfortable time, endeavouring vainly to turn my whole attention to the doings and the interests of other people, who certainly had a strong claim upon me; but still a certain feeling would arise in my kindest and largest moments, that it was scarcely just on my part to neglect with such severity my entire duty to myself. Who was farmer Bandilow, who was Lord Melladew, Jackson Stoneman, or even sister Grace, that I should have no one to think about but them? Let the whole parish, and the county too, rush into the Union, and break stones, or be stone-broken, by means of this new crack; but love is immortal, Love is Lord of all; what had I done to make him hold his blessed tongue like this?

I strode about, and strove about, and let everybody know that when I was put upon I could stand up against it; and my dear sister Grace, who had ideas of her own, such as I had spoiled her into when she was my childhood's pet, was beginning to smell—oh vile metaphor! a rat; because I would not always do exactly what she wanted, and once I had the courage to tell her that there were other girls in the world besides Grace Cranleigh. Her state of mind at this was enough to prove to mine, that the great truth thus pronounced was a good one for the world; and I ventured, with some tenderness, to intimate as much. But how much better for me, as for every man so placed, if, instead of using tongue, I had plunged both hands into my pockets—a proceeding which puzzles and checkmates the female race, because they cannot gracefully do the like—and then had walked off with

a whistle, which adds *pari ratione* to their outer insight.

"Then I am right," said Grace, catching her advantage, as a girl always does, before it is even on the hop; "there is some sly girl, without the sense of right to come and ask me what I think of it, who has laid her snares too cleverly for my dear brother George, my only brother I might say. For Harold is too far above us in intellect, to be counted as one of the family. Oh it is so sad, so sad and cruel to me!"

"Explain yourself," I answered, hitting by a fluke on the very best thing to be said to a girl, because she never knows how to do it. And what had Harold done, to be set in the sky, like that?

"You know what I mean well enough. Too well, George, I can see it in your face. Now can you look at me in your solid old way, as I have every right to demand, for even you will own that, and assure me on your honour that I am altogether wrong? That there is nobody wanting to come between us. That I am still number one—'Al' you used to call me; but that sounds like slang; and I don't understand the sea. Am I number one still, George?"

"Let every tub stand upon its own bottom." I was not taken altogether by surprise, as she intended; for I had expected this for a long time, knowing how sharp our Grace was. I could scarcely have said a more appropriate thing; for my sister had her stiff linen apron on, bustling about with it, as she did in the mornings, to attend to the dairy and the poultry, and all that. And being of a noble English figure, she had not pulled her waist in, as she found it her duty to do at one o'clock.

"I am not a tub, George. It is very unkind of you to use such ex-

pressions about me. I don't care what you say in fun, you know. But when it comes to serious talk—but I dare say *she*—oh you could span her with one hand."

"My dear sister," I replied, because I saw some sign of glistening in her bright blue eyes, and knew that it was all up with me, if that should come to drops; "I have never told you a falsehood, and I am not likely to begin. Harold may have all the intellect of the age; but can you say as much as that of him?"

She shook her head, and made a face; which enabled me to smile at the superiority of his mind. "Well then, I will tell you—there is a little truth in some of your imaginations. Though not at all as you think. Quite the opposite extreme. A great deal too good for me, too perfect, too lofty, too beautiful, in every way too angelic."

"It is quite unnecessary to tell me that;" Grace might have shown more refined feeling than this. "But one naturally wants to know more about such an example to all humanity."

"No doubt. But you must curb your curiosity, my dear; and imitation on your part would be hopeless. You have got all this out of me by much perseverance; that implies patience, which you will have to exercise."

"Now can you suppose for one moment, George, in spite of all your self-confidence, that I would put up with such a thing as this? That an abstract idea of some divinity is to be my entire knowledge of my brother's choice?"

"I wish it could be otherwise, my dear child," I replied, with a warmth that should have satisfied her; "just for the present it must be so. The whole thing is very strange, and complicated with many things most unusual. I am

not a free agent, as the lawyers say; if a mysterious thing of some importance comes to my knowledge confidentially, am I to pour it forth to everybody? You would be the very last, I am quite sure, to tempt me to anything dishonourable."

I looked at her impressively, and felt certain that such an appeal must silence her. She thought a little while, and then looked at me; and some flicker of a smile, which I could not altogether help, set her off again, as if I were only talking humbug.

"You called me a tub just now; and this perfect and wonderful creature that lives in the clouds is superior to all the Angels, but even a star may look down into a tub, as they showed us the eclipse last summer. On the other hand the tub may look up at the star; but George, can it talk about the star? Come, that is a very sound argument now. You can't get out of that, do what you will. You are bound to tell me everything, darling George, by the force of your own reasoning."

No other relative but a brother could have held out against such coaxing ways. She came, and sat upon my knee, and touched me with a run-away glance (as a child does to a child, before any cares come between them), and then brought the hollow of her temple into mine, as if to say—"how could I run away from you?" And then, with the freshness of her sweet hair falling round me (which brought into my mind at once our joyful romps together), she knew a great deal better than to visit me with sentimental lips, though they were quivering—for what man cares to kiss his sister, except upon her forehead? But she, being up to all devices, found I had a button off; and in the very place

where it should have been, which happened to be very near my heart, there she laid her fingers trembling, and began to reproach herself instead of me.

"None of that!" I said, with the powers of logic coming to my aid; although I defy any father, grandfather, or uncle to have so got out of it. "Everybody knows how good you are. Well, well, do anything you like with me."

"Now if it had only been somebody else, somebody who never can know everything about you, as your favourite sister does, would you have called her a humbug, George—to use one of your own sweet expressions? Or would you have said, 'Yes, you have a right to know, you ought to know everything about my affairs. I should be unworthy of the name of man, if I kept any secrets from you, my dear.' And then what a help you would have, as soon as ever——"

"As soon as ever I had told her all about myself! How you do mix up things! But this curiosity of yours is useless. I am compelled to maintain strict silence, until certain important events have taken place. Until——"

"Why, it must be at least a Princess!" Grace exclaimed, jumping up, and clapping her hands, and then walking, as if she had a ten-yard train behind her; "we must all be kept waiting, until the impending vacancy of the throne occurs."

"Exactly so," I answered, for after that bit of impudence, and her look of contempt at the ceiling, she deserved to be driven to Bedlam by the goads of curiosity; "how clever of you! There is a throne in question, and one of the most ancient in the world. Well, I never should have thought you could hit the mark like that!"

"I won't ask another thing. I

would not hear it, if you told me. No, no, not for Joe!" Oh what would Tom Erricker have thought, if he had heard the dignified Grace thus indulging in slang? "I am not going to have my head chopped off, for prying into State-secrets. Who is the Prime-minister? He was to have taken Elfrida into supper, the other night, but he didn't. Still I can apply to him, not to have my head chopped off. George don't attempt to tell me anything more. Self-preservation is Heaven's first law. But I don't see how this parish will be large enough for us. Ha! I see it now. How very stupid of me, that is what the Earl of Melladew is come for. Closeted—is not that the right expression?—closeted with his Royal Highness, Prince George Cranleigh, for some hours! You see that nothing escapes me. But I must be more cautious."

"No hope, sweet child, of putting me into a passion. And if nothing escapes you, why should you ever ask a question?"

This was enough to floor even a girl of the highest abilities, for nearly half a second; and as they seldom give more than that time to their thoughts, a man may almost calculate upon the skeddaddle of his sister, unless she has at him again within that period. Not so with his wife; she will stick to her guns, having bigger ones, and knowing how to work them. Grace skeddaddled, as consistency required;

but with a popgun over her shoulder.

"Alas that we should have to watch my dear brother! He is so good and soft—they will be sure to take him in."

At this I was exceedingly annoyed. So much so, that if dignity and triumphant reason had allowed, I would even have called her back at once, and challenged her to explain her words; which (as I said before) is the last thing they can do. However, upon second thoughts I found it wiser to leave her to herself, which would be a miserable self; when reflection, which is a liquid operation with every true woman, should have set her straight again.

But, thanks be to the Lord, who has made us real men, and given us power to exert our brains, without pit-pat of the heart to distract them at every pulse! Although I was not in the calmest mood for thinking, because I had never had such a row with Grace before (and she was a darling soul, whenever she let her mind come afterwards), nevertheless my road was clear enough before me. "If I am to be watched," thought I, "and everything is to be put upon a business footing, the sooner I assert myself the better. I have talked rather big perhaps, because she provoked me, and I am bound to have something to show for it. I will strike a stroke at once. I will go and see my Princess."

THE REGISTRATION OF WOMEN TEACHERS.

THE defunct Education Bill called forth an expression of opinion from all sorts and conditions of men and women, from the educational expert as well as from the man in the street. The strongest search-light of discussion illuminated its every part. Meanwhile, the less attractive and apparently less controversial Bill for the Registration of Teachers that modestly followed in the wake of the great measure was almost entirely disregarded. There is every likelihood that the Registration Bill will, when it is reintroduced, receive scanty consideration in the House of Commons, and that it will become a veritable Act of Parliament before any one knows the contents of its clauses, or how it will affect the status of teachers.

Yet, when discussions on education became last spring the order of the day, it was borne in on many a patient listener that the inefficient teacher is mainly responsible for the defects in our educational system. That proposition is thoroughly sound. Consequently, any measure that, like the Registration Bill, deals directly with what shall, and what shall not, form the necessary qualifications of teachers, demands most careful consideration on the part of the community at large.

The Registration Bill, in the form in which it was drawn last session, provides for the establishment of a Registration Council consisting of six persons appointed by the Queen, with the advice of her Privy Council, one person elected by each of the following bodies: the Hebdomadal Council of the University of Oxford, the Council of the Senate of the University of Cambridge, the

Senates of the Universities of Durham, London, and Wales, and the Council of the Victoria University; two persons elected by the registered teachers engaged otherwise than in public elementary schools, two elected by the registered teachers employed in public elementary schools, and two elected by the registered teachers generally. As the council will necessarily be elected before the formation of the register, no elections to the first council can be made by registered teachers. To meet that difficulty, it is proposed that one person shall be elected by each of the following bodies: the Conference of Head-Masters, the Incorporated Association of Head-Masters, the Association of Head-Mistresses, the College of Preceptors, the Teachers' Guild of Great Britain and Ireland, and the National Union of Teachers.

The conditions of admission to the register are to be—

- (1) A degree or certificate of general attainments which is granted by some university or other body recognised for that purpose by the council; and
- (2) A certificate or diploma of adequate knowledge of the theory and practice of education and of practical efficiency in teaching which is granted by some university or other body recognised for that purpose by the council.

In rare cases the council may, with the approval of the Education Department, admit to the register a person who cannot produce the qualifications required. A brief record of qualifications and experience will be placed after the name of every teacher on the register.

The register is to include both secondary and elementary teachers. Our remarks apply mainly to secondary women teachers. It is of that body that our experience best qualifies us to speak.

In two minor details the bill needs amendment, which can be easily effected. It is satisfactory to find that women are qualified to be members of the council, but it would be desirable to insist that a fixed proportion of the eighteen members of the council should be women.

Secondly, the list of educational institutions nominated to elect the first council makes no certain provision for the proper representation on the council of assistant secondary teachers, or of those engaged in private tuition.

The main principles of the bill are open to more serious criticism, and raise many controverted questions.

Some of the more advanced thinkers of the present day refuse to regard men and women as distinct classes of the community. Following the fashion, the framers of the Teachers' Registration Bill use the term teachers to include both men and women, and they take for granted that what is wise and expedient for the one sex is equally so for the other. To some relations of life such a mode of reasoning might well be applied; but it can easily be proved that the creation of a teachers' register which requires the qualifications of men and women teachers to be identical will seriously diminish the supply of efficient women teachers in this country.

The possession of a university degree or of a training certificate

is made the basis of admission to the register. This condition will now, and in the future, exclude a very large number of efficient women teachers from the register. A glance at the list of the members of the Assistant Mistresses' Association will show how very small among them is the proportion of women who have studied at the university, and by no means all of them have training certificates. In one of the largest and most efficient girls' schools in the kingdom, possessing a fine staff of competent teachers, one alone has a university degree, and she has only lately joined. The exclusion from, or even the appearance on, the register of the women teachers who lack a degree or a training certificate, with a note of qualifications differing from that attached to the names of teachers in possession of the academic title and certificate, will be regarded by the general public and by the teaching profession, if the register is to command full authority, as proof of inferiority and incompetence.

With regard to a university degree, what opportunity of acquiring a genuine academic training is open to the mass of women aspirants to the teaching profession? We have seen that the bill makes no distinction between the sexes. The women's degree or academic diploma, if it is to bear as much significance as in the case of men, ought to imply residence at Oxford or Cambridge, with the passing of the final schools examination in the one instance, and of the tripos examination in the other.¹ By a general consensus of opinion other university distinctions are of a lower grade.

¹ As a matter of fact, no woman studying at Oxford or Cambridge is at present eligible for a degree, but the passing of the examinations gives her equivalent status.

All who have a knowledge of secondary women teachers in this country are aware that the class from which they are chiefly drawn cannot, as a rule, afford either the money or the time required for a university course. A girl who decides to enter the teaching profession does so, with very rare exceptions, from necessity, because the position of her parents or guardians makes it imperative for her to earn her living. That fact alone argues a want of means; and so long as scholarships at the women's colleges are few, and many of them of small value, it can only be the minority of intending teachers who will go to college. The daughters of men who can well afford to pay for their university education do not look forward to work as a necessity. Some few of them enter the teaching profession, either from a love of the work, or from a sense of duty, or from a desire of independence; but such women form, and always will form, a very small minority. Therefore, in considering the proportion of professional women teachers who have opportunity of enjoying a genuinely academic training, their case need not be taken into account. With men the matter stands on a totally different footing. Every boy knows that sooner or later he will be required to provide for himself by his own work. That assumption causes parents, even when they are not exactly well-to-do, to make sacrifices for their sons that for various reasons they will not make for their daughters; and it is well known that a combination of public school and university scholarships will often be sufficient to support a young man during his college career. The proportion of male teachers

in secondary schools who have passed through the universities is consequently very large.

If the possession of a university degree ensures beyond all controversy a greater efficiency in the woman teacher, it should be insisted on at all costs. But doubt as to the beneficial effect of academic life on women teachers is inevitable. Mr Matthew Arnold, in summing up the advantages of a university training to a man, said that it civilised him. From experience we can all testify to the truth of that statement. But it is by no means so certain that college life has the same salutary effect on women. The gain to women of spending three or four years of their lives entirely in their own society is questionable: there is much to be said against the advisability of women living together in large numbers. It is a very curious fact that in many cases a girl going to Oxford or Cambridge from an unrefined, uncultured home will bring away exactly what she took there, and will remain quite uninfluenced by all that should be best in college environment. We are not now alluding to her scholastic attainments; they are often, paradoxical as the statement may appear, the least important feature of a university career. We refer to the general tone and bearing of the university woman. And it is of the highest moment to keep in mind that in a teacher general tone and bearing is fully as important as scholarship. It does not therefore follow automatically that a university woman will make a better teacher — will prove of better tone and bearing — (though she may do so) than one who has not been to college. Consequently, it may be unwise to insist, without any reserve, on all our

women teachers obtaining a university degree.

The second qualification required by the council is a certificate in the theory and practice of education. This badge of distinction is again no absolute proof of efficiency. Educational experts are not yet agreed whether a technical training is a necessity. That some sort of preparation is advisable is allowed by most, but what form it should take is still an open question. Training colleges offer obvious points of attack. On some minds a system of routine has a crushing and depressing effect: a knowledge of the theory of education, of metaphysics, of psychology, of hard-and-fast rules of method, is not invariably helpful to the practice of teaching. It has been observed that a teacher who has been trained at a training college is able to do a particular thing in a particular way; but if when she begins work in a school as a regular teacher the head-mistress suggests that it might be well to employ a different method from that practised in the training school, she is often unwilling, if not unable, to answer the call. Another defect is to be found in the kind of practice in actual teaching obtainable by the students of a training college. It is mostly of a fictitious character: teaching in the so-called practising schools attached to some of the institutions, isolated visits to schools to take a class in them, cannot teach the art of managing classes, throws no light on the details of the successful working of a school, does not aid in develop-

ing resource—one of the most important and most necessary qualities of the teacher—and gives her judges and critics little or no opportunity of discovering how her personality and influence impress themselves on her pupils. The importance of character and moral force in a teacher cannot be rated too highly; it has even been said that in a day-school it is of no importance, but that is surely a fallacy. Young people imitate unconsciously the tone and bearing of those who are set over them, and from the general demeanour of a class in a school, a fairly correct judgment may always be formed of the character of the mistress at its head. What we want to know about a teacher is what is the result of her work from a mental and moral standpoint on the children under her care. In order that such result shall be satisfactory, those who intend to become teachers cannot begin too early to teach, to come into personal contact with the taught, to learn to know them, their wants and needs, and to sympathise with their difficulties and limitations. To do this effectively, more years of practice and experience are needed than life in a training college ordinarily guarantees.

It has often struck us that, as a body, the elementary women teachers, whatever their comparative deficiencies in scholarship or higher culture, are, as practical teachers, superior to the secondary teachers. The reason of the superiority is to be sought in the fact that the elementary teachers practise actual teaching at a much earlier age than the secondary teachers.¹ If a girl goes to the

¹ To raise the age at which pupil-teachers shall begin to teach is perhaps, in view of the hard work required of them, a wise regulation on the part of the Education Department, but it would be a vast pity to curtail in any way the purely practical side of their training.

university at eighteen, and afterwards to a training college, she will be twenty-three before she begins practical teaching, and that is much too late. As a proof of this argument, we may state that inspectors of elementary schools sometimes find that a pupil-teacher at the end of her preparatory course at the pupil-teachers' centre—drawing our illustration from the system of the London School Board—is a far better practical teacher than when she comes away from the two years' course at a training college which follows the four or five years' preparatory work. During those two years she has lost touch with actual pupils, and it sometimes takes her very many months to regain it. It has been observed, too, that in talking to a young elementary teacher about her work, she will betray intense interest in "her children"—i.e., her pupils: a like sympathetic interest is often lacking in young secondary teachers.

Another objection to training colleges is that very often, from the nature of the work done and the kind of teachers usually employed in them, they scarcely promote in the students an interest in outside things,—in current events, for example, or in general literature, art, and science. It is of the greatest importance that teachers should have outside interests, the more and the wider the better. The present headmaster of Harrow once said that schoolmastering was of necessity a somewhat narrowing profession, because it chiefly consisted in telling other people what to do. For that reason he advised his assistants to do something outside their work—to travel, or to write books. Among women teachers there is far too great a tendency to narrow their interests, and to think that

there is not time for anything beyond their daily work. Whatever means we take of training them, we should endeavour to dispel that idea. The best teachers are undoubtedly those who care for things besides teaching; and it is extraordinary what a cultivating, civilising influence such women have on their pupils—even on the minds of average, not to say dull, girls. The fact that girls who go to secondary schools do not always come from cultivated or enlightened homes is not sufficiently kept in view. It may happen that in a class of girls ranging in age from fifteen to eighteen, several will not have read or heard of incidents as notorious as England's difficulties in the Transvaal or in Venezuela; others again may not have access in their homes to the most ordinary book of reference, or to any standard volume of history or poetry. It is with such girls and their parents that the teachers have to reckon—a fact that women fresh from the university and the training college are too apt to lose sight of. The decentralisation advocated in Sir John Gorst's bill would, if adopted, have done something to remove that difficulty. A very different curriculum and method of education is required in schools of the same character in different districts. It is quite possible that a system which works well at South Kensington will be less successful at Brixton. It is therefore of the greatest importance that teachers should take into account the social position, the ability, and the general environment of their pupils, things that can only be learnt by practical experience and some knowledge of the world. That capacity in a teacher, again, is not always obtainable in a training college.

One of the arguments put forward by the advocates of a strictly technical training for teachers is that it is the only profession for which a proper preparation is not compulsory. That argument contains both truth and reason, and is difficult to oppose. Granting some preparation is needful, what constitutes the best method? It is too large a question to answer here. Teaching is neither an art nor an exact science; it partakes of both, and lies in a region between them. While there is practically only one way of interpreting statute law, or of treating some particular disease that runs a well-known course, there are many methods of giving a lesson, dependent on the numbers, ages, abilities, and general environment of the pupils. No examination like those by which men are admitted to the medical register or to the solicitors' roll can with real efficiency test the teaching capacity of women intending to become teachers. A literary examination may eliminate the hopelessly ignorant: it cannot assert authoritatively that the examinee is a competent teacher. If it is found that a technical training is indispensable for teachers, the classes of a training department attached to a large and efficient school offer the sole trustworthy field for acquiring technical efficiency. It is there possible to gain at the same time a practical knowledge of teaching by working under the supervision of teachers of repute, and to learn from actual observation something of the details of organisation. It is often said that in such a system the children suffer from the mistakes of the teacher. The grievance is much exaggerated. A woman who does not begin practical teaching till she is twenty-three will make

quite as many mistakes as a student teacher of fifteen or sixteen, and she will in all probability make many more.

Testimony to knowledge and scholarship can already be obtained by intending teachers from one or other of the recognised examining bodies of the country. It would seem, then, that unless a teachers' register satisfactorily proves that the persons whose names it enrolls possess ability to teach, it would be somewhat of a superfluity. A categorical proof of such ability in print is no easy thing to produce. But if a register is to be created, it might be enacted that no teacher should be placed on it unless she has been actually teaching for a continuous period of not less than three years, and can produce testimony to her ability as a teacher from her employers. In addition, it might be made one of the duties of the most experienced inspectors of the Education Department to be present at several of the lessons of teachers desiring to be placed on the register. They would be able to report to the proper authorities concerning the fitness of the teachers in question for their work. The inspectors would have the opportunity of noting to some extent the effect of the character and influence of the teacher on her pupils, and their reports would furnish an all-round guarantee of efficiency. It would also be their duty to inquire concerning the previous education and training of the teacher: such data would help towards forming the ideal teacher of the future. The method will probably strike the framers of parliamentary bills as cumbersome and unpractical: it would entail much more trouble than merely looking at a piece of printed paper, but it would secure efficiency in the teacher as

no other procedure is likely to secure it.

Our criticism is made in no carping spirit. Much has been done, and is being done, to improve both the quality and the status of teachers in this country. But it is useful to look at a matter from all sides, and that of practical common-sense is not the least important. In a sermon preached to the undergraduates of Balliol College, Dr Jowett declared the relation of the teacher to be "a personal one." He said that some persons did not understand that teaching had anything to do with sympathy.

"The gifts they look for in the teacher are knowledge of the subject, clearness in the arrangement of materials, power of illustration, accuracy, diligence—nor can any one be a good teacher in whom these qualities are wanting. And yet much more than this is required. For the

young have to be educated through the heart as well as through the head; the subtle influence of the teacher's character, his love of truth, his disinterestedness, his zeal for knowledge, should act imperceptibly upon them. . . . He who is capable of taking an interest in each of his pupils individually; who by a sympathetic power can reach what is working in their hearts or perplexing their understanding; who has such a feeling for them that he has acquired the right to say anything to them—has in him the elements of a great teacher."

Those qualities in a teacher are not ensured by the possession of a university degree or a training certificate. We are aware that Education Departments would regard Dr Jowett's words as a counsel of perfection. Nevertheless in these days, when "doubts, disputes, distractions, fears" are almost synonyms for the term education, it is well to keep in view the ideal of the great Oxford teacher.

THE BISHOP'S PLOT.

AMONG the standing controversies of history is the question of the guilt or innocence of the Jesuits implicated in the Gunpowder Plot. The most favourable, and perhaps the most probable, view is that Fathers Greenway and Garnet knew what they did know through the confessional, therefore could not reveal the facts even indirectly, and had to content themselves with trying to restrain their penitents from their murderous design. But even the most lenient Protestant writers add to this verdict a rider on the crying sins of the Jesuits—namely, dissimulation and equivocation—so justly detested by the English people.

If Catholic apologists for the Jesuits in the Gunpowder Plot care to use against Anglicans the argument of *Tu quoque*, they have a serviceable example ready to hand in the case of Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester. A *Tu quoque* is not a very noble weapon; and we learned from these early casuists, our nurses, that “two blacks do not make a white.” Still, the analogies and points of difference in the cases of Atterbury in 1722, and of the Jesuits in 1605, are curious and interesting. These lines, therefore, are not written for the purpose of proving that all Jesuits have George Washington's regard for truth, or that the Church of England inculcates dissimulation, while her prelates cultivate a taste for flat perjury. It will be apparent, however, that a peculiarly Protestant Bishop was capable, in a political cause, of conduct, and of a defence, compared with which the conduct and defence of Fathers Garnet and Greenway are mere venial errors.

Atterbury, as all the world knows, was condemned for a treasonable conspiracy, and was exiled in 1723. The Bishop was tried before the House of Lords on a Bill of Pains and Penalties. The legal procedure was most undesirable; but the contemporary evidence leaves in a candid mind no room for moral doubt of Atterbury's guilt. His character, however, his learning, his friends the wits, and his harsh treatment in prison, combined with Jacobite prejudice, obscured the question till he more or less openly joined the Jacobites. Finally, in 1847, the publication of Atterbury's Letters, from the Stuart Papers at Windsor Castle, demonstrated beyond cavil that he had long been engaged in a conspiracy, and a very ugly one. Unlike the Jesuits of the Gunpowder Plot, Atterbury was as deep in oaths to George I. as Bruce's ally, Lamberton, Bishop of St Andrews, was engaged to Edward I. and Edward II. Like other partisans, he was “skilled in the oath,” as Homer observes of Sisyphus. Atterbury, unlike the Jesuits, was not fighting for but against his religion when he strove to bring in “a Popish Pretender.” In fact his case is, *prima facie*, much blacker than that of Fathers Garnet and Greenway, especially as, unlike the Jesuits, he was not *caput lupinum*, not a kind of proscribed vermin, but protected by the popular reverence for a bishop of the Church of England. He risked less, since, far from running peril of torture, he was a man whom no Government would have dared to condemn to capital punishment.

Some readers may admit all this, but reply that Atterbury

did not use equivocation (a point to which we shall return), and that the Gunpowder Plot was of the worst Anarchist or Fenian type, while Atterbury was engaged in the Cause rendered illustrious by the chivalrous names of Derwentwater, Kenmure, Wogan, Clanranald, Pitsligo, and Lochiel. These gentlemen, indeed, rose openly in arms for their king; but Jacobite conspiracies were not all of this type, least of all was the nefarious set of plots in which Atterbury is implicated. Between 1689 and 1760 every species of plot was attempted. There were open Risings, as in 1715 and 1745, with or without promise of foreign aid. Help was sought from, and occasionally doled out or promised by, France, Spain, Russia, Prussia, and Sweden. In 1718, the very ship in which Charles XII. was to have sailed for a rising in Scotland was built, and decorated with the Royal arms of Sweden and the name of CAROLUS. But death, as in the cases of Louis XIV. and Charles XII., or a change in European politics,—as in the case of Spain in 1722, of Peter the Great, of the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle (1748), and of Frederick the Great in 1754,—or defeat, as in Hawke's triumph over Conflans in 1759, always interfered. The Jacobites were then thrown on their own resources, which might take the form of a Rising of the Clans, or of tampering with the army, or of an invasion by broken men,—Irish and other exiles and disbanded soldiers,—or of an assault on the Palace by a mob, or by a gang of Highlanders and officers in French service, for the purpose of kidnapping or killing the Royal Family; or, finally, simple assassination by shot, steel, or poison was proposed, and in-

stantly forbidden by Prince Charles (1746-1749).

Now, the plot in which Atterbury was deeply implicated was, originally, one for a landing of Irish and Scotch exiles under the Duke of Ormond, for the seizure of the Tower and the Bank, and the Royal Family, coupled with a mob rising in London, and a Scottish insurrection. But, as notice was duly received by the English Government, and as camps were formed in Hyde Park and elsewhere, while Ormond and his allies were stopped by Spain and France, the plot developed into "The Scheme" for corrupting the Guards, seizing Tower, Mint, and Bank, securing the Royal Family, kidnapping the Ministers, and arming the mob. George I. and the Prince of Wales were not likely to escape alive; as much may be said for the chances of Walpole, Carteret, Townshend, and Cadogan (Marlborough's successor as General); the Bank would have been robbed, and London filled with fire and blood. This pleasing scheme, it will be admitted, falls but little short of the Gunpowder Plot in atrocity. True, the scheme never had the faintest chance of succeeding. It was, we shall show, on a practical level with the intrigues of Sentimental Tommy. Atterbury, in his defence, said that the conspirators should be pitied as madmen, not punished as traitors. But much the same may be said against the practical plausibility of the Gunpowder Plot, over which Cecil, no doubt, was watching with a superior smile. Again, Atterbury denies, probably with truth, that he had ever heard of Christopher Layer, the Catesby of The Scheme. But Atterbury was in close and undeniable connection with the conspirators; "it is necessary to

make the most of them," was his opinion, according to his amanuensis, Kelly. Again, this secretary, Kelly, was in correspondence with Dillon, the French manager of the Chevalier's affairs, and with Plunket, a veteran plotter allied with Christopher Layer, while Atterbury himself was in a league with Lord North and Grey, who held the Chevalier's commission as General in the plot, and who himself was in constant communication with Christopher Layer. Thus there was a perfect hierarchy, beginning with the Chevalier in Rome, and Atterbury in Westminster, and ending in a disreputable barrister, Layer, a broken Canary merchant, Lynch, an invalided sergeant, Matthew Plunket, and Mrs Hughes, Prince Charlie's nurse! Such are the consequences when learned Bishops stoop to treason. The friend of Pope, Swift, and Orrery (himself a conspirator) is in touch with beery old Matthew Plunket.

The story of the conspiracy may now be told, for it is precisely typical of the bubbles of intrigue which perpetually rose and burst, during eighty years of English history. One curious feature is, the persistence of certain families in these stereotyped attempts. At an interval of thirty years, — a whole generation, from 1722, — we find, in 1752, Kellys, Gorings, Waterses, Dawkinses, Wogans, as busily and as vainly engaged as their fathers had been. Ciphers change, of course, but the contents of ciphered letters never vary. In 1752 we have the same obvious allegories of "stocks," "goods," and "lawsuits," and the same kinds of transparent nicknames and clear allusions. Lord Eli-

bank's Plot of 1752 is a crude revival of The Scheme of 1722. Identical jealousies and mistrusts in the Jacobite party always prevail, the Traitor is never wanting, and, generally speaking, the foreign agents of England know all that there is to be known.

The first of Atterbury's published letters to the Chevalier is of August 15, 1717. "For many years," Atterbury says, he has been "promoting the service." At that moment he is corresponding with Mar, and using the pseudonym "Mr Young." He is also on bad terms with Lord Oxford, "Clair," who becomes Hacket in the year of the Plot. As a rule, the Jacobites simplified matters for the English Government, by giving to pseudonyms the same initials as the real names. Already, in 1717, "Rochester" is "Rig" in some ciphers. "Money" is "muslins," and "a small quantity of the commodity is procured with difficulty." It was as hard to get "muslins" out of Menzies as, forty years after, it was to extract them from Cluny. From 1717 to 1718, the Bishop's correspondence concerns *la haute politique*, the English Ministry, Foreign Affairs, the Chevalier's marriage, a futile attempt to win over Lord Cadogan, and so forth. There is a break till 1720; we do not know what Atterbury thought of the feeble Rising crushed in Glenshiel. In 1720, hopes were entertained from the Regent in France, who habitually sold or "gave away" the Jacobites. On April 22, 1721, the Bishop recommends Sir Henry Goring, a Sussex Baronet who was deep in the plot of 1722, and had an original scheme for using "The Waltham Blacks," a gang of smugglers.¹ He

¹ Atterbury's remarks as to his ignorance of Goring, in his defence, are pleasing examples of equivocation.

was the father of Prince Charles's equerry, Henry Goring; and his admired smugglers, about 1747, were again approached by Lally Tollendal. As early as October 25, 1720, Dillon mooted to Atterbury the scheme of bringing over Ormond, as "the darling of the soldiers," Dillon himself coming also with 200 officers. Atterbury thought that foreign aid was indispensable.

The year 1722 was the year of the Plot. None of Atterbury's correspondence is found, except three letters of April 20 to Mar, Dillon, and James, intercepted and copied by the English Government. At this moment Mar was anxious that Atterbury should join hands with Oxford, for Atterbury *"has had some communication with the young merchants, and sees, I doubt not, their folly, and the danger there is of that trade's being ever ruined by their mismanagement."*¹ Atterbury decided to join with Oxford, and (April 20) dictated to Kelly the letters intercepted, and used against him at his trial. In these letters the Bishop alludes to his own bad health and the illness and death of his wife. He speaks of "distracting measures by persons no ways equal to the work;" he refers to letters from Ormond and "Captain Will Morgan" which he has seen; he insists on the danger of using the post; he withdraws from schemes with persons *"who shall always, by me, be treated tenderly."*

Who are these "persons," these "young merchants," these incapable authors of "distracting measures," whom Atterbury will use

tenderly? They are, manifestly, the agents in the various plots tending to the seizure of King George's person and Ministers, the Bank, the Tower, and so forth. Atterbury (April 20, 1722) will treat them tenderly, "though nothing shall engage me to enter deeply with them for the future." This he dictates to Kelly, who was in league with all of these conspirators in various degrees.

We possess no more of the Bishop's letters till after his trial and exile in 1723, except those written for him, after the arrest of Kelly, in May, by Thomas Carte, the historian.² These show Atterbury still conspiring, up to July 30, 1722, and especially engaged with a Jacobite envoy from France in the "arrack" affair, which probably means the procuring of money for the cause. Now these months, April-July 1722, were occupied by the Jacobites in various forms of The Scheme for raising the mob, and seizing George I. with his Ministers.

We next turn to the affairs of "the young merchants," and very curious they are.

In January 1722, James sent over Commissions for various nobles who were to hold command in "an Insurrection." He told Atterbury that he was sorry he had to defer making him Archbishop of Canterbury! On March 31, 1722, a letter was left at Lord Townshend's house, purporting to be a translation of a letter in French, dated Feb. 12, 1722, and giving a disheartening account of the hopelessness of a proposed scheme for "delivering ourselves by our own interest." The writer hopes only in foreign

¹ This is a curious remark of Mar's, as James himself was entirely in the schemes of "the young merchants."

² Carte was in the Elibank Plot of 1752-53. He died in 1754. He was a good Jacobite, and not a bad historian.

aid, and rejects a domestic plot. If the letter is genuine, the writer was probably Lord Orrery. The Jacobites believed it was written by Atterbury; first, that it might reach the Government and lull their fears; next, that his allies might see his real opinion of the futility of Ormond's Plot. The writer speaks of a Junta of Five, in which he forms part: one of the Five is in the country. There *was* such a Junta, consisting of Orrery, Arran, Gower, Atterbury, and North and Grey. The scheme of self-help is that of a landing by Ormond and Dillon, with officers and Irish enlisted abroad. Now, in November 1722, Commodore Scott, of the *Dragon*, not having the Laws of Nations before his eyes, calmly seized a vessel named *The Revolution*, Captain Galway, lying in the harbour of Genoa, and having on board the son of "Captain Will Morgan" (whose letter Atterbury had read), with several other Jacobites. Some of their papers the prisoners destroyed; others were found, and established the following facts. Since 1718, three ships of the exiled king's had been prowling about from Morlaix to Cadiz: one of them had been meant to convey Charles XII. to Scotland, others had been intended to carry Ormond to England, before the futile Rising crushed at Glenshiel, in 1719. The commanders were Galway, Morgan, and Forbes, with two Wogans, Nicholas, younger of Rathcoffy, and his cousin, also Nicholas, brother of Sir Charles Wogan, who had just rescued Maria Clementina Sobieski from Innsbruck, and carried her to the Chevalier. The original affair of 1718 and the sequel of 1719 being failures, we find Morgan telling Nicholas Wogan, in June 1721, that Dillon and Sir Henry

Goring will soon have business for him. The same pseudonyms (Chivers and Hoare) are used as in Atterbury's correspondence, to mean Dillon and Goring, and Kelly, Atterbury's secretary, is quoted by Morgan. Goring's plan of June 1721 had failed by September 1721. The crew were described by Morgan as "Hellish," and the adventurers, in disgust, were thinking of private commercial enterprise. "All Goring's partners are cowards in trade" (Nov. 7, 1721). Worthy Captain Morgan could get no money, the seamen were suspicious, and he was actually going to Madagascar on ordinary business, when, between February and April 1722, the ships were again chartered by the Jacobites to transport Ormond, with Irish recruits, for the attack on London. But, in addition to other warnings, Sir Luke Schaub from Paris sent news on April 29, 1722 (probably from Cardinal Dubois), and thereby exploded the whole plot of Atterbury's "young merchants." "They think they have no further occasion for foreign assistance. They reckon upon the greatest part of his Majesty's troops. The Pretender himself is ready to begin his journey. . . . The middle of May is still their appointed time." Lord Lansdowne, James's friend in Paris, by asking the Regent to remain neutral, had, in fact, revealed the plot, which was then communicated by Dubois to the English ambassador, Schaub, and by him to his Government. Ormond had also asked leave to pass through France. This was refused. He was next denied permission to embark from Spain. James's movements in Italy were watched and reported. The Earl Marischal was stopped in Spain. "Digby," of Atterbury's letters,

by a simple manœuvre, was tracked from Waters's, the banker's, and proved to be Dillon. A scheme for carrying Prince Charles (aged two!) to Scotland was frustrated. On May 19, Kelly, Atterbury's secretary, was arrested in London. By the beginning of June a camp was formed in Hyde Park, where the soldiers could not easily be corrupted. From Rome James was reported to be "more melancholy than ever," which is not surprising. By the middle of June 1722, in fact, the whole plot for overthrowing the Government by aid of Ormond, some officers, some Irish recruits, and a Scotch rising under an innocent unhappy baby, was overthrown. The Wogans retired to Paris.

Now, in this collapse of hope, comes on the scene Mr Christopher Layer, barrister-at-law, with "The Scheme." "The Scheme" was only a development of that in which Ormond was to lead; his place was to be taken by Lord North and Grey (appointed by James in January), a general who was in the Junta of Five, with Atterbury, and who had lost an arm at Blenheim. That such a man should even glance at such a plot proves the incredible infatuation of the Jacobites. North soon declined into a forlorn exile, all because he, a nobleman of courage and character, chose to mix himself up with the most harebrained chatterer whom Jacobite frivolity ever begot.

Mr Layer is said to have been the son of a lace-merchant in Holborn, and he told his examiners that he had imbibed Jacobite principles from an uncle in Norfolk. He practised at the Bar, and had an ill name for a loose life. Mrs Layer, however, was his associate in his schemes, and was greatly pleased at making the

acquaintance of "dear Lady" this, and "charming Lady" the other. On April 1, 1721, Layer went to Rome by way of Venice, in company with one John Plunket, a Jesuit, or a person trained by the Jesuits. Now, whereas Layer represented himself always as an amateur Jacobite, unacquainted with and unaccredited by the party, this Plunket had certainly been in the foremost rank of conspirators, since 1713 at least. Among his papers were letters from the Duke of Berwick, dated 1713, with other letters, proving his intimacy with Mary of Modena, the exiled widow of James II. Now, on March 22, 1721, Plunket wrote from London to the Chevalier, saying "The gentleman I mentioned to you formerly is come out of the country, with instructions to wait on you, and tender you their service. He offers to bear my expenses if I go with him. . . . I believe I shall accept of his offer." This gentleman was Layer, who, as we saw, left England for Rome with Plunket on April 1, ten days after Plunket's letter to James. Thus Layer, far from making a tour of curiosity, and visiting James as a mere amateur Jacobite, was accompanied by a veteran and trusted conspirator, and bore a List of Norfolk gentlemen, with their salutations to James. In Rome he was led, at night, up the stair out of the cellar into James's rooms: that stair, according to Jacobite gossip, was very familiar, in after-years, to the Duke of Bedford, of all people! Layer was, later, introduced to Clementina, and it was arranged that the exiled King and Queen should stand sponsors, by proxy, to Layer's child. And, consequently, Lord North and the Duchess of Ormond did act as proxies, much,

no doubt, to the delight of poor Mrs Layer. All this was done to give the Jacobite lords confidence in Layer, as a man favoured by their sovereign. Layer now knew and intrigued with Lord Orrery; he dined, and drank, and resided, and shot, with Lord North.

By July 5, 1722, we find Plunket writing to Dillon from London: "My fellow-traveller" (that is, Layer) "is and has been very active since his coming from his travels: he is more serviceable than those that move in a much higher sphere; he is spurring on the Club daily, and made a great many of them more active." Now, the Club was an association of Jacobite gentry and nobles, under Lord Orrery. Plunket was not actively engaged in this plot (he was dawdling with an idiotic project in *la haute politique*), and perhaps he exaggerated Layer's influence. In any case, Atterbury was arrested on August 24, and on September 19 Mr Christopher Layer was in custody. One Neynoc, a partner of Kelly's, had also been taken. He gave a good deal of information implicating Atterbury, and then drowned himself. Layer escaped from a Messenger's house and crossed the river, but was recaptured. A Mr Stephen Lynch and Sergeant Matthew Plunket informed against him for a pardon. Layer's papers were found in the house of Mrs Quickly, in the hands of a Miss Doll Tearsheet. Poor Layer was trapped, and "The Scheme," discovered among his documents, was revealed. Layer was tried and condemned in November. He admitted that he held correspondence, in cipher, with Sir William Ellis in Rome, and with Prince Charlie's nurse, who had a *grille* for secret writing! Layer had a plan for raising money for the Chevalier

by a lottery, and possessed blank receipts signed "James R." But what destroyed Layer was The Scheme. Lynch gave evidence that he came to England in April, was introduced by a Dr Murphy to Layer, and, early in June (when the Ormond plot fell through), was selected by Layer as "an honest man," proper to kidnap Lord Cadogan. He also heard of a plan to corrupt the soldiers, and was introduced by Layer to Lord North, as the General in the whole plot. Now, it is certain that, since January, North had actually held James's commission as chief in war. As for Matthew Plunket, a discharged sergeant, he gave evidence that he was to corrupt, for Layer, eight other sergeants of the Guards. Officers were to be tampered with, half-pay captains to be employed; and the whole Revolution pivoted on Lynch, Matthew Plunket, and a problematic eight sergeants! Lynch had received from Layer about £8, 10s., and Matthew Plunket about £1, 17s. 6d. Layer knew none of the army,—he depended solely on one invalided sergeant; but this was the plot, and these the instruments, on which he wrecked Lord North, and discredited Atterbury.

The famous Scheme, itself, was probably not drawn up by Layer. It was headed with the motto, *Au défaut de la Force, il faut employer la Ruse*, and it was proved that Layer had asked a friend for a translation of these words. The Scheme, roughly, was conceived thus: Given (what there is no proof that they had) an officer in the Guards,—Let him meet the eight practicable sergeants at four in the afternoon. They select twenty-five men each from the Camp, who stroll out separately, and meet at a churchyard at half-

past eight, with another officer. They are armed by him, and admitted, under colour of a reinforcement, to the Tower, at nine o'clock. They seize the Tower and the arms, leave a small guard, and meet the General at the Exchange. At nine, also, Cadogan, Walpole, Townshend, and Carteret are kidnapped, and carried to the Exchange. Next day the artillery in the Camp is seized, by friendly soldiers, and the sacred person of the King himself is secured. The mob is raised and armed, the Bank is robbed, and the rest is easy. The Scheme was corroborated by papers delivered in July and August 1722 to one of his Majesty's Ministers, by a Person in the Plot, who, from gratitude for a favour, informed the Minister that he was to be kidnapped. The papers were copied by stealth "out of a nobleman's scrutore, whom he refused to name." The project thus revealed was for digging up and distributing hidden arms, and for erecting barricades. "Twenty-three officers of the Guards to be depended upon. . . . Day resolved on, April 30. . . . Lord N. [North] being commander-in-chief." This, from the date, was part of the earlier plot of the "young merchants," to be tenderly treated by Atterbury, the Plot in which Ormond was to have been engaged. Layer's scheme was much the same, the part of Ormond being omitted. To this degree of atrocity and imbecility had Jacobitism sunk. On Layer's arrest, North, a hero of Blenheim, fled, but was taken; Orrery and the Duke of Norfolk were imprisoned, as, of course, was Atterbury. All was over, and Layer, who was respited in hopes of further confessions, was hanged, quite repentent, on May 17, 1723.

Such was the Plot, and about

Atterbury's implication in it there can be no doubt at all. "Jones" (Atterbury) "promises to be a good customer," writes Kelly in May. Atterbury made at his trial a very able defence, marked by two curious features. One was not patent to any eyes but those of the Ministers and Lord Mar. Atterbury never doubted that Mar had betrayed him. Thus, his own letters of April 20 (which, of course, he disavowed) had been intercepted, copied, and forwarded. Colonel Churchill was then sent over to Paris by the English Government, and had several interviews with Mar, a Jacobite pensioner of George I. He persuaded Mar to write to Atterbury a letter of May 11, signed Motfield, as in the cipher. That letter, one of mere compliment, fixed on Atterbury his identity with the author of the three letters of April 20 to James, Dillon, and Mar. Moreover, this letter, contrary to Atterbury's injunctions, was sent by the common post, in order that it might be intercepted.

Mar has always suffered under this imputation of treachery, which James was, very reluctantly, induced to entertain. Dr Glover, editor of the 'Stuart Papers,' clearly believes the story; and the obvious facts are very suspicious. Thus, Mar would have sold his allies in May 1722. Yet as late as July 22 we find an *attaché* of the English Embassy at Paris, Mr Crawford, writing to Carteret with an account of the *ruse* by which he has just tracked Atterbury's correspondent, Digby, and found him to be Dillon. If the English Government, in July, really did not know who Digby was, Mar can hardly have sold plot and cipher in May. However, in 1752 the English Government, having an

excellent spy on Prince Charles, seem to have left their French Ambassador to blunder and conjecture. Probably they were playing the same game in 1722, unless, indeed, Crawford's letter about his discovery of Dillon is a blind to hide their real source of information. For Kelly, when released on bail, after his arrest on May 1, writes that his examiners "mentioned no persons to him, but G. Dillon and one Mr Morgan." This was on June 11, five weeks before Crawford says that he had run Dillon to earth. On the whole, since the Government had Atterbury's letters, Mar's reply, and skilled decipherers, or a key sent by Mar, they probably did know everything, and Crawford, left in the dark, was discovering the secret of Pollichinello. However, the evidence of Crawford's letter in Mar's favour must be given for what it may be worth.

Atterbury, in his defence, maintained that "the letter from Motfield" (Mar), "dated the 11th of May, cannot be reasonably thought to have been wrote with any other view than that of being intercepted, and of fixing upon me the letter of April 20." Thus Atterbury let Mar know that he knew of his treason.

The other curious feature in Atterbury's defence is his extreme equivocation, which seems to pass into direct and robust lying. That he should argue against the validity of the proofs is well and legitimate. But he had the audacity to defend himself

"by protesting and declaring my innocence to your lordships, in the most deliberate, serious, and solemn manner; and appealing to God, the searcher of hearts, as to the truth of what I say. . . . I am charged in the report with directing [dictating] a correspondence to Mr Kelly; but

I solemnly deny that I ever, directly or indirectly, saw a single line of any of their letters, till I met with them in print. Nor were the contents of any of them communicated to me. . . . I was never acquainted with, nor had any remittances whatsoever from, any of these persons. And I never knew of any Commission issued . . . in order to raise an insurrection in these kingdoms."

Now, we have James's letter to Atterbury, of January 4, 1722: "By next post I shall send to Mr Dillon the Commissions mentioned in my reply, and with them fair warrants for your worthy Partners," and James regrets that he cannot yet make Atterbury Archbishop of Canterbury! Yet Atterbury denies that he "ever knew of any Commissions," and for the truth of the assertion he "appeals to God, the searcher of hearts." Could Garnet or Greenway do more—nay, did they do as much? And this was the defence for which Atterbury, when concocting it, told Pope that his friends need not blush. To Pope, who believed him, Atterbury always kept up the farce of his innocence.

One thing, as was observed at the time, Atterbury could *not* do,—he could not profess his devotion to the House of Hanover. As Ratcliffe says, in 'The Heart of Mid-Lothian,' everybody has a bit of conscience somewhere about him. But Atterbury's conscience was almost as carefully esoteric as that of the worthy Rat.

Atterbury was let off with exile, Plunket and Kelly had terms of imprisonment (Kelly escaped from the Tower after fourteen long years of it, and was one of the Seven Men of Moidart), only Laver was hanged. His skull was treasured by, and buried in the hand of, Dr Rawlinson—if it *was* his skull, for the doctor is said to have preserved the wrong article. With martyrs

like Layer, and a confessor like Atterbury, the Jacobites of England are not highly to be congratulated, and Protestantism, when she throws stones at the Jesuits of 1605, is rather apt to forget the fragility of one of her own windows.

We have shown that "The Bishop's Plot" was, in atrocity and absurdity, much on a level with the Gunpowder Treason. We have shown that Atterbury, though he probably knew no details of "The Scheme" in its latest form, was acquainted with it in its earlier shape,—for he had read Ormond's and Captain Will Morgan's letters, and, by Kelly's admission, meant to make use of the conspirators. We have also shown that he is to treat the conspirators "tenderly," and that, during the height of The Scheme, he was plotting in the "arrack" affair, probably procuring the sinews of war. This is guilt enough, to which he adds well-nourished lies, addressed to private friends as well as to enemies,

backed by an appeal to God, the "searcher of hearts." He would not have been a credit to the Church as Archbishop of Canterbury, especially as his temper was such that he once, in a dispute, seized Sir Harry Goring by the collar!

The conclusion seems to be that, as Mr Harry Foker says, "it is a pity the clergy should meddle in these matters," whether they be Jesuits, Anglicans, or Covenanters, "whose cry is blood, and their motto *No Quarter*," in the phrase of the Rev. Richard Cameron.

The evidence is from Howells's 'State Trials,' vol. xvi., the solitary volume of 'Stuart Papers' (1847), and the 'Report from the Lords' Committees, and Appendices' (1723); while references to the parallel intrigues of thirty years later are from the Stuart MSS. at Windsor Castle and the Additional Manuscripts in the British Museum.

A. LANG.

"JÓ REGGELT!"

A HUNGARIAN LOVE-STORY.

THE gipsies were playing at the Star Café, and everybody was listening enchanted: that is so delightful about the gipsies; they satisfy every one, because every one can read his own interpretation from their music.

Only Béla Katkoff sat apart and scowled, and never cried "Brava!" His legs were stretched straight out in front of him; his fists were plunged deep in his trouser-pockets; and his hat was tilted so far over his nose that you could barely see the gleam of his hazel eyes. If you had seen them, they would almost have scorched you.

Some of the men from the club passed him as he sat with his chair half-turned from the crowd on the edge of the pavement.

"Poor devil!" they said. "It is plain to see what he suffers from. Little Irén is to be married to-morrow to old Lipik, and after Béla and she have considered themselves engaged for years, it is a trifle hard!"

"Why don't they make a stand?" somebody asked.

"No good! Irén has gone over to the enemy. Her mother has persuaded her, and old Lipik is ever so rich. Girls are like that," added Dezső, the cavalry lieutenant, who was twenty-two, and knew the sex.

"She has left off answering Béla's letters, and the marriage is being rushed on at Siofók, where they have gone for the summer.

Béla can only grin and bear it, now that Irén has given in."

"He is not grinning much, however he is bearing it," concluded the others, and they sat down at a distant table.

The conductor of the gipsy band knew Béla Katkoff well: he had often played for him alone. The young man was in love, and the musician knew how to deal with such people.¹ Presently behind Béla's head, close to his left ear, there began a soft singing noise like the humming of bees in a hayfield, where the heavy heads of flowering grass knock together in the sunshine: it was out in the country that Béla had first met Irén, and the miserable young fellow lifted his face a little and stared across the gaslit street, half expecting to see swinging fields of grass stretched before him: then the soft hum of insects changed to the far-away clear song of a lark, that shook and trembled, and fell close beside him in a rain of sweetness, and from that again, Irén's voice detached itself and cried, "Béla! Béla! are you coming?" as if she were waiting among the roses in the tangled old town-garden of the Gopal-utcza, where she lived with her parents when Béla courted her.

All this, and more, the gipsy played at his ear, for fiddlers have mostly warm hearts, and this one was sorry for the poor young lover who had often emptied his pockets of all their silver to pay the band

¹ When a gipsy player wishes to pay a special compliment to any one, he leaves his orchestra, and coming close behind the chosen person plays for him alone, in a tone inaudible to the rest of the company. The effect of this on the emotional Hungarian temperament is almost overpowering.

for his pleasure. This time the musician did not wait to be rewarded, but stepped back to his orchestra, and began to play the Rákóczy March, with which all Hungarian concerts begin and end. He left his music to filter into Béla's brain, and by the time it had done so, the *café* crowd had dispersed, and the waiters, in a sleepy group, came and stared at the young man in the corner,—as a hint that they, at least, were ready for their beds.

"Béla! Béla! are you coming?" that is what the fiddle had sung in his ear. He jumped up, knocking over his chair in his sudden hurry of decision, and scattering the sleepy waiters right and left. Yes! he was coming, to confront her on her wedding-day, to fling back her fair words and smiles and kisses in her false face, to make her his deepest bow, such as he made to the law examiners when they granted him his degree, and say, "Farewell, Miss Irén. I return you the heart that you once gave me; pray offer it to Arpad Lipik with the compliments of Béla Katkoff!" Something of that sort he would say to her on her wedding morning at Siofók: she deserved it for leaving him without a word. He stumbled homewards across the rough stones and wide deserted places of the sleeping city. Even Budapest was asleep at last, for the stars were paling above the Danube and the dawn was nigh at hand. Ah! that lark, that lark! How it sang! dropping down from the heights of heaven into the heart of the dark city, a strange hour for a lark to be abroad before the sun, and to call "Come, Béla, come!" in shrill, clear tones like a girl!

Do you know Siofók? It is the

sunny, smiling watering-place that basks on the shore of Lake Balaton, two hours' railway journey from Budapest. The smart people of the capital go there for change; and thither went Irén's parents for the summer months, when the heat in the Gopal-utca and the attentions of Béla Katkoff began to cause them inconvenience. They hired a villa on the lake-side, a stone's throw from the handsome new hotel where old Lipik had established himself. Every day the family and the rich old widower met a dozen times, and Béla's letters had stopped unaccountably after the first week.

"What did you expect?" said Irén's mother, in answer to the girl's downcast air and sad questioning eyes, rather than to any words that she spoke. "You are gone, the house is closed, there are no dinners or suppers to be gained by philandering,—you cannot look for sincerity from a hungry law-student, eh? But you are only eighteen after all, and cannot know everything. Look at Lipik," the matron continued, waxing warm, for here was a subject she could dilate on; "what a man—generous, well-to-do—Yesterday at the restaurant he put down a gold piece for the music, and——"

"And Gyargyivics left it on the table. He would not touch it," interrupted Irén, hotly; "the gipsies will not take money from those they do not love, and Lipik called them all vagabonds the other day after supper. I remember when Béla Katkoff gave them all his silver, one night that they played for me in the Park, they kissed his hands and told him he was their brother and their friend, and they were glad to benefit from him." And at the recollection, Irén, who had no proper pride, began to cry.

"Ah, wasting money with vagrants and worse, in all the *cafés* in the town," said her mother, who was nothing if not illogical.

This sort of thing went on day by day, and Béla did not answer Irén's letter: naturally, in a few weeks her marriage with Lipik was announced.

The morning train came bustling into Siofók, while half the world was still drinking its coffee. Béla got out, and strode along the dusty road towards the villa of Irén's parents: he had never visited there before, and he asked the way of a peasant who sat munching by the wayside.

"The third white house on the left—where the flag flies," answered the man, with his mouth full of cold sausage. "There is a marriage there to-day,—here's to the bride!" and he lifted the *kulacs* that hung across his waist, with a flourish to his lips.

Béla sped on. The lark had ceased singing in his ears now, albeit the meadows on either hand were full of them; he only heard, repeated over and over again, the smart speech that he meant to make to his false love: "I return you the heart that you once gave me; pray offer it to Arpad Lipik with the compliments of Béla Katkoff!" It sounded very cutting and to the point, and exactly as if some one else spoke it.

At the villa every one was busy, and the bride, with her white face, was dreadfully in the way. "Go to your room and stay there—lie down till I come for you," said her mother, and Irén was glad to obey, though she could not lie down, for all her little narrow bed was covered with the folds and flounces of the wedding dress and

veil. She stood instead by the window—her bedroom was on the ground-floor, and just a yard above the garden; she leaned her forehead against the glass door, one side of which stood open, and thought of Béla's treachery and her unanswered letters, of how unworthy he was, and how dear! There were rose-bushes below the window—heavy Maréchal Niels that drooped their yellow balls awry, crimson-velvet Jacqueminots, and cream-white Princes de Galles—hundreds had been cut for the wedding, but hundreds bloomed still, and their scent went up like incense in the warm sunshine, reminding the girl of the rose-walk, so sweet and still, at the back of the old family house in the Gopal-utcza. The roses in the town-garden were old-fashioned, uncared-for, and poor, not perfect and proud as their Siofók sisters; but the scent of roses is the same everywhere, especially when one is young and in love! And there, among the rose-bushes before her, not a yard apart, stood Béla Katkoff.

"*Jó reggelt!*"¹ Irén; I have come to make a wedding present to Arpad Lipik," he began, "to return you the heart that you once gave me——"

"O Béla, Béla! why did you leave me? why did you not answer my letters?" sobbed Irén, who was taken by surprise, and had not prepared any sarcastic speeches. And then, somehow, Béla could not recollect a word more of what he intended to say, but had jumped over the low window-sill, and held her, shrinking and shivering in her little white dressing-gown, in his strong eager arms. What is the good of concocting sarcastic speeches for one side of the conversation only?

¹ Good morning.

"It is mamma who has done this," Irén said presently; she still stood with Béla's arms about her, but the door was locked, the window-blind drawn down, and they had time to consider what they should do. "I wrote, you wrote, and the letters never reached either of us—and then—O Béla, they were too strong for me!" and she hid her face.

"They were nearly too strong for me too, and I am a man," said Béla, magnanimously. "If it hadn't been for the gipsy music at the Star last night, I should have believed you false, and let you go for ever."

In his excitement he forgot altogether that he had travelled down from Budapest in a rage, and to this day he has never remembered the real facts; but perhaps the explanation of that is, that when you are in love, all your feelings get very much mixed up together.

"But I was worst: I agreed to accept Lipik, and to wear that!" she pointed at the white finery on the bed with a shudder.

"I can only forgive you on one condition—that you come away with me at once," said the young man, firmly. "I am a lawyer; you trust me to be father and husband in one, Irén? There is a train back to Budapest in a quarter of an hour, and they will not come to dress you for your wedding till we are well away. Will you go with me, or stay for Lipik?"

"O Béla!"

Outside the garden wall a one-horse omnibus passed them, jolt-

ing towards the station. "*Jó reggelt!* Are you for the train?" shouted the driver, and they jumped in, glad to shelter in its stuffy depths from the bare white road and the staring villa windows. The engine of the train was puffing little spurts of smoke as they reached Siofók station, and in two minutes more they were off. They ran alongside of the blue Balaton water for a while, whose curling little waves in the sun were mimicking the sea: then the train turned off at a swift curve, and plunged into the wide, empty greenness of the great Hungarian plain.

"The air is full of larks," said Irén: she turned her face up to look for them, but her eyes met Béla's, and got no farther.

At the station at Budapest every one was buzzing about, starting on country excursions by early trains, before the mid-day heat. A heavy *rapide* was just being packed for Siofók and Balaton. Irén shrank back, for, despite the disguise of her long cloak and wide hat and veil, she dreaded to encounter some chance acquaintance on the platform. They loitered among the crowd of third-class folks till the better class passengers had taken their seats; then, as they passed hurriedly towards the exit, they heard one woman call to her daughter, "There is a smart wedding at Siofók to-day; all the world seems going to it."

"Are you sure you do not want to go, too?" Béla asked Irén.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF FEMINISM.

THE Soul of Woman, its Sphinx-like ambiguities and complexities, its manifold contradictions, its sorrows and joys, its vagrant fancies and never-to-be-satisfied longings, furnish the literary analyst of these days with inexhaustible material. Above all do the sex-problem novelist and the introspective biographer and essayist revel in the theme. Psychology—word more blessed than Mesopotamia—is their never-ending delight; and modern woman, who, if we may believe those who claim to know most about her, is a sort of walking enigma, is their chief subject of investigation. Her ego, that mysterious entity of which she is now only just becoming conscious, is said to remain a *terra incognita* even to herself; but they are determined to explore its inmost recesses. The pioneers of this formidable undertaking must of necessity be women. Man, great, clumsy, comical creature that he is, knows nothing of the inner springs of the modern Eve's complicated nature. He sees everything in her, we are told, without comprehending anything, and the worst of it is that often he cannot even express his ignorance in good English. Man possesses brute force, woman divine influence, and her nature is in closer relation with the infinite than the masculine mind. He is an "utter failure," while her womanhood "almost guarantees to her a knowledge of the eternal verities," which he can only hope partially to attain to through woman.

Obviously, therefore, it is to women writers that we must look for the solution of what is termed

the "feminine enigma," and more especially to their more recently published works. It is only lately that woman has really begun to turn herself inside out, as it were, and to put herself into her books. A German authoress, whose interesting work I shall deal with presently, observes that the great feminine intellects of former years simply followed in man's footsteps, and philosophised and preached after the manner of the leading male thinkers of the day. A well-known authoress of our time, Mrs Humphry Ward, may be said to do the same. It is quite different with modern women's books of the introspective type. No man, were he the greatest genius alive, could write them, and in them the true spirit of feminism dwells. And yet, in spite of their multitude, the subject of the sex's psychology is so far only scratched. As Mrs Roy Devereux tells us in her book, 'The Ascent of Woman,' "the first loyal luminous word is still to write about woman"; and even this talented authoress has exhausted her energies in framing a few syllables of the message which must be left to some future seer to deliver. Nevertheless it may be hoped that this fascinating science of feminine psychology is now approaching the stage of rapid and continuous development.

In olden days woman was less troubled about the nature of her soul, possibly for the sufficient reason that it was then considered doubtful if she possessed such a thing. Mohammedans, for instance, used to be credited with a disbelief in the existence of the feminine soul. Their Prophet, however, cannot be accused of

justifying their scepticism, although Sale tells us that once when he looked down into hell he perceived the majority of its denizens to be women. Doubtless this uncourteous vision occurred to him after a tiff with Ayesha. In much later days a celebrated Archbishop described woman as "a creature that cannot reason and pokes the fire from the top"; and there are people who now urge me to treat the subject of her soul and its attributes after the manner of "Snakes in Ireland"! Again, the American woman is regarded by many people as the highest development of modern feminism, yet she is frequently accused of being soulless. A recent writer in the 'Contemporary Review' points out that she has failed to inspire the classical literature even of her own country, as the female characters of the great American novelists were drawn from English or Continental sources; and the reason, he thinks, must be sought in the lack of depth in her nature. An American girl in a recent novel, if I remember rightly, opines that she has no soul, "only digestion." Be this as it may, the average European appears to find the Transatlantic Undine sufficiently charming. He marries her, even though, owing to her congenital defect, he cannot vivisection her soul in three-volume novels. The American woman, as we see her on this side of the Ocean, is usually an exotic of the "orchidaceous type"; but, speaking generally, we may regard the vexed question of the existence of the feminine soul as being now finally set at rest. In order, however, that there may be no mistake about the matter, the lady writer has for some years past been busily occupied in baring

her soul for our benefit. And not only baring it, but dissecting it, analysing and probing into the innermost crannies of her nature. She is for ever examining her mental self in the looking-glass. Her every thought and impulse, her fleeting whims and fancies, along with the deepest fountains of her feeling, and above all her grievances, are set forth in naked black and white. The monotony of her life, its narrowness of interest, the brutality and selfishness of man, the burden of sex, and the newly awakened consciousness of ill-usage at Nature's hands, form the principal subjects of her complaint; and the chorus of her wailings surges up to heaven in stories, poems, and essays innumerable. Their dominant note is restlessness and discontent with the existing order of things; and that there is some reason in it few will be found to deny. Man has no idea what it feels like to be a woman, but it will not be her fault if he does not soon begin in some degree to understand.

The glory of woman in olden days, according to St Paul, was her hair. The glory of the woman of to-day, as portrayed in sex-problem literature, is her "complicatedness." To be subtle, inscrutable, complex — irrational possibly, but at any rate incomprehensible—to puzzle the adoring male, to make him scratch his head in vexation and wonderment as to what on earth she will be up to next,—this is the ambition of the latter-day heroine. She is consumed with a desire for new experiences, new sensations, new objects in life. Like Evadne in 'The Heavenly Twins,' she "wants to know"; to penetrate to the core of truth; to dive deep down into the sacred heart of things, and to learn their true sequence

and meaning. But in spite of the awakening of her intellect she remains a being of transient impulses and more or less hysterical emotions. Curiously enough, in all this mystification of hers, which to the uninitiated appears sheer puzzle-headedness, some weird witchery is supposed to lurk. Her lover, poor fellow, is baffled by her elusive and contradictory spirit; he understands nothing of the perpetual conflict within her, the canker of mysterious care that gnaws at her heart, her immense yearnings, and great vague thirst for heaven alone knows what. The dualism of her nature, half instinct, half intellect—for, as Mrs Roy Devereux explains, modern woman is not one incomprehensible, but two incomprehensibles—is all Greek to him. He endures her tantrums as best he may, though his simple self would be better mated with an open-hearted natural woman, who wore her heart upon her sleeve, than with an animated riddle or an enigma in flounces and furbelows. For, be it understood, love itself fails to unravel the mystery of her being, and Mr Spooner's flirtations with Miss Up-to-date in no way give him the key to the feminine abstraction of which she is the external garniture. And it is good for him that it should be so, else he, too, might suffer the pangs of disillusionment. Nowadays, however, the solution of the feminine conundrum is a less hopeless task than formerly for the bewildered and slightly irritated male; and the present year has given birth to at least two books which throw much light upon the subject.

Of these the most remarkable in some respects is the 'Ascent of Woman,' by Mrs Roy Devereux, to which allusion has been made

already. It is, to begin with, a distinctly clever book. It contains much shrewd observation, while the style is polished and epigrammatic to a fault, and replete with the *curiosa felicitas* of decadentism. But it is less with the manner than with some of the matter of these essays that I am now concerned, as much in them will be news to a great many people. They originally bore the title of '*Dies Dominæ*,' and they are dedicated to "The most dear vision of Her that shall be." Signs I think, are not wanting that the *dies dominæ* will dawn before very long, and in that case the "that shall be" will most probably appear as "She-who-must-be-obeyed." The authoress does not profess to dispel the cloud of mystery which envelops her subject, but she does raise for our benefit a corner of the veil which shrouds the Great Arcanum of the feminine soul. The picture thus revealed is a curious one, and she is aware that her method of presenting it is likely to arouse the resentment of her fellow-women; but she is prepared to face the consequences. There is so much to say about woman which has never yet been said, that the truth that is in her must out; and, like Lucifer the light-bringer, she feels bound to fulfil her mission of illuminating a people that now sit in the darkness of ignorance concerning the psychology of feminism.

The most characteristic portions of the book are those dealing with the great sex-problem, as it is called. "Man," says Mrs Roy Devereux, is apt to "rail at the sexlessness of the New Woman"; but, if we may take her as a trustworthy guide, the charge is a baseless one. For with the awakening of her intellect "there has been a coincident

... ening of the senses. . . . Every problem in heaven and earth is brought to the edge of this newly-acquired consciousness, and the she-animal is abroad cursing man's monopoly of the *joie-de-vivre*." Moreover, the instincts of fidelity are not in her. "To every season its book and its bonnet; why not also its love?"

"So at each renaissance of passion her spirit drifting among the ghosts of disembodied kisses, has a faint foretaste of those yet to come. Nor is this the fault of her consciousness. With the realisation of her nature's complexity comes the prescience that no man will ever learn it through. . . . It is the man who 'in love's deep well' will dream of loyal life."

This tendency to his constancy will doubtless be as agreeable to the much-used male as it is unexpected. My only doubt is whether the perfidious creature deserves the compliment. In another strangely eloquent passage, which I quote in full, we have a terrible picture of the tumult raging in the modern Eve's bosom.

"At the moment woman seems still to be floating amid the mists of her lost illusions, on fire with the passion of the impossible, sick unto death of her outworn ideals, and girt about with the incense of strange prayers. Having forsworn the service of love she would still retain the beauty of life, and wander over 'the crooked hills of delicious pleasure' without forfeiting the old-world sanctuary. She would sin and yet not suffer; she would pluck the 'roses and raptures' of passion, and yet be white of soul. But until she learns that love cannot be bought at store prices, she will drift deathwards undelighted and unshriven—a follower after empty symbols and impotent divinities. Yet will this quickened consciousness lead eventually to her perfecting."

To those who, like the writer, were brought up in the Sarah

Grandian school to believe in the moral and mental perfection of the modern incarnation of the feminine spirit, these indiscreet revelations came as a sad shock. They appeared originally in the form of an article in the 'Saturday Review' entitled "Dies Dominæ; The Value of Love, by a Woman of the Day"; and I remember that the editor appended thereto a homily in the form of a rejoinder by Lady Jeune as a wholesome corrective. As might be expected, Lady Jeune disputed entirely the accuracy of the picture. Indeed, to find its counterpart one would probably have to search in the miscellaneous gallery of feminine portraiture with which modern fiction supplies us. I need only mention a few of the types, for their names have become household words: the woman who did, who didn't; who would, who wouldn't, or would if she could; the girl who desires matrimony, but shrinks from its obligations; and the lady who yearns for motherhood, if only it could be managed (*vide* 'Keynotes') "without a husband or the disgrace; ough, the disgusting men!" These searching studies in the sexual emotions of young ladies are, I fear, a source of merriment to the masculine mind, but their popularity with the gentler sex survives alike their constant iteration and the gibes of the scoffer. Age cannot wither, nor custom stale, the infinite variety of the sex-problem novel or essay.

The second half of 'The Ascent of Woman' is less striking than the first. The mission of the authoress (everybody who writes nowadays must have a mission) seems to be to recall to the daughter of Eve that ideal of beauty which she has partially lost. The temple of Aphrodite is now a ruin,

says Mrs Roy Devereux in her grandiloquent way, and the world has long since ceased to pour libations to the goddess. But the religion of the woman of the future will be the service of beauty through the medium of comely apparel, and the gospel of the authoress may be termed the Gospel of the Higher Chiffon. Her contention, as I understand, is that the adornment of the female form is as legitimate an end of art as sculpture or painting; and, after all, is not a man-milliner just as much an artist in his way as a Royal Academician?

Another treatise, on the same subject, to which I should like to introduce readers of 'Maga,' is 'Modern Woman,' by Fru Marholm Hansson. It consists of six psychological sketches of famous modern women of various nationalities. These sketches display much insight, sympathetic yet discriminating withal, into the characters they portray; and there is a level-headedness, if I may use the word, about them which is somewhat unusual in similar studies of feminine psychology. Some of Fru Hansson's views will probably be deemed old-fashioned by pioneers of the "woman movement," but she always writes kindly and sympathetically of her heroines, even when their ideas are least in harmony with her own. Her types are selected from some of the ablest and most representative women of the day, who struck out a line of their own in life. The results of their originality Fru Hansson does not consider to be satisfactory. She disapproves of the Ibsenite theory of female individualism, and asserts roundly that "a woman who seeks freedom by means of the modern method of independence is generally one who desires to escape from a woman's

sufferings." In the case of gifted people whose lives are depicted in her book, she says that the "woman question caused an unnatural breach between the needs of the intellect and the requirements of their womanly nature. Most of them succumbed in the struggle."

Of these deviations from the feminine norm the most interesting, to my mind, is Sofia Kovalévsky. Fru Hansson describes her as the greatest woman genius of the century. The story of her life is a mournful tale of a rich and noble Russian lady whose marvellous talent for mathematics soon developed. Like so many ladies of her generation, and not a few out of it, she was possessed of "an innate, undefined thirst," which at last took the form of a thirst for study. At eighteen she made a formal marriage with a man who for seven years was a husband to her in name only. During all that time she worked feverishly and continuously, and after his death in 1880 she was appointed lecturer at the university at Stockholm. Here commenced her friendship with Fru Edgren-Leffler, the subject of the last sketch in the book, and in collaboration with her Sonia entered on her literary career. In 1888 she was awarded the *Prix Bordin* in the French Academy of Science in the presence of the greatest French mathematicians, but even this splendid triumph failed to bring her happiness or contentment.

The sad story of the closing years of her life is told with much pathos by Fru Hansson, and I must leave her to draw her own moral therefrom. Sonia had grown tired of mathematics, and wanted to forget all about them. She had also become tired of mystic love,

and too late "wanted to be a woman and possess a woman's charm." Finally, after various unfortunate experiences, she became ill, worn out with nervous and mental exhaustion, and died at the age of forty-one.

Another Russian woman, less remarkable in many ways than Sonia Kovalevsky, is probably much better known in England. Among all our modern literary ebullitions of feminine fretfulness one stands out pre-eminent. It may safely be said that the present introspective craze with reference to the soul of woman began with the publication of Marie Bashkirtseff's *Journal*. One well remembers the appearance of that extraordinary book, so irritating in some respects, and yet so touching in its utter abandonment of self-revelation. It is the tragedy of a young girl, hopelessly vain, self-centred, neurotic, and egotistical; for if ever there was a victim of morbid ego-mania, as Max Nordau has it, it was poor Marie Bashkirtseff. "As for me, I am always excited," she cries; "I want to live faster, faster, fast. . . . Yes, I love only myself": it is all I, I, I, throughout the five hundred pages of the *Journal*. Her every action was ordered for effect, and with a view to description in her diary the same evening. The book sold like wild-fire. "All the tired and discontented women of the time recognised themselves on every page, and for many of them Marie Bashkirtseff's *Journal* became a kind of secret Bible, in which they read a few sentences every morning, or at night before going to sleep." Not a very satisfactory Bible, to be sure, but the literature of hysteria is always sure of its public, and she was symptomatic of a restless and fretful age. With all the advantages of wealth,

beauty, perfect breeding, and marvellous talent, she yet made shipwreck, like Sonia, of her life. She developed her individuality, like any Ibsenite neuropath, on the most approved principles of the "triumphant doctrine of the ego," and fretted herself into the grave at the age of twenty-four. Her self-absorption amounted to a disease, and outraged Nature exacted the penalty remorselessly. Tedious as the whole thing is in a way, I know of few things sadder than her despairing soliloquies towards the end of the volume. She felt herself, to quote Fru Hansson's pathetic words, "ever alone in the midst of an everlasting void, hungering at the table of life, spread for every one except herself, standing with hands outstretched as the days passed by and gave her nothing: youth and health were fading fast, the grave was yawning, just a little chink, then wider and wider, and she must go down without having had anything but work, constant work, trouble and striving, and the empty fame which gives a stone in the place of bread."

Besides the untimely fate of these two Russian ladies, Fru Hansson mentions three other Northern authoresses of talent who all committed suicide; but whether this was the result of too much psychologising or over self-absorption does not appear.

Concerning Mrs George Egerton, who is to my mind the ablest of our women writers of the neurotic school, Fru Hansson writes with critical yet sympathetic insight. The authoress of 'Key-notes' ('Punch' profanely nicknamed it 'She Notes') is essentially a womanly writer. Her gifts are intuitive rather than intellectual, and she owes nothing whatever to the reason or the

research of man. Her perceptions are of the nerves, for, like some of her favourite Swedish and Norwegian authors, she personifies our modern nervousness, and her best characters are quivering bundles of nerves. The reader can hardly fail to recognise the autobiographical character of her writings, redolent, as they are, of the spirit of discontent and disillusionment. Stories of the 'Keynotes' type, especially the more artistic ones, are monologues, as it were. The writers seem to be relating their own mental experiences, like Marie Bashkirtseff, without any attempt at concealment. The mood varies in these books—sometimes tender, sometimes sorrowful, sometimes vicious, as though the authoress would like to scratch or slap somebody; but they are always purely subjective, or else rapid generalisations from limited experience. Like all introspective work of the kind, Mrs Egerton's appeals to women far more than to men, for her instinct enables her to perceive the fundamental traits of woman's nature. Of these traits the deepest and most ineradicable, it appears, is her "eternal wildness, the untamed primitive savage temperament that lurks in the mildest, best woman." Mrs Roy Devereux also asserts that woman is at heart a barbarian, and her affinity in many respects to her remote ancestresses is insisted on by other lady writers. Backwards across the ages, remarks one of them, her gaze flashes recognition to "the grand untamed eyes of the primeval woman," whose freedom from the restraints of civilisation some of our *revoltées* would seem to envy. Only one man, we are told, "has had sufficient instinct to bring to light this abyss in woman's nature," a poet named

Barbey D'Aurévilly, and he, poor fellow, was never understood. This seems to be the usual fate of people with very complex natures in both sexes. They make a study of incomprehensibility, and raise mystification to the level of a fine art, and then complain because they are misunderstood. It is not quite clear why this somewhat commonplace trait of wildness should be called an "abyss," except that all terms denoting profundity and immensity are deemed appropriate to the feminine soul, which possesses many other esoteric mental characteristics besides that of wildness. It is volcanic, for instance, in its nature, so may be learned from the neurotic novelists, and as some men, I am given to understand, have occasion to know. I notice, by way of illustration, that one young lady describes herself as "a bundle of electric currents bursting forth in all directions into chaos." This, however, strikes me as a somewhat daring metaphor. Personally, I should be content to liken the spirit of feminism to a river, now flowing tranquilly with every passing sentiment and impression mirrored on its placid surface, now surging tumultuously onwards—but always prodigiously deep.

Another characteristic, according to Fru Marholm Hansson, is beginning to make itself felt, "and that is an intense and morbid consciousness of the ego in woman." Mrs Egerton is, of course, a great believer in the Scandinavian doctrine of the ego. Self-sacrifice is out of fashion altogether in our modern school of novelists, and self-development has taken its place. This consciousness of the self is of recent growth: it was unknown to our mothers and grandmothers, who, says Mrs Devereux, "knew as little about

their sensations as a cabbage does about its growth." I have no knowledge of what it feels like to be conscious of your ego, so I must content myself with simply chronicling the phenomenon without commenting upon it. It has always been understood that the best sign of all being right with a man's heart or liver is, that he should not be conscious of possessing such things; and to be conscious of your ego must be a much more serious matter. I remember that Max Nordau classes egomania as among the leading stigmata of degeneration, so doubtless this newly aroused consciousness lies at the root of our modern introspectiveness, and accounts for many of the strange things that neurotic people do both in real life and in fiction.

The last of these psychological sketches is that of the Woman's Rights woman, Fru Edgren-Leffler. It strikes me as less interesting than most of the others, perhaps because the authoress is less in sympathy with the type of feminism that it deals with. This type is analogous in some respects with those heroines in recent novels who are afire with the new altruism, and talk Poor Law Reports and Parliamentary Blue-Books at great length to their lovers. In her early days Fru Leffler was the champion of the Swedish Woman's Rights movement, and interested herself in all the "isms," such as socialism, anarchism, theosophy, positivism, and atheism; but late in life she seems to have learned that the highest altruism, as well as the truest happiness, for women lies in performing the duties of wife and mother. Fru Hansson uses the story of her life to enforce her favourite theory—namely, that individualism in woman is a mistake,

because she cannot exist alone, being "spiritually and mentally an empty vessel, which must be replenished by man." I try to picture to myself what Mrs Sarah Grand's feelings must have been if ever she read this sentence. One fears, too, lest the dissemination of such views should have a bad effect upon man, and tend to make the creature more insupportable than ever. Fru Hansson, however, is most emphatic on the point, and asserts that those ladies who seek to exert their influence by main force, and "manifest a desire to dispense with man altogether," are acting most imprudently. Far be it from me to express an opinion on this delicate point, though one cannot help thinking that Eve without Adam, or *vice versa*, might after a while find even Paradise a bore. Anyhow, Fru Leffler seems to have grown to this opinion, for, though as a disciple of Ibsen she had raged against the unhappiness of married life, she fell violently in love at the age of forty, and abandoned her active championship of the rights of feminism in order to enjoy "liberty, love, and the South" in Italy. Unfortunately, like Sonia Kovalevsky, she died young, but her closing days were unclouded by grief; for "the woman's rights woman sang a hymn to the mystery of love, and the last short years of happiness, too soon interrupted by death, were a contradiction to the long insipid period of literary production."

There is another point on which the authoresses of the two books under consideration are at variance with the modern champions of their sex. Mrs Grand, among others, has maintained, with much insistence and great wealth of pathological detail, that a great deal of the unhappiness and the ailments

of women are due to their want of occupation. There is much, no doubt, to be said for this contention, though work regarded as a cure may be worse than the disease when, as so often is the case, it means overwork. Fru Hansson is evidently no great believer in the "weary path or study" for women; and certainly work brought neither health nor happiness to Sonia Kovalevsky or Marie Bashkirtseff, in spite of their intellectual triumphs. As for Mrs Devereux, she simply laughs at the idea of any woman really loving work as an end in itself. "To say that she loves work better than liberty and leisure is a pathetic pretence. . . . Surely the fact that the New Woman is always trying to persuade herself that work is a blessing when she knows in her heart of hearts it is a curse, is one of the saddest of 'life's little ironies.'" Who shall decide when such eminent doctors disagree?

Having thus in cursory fashion reviewed the various mental phenomena exhibited in woman's writings on herself, one is tempted to ask, What is the purport or origin of all this super-subtlety and microscopic self-examination? Why should people take such infinite pains to make themselves miserable? and why should woman, in particular, so "persistently parade her 'scourged white breast'" for our inspection? Is it simply a symptom of the fret and fever of modern life? of the restlessness and discontent which seem to have got so deep a hold of us all? We all love to be parading our burdens and to say, "See what a heavy load I bear!" just like those old people who are continually prating of their ailments. The world is very hollow and empty, and we must all, especially the ladies amongst us, be

very sad, to judge from the books and plays that delight the public. Morbid pessimism, subdued or paroxysmal, is the dominant note alike of the "new" fiction and the new psychological drama. It expresses itself in the worship of ugliness, the minute and almost exclusive delineation of what is gloomy and squalid in life, and the strange affection exhibited by so many writers for the gutter and those who lie therein. The Scandinavian authors set the fashion, with their wonderful talent for "pathological hunting in the *terra incognita* of the human soul," but they found plenty of imitators in this country. The ideal writer in the eyes of the neurotic school is a sort of literary mosquito, whose "intellectual antennæ" probe greater depths of agonised human nature than anybody else. He catches the suffering reader on the raw, so to speak, and makes him skip. I have just been reading how a brutal Hyperborean, named Strindberg, is said to have probed so deeply into the recesses of the feminine soul that his victims fairly shrieked with anguish and vexation. However, as we learn from the 'Ascent of Woman,' "you cannot probe to the heart of life without making a wound"; and these homocœa-like mental vivisectionists, with their faculty of always "touching the spot," would much rather make the wound than not probe at all. Whenever a book or a play of this sort comes out, it sets all the decadents chattering, and they call it profoundly convincing and significant; whereas, if they were not decadents, they would call it simply dismal and disgusting. There are two recent novels, very different in some respects, but both excessively morbid, which will serve to illustrate my meaning: Mrs

Egerton's 'Discords' and Mr Hardy's 'Jude the Obscure.' To read them, one would think that the only fleeting moments of happiness the authors enjoy is when they can invent some new thrill or shudder. Their characters move about in an atmosphere of intense gloom. They not only torture themselves and each other, but the hand of Destiny lies heavy upon them. They are driven by fate, circumstance, or the *Zeitgeist*; playthings of the inexplicable, of heredity, and everything else that is unpleasant. Never for an instant, regardless of their doom, can these wretched victims sport, for the spirit of humour is not in them. They may "take love as an anodyne to deaden the agony of thought," but the result is always equally depressing, for their malady is the malady of despair.

We have lately been witnessing a slight recrudescence of the Ibsen "boom"; so, being naturally interested in the father of the new psychology, I attended a *matinée* of "Little Eyolf" at the Avenue theatre. I arrived early, but found the house already full. There was a small sprinkling of males, but woman had assembled in force to do honour to the Master who headed the revolt of her sex. The new culture and the newest *chiffon* were alike represented in the audience, proving that intellectual womanhood has listened to Mrs Roy Devereux and once more begun (did it ever cease?) to beautify itself in real earnest. Through a forest of colossal and befeathered hats I obtained occasional glimpses of the stage and the performers engaged in their self-appointed but depressing task—the hero, the usual Ibsenite idiot or travesty of a man, with a chronic but futile appetite for

well-doing; his wife Rita, a neurotic "she-animal,"—she, all for the "roses and raptures"; he, preferring the "lilies and languors,"—and the pantomime witch or Rat-wife, who is, according to the critics, "a heavenly messenger," and apparently symbolical of anything you please. Two mortal hours those two poor unbalanced creatures, the Allmers, spent in dismal psychologising and mutual torment and self-torture. The acting was excellent, and it was an intellectual treat to see three such artists as Mrs Patrick Campbell, Miss Robins, and Miss Janet Achurch on the stage together. Everything that art can do was done to infuse life and reality into these doleful marionettes, but the general impression the two Allmers made on my mind was that of a couple of epileptics exercising in the hospital grounds. In particular, Miss Achurch's scream at the end of the first Act, which has been much admired by connoisseurs in painful sensations, recalled vividly to my mind the screeching of a woman whom I once had the misfortune to see fall down in an epileptic fit. However, the audience, or rather some of the female portion of it, seemed at times much affected, and sobs and tears occasionally greeted such passages in the drama as were especially lugubrious. The males, I regret to say, were more disposed to chuckle irreverently, probably because the contemplation of nervous disorders and the whinings of sexual hysteria, and other forms of mental disease, less arouse the sympathy of the dull masculine mind. "Morbid trash," my nearest neighbour ejaculated as we emerged into the comparatively pure atmosphere of a London fog; while I went home and read

Max Nordau's chapter on Ibsen in 'Degeneration,' and felt better.

The author of this dismal and evil-smelling play is certainly one of the portents of the age. He voices better than any one else its morbid tendencies, and, although a man, he is distinctly the founder of the new so-called science of feminine psychology. That is to say, he above all others has directed the energies of the woman psychologist into the channels they now run in. To my humble way of thinking, these semi-insane weaklings and irresponsible neuro-paths of the Ibsenite drama are neither admirable nor interesting. They are simply "sick" men and women; degenerates to be shunned, like any other manifestations of disease. And yet they serve as the pattern and type of characters in books and plays innumerable that have taken hold of the public mind. It would be interesting to know how far this literature is the cause, and how far simply the expression, of the morbid tendencies of which I have spoken. The shockingly improper young person in Miss Marie Corelli's 'Sorrows of Satan,' who would have flirted with the Devil if that more self-respecting personage had permitted her, attributed her moral downfall to our modern literature of decadence. It was the "satyr-songster," Swinburne, and those wicked women novelists, who wrought all the mischief. Max Nordau thinks that the influence of polite literature on life is much greater than that of life on polite literature. He mentions several instances of fashions being set by books, the most remarkable one being the epidemic of suicide that broke out in Germany after the publication of 'The Sorrows of Young Werther.' Every one knows that the young men in Byron's

time went about wearing low-cut collars and a terrible scowl, denoting their views of the misery and hopelessness of life. These views were probably derived from verses like the following :—

"We wither from our youth, we gasp away—
Sick, sick; unfound the boon, unslaked the thirst.
Though to the last in verge of our decay,
Some phantom lures, such as we sought at first—
But all too late—so are we doubly curst.
Love, fame, ambition, avarice—'tis the same,
Each idle, and all ill, and none the worst—
For all are meteors with a different name,
And Death the sable smoke where vanishes the flame."

This stanza contains as good psychology and as good philosophy as any Scandinavian drama, while there is something almost elevating in the swing and rhythm of the majestic verse compared with the commonplace and the *banalités* of Ibsen's "Ollendorffian" dialogue. No doubt the Byronic morbidity was all affectation, but so to a great extent is the psychology and morbid pessimism of these days. Marie Bashkirtseff was a walking affectation, a mere pose in petticoats, but she succeeded in making herself intensely miserable. And it seems certain that the same process of needless self-torture is at work in some women's minds now. It is difficult to explain on any other hypothesis their craving for the literature of hysteria or decadence—the doleful squalor of Ibsen, the mawkishness of the neurotic fiction writers, or that strange blend of "hoggishness and hysteria," to borrow a truculent critic's phrase, 'Jude the Obscure.'

I know there are people who

say that the whole thing is mere literary and journalistic froth—just as the New Woman was said to be solely a creation of the comic newspapers—and that the sex is no more uneasy in its mind than it was formerly. Surely, however, the evidence is all the other way. The New Woman is simply the woman of to-day striving to shake off old shackles, and the immense mass of “revolting” literature cannot have grown out of nothing, or continue to flourish upon mere curiosity. Mrs. Devereux’s chapter on “The Feminine Potential” contains some caustic satire on the sham realism with which some women nowadays saturate their souls, and their “cult of the gutter” is unkindly described as “simply a form of hysteria based upon a morbid appetite for coquetting with sin, so characteristic of the modern woman.”

Besides being the outward and visible sign of our modern *malaise* of the nerves, these books are also an undoubted aggravation of the disorder. If one asks what is the good of it all, one is told that it is inevitable. But surely morbidity is a disease which can be combated like other diseases, and equally, on the other hand, aggravated by continually dwelling on morbid subjects. And, after all, the world is not made up entirely of refuse-heaps or hospitals; and no sort of good can come out of this literary scavenging and constant removal of the rags that cover poor humanity’s sores. That life is full of suffering, and that women have more than their fair share of it, are facts sufficiently sad in themselves without perpetually harping upon them. Of all regrets, we are told, “the nausea of sex is the vainest, the most futile”; and surely even the lot of women has its compensa-

tions. There are still many left who have the pluck to say that, in spite of all temptations to belong to the opposite sex, they prefer to remain as they are. Much has been done already, especially in the way of relaxing certain stupid social conventions, to make their lives freer and happier than they were before, and more, doubtless, will be done in the future. To take one small instance, the bicycle, though in some respects it has added a new terror to life, has certainly done something to take women out of themselves, and thus to lighten the load they bear. I cannot help thinking that if poor Marie Bashkirtseff had only possessed a “bike,” it might have prolonged her life by rendering her less self-centred and miserable than she was.

There is much that is pathetic in the self-questioning and the cravings of the type of woman depicted in neurotic fiction. There is a note of infinite weariness, a kind of anæmic despondency, in books of the ‘Keynotes’ class; but there is also a note of real pain. No one can read them without seeing that the writers have felt, and felt deeply; but while their dolefulness may command our sympathy, the expression of it in hysterical or squalid stories is not to be encouraged, for it does but add one grain more to the heap of humanity’s woes. The sale of these books by thousands is not a healthy sign. People read them because they are interested in them, and the interest arises from the fact that what they read corresponds to something in their own natures. Fru Hansson tells us that when ‘Keynotes’ was published the critics said that the heroines were exceptional types; but the critics, as usual, were wrong. “‘Good heavens! How

stupid they are!' laughed Mrs Egerton. Numberless women wrote to her, women whom she did not know, and whose acquaintance she never made. 'We are quite ordinary everyday sort of people,' they said; 'we lead trivial unimportant lives: but there is something in us that vibrates to your touch, for we, too, are such as you describe.' " If so many hysterical people really exist, the best advice that can be given them is to try and cultivate a sense of humour and to "bake" in moderation.

One morbid symptom of our social life is certainly fostered and developed by books of the "revolting" type, and that is the mutual suspiciousness of men and women. Fru Hansson remarks that, in spite of the breaking down of many barriers of social intercourse, there never was a time when the sexes stood wider apart than at present; and when man is represented by so many lady novelists as a blackguard or an idiot, or both, sometimes diseased, always a libertine and a bully, one can hardly wonder at the result. There is no doubt that the literature of vituperation and of sex-mania, with its perpetual harping on the miseries of married life, and its public washing of domestic dirty linen, tends to widen the breach between men and women, and to make them more mutually distrustful than ever.

To institute comparisons between the literary pygmies of these days and the giants of the past may possibly provoke a smile. Nevertheless it may be useful, perhaps, *magnis componere parva*, to see in what qualities we moderns are especially deficient. As far as mere style goes, there are many living writers who are the superiors of Scott, to take a single example. This sounds rank heresy, but it is nevertheless true. But in such

larger matters as character-drawing, in breadth of sympathy and observation, and, most of all, in their sense of proportion and the atmosphere of restfulness and restraint which envelops their work, the older authors far surpass their successors. Unlike the latter, the great novelists of this century were never morbid or hysterical, and they maintained a dignified reticence in dealing with delicate subjects. The soul of woman was presented by them in less questionable shape. One cannot imagine Diana Vernon, to take one instance that occurs to me, prattling in public about her sexual emotions. Very possibly she may have been filled, like any young person in modern fiction, with "erotic yearnings for fulness of life," but at any rate she had the good taste to keep them to herself. The feeblers literary folk of to-day have departed from these wholesome traditions, and have determined to set themselves free from what one of their number, Mr Grant Allen, calls "the leprous taint of respectability." Not content with the shining examples set them by their great English forerunners, they blindly copy French and Norwegian models, and endeavour to supplement their own lack of talent, and to stimulate the flagging interest of their readers, by concentrating their attention upon whatever is foul and unlovely in life.

I read in the newspapers not long ago that an American lady was fortunate enough to obtain the coveted appointment of Garbage Inspector in the town of Denver, with power to burn and destroy the city refuse; and the thought struck me that it might be well if some enterprising Englishwoman could be found to undertake the post of Literary Garbage Inspector in this country,

with authority to relieve the shelves of our circulating libraries of the rubbish under which they groan. I fear, however, the task would be beyond the powers of any single person to accomplish. In the long-run the reading public must always be its own censor of books, with the Press as its most effective auxiliary; and it is the *lâches* of the Press that are largely responsible for the vulgarisation of our fiction in the past decade. As far as concerns the past year, it may readily be admitted that both the literature and the drama of 1896 have shown a distinct improvement upon those of two or three years ago. The protests of the Philistines have not been altogether in vain. We have seen less of our so-called realists and second-hand Diabolists, our fishers for grotesque fantasies in the unclean waters of a diseased imagination. The tide of popular taste is flowing in healthier channels, and the change seems to have affected even that most "modern" of poets, Mr John Davidson. We thought he belonged to the anarchical school, but the following verse of his "Ballad of a Workman" seems to prove him a convert to the old-fashioned ideas of discipline and self-restraint:—

"Only obedience can be great;
It brings the Golden Age again;
Even to be still, abiding Fate,
Is kingly ministry to men!"

I commend these lines, coming as they do from so unexpected a quarter, to those ladies whose souls are filled with the fret and fury of revolt or the questionings and self-torture of the new psychology. Such sentiments might have emanated from Carlyle himself—so little do they accord with our modern "eleuthero-mania," or the triumphant doctrine of the ego. We seem to have quitted awhile the seductive society of Baudelaire's *surhomme* or the *Urmensch* of Nietzsche, so beloved of the 'Keynotes' novelist, and to be listening once more to the voice of the older prophets. I rather fear, however, lest Mr Davidson may be preaching to deaf ears. Counsels of obedience will be lost upon those watchers for the dawning of the *dies dominæ* who claim, not equality, but admitted supremacy, for their sex. "To be still" is advice no less unpalatable to our neuropaths, male or female, who are so busily occupied in rendering the burden of existence intolerable. It would be well, indeed, if they could be induced to follow it. Both in life and in literature humanity has less need nowadays of mental excitants than of sedatives; and the true prophet of the future will be, not another Ibsen, but one who shall deliver to a disordered world the great gospel of Anti-Fuss.

HUGH E. M. STUTFIELD.

IS IRELAND REALLY OVERTAXED?

IRISHMEN are on the war-path, and for once in line against a common enemy, the British taxpayer. Liberals and Conservatives, Unionists and Separatists, Home Rulers of every camp, the Mayor of Cork, the Bishop of Cloyne, Lord Castletown, Mr Smith Barry, Mr Healy, Sir J. Mackenna, Mr Dillon, Mr Clancy, —all join in demanding that the Government shall “take immediate steps to give effect by remedial legislation to the conclusions suggested by the Report of the Royal Commission.” What were these conclusions? They are embodied in eight separate reports, and are of the most diverse character. We shall deal with them later in detail.

Who were the Commissioners? Eleven professed and, for the most part, ardent Home Rulers; Sir D. Barbour, who had served in the Indian Treasury; Mr G. W. Wolff and Mr C. E. Martin, two Irish Unionists; and Sir Thomas Sutherland, the Unionist M.P. for Greenock. The eleven Home Rulers are naturally biassed in favour of a conclusion well calculated to furnish a good effective cry against the Imperial, and especially against the Unionist, Government. The two Irish Unionists, finding that the air is thick with demonstrations that money by the million should be poured into the lap of Irishmen, naturally hail the proposition and append their signatures. Mr John Morley vehemently contends that the Commission was impartially constituted. That the Commissioners gave their decisions without conscious partiality must in fairness be admitted; but where eleven are party men, including

Mr Childers, an ex-Cabinet Minister, four Irish Home Rule members, the O'Connor Don, the Hon. E. Blake, Mr Sexton, and Mr Redmond; one Scotch Gladstonian member, Mr Hunter; and two newly created Gladstonian Peers, Lords Farrer and Welby, the policy of a Unionist Government does not stand much chance. Nor is it surprising that the Irish Unionist contingent, sore and irritated as they are—whether with or without reason—at the legislation of last session, distressed and almost despairing, should join in a cry for money, money which might still save their estates, money which might even yet avert personal ruin. There are only two Commissioners who are neither liable to bias as Home Rulers nor as Irishmen, Sir David Barbour and Sir Thomas Sutherland, and both these repudiate the findings of the majority.

Few can spare the time to scan the eight reports, fewer still even to skim the evidence. But the country is destined to hear a great deal more of the subject whenever finance is under discussion in the House of Commons; and an effort to disentangle the essential from the subordinate, clearly to grasp the main argument, and to present the case in its simplest aspect, must be made. A question has arisen as to which the average British voter and taxpayer, always disposed to generosity and indisposed to much research into intricate questions of finance, must, for reasons higher than those which concern his pocket, adequately inform himself. The Commission base their recommendations on the postulate

that Great Britain and Ireland are to be treated financially as separate entities. In this lies the fallacy and in this the danger. It is on this argument Mr Morley dwells; and it is owing to Mr Goschen's alleged adhesion to this theory of separate entities in 1890 that certain Unionists are disposed to justify their support of the recommendations of the majority of the Commission.

The one effective question interesting to everybody which has to be considered is this: What is the true proportion between the taxable capacity of Great Britain and Ireland? Which for reasons hereafter given must read: What taxes ought the State to require A B and C D, residing respectively in Great Britain and Ireland, to pay? If C D, although excused certain taxes now paid by A B, is still said to be contributing in excess of the respective capacity of his nation, what changes are requisite in the system of the Imperial Exchequer? Other theoretical and historical questions are asked, but this is the great point of effective interest to that mass of mankind indisposed to the barren study of speculative statistics.

The majority of the Commission pronounce that "whilst the actual tax revenue of Ireland is about one-eleventh of that of Great Britain, the relative taxable capacity of Ireland is very much smaller, and is not estimated by any of us as exceeding one-twentieth."

Let it here be made clear what is the one central point round which the whole argument revolves. With certain exceptions the Commissioners insist that there are two separate and distinct groups of taxpayers, one group resident in Great Britain, one in Ireland, and that C D, the Irish

taxpayer, must not be called upon to contribute to the Imperial Exchequer in equal proportion with A B, the British taxpayer, according to the respective individual wealth of each; but that, on the contrary, C D ought to pay less upon his income or less upon his whisky than A B, because the proportionate wealth of Ireland as a whole is less than that of Great Britain. Should taxation be levied equally upon the wealth of every subject of the Queen in these islands, and upon consumption of excisable articles by him, or should the people be grouped into districts and taxation be levied, not upon the men, but upon the districts? If the former, no wrong is done to the inhabitants of Ireland; on the contrary, they enjoy the privilege, to which they have no title, of immunity from railway duty, from establishment licences for dogs, armorial bearings, &c., from patent-medicine licences and duty from land-tax and inhabited-house duty, which bring in an aggregate revenue of £4,188,000. If the latter, this ponderous inquiry has some justification, but it will not do to stop there; there must also be an inquiry for Scotland and for Wales, if not for Northumbria and Wessex.

Now the shortest method of weighing these alternatives is rather to work back from the conclusions arrived at and recommendations based thereon, than to follow the Commissioners through the weary argument which has led them to these conclusions.

At present taxation is laid on individuals without care for where they live. The Commission say it should be on countries or districts. This involves a radical change. The Commissioners shall state for themselves how it is to be realised. Individuals resident in Ireland con-

tribute in round figures £7,500,000 to the Imperial revenue, or one-thirteenth. The Commissioners estimate the taxable capacity of Ireland, as a whole, at various proportions not exceeding one-twentieth, and argue that the Irish taxpayers are consequently paying the difference between these proportions, or rather more than £2,500,000 per annum too much. What follows? How is this inequality to be remedied?

The chairman and four colleagues with great prudence decline to make any suggestion at all. "What remedies should be applied must rest with other authorities." Lord Farrer, Lord Welby, and Mr Bertram Currie adopt the following remarkable paragraph: "One sure method of redressing the inequality which has been shown to exist between Great Britain and Ireland would be to put upon the Irish people the duty of levying their own taxes and of providing for their own expenditure, leaving to the wisdom of Parliament to decide the question of contribution out of Irish taxes to the Imperial Exchequer." This involves two consequences. The "Irish people" cannot levy their own taxes without a Parliament, to grant which is Home Rule; further, if they did levy their own taxes, which must necessarily, in order to attain the object in view, be different from and lower than the taxes paid in Great Britain, a fiscal barrier is raised between the two islands.

The recommendation is accompanied by the suggestion that for an indefinite period the Irish people should make no contribution whatever to Imperial expenditure; but Lord Welby having signed this report, appears suddenly to recollect that he was a

Treasury official, and the old nature is too strong upon him to relinquish without a struggle 2 millions per annum. He therefore advances another proposal. Before apparently the Irish people have framed for themselves a new scheme of taxation, a separate account of Irish revenue and expenditure is to be kept, and a first charge placed on the former by way of "reasonable contribution" to Imperial services. This charge Lord Welby fixes at £2,700,000, a materially higher figure than the existing balance. The second charge on Irish revenue would be the cost of civil administration in Ireland, and any surplus saved out of this would go to "relief of Irish burdens, or to useful public purposes in Ireland."

Lord Welby cites the Isle of Man as an instance in point. By an Act of Parliament passed in 1866, the customs duties were to be first employed in defraying the expenses of Government in the island, and then were to be charged with £10,000 for Imperial uses, the balance being applied locally. If the Isle of Man possessed, like Ireland, 103 members in the Imperial Parliament, it may be doubtful how long the tribute would have continued.

The three Commissioners having parted company in the manner described, join again to declare that they "can find no efficient remedy other than that above suggested for lightening the burden of taxation which now presses with such heavy weight on the Irish people." They undoubtedly carry more weight in public estimation than any other trio of their colleagues. It is therefore satisfactory that their language is so decisive as to the only possible remedy. The Gladstonian Peer, Lord Farrer, the Gladstonian Peer, Lord Welby,

and the Gladstonian Mr Currie join in recommending that the Irish people should levy their own taxes and control their own expenditure. This is perfectly right and natural for Home Rulers to do. They are further extolled as experts in finance and affairs. This is just, and the more just it is, the more damnatory to the conclusions of the majority of their brethren is their conviction as business men that no other efficient remedy can be found.

The next report bears the signatures of Mr Sexton, Mr Edward Blake, and Mr Henry Slattery. In their opinion there is but one remedy—that of “casting upon Ireland the duty of conducting and providing for her own administration,” with for a period “exemption from any burden in connection with Imperial expenditure.” This is separate Parliament, separate Exchequer, Home Rule in the widest sense, except that Great Britain is left to pay the whole cost for Ireland as well as herself of army and navy, diplomacy and debt. Mr Edward Blake only signs this report under reserve, publishing at the same time an individual draft report of his own. He has, however, no separate remedy to propose.

Sir David Barbour, who reports alone, holds that if an estimate is formed of taxable capacity, that of Ireland being taken at one-twentieth of the United Kingdom, then she contributes more than her share from indirect taxes. The reason of this is, that she consumes an excessive proportion of spirits as compared with beer. To meet this, there are only two remedies possible: either to relieve the spirit-drinker at the expense of the beer-drinker, or to reduce the duties on excisable articles in Ireland, thus setting

up a customs barrier between the two countries,—a proposal Sir David Barbour emphatically condemns. The only change or remedy suggested in the report is that wasteful and extravagant expenditure should be reduced in Ireland, and that that country should be allowed, as a sort of illogical concession, the exclusive advantage of any savings that could be effected in the cost of internal government. The benefit would be applied “in such form as might be approved,” a suggestion which does not seem to put things much further forward.

The last separate report is by Sir Thomas Sutherland. He traverses the conclusions of his colleagues, and supports the present financial system of individual taxation as just and necessary so long as this country acknowledges only one Government and one Exchequer.

The draft report by Mr Childers, the chairman, left by him at his death for the consideration of his colleagues, enters more fully into the remedies to the alleged inequality by which Ireland pays one-thirteenth of the revenue of the United Kingdom, her “taxable capacity” being one-twentieth. He says three courses present themselves—

1. A change in the general fiscal policy of the United Kingdom. Less might be received from the Irish and more from the British taxpayer if part of the duty on tea and tobacco were transferred to meat, live stock, and dairy produce imported from abroad.

The same end might be attained if taxation on tea, beer, tobacco, and spirits—especially spirits—were greatly reduced, and the gap filled by increased taxation on in-

come, property, and commercial transactions, because these fall more heavily on Great Britain and less on Ireland.

This Mr Childers only cites to dismiss as bearing its own condemnation.

2. The reduction of customs and excise duties in Ireland, so that all commodities consumed there should be free except in the case of whisky and beer, which might still be lightly taxed.

This also Mr Childers condemns, holding—unlike his colleagues the O'Connor Don and others—that the revival of custom-house barriers between the two islands is utterly inadmissible.

3. The payment, by way of "compensation," to Ireland for—to begin with—a period of fifteen years of $2\frac{1}{2}$ millions per annum, being the adjusted amount which he considers Ireland is now providing in excess of what she ought to provide under the theory of "taxable capacity."

Strange as it may appear—as it has appeared to his colleagues—Mr Childers emphatically recommends this last alternative. Some authority must be found to administer this gigantic dole, some objects on which it is to be spent. On the former point no indication is given; but as to the latter, the leading suggestion is that the money should be applied in compensation to the railway companies for reducing very largely—by not less than one-half—the rates for passengers and goods over the Irish railways. Irishmen, rich or poor, are to travel half-price at the cost of Englishmen and Scotchmen, poor or rich! The position, therefore, at which we have arrived under the guidance of the Commission is, that if the

people of Ireland are now taxed with undue comparative severity, one of the following methods of redress must be adopted:—

Either the erection of a separate Parliament and Exchequer in Ireland, unfettered as to financial expedients;

Or the reduction on rates of duty levied in Ireland, with its necessary concomitant—a customs barrier between the two islands;

Or the payment out of the Imperial Exchequer of 2 millions or more, to be dispensed by some Irish board for the benefit of Irish railways.

The first has been condemned by the people of the United Kingdom by the return of a Unionist majority of 150 votes.

The second is contrary to the whole policy of the present century. Mr Gladstone in his Home Rule Bill of 1886, while leaving to the Irish Parliament the right to levy other taxes, expressly reserved all power over customs and excise to the Imperial Parliament, so as to avoid the very evil Lord Farrer and others are ready to accept. Again, in the Home Rule Bill of 1893 the same policy was followed because he was "not prepared to face a very inexpedient and very inconvenient system of different sets of trade laws."

The third is supported by Mr Childers alone, and will surely be rejected by public opinion as dangerous and grotesque.

Having now laid side by side the remedies that the members of this Commission have discovered for an alleged wrong, it is time to see on what grounds it is asserted that this wrong has any real existence. Bearing continually in mind that the object of this paper is to place in briefest form before the reader facts and

arguments buried deep in a thousand folio pages, we shall collect from all the reports and papers presented with sufficient authority to the Commission such facts as are necessary for him to form an independent judgment. Similar

details from later Parliamentary papers have also been included.

Once again let it be stated that the thing to be ascertained is, whether the Irish C D is unduly taxed as compared with the British A B.

	Great Britain.	Per cent.	Ireland.	Per cent.
Population	33,469,000	87·83	4,683,000	12·17
Estimated expenditure on—				
Tea	£16,810,000	86·	£2,736,000	14·
Tobacco	21,125,000	86·29	3,382,000	13·80
Spirits	48,571,000	88·78	6,144,000	11·22
Beer	88,627,000	93·38	6,291,000	6·62
All four articles	175,133,000	90·42	18,533,000	9·58
Indirect taxes, 1892-93 . .	40,442,000	88·48	5,264,000	11·52
Direct taxes, 1892-93 . . .	34,306,000	95·90	1,467,000	4·10
Excise revenue, 1895-96 . .	23,805,000	88·78	3,012,000	11·22
General customs revenue, 1895-96	18,487,000	89·04	2,275,000	10·96
Estate duty and stamps, 1895-96 .	18,009,000	95·77	805,000	4·23
Land-tax and house duty, 1895-96	2,507,000	100·	Nil	...
Income-tax, 1895-96	15,042,000	95·51	718,000	4·49
Value of property assessed to probate and succession duty	211,528,000	94·33	12,713,000	5·67
Net assessment to income-tax . .	567,233,000	95·40	27,352,000	4·60
Total revenue contributed, 1893-94	89,287,000	92·19	7,569,000	7·81
" " 1894-95	92,401,000	92·32	7,690,000	7·68
" " 1895-96	99,738,000	92·54	8,034,000	7·46
Local expenditure, 1893-94 . .	30,618,000	84·53	5,602,000	15·47
" " 1894-95	31,179,000	84·74	5,616,000	15·26
" " 1895-96	32,306,000	84·47	5,938,000	15·53
Balance available for Imperial purposes, 1893-94	58,668,000	96·76	1,966,000	3·24
Balance available for Imperial purposes, 1894-95	61,222,000	96·72	2,074,000	3·28
Balance available for Imperial purposes, 1895-96	67,432,000	96·99	2,095,000	3·01

The four salient facts to be deduced from these statistics are:—

1. Irish people indulge in the consumption of such modest luxuries as tea, &c., as freely as British.
2. The value of Irish property, and, in consequence, the revenue derived from it, is of very inferior magnitude.
3. The expenditure on services localised within Ireland is out of all proportion to that in Great Britain.
4. The balance available as Irish contribution to Imperial charges is infinitesimal.

It must further be noted if the recommendation of the majority of the Commission were accepted, and the revenue collected in Ireland reduced to one-twentieth, or from 7·81 per cent to 5·00 per cent, the result would be for 1893-94—

Revenue collected in Ireland	£4,842,000
Local expenditure in Ireland	5,602,000

—leaving the taxpayer of Great Britain to bear the whole cost of the Imperial services, to maintain as at present the Irish Constabulary, and to pay over £760,000

for Irish local purposes. If 1895-96 be taken, the payment to be made would be £933,000. And to what end? Who is to profit by this magnificent arrangement? Not the payer of income-tax, for he already contributes rather less than the desired proportion; not the successor to wealth nor the merchant paying stamp duty on business transactions, for both these classes furnish a revenue already below the estimated "taxable capacity"; but the consumer of excisable articles, of which the whisky-drinker is the most important. The great result of this portentous inquiry is, that the Irish peasant shall drink cheaper and presumably more poteen.

Mr Childers brings out clearly in his report a point which seems to have escaped his colleagues, but is not a little valuable as an addition to the foregoing table of facts. It is said there is an "economic drain," owing to excessive taxation, from the poor country to the rich. Mr Childers shows, on the other hand, that the expenditure by the Imperial Government on civil and military services in Ireland combined is probably rather larger than the revenue raised in Ireland. The drain is not from but into Ireland, which thus retains in local circulation every penny raised in the form of taxation.

Having thus set forth the remedies adopted by the several groups of the majority of the Commission for an alleged injustice to Ireland,—remedies antagonistic to one another, to both Mr Gladstone's Home Rule Bills, and to the consistent policy of all parties and all Governments,—it is time to state the reasons given in evidence for believing that there is no grievance at all.

The question may be summed

up in a sentence. If taxes are paid by geographical areas, by Ireland, by Scotland, by England, and by Wales, there is or may be a grievance; if by individuals living in Ireland, in Scotland, in England, or in Wales, there is none. The terms of reference to the Commission did indeed speak of the "taxable capacity" of geographical areas of Great Britain and Ireland. Why? Because, as is stated in the 4th clause of the report, "the terms of reference that were drawn up for our guidance were probably dictated by the fact that the investigation was contemplated in connection with the Home Rule Bill of 1893," the permanent financial arrangements between the two countries as distinct and separate entities depending on the results of the inquiry. There is in this some justification for those commissioners who argue entirely from the geographical standpoint, but none for their critics, for the Parliament and public of to-day, for whom there is no Home Rule Bill and no tangible Home Rule party.

Sir Thomas Sutherland has perceived that any recommendation based upon figures more or less speculative, as to comparative wealth of sections of the Kingdom, is belated and with nothing more than an academic interest. He says: "Our system of taxation is not one of a tribute-bearing character, imposed on different provinces of the Kingdom in varying aggregate amounts, but the taxes are imposed on the individual units of the population, either according to ascertained income or wealth realised after death, or on commodities, usually regarded as luxuries, which are voluntarily enjoyed by the great bulk of the people."

Up to the period when the Liberal party bolted at Mr Gladstone's bidding from their principles and espoused Home Rule, no responsible statesman of any party had tolerated the suggestion of inquiry as to the taxable capacity of geographical areas within the Kingdom, holding one and all that it is people and not areas that are taxed. Mr Gladstone, when Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1853, distinctly declined to admit "geographical principles" in matters of finance. Sir Stafford Northcote, Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1875, insisted that the taxation of either country could not since the amalgamation of the exchequers be allowed to depend on estimates of aggregate wealth; and Mr Lowe said in the same debate: "They spoke of the taxation paid by England, by Scotland, and by Ireland, whereas of course taxation was not paid by geographical areas but by individuals." Mr Cobden, advocating the extension of the income-tax to Ireland, was equally emphatic: "There must be a perfect equality between the two countries, and every tax paid by this country must be paid by Ireland."

The argument is laboured, in the Report, that the Act of Union, though providing for the union of the exchequers, though only maintaining for a time separate exchequers in consequence of inequality of indebtedness, declared that the imposition of equal taxation should be "subject to such particular exemptions or abatements in Ireland and Scotland as circumstances may appear from time to time to demand." As already shown, Ireland still enjoys exemption from her share of taxation, amounting to over 4 millions in Great Britain; but this being direct taxation, can be varied or omitted without interfering with

the unity of the Exchequer. The variation now desired in rate of customs and excise entails the re-establishment of the customs barrier which the Act of Union was planned to abolish.

With regard to direct taxation, if a man enjoys an income of £1000 per annum, or succeeds to a fortune of £10,000 in a less wealthy district, can it be urged that his capacity to pay taxes is less than it would be in a wealthier and more prosperous district? No; because if there is any difference at all, the man in the poorer district has more capacity rather than less, since his house-rent, wages bill, and certain other expenses, will be distinctly lower.

Turning to indirect taxation, the revenue derived from people in Ireland is 22s. per head, and from people in Great Britain 24s. Conceding at once that there are more per thousand in comfortable circumstances in Great Britain than in Ireland, conceding that in a greater proportion of cases the payment of 24s. per head in the former leaves a more liberal margin than of 22s. in the latter, can it be allowed that justice requires a gift to all consumers, rich and poor, in Ireland, of half or some other great proportion of duties on commodities?

The argument is, Taxation should be so arranged that the poor man is only called upon to contribute to the revenue in proportion to the margin left after the necessities of life have been bought; and as there are many poor men in Ireland, the level of taxation at large should be reduced. There are many poor in Ireland, but there are more poor in Scotland and England, and it would be a monstrous injustice to the latter that 2 millions more than at present should be extracted

from British taxpayers in order that all classes in Ireland, the few rich as well as the many poor, should get their tea, tobacco, and spirits at a lower price. The poverty of thousands upon thousands in our great towns—London, Edinburgh, Glasgow—and in the remote districts of the Highlands is such that they have no visible margin for taxation, and if presents of cheapened commodities are going, they have, at least, as good a title to receive them.

A word should be said as to the historical argument. Is anything due to the Irish people now to make up for unfair usage in the past? On this point the report by Lord Farrer is admirably clear and conclusive. The Act of Union in 1800 did not immediately unite the two exchequers, but fixed the contribution of Ireland towards general expenditure at two-seventeenths of the whole. The Irish debt at that period was less than two-seventeenths, hence it would have been unfair to Ireland to amalgamate the exchequers and spread the burden of both debts over both peoples. During the next seventeen years expenditure increased so heavily that the Irish Exchequer was unable to meet its obligations out of taxation, and incurred a debt of 84 millions. The debt of Great Britain had in the same period been increased by 291 millions. On a comparison of the two debts of the two exchequers at the close of the great war, it was found that the Irish debt bore to the British debt a larger proportion than two-seventeenths. Hence it became possible, both in terms of the Act of Union and with full justice to the smaller country, to complete the union of the exchequers and unite the debts. From this it will be seen Ireland was required by the Union to pro-

vide a larger proportion of annual expenditure than was found to be possible, but in fact she never did provide it, because she was relieved in 1817 of the debt incurred in the effort.

After the amalgamation of the exchequers in 1817 large differences in the scale of taxation in the two countries remained. Tea duties were at once levied at the same rates; in 1819 tobacco was put in the same position; stamp duties were assimilated in 1842; duties on spirits were for a long period less than one-half the British scale, but in 1858 the charge in both countries was fixed at 8s. per gallon, and has moved in harmony since that date, standing now at 10s. 6d.; income tax was extended to Ireland in 1853. There still remain taxes yielding in Great Britain £4,188,000 which have never been extended to Ireland. Since these are levied on the richer classes, and the proportion of wealth may be taken at one-twentieth, the annual charge payers of direct taxes in Ireland are still excused should amount to over £200,000. The estimate of probable yield is, however, stated by Sir Alfred Milner at only £150,000. There is now complete equality of taxation—save for the remissions still existing in favour of Irishmen—throughout the Kingdom.

Sir Robert Giffen maintains that equal rates of taxation can be levied throughout an empire and yet unequal burdens be placed on the shoulders of particular groups of persons within that empire, and the whole legitimate grievance of taxpayers within these three kingdoms depends upon the value of his reasoning. The most striking illustration is derived from an imaginary union of England and France under one exchequer. If

a parliamentary majority imposed a heavy tax on wine and allowed beer to go free, the French people would contribute the major portion of the revenue; if the reverse, beer being taxed and wine free, the burden would lie mainly upon the English people. Thus under nominally equal taxes one population or the other might be oppressed. This is unanswerable, but the Commission seem to give it an erroneous application. Under a wine tax there is a minority in England who would be just as injuriously affected as the majority in France, and under a beer tax a minority in France would suffer as much as the majority in England. The partiality of such a scheme of taxation would not be a partiality for or against countries, but against groups of taxpayers. The remedy, therefore, should be sought not in direct efforts of mitigation to the injured country, for that would leave the case of the minority in the favoured country untouched, but rather in a readjustment of the duty so that the beverages of the people at large might be as nearly as possible equally taxed.

The spirit-drinking Irishman is said to contribute more to the revenue than the beer-drinking Englishman; but the Commission entirely fail to take note of the equally important fact that the spirit-drinking Englishman contributes more than the beer-drinking Irishman. To remedy the former, they propose either to take less from the Irishman's spirits, in which case his English *confrère* would have more right to complain than ever, or to make a free present to Irishmen at large from a fund raised by English taxation.

The term English rather than British has been here used because this line of argument necessitates some reference to England and Scotland as distinct areas. In 1853 and 1854 the duty on Scotch spirits was increased by Mr Gladstone from 3s. 8d. to 6s. a gallon, and in the following year by Sir George Lewis to 8s., since which date it has been at the same rate as that levied in England. Now the following table gives the present taxation paid per head by the people of the three kingdoms on the principal articles of consumption:—

	England.	Scotland.	Ireland.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Spirits . . .	8 11	17 6	10 9
Beer . . .	5 9	1 9	2 7
Wine . . .	0 8	0 6	0 5
Tea . . .	1 9	1 8	2 2
Tobacco . . .	5 4	5 1	5 1
Total . . .	22 5	26 6	21 0

In the case of tea and tobacco the differences are inconsiderable, and afford ground for no complaint. The results in regard to spirits, beer, and wine are, however, very striking. Each Scotchman pays on account of spirits 17s. 6d. to the revenue as compared with the Englishman's 8s. 11d., while the latter pays 5s. 9d. on his beer as

compared with the Scotchman's 1s. 9d. The total contribution for alcoholic liquors per head of population is—Scotland, 19s. 9d.; England, 15s. 4d.; Ireland, 13s. 9d. If, therefore, the Irishman is hardly used because his spirit-drinking propensities are costly, much more grievous is the position of the Scotchman, who drinks less

lightly taxed beer and more heavily taxed spirits than anybody. If the position of the Irishman requires any one of the drastic concessions recommended by the different groups of commissioners, much more urgent is the Scottish case.

We state this not as a valid reason why Scotchmen should agitate, but as an argument why no departure should be tolerated from the system of identical rates of taxation, which is the cornerstone of our financial fabric. To do so here would be not to remove but to augment inequalities, for if the duty on spirits were reduced in Scotland and Ireland, the spirit-drinkers in various parts of England, where the preference for spirits over beer is just as general, would suffer flagrant injustice.

Is there, then, no injustice or inequality in the existing fiscal system? In regard to direct taxation none, for wealth is wealth wherever it may be found, whether in Whitechapel or Westminster, Kilkenny or Caithness, and should be equally taxed; in regard to tea and tobacco none that is perceptible, for these luxuries are of general use in every locality and by every society; but in regard to beer and spirits there is not equality. The injustice has nothing to do with geographical expressions, but permeates all sections of the people. Each beer-drinker gets his stimulant at a much less charge than the spirit-drinker. How much less? The Board of Inland Revenue have provided an answer which may be assumed to be accurate. The spirit duty is 10s. 6d. per proof gallon, and the beer-duty 6s. 9d. per 36-gallon cask. The quantity of spirits present in beer is about 11 per cent, and in 100 gallons of beer there will be found

11 gallons of spirit. The duty on 100 gallons of beer is 18s. 9d., and on 11 gallons of whisky £5, 15s. 6d. Hence the intoxicating property pays more than six times as much to the revenue in the form of whisky as in that of beer.

The Legislature, in fixing the beer duty and in increasing the duty on spirits to so enormous a figure and so huge a proportion of the value of the article—the declared value of rum on importation is 1s. 4½d. and the duty 11s. 4d.—has not been solely moved by a desire to tax alcohol. There has been a desire to check by high taxation the consumption of alcohol in its more deleterious form, and any suggestion that spirits should be relieved of any considerable part of their present burden, and so made cheaper to the people, would be regarded with strong disfavour on other than financial grounds. May it not be owing to the high taxation of spirits as compared with beer that from 1880 to 1894 there has been in Ireland a decrease in the consumption of spirits of 1,034,000 gallons or 18 per cent, and an increase in the same period in that of beer of 2,032,000 gallons or 49 per cent? If so, the result has been beneficent. It is very improbable that the duty on spirits will be materially reduced, but there are necessitous times in prospect at the Imperial Exchequer, and an augmentation of the tax on beer would not only yield a golden harvest, but would redress inequalities of burden among the people.

To illustrate broadly this proposition. If the tax on beer were doubled, the figures given above would be altered, so that the contribution on intoxicating liquors per head of population in England would be about 21s. 2d., in

Scotland 21s. 6d., practically identical, and in Ireland 16s. 6d., her comparative contribution being much reduced. Sir Alfred Milner in his evidence pointed out that if the tax on alcohol in beer were raised so as to equal that of alcohol in spirits, the beer revenue would be killed right away. He estimates the usual price of a 36-gallon cask of beer at 40s., on which the duty is 6s. 6d. If the duty were sextupled so as to equalise the tax on alcohol in both beverages, the duty on 36 gallons would be 39s., equal to present value. If the duty were doubled—even this is an extreme suggestion, made only by way of illustration—the cost would be enhanced by little more than 2d. per gallon or 1 farthing per pint, while the revenue—assuming consumption did not decrease—would profit to the extent of 10 million pounds. We should regard any serious augmentation of the beer duty as a misfortune; but if it be considered necessary to adjust the burden of taxation so that the inequality between groups of taxpayers, wherever they live and quite irrespective of nationality, may be mitigated or removed, some step in this direction may be forced on the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

It is time to consider in what way the Commission has done service to the country. It has proved to demonstration that, except in preparation for Home Rule, it ought never to have been constituted; it should never have been asked to find out the relative taxable capacity of two parts of the United Kingdom on a national basis except as a preliminary to the dissolution of the United Kingdom. Individuals are taxed, and not nations. It has established by evidence that, however

poor some districts may be as compared with others, direct taxation cannot operate unequally—for where there is no wealth, no income, no succession, there there will be no tax; and that while the habits of the people may render equal taxes on commodities more burdensome to some than to others, this can only be redressed by adjustment of the rates of duties as applied to all and not by relief to geographical areas. Sir David Barbour and Sir Thomas Sutherland alone report in this sense, the other members of the Commission having either boldly gone in for a policy involving Home Rule or else propounded schemes which sink beneath the weight of their own extravagance. It is the remedial measures advanced by the several groups of commissioners which demonstrate the absurdity of their conclusions.

Again, the extravagance of Irish establishments as compared with those in England and Scotland has been abundantly demonstrated. By a return laid before Parliament in August last it appears that the revenue collected in Ireland was £8,034,000, or 7·46 per cent of the whole, while the local expenditure in Ireland was £5,938,000, or 15·53 per cent of the whole. The distinct establishments of a smaller country are necessarily dearer in proportion than the establishments of a larger. But Scotland is as small as Ireland, and the Scotch revenue much higher, £11,435,000, or 10·61 per cent of the whole, yet the Scotch expenditure is no more than £4,143,000, or 10·83 per cent of the whole. Why is this? Partly the cost of the Irish Constabulary, which has no counterpart in the sister countries, and partly extravagance. The following are a

few items of charge in Ireland blunt the pruning-knife has been and Scotland to illustrate how in the former:—

	Ireland.	Scotland.
Judicial pensions	£13,435	£9,991
Class I. of Estimates—Parks, buildings, &c.	314,000	176,000
Class II.—		
Secretary's office	40,665	11,692
Local Government Board	135,131	9,226
Registrar-General	15,149	4,145
Class III.—Law charges (omitting Con- stabulary)	575,000	284,000

Existing influences are shown by these figures not to have been strong enough to check abuse and wastefulness. The Government will be exposed to a most persistent and determined effort on the part of Irishmen of every class and party. Tall words will flow in torrents. Fierce threats, piteous appeals. Mr Clancy declares that Ireland is suffering from "an injustice as gross, of its kind, as is to be discovered in history since the days when Sicily was plundered by Verres." What attitude should the Government adopt? On the main question they must preserve an unbending front,—that people are taxed, and not areas; that there cannot be a different scale of duties within the United Kingdom. They may, however, admit that the effect of our existing customs and excise duties is to press more severely upon some individuals and groups of individuals than upon others, and that opportunities should be taken for the gradual removal of this inequality. They may go further, and institute an inquiry as to the incidence of taxation on individuals, so that, if redress be due, it may be provided, not for particular groups inhabiting particu-

lar areas, but equally for all the people of the three kingdoms. They may at all events, as an immediate result of this inquiry, strengthen their own hands by appointing a Committee to report as to the necessity of every civil and judicial post in Ireland, and as to the salary attached thereto. Political and personal pressure is strong, but public opinion is stronger, and will sustain the Executive in terminating waste and excess wherever it may be discovered.

Sir David Barbour rather illogically suggests that the money thus saved might be employed for the benefit of Ireland "in such manner as might seem best." It is to be hoped no suggestion of the kind will be accepted. Ireland's true advantage lies neither in the gigantic dole of Mr Childers nor in the trivial dole of Sir David Barbour; neither in the practically complete independence of Mr Sexton nor in the partial and still more hopeless Home Rule of Lords Farrer and Welby; but in complete homogeneity with Great Britain—the poor country sharing with the rich in Parliament, in Executive, in taxation, and in purse.

THE LAND OF SUSPENSE.

A STORY OF THE SEEN AND UNSEEN.

I.

THE young man set out upon his walk at the entrance of a broad valley, through which there was visible here and there the glimmer of a great river. It was broken in outline by many little hills, such as one sees in the loveliest part of Italy, each crowned by its little groups of habitations, in varied and delightful inequalities of height and form, which seemed to throw a radiance of life and living over the beautiful green slopes, fields, and trees in which these points of light and peace were set. Lines of blue hills receding towards the distant peaks, which were great enough to be called mountains, stretched in noble ridges on either side; and the landscape was one which filled the traveller with a sense of beauty and satisfaction, while drawing his mind and his steps on by a hundred suggestions of fairer things still unrevealed. And the morning was fresh and sweet, beyond even that "innocent brightness of the newborn day," of which few can resist the charm. The sky was flooded with the early sunshine. The valley glowed under it with the dew still undried upon the grass, much of which was half buried in flowers, and soft with the whiteness of the daisies rejoicing in the light. The young man had come over a pass between the hills when this prospect bursting upon him for a moment took away his breath—but it was only for a moment. He paused to gaze upon the road before him, and then with a delight-

ful consciousness that his walk would bring him into fuller possession of this new world unknown to him, he set out upon his way.

The curious thing was, that he did not know where he was going, nor what place this was, nor the direction in which it would lead him, though all the while he walked quickly on with the sure and certain steps of a man familiar with every turn of the path. For some time he went on, unconscious of this, or at least without thinking of it in the ease of his being. He had always been fond of walking, and there was a pleasure in the mere sense of movement, after some recent absence from that delight—absence and confinement which he was aware of, though he could not render to himself any reason for it. He was in full career, feeling as if his foot just touched and no more the path which was not then a highroad but a winding path across the slopes, upon which the flowery fields encroached—when it first occurred to him hazily with a happy sense of amusement that he did not in the least know where he was going. No matter—he was going as if he very well knew where: and there came into his mind a scrap of lovely verse, about "a spirit in my feet," and he began to sing it to himself as he went on. Certainly there was a spirit in his feet that knew better where he was going than he.

Thus he went, without pause

or weariness, for a long way,—so long, that at last he began to wonder how it was that the daylight did not change, that there was no difference in the skies to correspond with the hours which he must have been walking. In himself he was like the day, unchanged, without the faintest suggestion of fatigue ; and it was only by the long vista behind him, and the distance of the hills from which he had come, that he felt how long a time he had been afoot. When this thought occurred to him he sat down upon the low embankment which marked the line of the wood, for he had by this time reached the highway—to rest, as he said to himself, though he felt no need of rest—really to measure with his eyes the length of the valley before him, which went widening away into the blue recesses of distant hills, so that you could trace no end to it. The highroad led along the side of the river at this point, through groups of beautiful trees ; and at some distance on the other side there was planted a great town spreading far back into the valley, which seemed, from the inequalities of its buildings, to be built on innumerable little hills, and shone white under the sunshine with many towers and spires, in great stateliness and beauty. It was here for the first time that the traveller saw any concourse of people. Upon the slopes he had met but few, mostly solitary individuals, with here and there a group of friends. They were a people of genial countenance, smiling, and with friendly looks ; but it surprised and a little wounded him that they took no notice of him, did not give him so much as a Good morning—nay, even pushed him off the path, though without the least appear-

ance of any unkindly feeling. As he sat upon the roadside and watched the people of this unknown land coming and going across the bridge from the town, his heart was moved within him by the sight of so many fellow-creatures, all, as it seemed, so gay, so kind, so friendly, but without a sign or look as if they recognised his existence at all. It seemed to him a long time since he had exchanged a word with any one, and a great sense of loneliness took possession of him. He had not felt this upon the little-frequented paths from which he had come ; but here, among so many, to receive not even a look from any passer-by seemed to him an injury and a disappointment which it was hard to bear.

He reflected, however, that in the country from which he came such a thing might easily have happened with a wandering foreigner resting upon the roadside, whom nobody knew : yet he was scarcely comforted by this thought, for he felt sure that at least such a stranger would have been looked at, if no more—would have met the questioning of many eyes, some with perhaps a smile in them, and all curious to know what he did there. Even curiosity would have been something : it would have been kinder than to ignore him completely as these people were doing : yet there was nothing in their look to make him believe that they were unfeeling or discourteous. After a while he felt that he could bear this estrangement from his kind no longer, and getting up on his feet, he said “ Good morning ” to a group that were passing, feeling in himself that there was a wistfulness, almost an entreaty in his tone. He saw that they were startled by his address, and looked round

first, as if to see where his voice came from — yet in a moment answered, with what seemed almost an outcry of response and greeting, saying "Good morning," and "God bless you!" eagerly. Then one made himself the spokesman of a group, and advanced a step towards him, yet still with an uncertainty, and eyes that did not exactly meet his, but wavered as if unable to fix his face. "Are you going to our town?" he said; "can any of us be of use to you?" and there was a murmur among all as of assent, "any of us," as if to press help upon him if he needed it: but he required no help — it was only recognition that he wanted, a kind word. "No," he said; "I am going *there*," and he pointed towards the farther end of the valley. A number had gathered round him, all looking at him with great kindness, but with the same uncertainty of gaze, all eagerly bending toward him to hear what he said. Their looks warmed his heart, yet a little repelled him too, as if there was something between him and them which made it better to go on, and try no further communication. "I am going *there*," he repeated, moving a step onward: and immediately they all spoke together in a wonderful accord of voices, saying, "God be with you! God save you! God bless you!" some of them so much in earnest that there seemed to him to be tears in their eyes. There was something in these words which seemed to urge him on, and he resumed his journey, passing through, and looking back upon them, and waving his hand to them in sign of farewell. And they all stood looking after him, calling after him "God bless you!" and "God save you!" until the sense of distance from them melted away, and

his whole being seemed warmed with their kind looks and good wishes. He could hear them, too, all talking together and saying, "It is one of the travellers," to which the others answered again, "God save him!" as if it was the greeting of that country to all that went through.

Thus he went on again, always keeping his course towards the western end of the valley, and pleased with this encounter, even though there was that something in it which startled him, as he seemed to have startled them. Looking across the river at the city, with all its white terraces shining in the sun, and its high towers and pinnacles against the sky, and the river at its feet reflecting every point and shining height, as if it were another city at the feet of the true town, he thought he had never seen so beautiful a place; but what town it was or who the people were who dwelt there he knew not. All he knew was that they were his fellows, that they had bidden God bless him, that they wished him well: and this gave him great refreshment as he went on, feeling no fatigue, but now more than ever wondering that though he did not know where he was going, he was yet going on straight and swift as if he were sure of the way. For a little time the road ran by the river, but then parted from its winding course, and presently broke into several ways, where a stranger in that place might so easily have lost himself, not knowing which to take. But he found no difficulty, nor even paused to choose his way, going lightly on without any hesitation, as one who knew exactly how the bearings lay.

By this time the sun was lower in the heavens, and a sweet look of evening had come over the

sky—the look which suggests home-going, and that labours of all kinds and travel should be drawing to some end of rest and ease. And since the pause he had made on his journey, short as it was, and his second setting forth, there had stolen into his mind a wonderful sense that he was going, not upon an excursion into an unknown world, but home. The sensation was one that he did not know how to explain to himself, for he knew that it was not the home from which he had come, nor any accustomed place. And he did not know where it was, nor what he might find there; but the impression grew upon him more and more strongly as he went on. And many thoughts came with this thought. He did not think of the home from which he had come. It appeared to him as something far, far away, and different from all that he saw or that surrounded him now. But the thought that he was going home, though not there, brought a seriousness into his thoughts which he had not been conscious of when he set forth first in the morning, in all the enthusiasm of the beautiful unknown place into which he marched forward so confident and full of cheer.

He became more serious now. Vaguely there came into his mind a recollection that his former goings home had not been always happy. There had been certain things in which he was to blame. He could not have said what things, nor how this was, his consciousness and memory being a little blurred, as if something had come between him and the former things which had moved his life; but yet he was vaguely aware that he had been to blame. And his mind filled with all manner of resolutions and

thoughts of a goodness to come, which should be perfect as the face of nature, and the purity of the air and the sky. He said to himself that never again—never again! though his recollection failed him when he tried to make clear to himself what it was which should never again be. It was vague to him, leaving only a sense that all had not been as this was about to be; but yet the fervour of his conviction of the better things to come was as intense as if he had perfectly conceived what there was to be done, and what there had been. Never again, never again!—no more as of old: but all perfect and spotless in the new. These resolutions distilled into his mind like dew, they shed themselves through his being like some delightful balm, refreshing him as though his heart had grown dry, but now was filled with calm and a quiet happiness of hoping and anticipation, though he did not know what he anticipated any more than what it was which had made a shadow in the past.

In this mood he began again to ascend a little upon a path which broke off from the highway towards one of the little towns or villages raised above the level of the valley, with towers and trees mingling on the little height, which made him think of an old Tuscan picture. He went towards it, with an eagerness rising within him and a confidence that it was here that his destination was. All the day long he knew that he had been travelling to this spot, and recognised it though he knew it not. He went on unhesitating, gradually making out the ranges of building, which were of beautiful architecture, though in a style unknown to him, with graceful pinnacles rising as light as foam against the sky, and open arcades and halls,

cool and bright, where every door stood open, and he could see sheer above him as he mounted the winding way the groups of men and women in the houses, and many faces at the windows looking out, as if on the watch for some one who was coming. Were any of them looking out for him he wondered to himself? without any sense that it was unlikely there should be watchers looking for him in a place where he had never been before, in an unknown country which was strange to all his previous knowledge.

But no restraining consciousness like this was on him as he hastened up the steep way, and suddenly turning round the corner of the wall, which was wreathed with blossoming plants in a glow of colour and fragrance, came in sight of the wide and noble gateway all open, with its pillars glowing in the westering light, and no sign of bolt or bar or other hindrance to shut out any wayfarer. In front of it stood a group of figures, which seemed to be on the watch for some one. Did they expect some prince or lordly visitor? were they the warders of the gate? They stood two and two, beautiful in the first glow of youth, their fair, tall, elastic forms clothed in white, with the faint difference which at that lovely age is all that seems to exist between the maiden and the youth. They were like each other as brothers might be, and the traveller felt suddenly with a strange bound of his heart that he knew these faces, though not whom they belonged to, nor who they were. They were as the faces of others whom he had known in the land that was so far off behind him: and all at once he knew that they were looking for no prince or potentate but for himself, all strange as he was, unacquainted

with this place, and with all that was here.

They stood looking far along the valley from that height, and asking each other, "Do you see him? do you see him?" but they did not seem to be aware that he was there, standing close to them, looking at them with eager eyes. He stood silent for a moment, thinking they must perceive him, yet wondering how they would know him, having never seen him before: but soon became impatient and troubled by that pause, and, vexed to be overlooked, said suddenly, "I am here—if perhaps you are looking for me."

They were startled, and turned their faces towards him, but with that strange wistful look as if they saw him not which he had remarked in the people whom he met by the bridge—and then they came hastily forward and surrounded him as if with an angelic guard, and he saw with a strange tremor that tears had come into their eyes. "Oh our brother!" said one, in a voice so full of pity that it seemed to him that he pitied himself, though he knew not why, in sympathy. And "Speak," said the others, "speak, that we may know you." While, "Oh my brother," cried the first again, "it is not thus we hoped to see you." This voice seemed to pierce into his inmost heart, and sadness came over him as if his hope had fallen away from him, and this after all was not his home.

"This is who I am," he said; and he told them his name, and that he had come from afar off, and had come straight here without a pause, thinking that this was his home.

They surrounded him closely, as closely as if they would embrace him, and said to him, but with tears, one speaking with another,

"It is your home : and we are your brothers and your sisters, and we have known you were coming, but hoped that you would come otherwise. But we love you not the less, oh our brother, our brother ! we love you none the less—God save you ! God bless you ! There is no one here that does not love you and bless you and pray for you. Dear brother, son of our mother ! would to God you had but come to us in other wise."

"I cannot tell what you mean," he said, with a trembling coming over him. "If I am your brother, why do you not take me in ? I have travelled far to-day, from the very opening of the valley, and never paused—always thinking that there was home at the end—and now you stand between me and the door, and weep, and will not let me in."

"Brother," they said all together, "brother !" It seemed as if in that word lay all sweetness and consolation and pity and love. The circle seemed to open round him, leaving the great wide doorway full of the low sunshine from the west clear before him, and some one came out and stood upon the threshold and stretched out his hands, calling to him, "My son, my son !"

It seemed to the young man that it wanted but a few steps to carry him to the arms of this man who called to him, and to whom his heart went out as if it would burst from his breast. But he that had walked so lightly all day long and felt no weariness, found himself now as one paralysed, incapable of another step. He stood and gazed piteously at the wide open gate, and him who stood there, and knew that this was the place to which he had been travelling, and the home he desired, and the father that he loved. But he

could not make another step. His feet seemed rooted to the ground. There came from him a great outburst of tears and anguish, and he cried to them, "Tell me, tell me !—why is it I cannot go ?"

The white figures gathered all round him again, as if they would have taken him in their arms, and the first of them spoke, weeping, putting out her hands : "Brother," she said, "those that come here, those that come home, must first be clothed with the building of God, the house not made with hands ; those who are unclothed, as you are, alas ! they cannot come in. Brother, we have no power, and you have no power. The doors are open, and the hearts are open, and would to God you could come in ; but oh, my brother ! what can I say ? It is not for us to speak ; you know——"

"I know," he said, and stood still among them silent, his heart hushed in his bosom, his head bowed down with trouble, hearing them weeping round him, and well aware that he could not go up, not had he the strength of a giant. He stood awhile, and then he said, "My home was never closed to me before ; never have I failed of entrance there and welcome, and my mother's light always burning to guide me. She would have torn me from these stones, and brought me in had she been here. Never, never, was there a question—— ! And yet," he cried, wildly, "you called that earth, and this you call heaven !" This he cried, not knowing what he said : for never before had there been any thought in his mind what the name of this country was.

Then his sister called him by his name, and the sound of his name half consoled him, and half made the contrast more bitter, re-

minding him of that place from whence he came, where his was the innermost seat and the best welcome, while here he was kept outside. "Do not be so sore discouraged," she said, "for one day you will come and enter at the gate with joy, and nothing will be withheld from you; and we will go to the Great Father and plead with Him, that it may be soon, and then your spirit will be no longer unclothed, and all will be well.

"Unclothed!" he cried; "I know not what you mean," and he turned from them, pushing

them from him, and hurried down the winding way which he had ascended with so light a heart. There were still the faces at the windows looking out; but though he would not look at them, he saw that they were troubled, and many voices sounded out upon the sweet air, calling to him, "God save you! God bless you!" over and over again, till the whole world seemed full of the sound. But he took no heed of it as he fled along the way in indignation and bitter disappointment, saying to himself, "And that was called earth, and this they say is heaven."

II.

At the foot of the hill was a wood encircling its base, with many winding paths going through, and yet here and there masses of shadow from the trees, in which a man might hide himself from every eye, and even from the shining of the daylight, which seemed to the young man in all the glory of the sunset to mock him as he fled away from the place which was his home. It was the dimness and the shadow that attracted him now, and not the glory of the western sky or the dazzling of the light. In the very heart of the wood, kept by a circle of great trees standing all around like a bodyguard, there was a little opening—a grassy bank like velvet, all soft with mosses, with little woodland blossoms creeping over the soil, and all the woodland scents and fragrance and sound and silence, far from any sound or sight of men. The young man pushed through the copses and between the great boles of the trees, and flung himself upon the cool and soft and fragrant bank; he flung himself upon his face and hid it there, with a longing to be

rid even of himself and his consciousness in that soft and sheltering shade; but all the while knowing, as he had often discovered before, that however you might cover your eyes, and even burrow in the earth, you could not escape from that most intimate companion, nor shut your ears to his reasonings or his upbraidings. Elsewhere, when one of those moments came, and himself confronted and seized himself, there had always been those at hand who helped him out of this encounter. The crowd, or the tumult and conflict of living, or pleasure, or pain, or some other creature, had stolen in and stopped that conflict. But now was the hour in which there was nothing to intervene.

And at first what was in his mind was nothing but bitter disappointment and rage and shame. He, whose coming back had always been with joy, even when it came with tears, before whom every door had been thrown open, and whom all about him had thanked with wistful looks for coming home: but now he was shut out. This was too great an event, too un-

looked for, to permit any other thought beside it. He remembered himself of all the dear stories of his youth, of him whom his father saw afar off and rushed to meet him, not waiting for the confession that was on his lips. And that was how hitherto it had happened to him : and here, where he now was, was not this the most mercifullest place of all, where everything was love and forgiveness ? He said this to himself, not realising what place it was, not knowing anything, though he had seized upon the name of heaven in his first horror of wonder and upbraiding, to point the bewailing and reproach. For a long time he lay with his hot brow pressed against those soft couches of moss, closing out with his hands the light from his eyes, in a despair and anguish unspeakable—asking himself why he had come here at all, to be rejected and shut out ? Why, why had he not taken another path he wot of, and plunged, and gone—— Where ? where ? He caught his sobbing breath, that burst from his bosom like a child's, in heavings and sore reiterations of distress. Where ? where ? There would have been welcome in that place ; and bands of jovial companions, and noise, and shoutings. Where ? he did not know where.

But at last this convulsion and passion softened away, and he raised his head and looked himself in the face. Ah, was not this what I said, I said ! Was not this what we thought upon many a morning, to forget it ere the night ? Was not this what we knew, you and I ? but you would not listen or hear. When we saw the mother's light in the window, when the door was thrown open, wide open, did not we know that the time would come—— ? This was what his other self said in his ear. He leaned his head upon his

hands and looked out in the sweetness of the darkening shade, with fixed eyes that saw nothing except the past, which gripped his heart and stayed his breath and came back upon him in dreadful waves of recollection and consciousness. He saw scenes which he had scorned when he was in them, and loathed, and gone back to, and wallowed, foaming—always with rage and shame of himself. And they had cost him already his other life, and pangs innumerable ; the price which he had paid for nought, hard blood-money for that which was no bread—which he had known to be no bread even while he consumed it—the husks which the swine did eat. That was how the other man had named it, the man whom his father ran to meet and fell on his neck—but not here. There had been, to himself also those who fell upon his neck and forgave him before he said a word—but not here.

This was not how he had felt when he set out this morning upon the beautiful way in the sunshine. He had been sure then that all was well : every evil thought had departed out of his mind ; his heart was tender and soft, loving God and man, and the thought of a life in which there should be no reproach, no shadow, no evil, had been sweet to him as is the exquisite relief that comes after pain. He remembered how he had sung songs as he walked, in the ease of his heart. And now ! Shut out, a homeless wanderer, unclothed : what was that she said ? unclothed : he did not know what she meant ; but the rest which he did know was enough—enough and more than enough : he was abandoned, forsaken, the door shut upon him—worse than that, open, but he unable to enter : left to himself to spend the night in the wood—or anywhere, who

cared?—though he himself was blameless now, having done nothing to deserve this doom, having felt his heart so soft and a tenderness which was more than innocence, a longing for every good in his heart. Oh the other life which he had left! the homely house, the quiet room, the face all smiling weeping, at the door!

"And that they called earth; and this they say is heaven."

He said this aloud, unawares—and suddenly he was answered by another voice, which seemed to be near him, the voice of another man standing somewhere close by, which said, "No, you are mistaken; this is not heaven."

The young man raised his head and looked round him; and the hair rose up upon his head, and a thrill of shrinking and terror went over him, for he saw no one. He looked round him, drawing back against the tree which crowned the bank, and clutching at it in his alarm: he was no coward, but where is the man who can be suddenly accosted by a voice while seeing no one, and not be afraid? "I must have dreamed I heard it," he said to himself: but rose up with an impulse of agitation to leave the place in which such delusions could be.

Then he heard the voice again, but this time lower down, and now close to him, as if a man had suddenly sat down beside him upon the bank. "Are you so new?" it said, with a half laugh. "Have you not discovered that you too are invisible, like me?"

"Invisible!" The young man's voice shook with fear and wonder, wavering as if blown out by the wind, though there was no wind.

"Be consoled," said the other; "it is no bad life: there is no fire nor brimstone here: and there is hope for those who love hope. Let us talk: it wiles the hours away."

While the other spoke, the young man, with a trembling in every limb, held up his hands into the air, and gazed with his eyes, first at one and then at the other—at the places where he felt them, where they ought to be. He felt every nerve thrill and every finger tremble and shake, but he saw nothing. Awe and terror seized upon him. He rushed from the bank, which sloped under his feet and made him look to his footing, and flung himself against the trunk of one of the great trees. He felt the touch of it, the roughness of the bark, the projection of the twigs here and there: but at the same time he saw it clear, standing with its feet deep in the fern and undergrowth, and no human body against it—this while he felt still the thrill and shock with which he came in contact with that great substantial thing. And he uttered a great cry, "I am then no more a man!" in a voice which rang shrill with horror and misery and dismay.

"Yes," said the other, "you are still a man. And be consoled. In some things it is better than the old life. You have no wants and no weariness, likewise no work, no responsibility. Be consoled. The discovery is painful for a moment, but you will find companions enough. What has happened to you is no more than has happened to many other men: and we have great freedom, and society at our pleasure. There is a future before us, though it may be thousands of years away.

"A future!" cried the young man; "nay, let me die and be done with it. What manner of man are you that can look calmly on a future like this? My God, to live and live and be nothing, as I am now!"

"I am," said the other, "just such a manner of man as you will

be to-morrow. It is a shock when you discover it first—but what then? Life is but thought. There is a great prejudice in favour of a visible body, at all events in the race from which we come. But you will perceive how little in reality it matters when you realise how many things you can do and enjoy, even with that deprivation. You might never have found it out, or not for a long time, but for my friendly aid—for it is friendly, I assure you. It breaks the illusion. You will no longer expect from those others that which they have not to give. Sit down by me, and cease measuring yourself against that tree. The tree is solid, but not you—yet there are many consolations. Sit down again, and let us talk.”

The young man stood pressing himself against the tree, his forehead against the roughness of the bark which dented the soft flesh, his arms stretched round it, not long enough to span its girth, but pricked by the little growths which incrustated it. He clung to the great trunk as if it gave him a hold upon something tangible, the only thing that remained to him. They had not seen him, then, these fair creatures, at the gate. That which they heard, that which they addressed, was only a voice. Nobody had seen him along the way. Those who said “God save you” had meant something which he did not yet understand. There was reason for the pity in their eyes and the tears which he had seen them shed. He had seen them, but not they him. He was no man, but only a voice. The horror grew into an awe which quenched the cries with which his heart was bursting. He without a faculty impaired, hearing everything, seeing everything, feeling with such intensity as he had never felt before! Yet he was

now no man, but a voice. The calamity was so great and so unlooked for, that his very voice, the thing he now was, seemed to die in his throat, and his heart in his breast: though all the time he felt his heart beating, bounding as never in moments of the greatest emotion it had done before, and the blood coursing like a great flood through the veins that were not, and from head to foot of that human frame which existed no longer. Oh terrible doom! oh awful day!

“Come and sit by me, and let us talk,” said the other voice.

And then there came a melting and a softening over this forlorn soul. If he was thus for ever banished from common sight—if he was, indeed, exiled from home and every tender fellowship, a thing that no man or woman could ever take by the hand again—still to hear another voice was something in this awful mystery of anguish. He loosed himself from his tree, but kissed its rough bark with a kind of passion as he drew himself away. His finger had caught a sharp twig, and it hurt him; his brow was marked, he could feel it, with the scales of the bark. This gave him a little comfort in his desolation. And then there was still the Voice. He came back and threw himself upon the flowery bank, which sent forth its wild fragrance suddenly as he pressed it, as it might have done if—— This also gave him a little consolation, as if it were a verification of the being which he felt in every pulse and every limb.

“You were saying,” said the other, “that this was called heaven.”

“Ah, no!” said the young man with a voice of despair. “I see my mistake. It is rather——”

“Do not make any more mistakes,” said the other, quickly.

"It is neither one nor the other. It is the land of Suspense, where we all are until a day which no one knows—a visionary day which, perhaps, may never come, seeing it has been threatened and delayed for all the ages. Ah! you cannot imagine the worlds-full there are of us! and some of the great Romans tell you that the tradition was in their time as now."

"The Day of Judgment!" said the young man, very low.

"Well! that is what they say. But in the meantime, not to discourage you, it is better here than life was before. There are few pleasures—those things that one despised one's self for enjoying, when time was. But the mind is free—and there are a thousand things to learn. And there is society everywhere. We are here in multitudes. There are almost more of us, I believe, than of—those others."

"Those others!" repeated the young man—he looked up where through the thick foliage there was a glimpse of the towers and roof-trees of that home which he could not enter. His companion spoke as if they were enemies: but his own spirit rebelled against that thought.

"The good people," said the voice, as with a sneer. "What made them to differ, do you ask? Oh, they made their preparations. While we led *joyeuse vie* and had

no thought for to-morrow, they took their measures. I am not sure that those who have passed by the Temple in the wood have the best of it even now; but at least we have not much to complain of. There is no suffering: we are left to ourselves: we go where we will, and have great facilities: and, as I tell you, the best of company. Only make up your mind to the one loss, and we have really much to congratulate ourselves upon."

The young man made no reply: he began to hate this voice, with its evenness of speech, the calm and the encouragement of its tone. He had known men who spoke so, who were content to live, though life had no hope, with a sneer at those who were other than they. And though a moment ago he had been almost glad to turn to another being deprived and naked like himself, he felt now that if he were but alone, it would be more easy to bear. The Voice went on talking to him with the pleasure of one who has found a new hearer. And sometimes he listened, and sometimes heard it as though he heard it not. Sometimes even it caught him with an ingenious word and made him laugh; but then his mind would stiffen into silence, and the horror and gloom swept over him again like the dark waves over a wreck at sea.

III.

All the night long he sat there leaning his head upon his hands, sometimes leaning against the great trunk of the tree behind him, which gave him a sensation of forlorn comfort, the only thing that recognised him as still tangible, a thing of flesh and blood. He sat there amid all the fragrant breathing of the night as in the

lap of a mother who cooled his forehead with dewy touches, and subdued his soul into the calm of inanimate things. And yet there was nothing inanimate in this great realm of nature where the air was fresh and free, like the air upon a mountain-top where there is no wind but only a sense of being far above all hindrance

or soil, and near to heaven. The sky above was alive with stars, stars that were something more than stars, that had rounded and expanded into orbs of light and seemed almost within reach, as if there might be means of entering them and knowing their secrets. The light that came from them was enough to make everything visible in a tender and soft radiance where every variety of shade had its own transparency and sweetness of lovely meaning—such a light as never was on sea or shore. Through the openings of the trees he could see far off the whole course of the valley clear in that mystic glow which was without colour, where all was clear as in a vision, unlike the brightness of the day. The towers and pinacles rose up on his right hand over the trees as if made of silver: the little floating vapours in the sky, the great pulsing and movement of the worlds of light above, the air which was as a rapture of purity and freedom,—all conveyed to the young man's bosom the sensation of boundless space, and a lofty height beyond the thoughts of men. And there was a subdued glow along the edge of the horizon, as if there it passed into pure light as the stars did round their boundaries, hiding the life within.

Sometimes this young man had felt even upon the homely earth something of that movement that is in the spheres, the swaying of the great planet as it ran its course in the heavens; but here it seemed like a faint stir of life in everything, a subtle and all-pervading current, a movement majestic, almost visible, in rhythm and measure, like God Himself proceeding onward always in His supernal way. After a time, when the beating of the river of life in his own ears, the throbbing of his

heart and current of his blood, were calmed by this greater movement and mystery, he gazed abroad upon the majestic night with a hush of reverence and of awe in which there was adoration. He was silent while God passed by, and felt the sweep of the great stars following in His train, and the air upon his face, the breath of their going, and the thrill of that vast procession through illimitable skies. He, a spirit, though not blessed, yet as a spirit recognised the great course of innumerable worlds and circles of being, following the mighty footsteps of their King.

Thus one moment of amazed and trembling revelation gave him rest in the glory of the night, and stilled the lesser voices and murmurs that filled his ears: but as a man is after all the centre of all systems to himself, the tide of thought and feeling rolled back, and with it the despair which the knowledge of his own condition had brought upon him. When his eyes came back to his immediate surroundings, the sudden sight of the green mound on which he sat, with all its undergrowth of moss and starry decoration of minute flowers, vacant under the faint light, as if there was no one there, drove his soul almost to madness in the sudden rediscovery. He felt the soft knots of the grass and cushion of the moss under him, yet when he looked there was nothing there. He grasped it with his hands and found it empty, though the moss seemed to yield and the blades of grass to bend under his weight. It was like madness rising up into his brain, and he felt with a mingling of ideas distraught that he must spring to his feet and rush forth after God upon His awful way, crying to Him, entreating, blaspheming, forcing His attention,

though it was through that incomprehensible whirl of space, and threading the unseen path from star to star.

But that wild impulse, like others, died away. A man, be he ever so rebellious, learns to know that the impossible hedges all his steps: and he sank back upon his tree, suppressing himself, binding himself into the submission which he knew at the bottom of his heart was his only hope. He felt no fatigue, notwithstanding his long journey and the dreadful disappointment at the end. None of those imperious needs of the flesh which fill up so much of the time and distract so many of the thoughts of earth, moved him at all. He was free from everything, weariness and pain, and food and sleep and shelter. No thought of these things filled his mind. He did not even remark his exemption, so natural it seemed. He knew only the impossibility that girded him round and round. He could not change the condition he had come to. No one could change it. Such as it was he had to endure it, to find the reason for it, to discover the compensation. To go mad, and dash his head against the confines of the world, and force a reversal from God of his sentence was impossible. Ah! he fell low again, with his face hidden in the softly rustling grass. The impossible girt him round with its circle of iron. Rebel, submit, content himself, go mad—these were all things that could be done. But reverse God's sentence, no! not if he had the strength of giants, not if he had the power of the whole world, upon a little sod of whose surface his wounded spirit lay.

Presently he had controlled himself, and was sitting again with his back against his tree and his head leaning on his hands, gazing out upon the night yet seeing nothing.

And as he sat there all his life rolled out before him like a long panorama—his little life with all its broken scenes, of which he had never known the meaning. Often he had thought they had no meaning, as certainly they had no intention, no plan, but only a foolish impulse, a touch from some one here and there, who had pushed him unthinking to one side or another—not the straight way. What a succession of accidents it was to end in this! no purpose in it—no meaning: all a foolish rush here or there haphazard, the affair of a moment, although fate had taken up the changeful threads and woven it into certainty for ever. He saw himself a boy, hesitating with one foot on the upper slope, drawn back by errant fancy, by curiosity, by accident—always by accident!—then, finding the lower road the easier, the higher hard to begin, putting off till to-morrow and to-morrow—but no meaning in it, oh, no purpose, no settled plan of rebellion, no intention to offend. He went over this again and again, till he felt himself a deeply injured man. Never had he meant any harm: he had even tried not to hurt any one else while he took his own pleasure, and he remembered the words that had been in the air following him wherever he went—nobody's enemy but his own. That was true, that was true! He had not tempted any one, nor ever defied God, whom he never doubted, for whose name, had there been need for that, he felt that he could have died rather than have been apostate to it. The tears came into his eyes with this thought. He had been wrong, very wrong: he had always known that, and hated it—yet done the same again: but never with any blasphemous meaning, never defying God, always knowing that the other way was the best, and

hoping one day when his hour of pleasure was over — And what had he not paid already for his folly! — of all that he might have done in the other life, he had done nothing; of all that he might have attained, nothing. He had wrought no deliverance in the earth. It was all loss, loss, miserable failure: and hearts breaking, his own as well as the rest. But no purpose in it. He had never intended any day of his disobedience, from first to last, to deny his Maker or insult Him. Never, never! It was the one thing he was certain of amid all the doubts and changes, all the confusions in his life.

And, perhaps, this was how it happened, that when he had set out on his journey that morning — was it still the same morning, not twenty-four hours off, the morning of yesterday? — his heart had been so light. He had anticipated nothing but good. He had made sure that all the links of his old habits would be broken, that he would be lifted without effort of his to a better sphere. He had not said this to himself in words, nor, indeed, was he clear in his mind that he expected anything definite, or what it was he expected — but only something good, happiness that would bring back all that he had missed in the time that was past. Of one thing he had been very sure, that he would not err again: he had thought of the ways of men, so vain and melancholy, with a great relief in being done with them. And too glad and thankful he would have been to be done with them! to take his place in the home where he believed he was going, and his share of all the duty there, whatever it might be. But now — no home, no duty, no life for him. He was nothing — no man, a Voice, and no more.

How many times, in what an infinity of time and leisure, did he go over these thoughts! The night stole on, all glorious in quiet and repose — some of the wondrous lights above gliding out of sight as the world in which he was ascended and descended, going down into the night, and then with a half-sensible turn and thrill turning round to the day — and some came up into sight in the great round of the firmament that had been unseen before. Then a thrill ran through the wood, and voices began to awaken in the trees — little tongues of birds twittering, wakest thou, sleepest thou? — among the branches, before all their little world was roused and the great hymn began. The young man had not been prepared for that hymn, and it took him strangely in a surprise and passion of sympathy: he said to himself that he had not known there were birds here, and the moisture came to his eyes. Then he tried to join with a note of his man's voice and startled them all, till he saw his mistake and tried instead a low and soft whistle, which they took for the note of a new comrade and burst forth again. The young man felt his spirit all subdued by that morning hymn, and tried to say his prayers in a great confusion, stammering, not knowing what words to use. The old prayers seemed so out of place. And then he remembered what all the people had said to him — God save you! — and repeated it with a faltering and a trembling — God save me! God save me! Not "give me this day my daily bread." Was that old-fashioned? out of date? He trembled, and all his strength seemed to melt like water, and he said only, God save me! God save me! not knowing what he said.

All these strange emotions filled

the time and the world about him, yet was his mind free to note the growth of the morning, coming fresh as it seemed out of the hand of God: the great valley came slowly to life and to the light, and the silence filled with sound as water wells up in a fountain. As for himself, he did not stir, but watched, not now despairing, nor even questioning, but still: a spectator wondering and looking on, hushed to the bottom of his heart, to see what all things did, having for himself no duty, no work; and feeling, so far as he felt at all, a nothingness, as if he were part of the mound on which he lay, where he fancied vaguely the grasses had begun already to grow over him. What would they do, they who were other than he, they to whom everything belonged, though to him nothing belonged? He watched what they would do, what the morning would bring to them, with much eagerness in his heart; but the thickness of the trees and the brushwood, which was very close in that direction, shut out his view. And perhaps his curiosity was not so great as he thought, for his mind filled with many thoughts which revolved about himself, and presently he forgot all that was around him, and became, still a spectator indeed, but a spectator of his own being, and of those things which were going on in it. And it seemed now that the thing most natural to him, who now possessed nothing of his own, was to go back upon the time when he possessed so much, love and companionship, and hope and the power of doing, and pleasure of every kind. His heart had grown sick of that life before he left it, and he had often felt it empty of everything, and that all was vanity. But now his heart returned to it, longing and wonder-

ing how he should ever have been so weary. Then he had been a man, but now was nothing, a Voice only, no more. And when he remembered how, in the smallest thing as in the greatest, he had chosen and taken his own way, and had pleasure in his will and independence, and had done this and that because he pleased, with no other reason for it, and that now there was nothing for him to choose, nothing to do—himself nothing, and all his ways nothing, a straw blown upon the wind! In the other life there had been threatenings of punishment and torture, but never of this—and he thought to himself, though with a shiver, that the fire and the burning would have been more easy to bear, and perhaps a fierce encounter with the devils who tormented lost souls—a rising up against them, and call for justice out of the pit. To fight, to struggle, to resist, these fierce joys seemed to attract him, to revive his heart. But here there was nothing—neither good nor evil, neither use nor destruction. The Power which he had offended despised him, would not lay a finger on him, left him to rot and perish. No! worse by far than that, to go on in nothingness for ever and ever, to be and not to be, at one and the same time—

As these thoughts began to quicken and whirl through his brain—for though he began in quiet they gradually gained velocity and strength, till the rush was like the blazing of fire or the sweep of water in a flood, consuming and carrying him away—he became aware of an external sound which drove them away at once like a flight of birds careering out of sight. And looking up whence the sound came, he saw a movement as of some one searching amid the

brushwood, and presently the thick branches were pushed aside and a face suddenly appeared, looking in to the opening in which the young man sat. It was a face which awakened in him at first a great throb of loving and kindness, being a countenance he had longed for for many a day, thinking that had it shone upon him on earth it might have saved him from all his follies : but along with this there came a rush of resentment into his mind which checked the cry of "Father!" which had come to his lips. And he sat unmoving, allowing those eyes to search through the shade, though he knew that till he spoke he could never be found. It gave him a kind of angry pleasure to see the curves of anxiety round them, the eagerness of the look. Ah, he was sorry ! but what was that when he had shut his door, when he had made no effort to bring the wanderer in. "My mother," said the young man, "would have been different : never would she have rested and left me outside ;" but then there struck him like an arrow the thought of many moments in the past when he had said to himself, "If my father had been here !"

The other figure stood wistfully under the shadow of the tree—a man not old, full of the dignity and strength of life—like one who knew much and had seen much, and whose hands were full of serious affairs. You might have been sure that he had left for a moment many things that called for his care to come here on this quest. His eyes were clear, shining with truth and justice and honour. Such eyes shine like stars even in the earth, and the eyes of the helpless understand and the poor cry to them. Nothing could disturb the heavenly quiet in them, the look of a soul at peace ; but the curves of the eyelids were troubled, and the

strain of anxious love was in his face. After a moment he said, the softness of his voice seeming to search through the silence as his eyes searched through the void, "My son ! are you here, my son ?"

The young man still paused a little, unwilling to relieve the other, yet not willing to lose the pleasure of revealing like a reproach his own abandoned state. "I am here," at last he said.

The father pushed through the trees and came to him quickly, and once more there came into the young man's mind the story of him who saw his son a long way off, and ran and fell upon his neck. Had he himself been as of old, this was what his father would have done—but how can a man embrace a voice ? Yet the movement melted him, and made him rise to his feet to meet the other, though still with that unreasoning resentment in his mind, as though the door had been shut upon him, which was not shut, though he was unable to cross the threshold. There was authority and command, as of one used to rule, in the face of this man who was his father : but everything else was veiled with the great pity and love that was in his voice. "It was not thus we hoped to welcome you, my son, my son !" he cried, coming near, with his arms stretched out.

"How is it," cried the young man, "that I feel all my members from head to foot, and every faculty, and yet you see me not, touch me not ? It makes a man mad to be, and yet not to be."

"God save you !" said the father, with tears. "God aid you ! We know not how it is—nor can we do anything to help. It is for your purification, and because that which is must have its natural accomplishment. The sins of the flesh destroy the flesh, as is just.

But you, you are still able to love, to think, to adore your God in His works. My son, accept and submit—and the better day will come.”

“Submit! to be nothing!” said the young man. And then he cried bitterly, “Have I any choice? It is stronger than I am. I must submit, since you will not help, nor any one. If my mother——” and here his voice broke. It was not that his mind felt all the bitterness with which he spoke: and he knew that no one could help him: yet having in him still all the humanness of a child, it gave him pleasure to wound one who might have helped him had things been otherwise, and to prove that he was abandoned and forsaken, he who hitherto had always been helped and forgiven. He looked for reproof, but none came. His father, standing so near him, looking at him with such tender pity, said nothing but “My son!” and as these two words, whether from the Most High God or from the faltering lips of a man, enclose all of love that words can carry, what was there more that could be said?

“My son,” he said, “it is not permitted here that we should discuss or that we should justify the ways of our God. Though you cry out against them, you know that they are just and very merciful, punishing not, but permitting that this which must be, should be accomplished in you. Yet not without hope. All that is of the spirit is yours as before. You can judge, you can understand, you can know. And above all you can love. What is greater than the mind and the heart? You are but naked of this frame, this body which is beloved and blessed because it is as the body of the Lord. But even for this not without hope. My child, the day will come when you will not think only of yourself.

You will begin to think of Him who for us lived and died and lived again, and is for ever and ever. You will not consent to wipe out His name, but stand for Him among your fellows. And other things that are not you will fill your heart——”

“That are not me!—but who is so miserable as I?” cried the young man, covering his face with his hands.

The father paused for pity, looking at him with eyes that were full of tears. “It has not been given to you, oh my son,” he said, “to pass by the Temple in the wood: yet still it may be. Heretofore you have done what you would, but not here: for here the will of God reigns alone, and man can contradict it no more. Yet from time to time,” he said, “from time to time there is in this great Land of Suspense, as in all the worlds where the myriads of our brethren dwell, a day of grace, when the Lord Himself passes through. As he goes to visit the spheres of His dominions there is no place where He does not pass through, and hears every cry and heals every soul that comes to Him. Beloved be His name! Blessing and love breathe round about Him, and no one whom it touches can withstand that holy breath.”

The young man looked up, and for a moment it seemed that the eyes of the heavenly man and of the spirit met, and that he who was in the body, that house of God not made with hands, saw him who was out of the body: for the eyes of the son were full of tears like those of the father, and he said with a broken voice, “So I have always been taught to think of Him. I am no stranger, my father, my father! I have sinned but yet I am of His house.”

“God bless thee, my son,” the father said.

IV.

After this there came weary mornings and evenings, or what he felt to be such, taking no account of them, yet rousing ever from his thoughts to feel the glory of the day and the sweetness of the night ; for neither tempest nor trouble was there, and the other great worlds that are visible in the dark, rolling along their course in the world of space, became as the houses of friends opening their doors, showing ever another and another world of men, some like *those others*, white men and shining, some in hosts of vague faces like the shadow of crowds which he knew to be as himself : and the sensation of all those multitudes about who peopled what we call the sky, multitudes more than could be numbered, being all those who had lived and died on the earth since its wonderful story began, silenced and soothed him as we are soothed to know that others are as we are, treading the same path. Many things were there which he could not understand. Sometimes it appeared to him that he could see the signs of great commotion in one of those neighbouring worlds, and shouting afar off, which came but as a murmur to his ears ; and once it seemed to him that he saw a great procession coming forth, as if the King were making a visitation from one star to another, and a great shining bridge of light was thrown from planet to planet, by which He went and came.

It was a long time, however, before he saw that passing through of which his father had told him. Yet one day, in the rising of the morning, a note as of a silver bugle suddenly penetrated the spheres, and everything stirred with expectation, the very air and the birds in the trees, and every-

thing that had life. He himself, drawn he could not tell how, almost against his will, by something that overmastered him, that made his breath come quick and his heart beat, hastened to the hill behind the wood, and placed himself on the highest point, where he could see all that went on below. Fain would his feet have gone farther, fain would they have carried him to the level of the valley which he could see stretching far to the east and to the west : for already he saw the first of the great procession appearing, and all the inhabitants of the town which should have been his home pouring forth in bands, in glistening garments, with flowers and palms to strew upon the path of Him that was coming. The young man knew who it was that was coming, and his heart seemed to go forth out of his breast towards that great Traveller ; but there was something in him that held back, and that made him cover his face in an anguish of shame. For who was he that he should dare to look upon the Lord as He passed, blessing all men upon His way ? Something came floating up to him upon the air like a waft of blessing : was it a call to him—the sound of his name ? He knew not, but dug his hands into the roots of the grass, and dared not to lift up his eyes. And in the meantime the great procession went on, while his heart, as it were, contended with him and cried, moaning and foaming and struggling, that he should go, while still he kept back ashamed, asking himself how he dared to look the Lord in the face, or hear Him blessing the people, and find there was no word for him ? There he lay, feeling every member of his frame contend with

him to get to the feet of the Lord, yet he holding back: until all the wonderful marching of the train had passed along and become but an indistinct radiance upon the way, when he lifted his eyes and looked after them, and broke into a great weeping, thinking that still he saw One in the midst like none whom he had ever seen before, One to whom his heart went out, and whom he would have given heaven and earth to follow. But the moment was over, and he could now follow no more.

This happened but once, and it may not be supposed that he spent all the endless time he had at his disposal in so agitating a way. By moments these thoughts came upon him and possessed him: yet seldom, for he was seldom alone, his fellow-inhabitants, both of one side and the other, coming to him continually and occupying him with other plans and ideas. Many visitors he had from the town upon the hill, the dwelling of his kindred: but time fails us to tell of these, and all the tender words they said, and their pity and their love. Sometimes he would speak with them — sometimes, if other things were in his mind, would make no response nor let them know where to find him, preferring the society of those who were as himself, and were with him always, sometimes one, sometimes many, talking and making expeditions here and there. They led him to many wonderful places, and showed him great sights, and many mysteries of the spheres became visible to him, and knowledge not permitted to earth, so that he could now solve many questions and find them simple, which, in the days of his former life, he could remember to have thought upon with awe as things that it was impossible to fathom. Thus he became wise, and more

learned than the sages of the former world, and found a certain pleasure in these things which he learned and saw.

And it soon became apparent to him that many of his new companions held the belief that it was they who were the fortunate ones, being disencumbered of all hindrances and cares, with no duty or responsibility, but free to follow their pleasure, to go where they pleased, to enjoy knowledge and science and all the pleasures of the mind. There were some indeed who were like himself, and would not be comforted because of being no longer men but only voices, without identity, without substance, and incapable of uniting themselves to each other save with the loosest ties. They were not brethren for joy and for sorrow, for neither was there: they could not stand by each other, or pledge themselves to be true friends for death and life, for of that there was no need. They were but acquaintances, each lost in the invisible when they parted, walking and talking together as long as each pleased the other, with no fellowship of mutual labour, or the sharing of work trouble. Whenever one voice accosted another there was acquaintance, but nothing that went further; for they had no mutual hopes or fears or anything to link them more closely together.

And many of those who had been long in this condition had made a belief for themselves, and tried to teach it to the new-comers, that this was the perfect life; for was not all freedom among them, no bondage, not even that of staying in one place, or confining yourself to one kind of associates, no pain, no limitations, but each free to learn all he could, to perfect his genius, to increase his knowledge? Was not this enough

for any soul? And some of them scoffed at the idea of any reckoning yet to come, pointing out the unreasonableness of it, the impossibility of even recollecting, far less answering for, the events which had happened perhaps hundreds of years before, during the short time when one inhabited that foolish body, by some thought a disgusting thing, "a collection of sewers." And if there was no great day to come, which the very oldest spirits said had been threatened thousands of years since in their recollection and had never come to anything, what came of the equally old and foolish traditions of a divine personage ruling over all? As for the men who lived in all those villages and towns, who thought they were better than their neighbours, whom with their restricted faculties they could not see, what were they but labourers still, with work and responsibilities upon them,—how much less happy than they who went free!

There were many, however, who were very uneasy when such conversation as this prevailed, and of these was the young man, whose thoughts were very fluctuating in respect to himself, but never on this point. "If you had seen, as I did," he would say, "the procession pass; and felt the heart tear out of you to go and fling itself at His feet." The elders laughed at such words, and bade him wait till he had seen it a hundred times, and without any feeling at all: but the others made a pause which betrayed some uneasy thoughts, and secretly were glad that they could not see each other's faces or betray the strange response in their own minds to what he said. One voice, a little tremulous, spoke, and said that these things which he called body and heart were an illusion, a distorted recollection of the chrysalis

state in which their consciousness began; and another, that the body which had been mentioned was like a dog, and faithful, in its brutal way, to what it had been taught. They were all together, that company of wandering souls, in a great tower which stood upon the extreme edge of the world in which they dwelt, and which was built upon the rock, standing out into the illimitable world of space as into the sea, with precipices immeasurable sinking down below, lower than thought could reach, while the great tower rose higher than thought, swung upon that giddy edge, and, though built of indestructible rock, quivering in the great sweep of the atmosphere more tremendous than on the highest mountain-top. There were all the secrets of the celestial world revealed, and all the movements of the stars, and the workings of the planetary system, and all the wonderful apparatus by which they were observed and noted. And many men of the other kind were in that place, were at work and busy, whose duty it was to watch over the balance and the trim of all these blazing worlds, and to see that each kept in its orbit, and all its attendant stars in their places, that there might be no wavering in the march of the heavens.

The wanderers went and came, through all these wonderful sights, and no one noted their coming and their going: for all the others were busy with their work and occupation, never slackening in their watch. And the young man, and some of his younger companions with him, looked upon them with envy, longing, but in vain, for some part or lot in the matter, and not to be thus unseen and without use in the great universe which seemed to go on without them though enclosing them in its great and mystic round. And as they gazed out from

that watch-tower one of the others pointed to a little darkling planet hanging upon the skirts of space, half seen amid the glory of the greater stars. "That speck," he said, "is what we called the Earth, and bragged of as something great and wonderful in our time. Look at it, contemptible! dim with smokes and fogs, and the breath of toiling men."

"Yet it was our mother," said the young man, "and there we lived, and there we died."

"If you call that, the throes of the birth-hour, living: and the journey hither dying—trifling incidents of our career." It was the same voice which had first accosted him when he arrived in that world which now spoke, and there were many with him, the elder spirits: while with the young man were many of the new-comers, still sore and wounded to feel themselves dropped out of everything, and humbled to feel that they were but voices, and no longer men and women as of old. And they turned with the young man as he stretched out his arms, leaning on the parapet, unto the wide and whirling world of space.

"Oh little earth!" he said, "full of vapour and smoke and the thoughts of men, rising up to heaven. At least we were something then, not nothing: and dear Love was there, and all the hopes of God."

"Why not now also—why not now?" said something, that was but a tremble and a quiver by his side. "Because," said the elder spirit, "we need not these ancient visions. Free souls are we in the world of thought, despising all that is below, knowing nothing that is above. What do ye murmur at, ye crew? What would ye have, insatiate souls? The universe is ours to admire and to enjoy. We go where we will, we

live as we will. You want these phalansteries, these houses on the hills! prisons and bondage. What need ye, beyond what we have?"

The young man leaned over, the great wind playing with him, as if it subdued its force not to carry away this light and petty scrap of being. And stretching out his hands, he said, "What we want—it is God and Love."

This he said, not so much out of his own heart, as because there was something of that in him which poets have. And being so, he knew that it was true. And the spirits round him murmured and sobbed and repeated, "God and Love." And the others were silent and said no word.

He went back afterwards to his living place in the wood, which he had come to love because it was near the home of those who were his; and a number of those wanderers went with him, talking of what he had said and of what was in their hearts. "We thought it was here we should have found Him," they said; "we thought that to come hither was all that was wanted. Tell us, thou! has He failed? We were never His servants, yet we believed that He would save us at the end."

"This is not the end—it is but the beginning," the young man said.

"And will He save us, will He save us—at the end?" The voices all together were like a blast of weeping wind.

Then the young man turned upon them and cried, "What are we? what are we? Let us perish if He will, but He be all in all!"

This he said because of something that had come into him he knew not how: he felt it and obeyed its impulse, but knew not why. For still the first thing in his own heart, as in theirs, was to be saved—to be once more a man in His image, and no longer a

wandering ghost unclothed. To be and to be seen of his fellows, and to speak with other men—even if it should bring pain and sorrow ; for sorrow and pain are higher things than to be nothing, though at your ease and free as the wind.

He sat all that night through on his favourite mound, thinking and pondering within himself ; and as he thought of all he had seen and the great Universe that had opened upon him at the height of that watch-tower, the wondrous circle of the stars, and all the mysteries of being which hung upon His breath who made them, he began to understand what he himself had said, and his eyes grew wet as when he had seen the Lord pass and his heart had fought with him to get free to fling itself in the Master's path. He had held it back then, but not now. He looked up to the skies above him, and saw those glorious worlds

for ever moving in that sublime circle around the unseen throne ; and this world in which he was swaying softly turning toward the highest Light. And he said to himself what one had said thousands of years ago—a shepherd-boy under the starry heavens—"What is man that Thou art mindful of him?" And it seemed to him that he himself, about whom he had been spending so many thoughts, murmuring because of his losses, and convulsing all the quiet wood with longings after another state—he himself, who had been the centre of the world to him, was indeed nothing, no more than a drop of dew or a blade of grass in the great Universe of God. And he cried out, but softly, to the One that hears all things, "Be Thou ! for ever and ever ! and let me be nothing, for nothing I am. But Thou, be Thou supreme and all in all !"

V.

In the glory of the morning the young man awoke, for even in the solemnity of his act, giving up everything, even hope if the Lord so willed, he had been surprised by that human sweetness of sleep which was not necessary to his state of being, yet delightful as the dew when it came, refreshing the soul. There was never anything but fair weather in that world, yet it seemed to him when he opened his eyes that no day had ever been so fair as this ; and he asked himself, Was it perhaps Easter or some great holiday, of which he had lost count in the passing of the years and the days ? Everything shone and glistened and sent forth breathings of delight under the shining of the sun, and the whole world was gay, and every drop of dew was like another perfect world of joy and blessing.

He could not rest where he was on so happy a morning, but went forth and visited all the wood, as one visits one's friends when there is a great rejoicing to see that they are rejoicing too.

At last he found himself upon that pleasant knoll from which he could see the whole valley lying in a rapture under the joyful light ; and he saw that there was much movement in the town near him, and once more faces at all the windows, and white figures looking over the parapet of the ascent where he had gone up, but had not been admitted. They were looking then for some one, some one who would be of his kindred ; and it would be an event for him as well as for them, and perhaps even he would gain something—a companion, a friend. But he stopped these thoughts

while they were in his mind, and tried to think what it would be to him if the new-comer was received where he had not been received, and came as a man in the body which God gave—to be among the others, not banished into nothingness. For a long time he was in doubt, for no one came up the ascending path except those whom he knew, whose business it was, and he looked in vain for a stranger; and there began to rise in his heart a half hope half fear that he for whom they were all looking should come as he himself had done—invisible: a voice only, and no man.

But lo! while he watched there came forth from the silver line of the great highway a single figure, of one who sang as he came—not in haste, but almost slowly, standing still and looking round him from time to time, as if the beauty of the world was so sweet to him that he could not go on, then turning his face towards the town and proceeding upon his way. The young man put out his hands, and suddenly clasped them together, and gazed in a suspense upon which his whole being seemed to hang. It was he, it was he! He had known the outline against the light while it was still but a shadow; he had recognised every footstep, and the turn of the head, and every line and every movement. Oh, how easy to know those who are one's own, however far off!—the familiar gesture, the little movement that is nothing, that a stranger would never see. He sprang up to rush down the hill and meet him, calling his name, and reflecting that even those at the gate, though they were there to welcome him, could not know him as he did. But his feet were as rooted to the soil, and he sank down again with a sob in his bosom, and a strong pang that seemed to rend him in twain.

Not for him, not for him, was this delight, to meet his brother and fall upon his neck, and ask a thousand things of home! To look on was all that was permitted to him. Why should he go, who was nothing, who could not take his hand, or show his face where those were who were the people of the Lord? He sank down upon his knoll, and covered his face with his hands, and heard the tumult of glad voices, and the welcomes and shouts of joy with which the wayfarer was taken in. He listened to every word, while the voices streamed up the steep ascent and the stranger was brought with rejoicing to his father's house. Was he glad too? Was there a pang in his heart, thinking that these welcomes had been prepared for him too, till it was discovered what he was? His voice, which was all he had, seemed choked in his throat. He could not speak, he could not cry. Vanity of vanities, nothing of nothingness! even his voice went from him, and he was no more than a thought.

Thus it was that he did not see, because he could not look: but heard every sound and the footsteps on the stones, and the shouts from above and the songs below. When they died away he felt in the bitterness of his heart as if he had been again shut out, as if it had been the day of his first refusal; but, more bitter still, shut out, and for ever shut out, and never again to hold converse with his kin and rejoice with them. For what should he rejoice? That he was shut out, and that the open gates were barred against him, and only him? But at least they might have let him share the joy that his brother had come and was more happy than he. He sprang up and turned away, still covering his face, that he might not see those walls and towers

into the heart of which the joy of welcome had swept, and were now but faintly heard—and went quickly away and hid himself in the heart of the wood: not in his accustomed place,—partly because his heart was sick of all that lived and breathed about him, and partly in perversity, that they might not find him when they came to search for him, as he knew they were sure to do. Ah! why was this? why was this, that an event which was so joyful should throw him back, back into the abyss from which his soul had escaped? He had escaped from himself; he had consented to be nothing, and to know that he was nothing—that it was not for him that heaven and earth should be disturbed, as if an atom was to make so much commotion for its own wellbeing; but now this atom once again blotted out both God and Heaven.

He struggled manfully in his heart to come to an end. "I know," he said to himself, "that it was not fit that I who had sinned should be rewarded. I have come to little harm. I suffer nothing. I have the whole world left, more beautiful than heart had conceived. And once in a thousand years the Lord will pass by, and I shall see Him, even if it be no more. And they will all come to comfort me and talk to me, and not forget me—and my brother——" But he did not say my brother. He said a name; and at the sound of that name a great sobbing seized him, and the recollection of so many things that were past, and the home that

never had been closed against him, and the love that had been his all his life. And then there came upon him suddenly another thought, at the coming of which his heart stood still, and strained upon all its chords as if it would sink away from him: and he fell upon his knees and lifted up his head and cried with an awful cry, "God! the mother, the mother!" And the far distant earth seemed to roll up under his vision and open, and show a house desolate and a woman who sat within. And he who was himself desolate, yet within sight of the joy, forgot himself and everything that was his, to think of her. The mother, the mother! he flung himself on his face, he rose again to his feet, he stood and held out his hands to God, calling to him and repeating His name, "God! God!" and then "Father!" if, perhaps, that might reach him better. "For now she is alone," he cried. And then in his trouble he reproached the Most High God, and cried out, "Thou are not alone; Thou hast Thy Son." And he forgot all his trouble and complaining, and became all one prayer, one cry for another, for one who was desolate and had now no child.

Then straight like an arrow from a bow he went away, leaving his wood and the home of his kindred, and the valley, hastening he knew not where. For in his heart he felt that there must be some way, some place in which he could reach the footstool of the great Father, and pray to be forgotten and blotted out for ever, rather than that she should be left to weep alone.

VI.

It was close to one of those great bridges by which the Lord passed to the other worlds around,—a bridge that rose light as the sea-

foam, built of white marble and of alabaster, and every line marked with fine gold, which sometimes shone as if with jewels, and some-

times seemed to melt away in the clouds as if it had not been; but whether it was built of the stones of the earth, or whether of vapours and cloud, flung itself boldly across the abyss, and bore the army and the attendants of the Lord whenever He came. And near to this place, where the broad highway seemed itself to march and continue along the bridge, there was a cathedral in the wood. The young man had heard of it from many. It was by this great temple that those others passed who preserved their being as men: and those who were but Voices moaned and lamented often, saying that they had missed the way. But it was not for this, nor indeed knowingly at all, that the young man made his way here: but only in the height of his anguish, that he might find some holy place where God might listen to his cry.

The day had come towards its end, and the glory of the sunset lit up the white and glorious bridge which spanned the air and clouds, and disappeared into a mystery of the unseen such as no eyes of man could penetrate or trace, to the other side. The young man did not pause to look at this wonder of the world, but turned aside to the temple in the wood. His footsteps were drawn towards it, he scarcely knew how: but until he saw it he knew not that this was that Temple of which he had heard. But of that great cathedral what tongue can tell? for it was not built by hands, nor were its arches created and its pillars put into their place by any workman, whether mortal or immortal; for where it stood it grew with its feet in the living soil, and every column a living tree straight and noble, and the vault above woven of foliage, which changed and moved with every breath, and let in the changings of the light,

living too, and moving ceaselessly from east to west through all the brilliant hours of the day; and during the night a great vision of stars was in the place where the lights should be, like silver lamps upon the altar, and in the lofty fragrant roof, where the leaves trembled and glistened: and its floor was made of living flowers throwing up their fragrance, which was sweeter than incense: and day by day it lived and grew, pushing higher and higher towards the skies, straight and tall and strong, reaching upward like the living thing it was. The sunset was still upon the western front, and streaming upon the great doorway, which was ever open, and wreathed in every climbing thing that blows, the long branches clinging one to another to find a place, and the flowers thickening and clustering upon the holy arch in an eagerness to be there: and there was a sound within of noble music and choirs unseen, which sang their hymns of praise to God both through the night and in the day.

The young man went in without a pause, thinking neither of the beautiful place nor of the strangeness of it, but only that it was the temple not made with hands, where the Lord loved to pause on his journey, and where the great Father came to commune with His Son, and which the ever-living Spirit had chosen for a place to dwell in: although not in this place or any other was that great Presence bound, but might be called upon by every path, and even in the common highroad where all men went to and fro. The young man did not remember except in a confusion what it was he had heard of the cathedral in the wood, nor knew he why he came, except with a thought that it was

the holiest place ; and now there was no thought in his mind but only one, to call upon every Holy name,—that of the Father, who surely knew if there was any knowledge, what love was in the heart of a mother : and of the Son, who knew what sorrow was, and to be forsaken, above all men that ever lived : and of Him whose name was the Comforter. He flung himself upon the floor, and in the great silence—for the music rolled away and was heard no more when he came in—called and called upon these Holy names. “You who are together,” he cried, “leave not her alone !” And in the anguish of his prayer he was bold, and reminded the Lord that this was the image He had chosen of a love that never failed. “Can a woman forget her child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb.” And should He above, who knows best, He who loves most, leave the woman to be alone, alone !

Presently words failed him, and he only knew that he held her as it seemed up in his arms to God. And slowly the living day died out of the cathedral in the wood, and the living night came in and shone through the tracery of the vault above, and the stars in their places lit up the living walls, and everything breathed a silent worship up to the heavens, the flowers with their odours and the leaves with their greenness : and every noble tree stood up and called upon the name of the Lord. And the swallow and the sparrow, God’s little children, and many a singing bird weary with the joy and the song of day, nestled among the branches and went to sleep in His care. And over the young man there came a great calm instead of the anguish of that prayer, and as the soft hours stole on to midnight, and the great

stillness wrapt him round and round, fatigue and peace stole over him, and he fell asleep in the middle of his prayer among the flowers.

There were those about who were coming and going for ever, faint with longing and desire to enter the Temple of the wood. But as in that world there are no bolts and bars, but only an unseen bond upon the feet and upon the heart of a man, so that he cannot go where he would until it is his hour—all that these longing souls could do was to linger and gaze and await the moment when they might enter. And many were always gathered about the door, gazing in where they so fain would be. And they saw the young man lying upon the flowers, and wondered at him that he should sleep in so blessed a place. And some said, “God forbid that I should sleep if I were there” ; and some, “God save him though he sleeps !” And one who stood almost upon the threshold, and knew that he should be one of the first to pass, hushed these voices and said low, “It is the beginning of the mystery and of the new birth.” And a murmur arose very softly, and a faint crying, “What did he do to attain the heavenly gift ?” But the soul upon the threshold hushed them all : “Sleep came upon him while he prayed. Be still and see the goodness of the Lord : he prayed not for himself but for another.”

The night had gone while these voices went and came : and he that spoke last caught with his words the little morning breeze which at that moment sprang up with the first glimmer of the sun ; and all around the living walls of that house not made with hands it breathed back the words, “not for himself but another,” like a song : and blowing in at the wide

door—for nothing can stop the winds of God, which make all the world pure—breathed over the young man where he lay. And in his sleep he felt the soft touch upon his forehead like the hand of his mother, and waking, having prayed for her till he slept, prayed again when he was roused, with a soft cry of “God save her!” while still he was but half awake. And in the waking he lay a long time forgetting where he was. And he saw something white and wonderful stretched upon the flowers where he lay, and knew not what it was. Then slowly as he came to himself he remembered everything, and saw from the east the first arrow of gold that told of the sunrise, and in the great peace of his heart he prayed no more, for it seemed to him that his prayer was heard. So sweet was that calm that he lay and did not move, recollecting himself, and saying to himself that it was good to be here, and listening to the birds, which were all awake and already singing the morning song which he had learned to know so well. And some descended swift through the air, and perched close to him upon the steps of the altar and on the lower pinnacles, and sang as if to burst their throats in a tumult and outcry of joy. Blessed creatures, little children of God! he followed with a smile one that came almost within reach of his hand. And then his eyes were drawn again to something white and wonderful which lay as he lay upon the floor. Some one, he said to himself, had laid an angel’s mantle over him as he slept; and there came a rush of soft tears to his eyes, and his heart melted with gratitude and kindness. But when he moved it moved with him, and putting out an astonished hand, he suddenly touched and knew that this was he—no mantle even

of an angel, but the body of a man. Oh, holy house not made with hands! oh, Temple of the Lord!—for this was he.

And a voice said:

“He hath accepted that which was allotted to him, and acknowledged that it was just; therefore there is now given to him the higher state.

“He hath acknowledged his Lord; wherefore his Lord doth not forget to acknowledge him.

“And here he hath come to seek the face of God, not for himself but for another; wherefore he goes hence blessed, with the blessing he has not sought.”

The young man had not gone back half the way to the city of his fathers when he was met by a shining company, all radiant in their best apparel, with music and with song; and in front of all was his brother, whose arrival he had beheld before he set forth. And lo! while all men looked and held their breath, they stood together, two fair young men—fairer than they had been on earth, or than any man is to whom has not been given the house not made with hands. And together they went back to their father’s house to do the work which God might give them, whether it was humble or whether it was great, until the day should come when the books shall be opened and all the worlds stand together in their armies and battalions before the face of the Lord. But of that day knoweth no man, not even the Son, but the Father—as was told us by our Lord.

As for the prayer which he made, and which was answered in a way he asked not, it is still unfulfilled: yet they know it is not forgotten, for nothing is forgotten before God.

A FRESH START.

WITH the beginning of a new year it is natural that we should cast an eye over the political prospect which it opens to us, and the position of parties as they stand at the present moment. Mr Balfour has told us that the Ministry have learned their lesson. But whether in saying so he was referring to legislation in general or only to one particular measure, we do not clearly understand. We are often reminded by the utterances of public men belonging to both parties in the State of a well-known passage in Dr Newman's preface to the 'History of his Religious Opinions.' Referring to Mr Kingsley's attack upon him, he quotes the words of his accuser: "'What, then, does Dr Newman mean?' . . . *He asks what I mean*—not about my words, not about my arguments, not about my actions, as his ultimate point, but about that living intelligence by which I write and argue and act." What, we sometimes feel inclined to ask, does Liberalism *mean*? what does Conservatism *mean*? in the sense in which the word is used by Newman. This would be a tempting field of dissertation, and one that would fill a volume. And even if we limit our inquiry to what the present Government mean, we shall find that we have quite enough upon our hands for a magazine article. Their conduct has certainly not been wholly free from some of those ambiguities which Kingsley charged on Dr Newman, and though we doubt not they have as good an answer to the charge as Dr Newman had, it may be useful to consider the grounds of it. It is vain to deny that dissatisfaction exists

among their followers. But in our humble judgment there have been faults on both sides, at which, on the eve of a new session, it can scarcely be superfluous to glance.

Mr Balfour, in his speech at Rochdale on the 17th of November last, divided the work of the present Government into their defensive and their constructive functions,—the whole Cabinet, we presume, in its corporate capacity, being pledged equally to both, and accepting to their full extent the responsibilities which both imply. The two, of course, are very closely connected, and specially so at the present moment, when not only the legislation of the Government, but the spirit in which it is conceived, is coming to be an object of inquiry; when the strength of the Conservative idea, and the extent to which Ministers may be expected to rely upon it, not in regard only to particular measures, but in general, are fancied even by some Conservatives to be debatable points, and give rise to questions which, if asked without sufficient cause, show at least in what direction men's minds are travelling.

Mr Balfour looks forward to a long career of usefulness for the present Government, in which the duty of defence shall not be allowed to interfere with the process of construction, and when social improvement and political stability shall go hand in hand and mutually assist each other. There is no reason why these anticipations should not be realised; but it is not unnatural, we think, that the supporters of the Ministry should feel some little anxiety on the subject, and should

want to know a little more clearly what is meant by the language which Ministers have occasionally made use of during the recess. Mr Balfour in his Rochdale speech adverted, with justifiable pride, to the "record" of last session, showing, as it does, the utter folly or dishonesty of stigmatising it as a barren one. The Ministry passed as many measures in six months as their predecessors passed in twenty-two.

Nevertheless, when all is said and done, the fact stands out that the session of 1896 was marked by a reverse such as hardly any Government supported by an equal majority has ever experienced before, and of which it would be very natural that Ministers should hesitate to recognise the real cause. We refuse to believe that it was impossible to pass the Education Bill and the Agricultural Rating Bill in one session, or that the failure of the former was due to its being too "ambitious." This, however, is the excuse which Ministers continue to make for themselves. They confess to the last infirmity of noble minds, not without some show of complacency; and no doubt the sin by which the angels fell is a dignified error, to which mere mortals may gladly plead guilty if it saves them from any humbler apology. We cannot say that in our opinion the plea is a valid one. Mr Gladstone passed the Irish Land Bill and Mr Foster's famous Education Bill in a single session; and obstruction need not have wrecked Sir John Gorst's Bill, had Government resolved to press it. Why did they not?

Such, however, is the only explanation which they choose to make public. They were too ambitious and they were too sanguine. They ought to have

known that a bill of that magnitude could never be carried in the teeth of a determined and well-mancœuvred Opposition unless a whole session were devoted to it. They admit that they ought to have known this. But we strongly suspect that this admission is only made to prevent the necessity of another which perhaps they are scarcely prepared to make even to themselves. However, we are now informed on the highest authority that the Government have learned their lesson, and are prepared in future to cut their coat according to their cloth. The same policy had been prescribed both officially and unofficially long before Mr Balfour gave it the stamp of his authority at Rochdale; and though we dare not impugn the wisdom of a decision so thoroughly in accordance with our favourite national virtue, we may perhaps be permitted to ask what it is that makes it so peculiarly appropriate to the present situation. Why should a Ministry like Lord Salisbury's be talking—as virtually, if not literally, they are—of cutting their coat according to their cloth, a metaphor suggestive in ordinary life of straitened means or impaired resources? Why should a Government, strong, or apparently strong, in almost every element of political strength, be compelled to lower its pretensions, to contract its efforts, and abandon great measures which it believes to be for the public good? Mr Balfour points, almost in a tone of envy, to the small majority which gave Sir William Harcourt the complete command over the House of Commons. "My strength is small because it is so great," he seems to cry. We all know that unwieldy majorities are not always so powerful as they look, and that they are sometimes sources of embarrassment.

But we never heard of a Minister being prevented from passing his measures by the largeness of his majority. The greater it is, the more liable it is to fall asunder and to cause the breakdown of the Government. But while it holds together there will always be enough Ministerial votes to carry through a Cabinet measure. The weakness to which overgrown majorities are always liable has been explained by Lord Beaconsfield once and for ever in his account of the first Reform Ministry—a *locus classicus* in political literature; and fifty years afterwards Mr Balfour has nothing to add to it: in fact, he uses almost the same words as are used in 'Coningsby.' But although the infirmities incidental to a majority of three hundred led to an early break up of Lord Grey's Cabinet, it did not prevent the Ministry from completing any one of their principal measures. They abolished the slave trade, they passed the Irish Church Bill, they passed the new Poor Law, they reconstituted the Bank of England, and they took the Factory question out of the hands of a private member and passed the first Factory Act, the foundation of all the rest. Here were five great measures of quite the first class carried in two years in spite of a strenuous opposition: so that although too large a majority may be a source of internal disorder, and hasten the dissolution of a Ministry, it does not necessarily destroy its working power while it lives; just as we often see men suffering from internal complaints which shorten their lives, who retain nevertheless their bodily or muscular powers in full vigour. Besides, Lord Grey's majority was twice the size of Lord Salisbury's; and if the one was no bar to heroic legislation, why

should the other be? Mr Gladstone's majority in 1869 was a hundred and twenty. We do not see, therefore, how the miscarriages of the Government are in any way traceable to the largeness of their majority. We have no right to expect more from a Government with a majority of a hundred and fifty, than from one with a majority of eighty. This we have often admitted. But we have a right to expect as much.

Unless, then, we are prepared to allow, either that no Ministry could pass two such measures as the Education Bill and the Agricultural Rating Bill in a single session, or else that an overwhelming majority is a positive hindrance to legislative progress, we must look for some other explanation of what certainly requires to be explained, in order to justify the changed tone in which Ministers now speak of the future.

Both members of the Government and influential members of the party sometimes are heard to say, when pressed on any given point, "Oh yes, what you say is perfectly true; what you suggest is perfectly right; but what chance would there be of carrying such a measure in the House of Commons?" We want to know why. Would Peel or Palmerston, or Mr Gladstone in his best days, or Lord Beaconsfield, have talked in this manner? When Government speak of opposition in the House of Commons, what opposition do they mean? Not the opposition of the Radicals, for that could easily be overcome; and only in part the opposition of their own supporters, for a considerable flake might be detached from the Ministerial party, and even transferred to their opponents, without depriving them of sufficient strength to carry any measures they pleased. There

must be something further, something behind all this, to account for the language of the Government. Can it be—we ask the question with infinite reluctance—can it be that Ministers do not feel certain of the public? that they doubt whether confidence in themselves extends beyond the question of Home Rule? and that, if they used the means which Parliament has placed at their disposal for enforcing the passage of such measures as they believe in their hearts to be just and necessary, they doubt if they could depend on the moral support of the nation? If, with their present majority, they fear an Opposition in the Commons, it looks very much as if they feared an opposition in the country; for nothing else can make the party led by Sir William Harcourt, however well commanded, really formidable. If on educational, ecclesiastical, or agricultural questions they are not sure of being in sympathy with the majority of the people, it is easy to understand why they should not make the most of their majority in Parliament. Yet it is difficult to believe that Mr Balfour, the very Minister who tells us that he has learned his lesson, can have any doubt of the feeling of the country when he sees the process of “slow but steady conversion” to Conservatism going on before his eyes.

Mr Asquith's is a more plausible account of the matter, at all events. He asserts that Liberalism is still really uppermost; and that as soon as the policy of the Government in regard to education was fully realised, they were given to understand pretty plainly that the country would none of it. Mr Asquith's language is certainly not inconsistent with the conduct

of the Government, and Mr Balfour's is. Yet it is impossible to doubt that on the question of fact Mr Balfour is in the right. Be this as it may, the Ministry on the whole have contrived to create an impression on the public mind that they are not sure of their ground. And if the impression is correct, we need not inquire any further. Unless a Government is sure of popular support, not on this or that particular measure only, but on the broad question of principle at issue between themselves and their opponents, their steps must necessarily be few and halting, the steps of men more concerned with what it is necessary to avoid than with what it is desirable to attain, regarding their own power as a house built upon the sand, and pretty certain to be overthrown by the first gust of popular caprice. Unless Conservative Governments believe in Conservatism in the abstract—and that it is what the instincts of the British people naturally incline to—they are in a false position as regards both their functions.

Assuming, for the sake of argument, what we do not really believe, that the present Government does feel doubtful of its hold upon the nation, all we hear about the “swing of the pendulum” becomes at once intelligible. We have often regretted the frequent recurrence of these words in Unionist and Ministerial speeches; they are very disheartening to the great body of their supporters in the country; and, what is more, they certainly convey the impression that in the opinion of the speakers there is no such thing as political faith left among the body of the people. If every class in the country is guided only by its own special interests, and approves or condemns a party as it advances

or neglects these, regardless of public considerations, it is only to be expected that the Government should change hands with every fresh general election. But by this hypothesis we surely do great injustice to the British nation, and to the labouring classes in particular, whom we charge with the very sin of which in former days they were wont to accuse the aristocracy—that is to say, of being actuated solely by class interests, to the neglect of the general welfare.

Parties, it is true, are not now divided from each other, as they were seventy years ago, by definite principles with which there could be no trifling. The power of the Crown, the position of the Church, parliamentary reform, the rights of corporations and other vested interests, were questions on which men felt deeply, and which they never postponed to class interests. But still, both Englishmen and Scotchmen ought to have certain general beliefs with regard to the merits or demerits of the political and social system under which they live. They ought to be able to make up their minds whether they think the country is likely to be greater and happier under a totally new order of things than she is under the constitution which has already made her great and happy. This is a question which is totally distinct from all particular measures. There may be many defects in the existing edifice—some remediable, others perhaps not. Do they think it wise, for the sake of these, to pull down the whole fabric and begin over again? There is something to be said on both sides. But of course, if the nation on the whole cannot be got to look this question in the face; if they prefer to brush it

on one side as not “practical,” and to give themselves up entirely to the methods of political empiricism,—then those who talk of the swing of the pendulum may be quite right. If government and legislation are to consist only of a series of experiments, “turn and turn about” is the obvious *régime* to which both parties must submit, and Conservatives must be content to roll the stone of Sisyphus up the hill only to see it rolled down again; for, depend upon it, the old doctrine of finality will never be respected for a moment by the modern Radical.

We should be extremely sorry if we felt obliged to take this view of British politics. If the conflict of parties is only to be a game of seesaw, how can men of great abilities and high aspirations continue to take an interest in it? There are Conservatives who think very differently; who have hoped, and still hope, that the work done by the party during the last quarter of a century has not been without its effect upon public opinion, and that the popular mind is gradually being brought to understand that Conservatism is the best system for the welfare of the whole people. This is what Mr Balfour says. The effect, of course, would not be produced in a day, or without some ebb and flow; but we are surely justified in hoping, with Mr Balfour, that the progress has been steady, and that, if only inch by inch, ground has been gained which will not easily be lost again. At all events, it seems a pity to talk as if there were nothing whatever to be said for this view of the subject; as if both Liberal and Conservative majorities were dictated only by love of change, and were as

certain to succeed each other at stated intervals as night and day. It cannot be very encouraging to the subaltern supporters who work so hard in their respective constituencies to keep the party interest together, to be told that all they may gain in one term of years is sure to be lost in the next. And this, moreover, is one of those prophecies which tend to fulfil themselves. If *possunt quia posse videntur* is true, *non possunt quia non videntur* is equally true. Mr Balfour at Rochdale enjoined upon his hearers the necessity for constant effort to keep what they had got: they must work as hard when they are in power as when they are out of it. But what is the good of telling men this if another Cabinet Minister gets up directly afterwards and says practically that it is no use, and that the swing of the pendulum will bring their opponents into power at the next election by what has now become a fixed law?

We are told, on authority, that as a Radical Government is sure to return to power in another six years, we must confine our legislation to such measures as they will be unwilling to repeal. We are afraid that, as far as "rational and moderate" legislation is concerned, this would leave a very small margin, to say nothing of the undignified and even ignominious position to which it would reduce Conservatives. It would be a recognition of the Asquith doctrine without reserve or qualification. If the Conservatives could win at only two elections running, and have two Parliaments of their own in succession, their measures might have time to take root, and their full effect to be seen. This would be likely

not only to ensure them a third victory, but to deter their opponents from meddling with their legislation when they *did* return to power. What we ought to aim at is not to limit our measures to such as Radicals might be willing to spare, but to ensure for our policy such a fair trial as shall enable the public fully to appreciate it, and make it impossible for the Radicals to reverse it. We shall never do this if we believe in the swing of the pendulum. There is no finality now but what is ensured by the ascendancy of one party.

It is not surprising that the attitude of the Government has caused some disappointment to an influential section of their supporters; and we have expressed plainly, we hope not too plainly, the way in which it strikes ourselves. It suggests—we hope and believe, falsely—that they are more afraid of their antagonists than they ought to be, and it whets our curiosity to know the cause of such timidity. If speculations founded on this not very unnatural feeling do them any injustice, is it not their own fault?

We have said that the defensive and constructive functions of the Government must necessarily work together, and keep step with each other. But they can be separately considered; and whatever uneasiness may have arisen in connection with the one, Ministers should command the confidence of the whole body of their supporters in regard to the other. Large majorities, though they have been made answerable for more than can fairly be laid to their charge, no doubt have this inconvenience—namely, that the more supporters you have, the more demands you must expect, and the more you are bound to disappoint. But the

defensive functions of the Government expose them to no such embarrassments. Here all their followers are supposed to be of one mind, and all to be satisfied with one thing—the preservation of the empire and the constitution. We fully sympathise with the two great interests whose “moderate and reasonable” claims were last year set aside. But right and justice can no more rule the roast in representative and popular Governments than they can in the concert of Europe. Nor is remedial legislation the only thing or the principal thing for the sake of which the present Government exists. If any class in the country, or any party in Parliament which now supports the Government on Conservative principles, should ever turn against them on particular measures, or take any steps which might lead to their ultimate downfall, they would repent in sackcloth and ashes before a year was out.

The defensive function of the Government is by far the more important of the two. Reforms, if not effected at one time, may be carried at another. Mistakes in legislation may be repaired. But a great national institution once overthrown can never be restored. There are exceptions to the rule, of course. The Church and the Monarchy were overthrown in the seventeenth century, and restored again in a few years. But they were overthrown by military violence. It was one man against a nation. And the very fact that they were swept away so completely made the restoration of them in their original form all the easier, for there was no other basis to build upon. But a revolution effected by a parliamentary majority, though it might be only a snatched

majority, returned in a moment of passing passion, would be much more difficult to reverse. We believe it would be impossible. At all events, no sensible man can wish to see the country plunged into such struggles as these at the imminent risk of civil war. And a Unionist Government is the only thing that stands between the country and a revolutionary party, who certainly would not hesitate to proceed to any extremities if they thought they were likely to be successful, and that the results would be to benefit themselves. The longer the present Government remain in office, the further will they remove from us those sources of civil danger which have their origin in political ambition. “We cover,” says Mr Balfour, “the whole field of moderate and rational reforms.” Therefore, those who would turn us out because they have something better to propose must mean something “neither rational nor moderate.” That is so. If we turn out the Unionists, we let in the Radicals; and if we let in the Radicals, they are bound to justify themselves by those imperial sacrifices and sweeping organic changes of which they are already the professed advocates.

But this whole field of reform, be it remembered, cannot be traversed in a day; and if at the expiration of the present Parliament the reasonable demands of any section of the Unionists remain unsatisfied, ought that to be a reason for trying to depose a Ministry representing those great architectonic principles to which all other considerations are subordinate

The words of the Duke of Wellington in 1845 are well worth referring to. In reply to the

Cabinet memorandum of 1845 he wrote—"My only object in public life is to support Sir Robert's Peel's administration of the Government for the Queen. A good Government for the country is more important than Corn laws or any other consideration." In the following January he writes to Croker—"I felt that the existing Corn law was not the *only* interest of this great nation." The italics in this latter sentence are the Duke's own. Much, therefore, as we should regret any such further failure of the Government to satisfy the justifiable demands of the most loyal and faithful section of their followers, as could only be set down to causes calculated to damp the energies of the whole party, we should still say that the paramount duty of all who respect the constitution or take a pride in the empire was to maintain Lord Salisbury's Administration. Politics ought not to be made personal. To talk of "punishing" a Minister who has offended you on some particular point, at the imminent risk of undermining what is infinitely more important, is the language of a woman or a child.

Mr Disraeli was severe on the "Venetian constitution," but he never denied its strength and its stability, of which indeed Venice herself was a standing illustration. When this was superseded in 1832, the dormant authority which he hoped would revive to take its place did not reappear; and the Whigs, unable to control the new power which they had called into existence, were obliged to become its servants, and to drift helplessly down the stream of democracy, too strong now for the aristocratic element in the constitution, while still divided against itself, to effectually resist. It is

useless, therefore, at the present day, to suppose that we have any alternative but to harmonise constitutional principles as far as possible with the democratic spirit. The most Conservative Government that we could imagine even in our dreams could do no more than this. It may be done, of course, with different degrees of success; nor does the situation demand any servile submission to Radical dictation. A dog is never so likely to bite as when you show yourself afraid of him. The Conservative instinct of the country at large would not go so far as to refuse all concessions to Liberalism; but it would, we believe, back up any Government that resisted virtual revolution, and covered at the same time "the whole field of moderate and rational reform."

It is important for Unionists to remember what is the only alternative to the present Government. We may be excused for referring with pardonable satisfaction to the repetition by Mr Balfour of the very argument we employed in our November article, entitled "The Party Future." When that was written there were some who thought that Lord Rosebery's resignation might lead to the formation of a third party standing between the Conservatives and the Radicals. Our reply was that there was no longer any room for one; that the ground was occupied; that the fusion of the Liberal Unionists and Conservatives had used up all the materials for such a party. Mr Balfour says exactly the same thing. If you go outside of our domestic policy you at once cross the line which separates reform from revolution. There may be many members of the Radical

party who do not desire revolution. But it is the only thing left to them—the only thing that they have to oppose to the policy of the Government.

"I do not say for a moment that our opponents are not anxious to carry out, on their own behalf, moderate and rational reforms; but I say the whole field of moderate and rational reforms is covered by our party in the sense I have endeavoured to indicate, and that when the other side ask you to turn us out and to put them in, it can only be because they bring before you something which is neither rational nor moderate, as I think, but some violent interference with our existing Constitution, some great disturbance in the relations, let us say, between England and Ireland, or between Church and State. Therefore, in the face of that danger, it is most necessary and most desirable that we should keep our organisations at the highest point of efficiency; that we should not allow our zeal to cool, so that, when the day of stress and danger shall again be upon us, we shall be found with united ranks, fully equipped for the battle before us, and, therefore and consequently, with good hope of bringing that battle to a successful issue."

Here, be it observed, we have no talk about the swing of the pendulum. Mr Balfour thinks as we do: that to take it for granted that the Conservatism of the country must have spent its force before the next general election is political suicide. Why should another Radical Government be different from the last, which the people drove out with contempt and indignation? That is a question which independent men may very well ask themselves. The late Government was "pledged, however impotently, to break up the Constitution; pledged, however impotently, to disestablish the Church, and deal fundamental

blows at an ancient order of this realm." So would the next be: they could not help themselves. And Mr Balfour is again our authority for what we have suggested on an earlier page—namely, that in these latter days "a slow but steady conversion" of the people of this country has been taking place, and that they have come round to the view, "to many of them a new view," that the great interests of the country are safest in the hands of the Conservative and Unionist party. It is not for Conservatives to arrest the progress of this conversion by preaching the direct contrary—by telling the people that they have no political principles at all; and that their votes are regulated by an unintelligent caprice, akin to what, rightly or wrongly, we attribute to the brute creation.

A fact unaccountably overlooked by many political speakers which militates strongly against this theory is that, even at the last general election, there was no real swing of the pendulum in Great Britain. The majority fell, but it did not go over to the other side. We have therefore had a British Unionist majority in three Parliaments running; and why not in a fourth? Mr Balfour does not apparently believe in the swing of the pendulum, in the sense in which the words have been used by some of his colleagues and supporters; but, as we have already pointed out, he seems to have little faith in the power of the Government to carry great measures through the House of Commons—measures like those which were carried by Mr Gladstone's Government from 1869-1872. We confess we cannot reconcile this frame of mind with his belief in the growing Conservatism of the people,

to which he might look for an effective support against all the arts of faction and obstruction. Sharing his belief in the disposition of the public, we should have thought that the present was a peculiarly favourable time for the introduction of great measures. The Opposition in the House of Commons, says the leader of that House, are good for nothing but guerilla warfare. In a pitched battle, or any conflict on a larger scale, they are sure to be beaten, and they know it. But they will regain strength by degrees, he adds, and once more become formidable. Then, why wait till they do? We should have said, now or never was the time. We suppose we are mistaken, and that Government have reasons of their own which sufficiently justify them in renouncing a comprehensive policy. Of course, in the matter of education they have no choice. It is absolutely necessary that the money for the voluntary schools should be voted before the 31st of next March; and there will be no time to do more than pass a very short and simple bill for that purpose.

But the Government cannot stop here. A bill limited to an increased grant for voluntary schools can only be a temporary expedient, and stop only one hole in a sieve. Even if any such grant were possible as would wholly remove the present inequality between the two systems, it would be in the power of the board schools to restore it when they pleased by a further inroad on the rates. And Government will have to face this difficulty in another session. An increased grant to the voluntary schools alone would still leave them at the mercy of the school boards. An equal grant to all

schools alike would leave their relative positions untouched. Rate aid for voluntary schools, combined with popular control, would be fatal to religious education. Rate aid without popular control would be denounced as a new Church rate, provoke the same agitation, and most likely meet the same fate. Some other mode of settling the question must be taken, and we believe that nothing will be found so effective as the transfer of part of the function of primary education to secondary education, combined with a reduction in the expenditure of existing school boards, to be carefully watched over by some new local authority. Till some check is placed on the power now possessed by these bodies of levying rates *ad libitum*, the education question will never be satisfactorily settled.

Our primary education is up to quite as high a mark as can fairly be required either in the interests of those who receive it or in justice to those who pay for it. The superficial smattering of unnecessary knowledge which is all that many children carry away with them in addition to what is really useful, does them more harm than good. Our school accommodation as a rule is sufficient for every comfort and convenience which the children or their parents can reasonably expect; and more is demanded by those only who have ulterior purposes to serve, or are the victims of a mysterious monomania on the subject of cloaks and cupboards. All this foolish, faddish extravagance should be permanently bridled. This, of course, cannot be done next session. But we hope there will be no unnecessary delay in dealing with this great question on an adequate scale, and that the

measure on secondary education, of which notice has been given for the present session, will not stand in the way of a larger one dealing with both questions, either next year or the year after. Delays are dangerous. There is many a slip between the cup and the lip; and if Government are waiting for a session when they have nothing else to do, they may wait long enough. The rustic in Horace who wants to cross the river waits till it has stopped flowing.

If these two certainties are borne in mind—namely, that neither a grant all round nor rate aid in any form will solve the problem—Government cannot go very far wrong, and with these reservations we heartily commend to all the advocates of religious education the advice given to them by Mr Balfour in the speech we have so often referred to. They have no friends outside of the Unionist party, and they cannot afford to quarrel with those who belong to it. As long as government in England continues to be conducted on the party system, all great questions must be settled through its agency. "All great questions in this House," said Sir George Cornewall Lewis, "have been decided by party moves, and whatever amelioration is to be expected in our present state must, according to the constitution of the House of Commons, proceed from the same source." Such being the case, and this method of procedure being riveted upon us, we have only to make the best of it, and submit with a good grace to the conditions which it imposes; and one of the first is, that we must recognise the necessity of compromises, not only between the two hostile parties, but between members of the same party. In

the present instance the Government, as we have already said, need not be afraid of any opposition likely to proceed from their own followers, for they could lose a good many of them, without being a pin the worse for it, in the present Parliament. But such a schism would have a bad moral effect on their general prospects, and would certainly be injurious to the cause of religious education. If its friends cannot agree, its opponents will say—if they differ so widely from each other as to make opposition to the Government a lesser evil in their eyes than the acceptance of what is proposed to them,—is it not clear that no satisfactory settlement can be expected from that quarter? Will not the Secularists have a right to say this? And will not their resistance to any Government proposal not exactly in accordance with their own views become more violent than ever?

The above remarks do not apply to another question, which we hope will be recognised next session as one of great importance, even if it is not enrolled among the Government measures. We mean Church Reform. The Benefices Bill is one to which no honest objection can be raised, except perhaps by the small group of fanatics, of whom Lord Grimthorpe is the leader, who foresee in the power to be conferred upon the Bishops the revival of the Star Chamber and High Commission Court. The opposition of the Nonconformists in the House of Commons ought not, perhaps, to be called dishonest, because they do not conceal their real motives. But it is certainly scandalous. Their wish is that the Church should be let alone, with all the abuses, such as time inevitably generates in all institu-

tions, on her head, in order that the case for disestablishment may not be spoiled by their removal. Already in many parts of England and Wales Dissenters are driven to take their stand on what they consider the practical evils of the Church system. We hear very little complaint of the Church religion nowadays. Remove the abuses, of which those aimed at by Lord Cranborne's bill are the most conspicuous, and you cut the ground from under the feet of a large body of Nonconformists. Their representatives in the House of Commons know this but too well, and they know that with the subsidence of the cry for disestablishment would come the subsidence of the zeal for Radicalism. Mr Balfour should know this as well as anybody, and should feel that the furtherance of the Benefices Bill is not only a duty which he owes to the Church, but one imperatively demanded by the interests of the whole Conservative party in Great Britain.

Now, then, what does Mr Balfour mean? What do the Government mean? And how are we to take their frank admission that, at the very outset of their career, with unbroken forces and in the full flush of their popularity, to pass two great measures in one session was a feat beyond their strength? One explanation is, that men believing themselves destined only to take turn and turn about with their opponents, and to make way for another Government as soon as they have served their term, cannot be expected to be very much in earnest about anything. Public confidence which goes no further than that is not good for much, and for those who believe in the swing of the pendulum, a little opposition, we

daresay, goes a long way. But then Mr Balfour does not believe in it. He rejects the metaphor altogether. He tells us that he sees Conservatism gaining ground, slowly indeed but steadily, throughout the island. If that is his belief, are we not entitled to say, "What then does Mr Balfour mean" when he declares that himself and his colleagues are unable to do what other strong Governments have done before them?

It was the practice of Mr Disraeli, Lord Derby, and Sir Robert Peel to call occasional meetings of their supporters, and discuss party politics with them confidentially. In the *Life of Lord George Bentinck* "the country gentlemen of England," whom Sir Robert was so proud to lead, are "the men whose spirit he had so often quickened, and whose counsel he had so often solicited, in his fine Conservative speeches in Whitehall Gardens." Would it not be well for Lord Salisbury and Mr Balfour to do the same thing,—to meet their party from time to time for the interchange of ideas on the leading questions of the day? The Unionist members of the House of Commons have scarcely any opportunities of hearing or seeing Lord Salisbury, and getting to know exactly what he thinks on these subjects. We believe the trouble would be amply repaid. If the party felt that they were being consulted by their leaders and carried along with them, each individual would attach less importance perhaps than he does now to his own personal opinions, while the consciousness that he had been fully taken into the confidence of the Government and knew their inner mind might reconcile him to much which, in default of such friendly

communications, he is disposed to look on with distrust.

It may be that the policy of the Government in succeeding sessions will be stronger and bolder than the language which they have used in the recess, with the shadow of a great reverse upon them, might warrant us in expecting. Their deeds may be better than their words. But whether or no, we would have all Ministerialists remember that the final cause of Conservatism and Conservative Governments is not so much legislation as the maintenance of a great political and social system under which the British empire has been reared and the national character has been formed.

There are those, of course, who tell us that our empire is an incubus, and that our character has been formed not through our institutions but in spite of them. Very well. These are the two sides—the two theories which have long confronted each other—each having its able champions. It is rather late in the day now to discuss their comparative merits. Conservatives, among whom we include the great majority of Liberal Unionists, are supposed to have made their choice. And in that case let them learn to repeat with the Duke of Wellington, that “a good Government for the country is more important than any other consideration.”

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TO

The Queen:

A NEW YEAR GREETING.

WHAT shall we wish thee for the coming year?

Thy people's ever-deepening love is thine,

And nations far and near combine

In thee to honour and revere

The Woman and the Queen,

Who has to them the bright exemplar been

Of duty nobly done.

Can guerdon princelier than this be won,—

The homage of the world? Surely none!

Long be it thine, in measure unsurpassed!

Whilst ever, more and more,

We from our heart of hearts shall heaven implore,

That, while the advancing years their courses run,

Peace o'er thy realms her sheltering wings may cast,

And keep thy life untroubled to the last!

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.¹

BY BEATRICE HARRADEN.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA has to be known well before it can be loved ; and even when it is thoroughly appreciated for its many delightful characteristics, there will often remain certain of its peculiarities which may perchance jar on the sensitiveness of those accustomed to the tender charms of a more caressing land. On the other hand, the real beauties and advantages of the country and climate are so obvious that one need not hesitate to draw attention to some features likely to prove a little disappointing to any new-comers who are looking for a land of waving palm-trees and rich natural luxuriance and generous growth of green. Green there is, and of the brightest emerald the eye might wish to see ; but it passes all too swiftly, burnt up by the downpour of golden sunshine, and gives place to every shade of delicate brown and amber, which we learn to like well enough, only not as we love the blessed green. Palms are there also, but not growing at random as some of us may have feverishly fancied ; man's hand must plant and tend them, and water them unceasingly. As for the rich luxuriance, it is there also—or rather the possibility of it is there under the dusty soil, waiting only for our help and labour to give it a development, which for fulness and rapidity is nothing less than miraculous. Indeed, one of the greatest pleasures in Southern California is the power which we

all possess, if we only choose to use it, of transforming the brush-grown plains and hills into a fair and fruitful garden-land. It is almost like a fairy story to see what wonders may be wrought from the very onset, and to mark how soon the willing earth answers to an honest care. But she demands devoted and hard work—not the mere scratching of the ground and the smoking of a cigarette ; and perhaps it is not out of place here to insist specially on the truth of this statement for the benefit of those who have any idea of coming to Southern California and taking up the onerous duties of ranch life. It is one thing to *have done a little gardening at home*, toying, no doubt, with a spade and a rake and a watering-can ; and quite another thing to start a fruit-farm, to follow a plough or cultivator over virgin soil, and wield a heavy hoe all day long, to the fierce heat and glare of the sun, and to evolve and carry out some scheme of irrigation, which often of necessity entails endless trouble and anxiety. These are not light tasks, and should not therefore be undertaken lightly ; but a judicious fulfilment of them assures success to a man who has been wise enough to content himself with a small ranch ; for it seems to be established beyond any question that small ranches conducted in a business-like fashion have every chance of yielding fair returns, whereas the larger fruit-farms involve

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too much work and too much money.

Quite apart, however, from pecuniary considerations, country life in the south of California has a great deal in it which is very delightful: the riding and driving, the sense of unrestrained freedom, the pleasure in the wide-stretching plains and rolling foothills and distant ranges of mountains, bare and uncompromising on a first introduction, but taking on rare charms of light and shadow and southern glamour, when once the slight acquaintance with them has ripened into friendship.

Then there are the excursions by moonlight, the sleeping out of doors, the fragrances in the air wafted from the orange and lemon blossoms, and in the spring-time from the myriads of wild-flowers, which, when aided by the winter rains, leap into luxuriance charged with divers sweetnesses. But if the rainy season has been a niggardly one, then we must needs content ourselves with a few poor stragglers who serve just to remind us of the treasures of gold and blue and red and yellow and purple and white laid at our feet in such profusion during a previous year. Then we must dream of the fields of the flaming *eschscholtzia*, the Californian poppy, seen to perfection perhaps on the foothills of the San Gabriel valley, and covering the ground there and elsewhere with a rich orange mantle: we must dream, too, of the masses of *brodea*, pale lavender in hue, toning in so softly with the numberless yellow flowers; the yellow violet, with its peculiar Oriental fragrance; the gentle little cream-cup, paler than our beloved English primrose; the *marguerite* of varying shade and form; the handsome *leptosyne*,

with its brown velvet centre and its strong vanilla perfume; and scores of others springing up to take the place of those which die down all too quickly. We must pay due tribute also to the rich indigo larkspur, the lupins and vetches, the brown and mauve lilies, the *gillias*, the red painter's brush, the wild pea of brilliant pink, the delicate shooting-star with petals of white tinged with purple, the tiny baby-blue eyes, one of the *nemophila* family, white flowers, as many as you will, and some of them as wee as a pin's head, and the pretty little blossoms of the *alfilaria*, which, together with the blossoms of the elderberry, are the welcome harbingers of spring. Later on in the season and in different parts of the south we shall find other treasures: the *Mariposa* lily, so called because of its likeness to a butterfly, and the *Romnya*, a monster poppy of crinkled white satin, and the thistle, a handsome and stately fellow indeed, and countless others, some of them known only to those of us who are able to climb up steep places or dive into deep cañons,—for one has to be fairly strong to be a good botanist in Southern California. It is not enough to have a penetrating eye: one must be able to bear fatigue and heat and glare, and to have enough enthusiasm to fight sturdily through the dense chaparral, and enough caution to give a wide berth to those evil-looking fiends, the rattlesnakes, who kill so easily, but who themselves are so easily despatched.

If, however, owing to a dry winter, we have been cheated of these many lovely wild-flowers, there at least remain certain consolations which are not likely to fail us: the sumac will, in spite

of drought, continue to put out its tender shoots; the chillicote, with its bright fresh leaf and delicate white blossom, will spread itself elegantly over anything within its reach; the uncompromising cactus will eke out its grim existence, offering us as a sort of apology its most exquisite flowers, some yellow and some red. Various kinds of sages give of themselves generously, especially in the more southern parts of the State; we shall find also the Spanish dagger or yucca, the manzanita, the mountain mahogany with its stubborn roots, the very despair of those who have the irksome task of clearing the brush-grown ground; and higher up the scrub oak and the grease-bush, and lower down again the cucurbita or gourd, commonly called mock-orange, and the *datura meteloides*, a large pale violet flower full of delicious fragrance. In the valleys and cañons near the river, or near what is called the river—for we should scarcely realise that it is such until the winter rains swell the mountain torrents and rush down with overwhelming force into the dried-up river-bed—in these valleys and cañons we shall find most comforting stretches of green even during the hottest summer: sycamores and cotton-wood trees, a few live oaks, abundance of willows, grasses, and reeds, wild roses, and a perfect luxuriance of the wild grape-vine, which drapes itself artistically over trunks and branches, and climbs as high as it desires. Up in the mountains, of course, we come into a totally different country and scenery: live oaks and pines abound everywhere, and we therefore may not give the epithet of “treeless and barren” to this portion of Southern California.

Water is found there without stint or measure, and the climate bears little or no resemblance to that of the plains and foothills below. Hence many people who miss the procession of the seasons, and feel the need of a bracing change, find their way into the mountains during some part of the year; and if they are strong enough to enjoy camp life, or rich enough to take servants with them to see to all the details of the little establishment, then they will come back greatly invigorated, especially if they have had the pride and satisfaction of laying low some harmless deer! But camping for frail folk is a mistake; and doctors, far away from these scenes, sitting comfortably in their arm-chairs, with all their needs luxuriously attended to, are apt to give out this order much too thoughtlessly. They have not themselves tried it perhaps, except under more favourable conditions than those which some of their patients might be able to command.

In speaking of the scenery of Southern California, one must certainly not forget to mention the enormous granite boulders and lavish supply of stones, interesting no doubt to the geologist, but the despair of the fruit-grower and of the lover of beauty. Mrs Collier Graham, in her charming little volume ‘*Stories of the Foothills*,’ makes one of her characters refer thus to the soil: “He said the soil was good. An’ I ’lowed it was—what there was of it; and so was boulders good, for boulders—the trouble was in the mixin’! ‘Don’t talk to me about your decomposed granite; it’s the granite what ain’t decomposed that bothers me.’” That exactly describes the feelings of any rancher who happens to be the unfortun-

ate possessor of too many boulders. And as features of the landscape they are only tolerable when, after sunset, that beautiful rosy glow, quite peculiar to the south, holds them in a tender embrace: then they are softened and glorified if only for a passing moment; and those of us who come from a land of purple heather may well believe that these barren stones have suddenly burst out into blossom,—just for the passing moment, Nature's compensation. But the next day, in the full glare of the sun, some of us think there is nothing romantic or picturesque about them. It is possible to drive for miles in some parts, and see nothing but stones and boulders and dried-up brush and shabby-looking cactus, and dust without beginning or end. The dust in Southern California in summer-time after a dry winter is really quite overwhelming; it not only eats into clothes, but corrodes tempers as well, and gets into noses, and throats, and chests. It rises up into the buggy in great curling waves, thickly powdering every one from top to toe. Enthusiastic Californians pretend not to notice it, but it exists all the same, even although it is not mentioned in the guide-books. It seems almost impossible to realise that beautiful flowers of every different form and hue are nestling beneath this ugly covering. When one sees it at first, one may well be forgiven for asking, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?"

But in spite of dust and boulders and burnt-up brush and heat and glare, there are many delightful things in Southern California

even during the hottest summer: then it is that the mountains look at their very best towards the hour of sunset and after the setting of the sun, all the crudeness and harshness of their features being tempered and softened by the tender glow and glamour. Then it is that we most enjoy the lovely moonlight evenings, and then too we know that we may reckon safely on the coolness of the nights. So whilst in other parts of America people are stricken down by the summer heat of both day and night, out here in Southern California prostration from the heat is scarcely known, and certainly never on the coast; and, moreover, there is something in the climate which peculiarly aids recuperation from any kind of exhaustion. It is quite possible that new-comers from cooler and damper regions who have not had to contend with the great extremes of cold and heat experienced in most parts of the United States—new-comers from England, in fact, and other countries of Europe—may find the dry heat somewhat trying. It is perhaps hard on the brain and the nerves,¹ and any invalids suffering from the effects of overwork or from weakness of the nervous system should be strongly advised, if they come to Southern California at all, to make their home on the coast, or not too far inland, so as to be within reach of the breeze which with unfailing freshness sweeps over from the ocean during all the summer.

And speaking of the ocean reminds us that nothing we could dream of could be more beautiful than the blue waters of the Pacific,

¹ This is quite a question, and is denied by doctors who have made the nervous system their special study.

with its most lovely fringe of snow-white surf. It is almost an ideal of purity and perfection. It is a smiling, dancing sea with life and light and love of sunshine; and all the exquisite tints of a Californian sunset are caught by the glistening foam, which then exchanges its wonderful whiteness for all the fairy colours of mother-of-pearl. To sit on the rocks and watch this sea is a joy in itself; and for those who like to pry and probe, there are the fairy pools lined with every shade of delicate and rich green and pink and heliotrope, and inhabited by numberless crabs, all of them in handsome attire well suited to their most artistic homes. Seals will sometimes sport around, barking loudly to each other; gold-fish flash by, their burnished coats glittering in the sunshine. Grave and stately pelicans fly overhead; cormorants and sea-gulls hasten to and fro, or linger on the broad stretch of kelp beyond to do their fishing. These wide belts of kelp are quite peculiar to the Pacific coast; they seem to be like great fields of golden-brown strands of leaves and berries swaying with the movement of the waves. Even the large steamers do not attempt to cut their way through them, so dense is the growth anchored firmly to the ocean-bed. But leaning over the side of the vessel, one has a great pleasure in seeing such an expanse of rich colouring toning so harmoniously with the beautiful blue of the ocean; and to those of us who love to observe the many charming expressions of nature, this scene will perhaps be one of the pleasantest memories of the sea-journey from San Francisco down to the south.

Many people consider that this is the most agreeable way of reach-

ing the southern part of the State; and indeed if the weather is fine, as it usually is, the voyage is nothing else except a pleasure trip. Immediately after passing Point Concepcion, we realise that we have come into a southern clime, and we almost seem to see a distinct line of demarcation separating the northern gloom from the southern glamour. Then at once we begin to see the porpoises playing about, and the flying-fish springing out of the water, looking just like rainbow gossamer as the sunlight catches them. Then we begin to have exaggerated hopes of the beauty of the country awaiting us; for all unconsciously we are filled with a sensuous delight in the genial warmth and glow and tender colouring. As we approach nearer, however, we at once miss the green; and this is especially true of San Diego, and is all the more to be regretted, since there is no reason why every town in the south should not be a living mass of trees, or why San Diego herself, with her wonderful harbour and her beautiful natural situation, should not become a very queen amongst cities. In a land where peppers and eucalyptus and acacias and magnolias and rubbers and palms and Norfolk Island pines and camphors grow up with breathless speed, there seems little or no excuse for not taking every opportunity of making ideal surroundings and conditions for a town, the climate of which both in summer and winter is well-nigh perfect. A great deal, of course, has been done for this city, and other cities too, and some of us, less patient perhaps than is seemly, require to be reminded frequently that the country is only in its infancy; but for all that, we persist in saying that,

considering the easy possibilities, not half enough has been attempted or carried through. But every season makes a difference now: people who love beauty and will have it, are finding their way to San Diego and raising their standard there, and before very long the rose-gardens of pretty sleepy Santa Barbara will find some dangerous rivals. Before very long, too, pride and public spirit will surely conquer hindering circumstances, and then we may look for cooling fountains and green resting-places and plenty of shade, and a generous supply of easy benches either for invalids or for the indolent, and perhaps a beautiful boulevard sweeping round the whole extent of the bay, and making a noble drive such as few cities in the world could command.

With regard to the choice of any special part of Southern California for permanent residence or lengthened stay, the climates of the different counties are so different themselves that the wisest plan is to give a fair trial to several of the neighbourhoods. Probably San Diego county would be found to be the most satisfactory for an all-the-year-round home. The climate and beautiful position of Coronado Island attract visitors from all parts of the world. The hotel looks right down on the splendid rollers of the Pacific, and the air from that pure summer sea is particularly soft and caressing. Los Angeles has all the advantages of being a go-ahead ambitious town within reach of delightful scenery. Riverside is a town of old-established ranches, with plenty of social life and outdoor sport. Pasadena is a charming suburb of Los Angeles spreading along the San Gabriel valley, and having the stately

Sierra Madre Range for its protecting deity. Santa Barbara, very similar in situation to Mentone, is specially attractive, greener than most places in Southern California, a very fairyland of flowers, and with foothills which in spring-time are covered with a scented mantle of the yellow wild-mustard. And certainly one must not forget the Ojai valley, and the still more beautiful Santa Paula valley, which is apt to remind one of bits of England and Wales.

So we can take our choice and move on until the right requirements are found. Visitors and invalids with ample means do not need any words of warning; it is easy enough for them to change their plans. But people who are coming from older countries to settle in Southern California cannot be too strongly urged to pause awhile before pitching their tents anywhere. The conditions of life in the West are so utterly different from those found in the Old World, that it is quite impossible to realise what one is giving up, and whether one is likely to get a sufficient compensation in climate and circumstance and chances of success. These remarks do not, of course, apply to the so-called labouring classes of Europe or the Eastern States of America; they lose nothing and gain everything by coming out to a new country. Southern California is a paradise for them, and means good living, good wages, and good opportunities of rising as high as they choose. But for the gently nurtured, and for those who have been within reach of artistic and intellectual satisfaction, it is altogether a different matter. These wants will make themselves felt, however gallantly one may contend with them, and there is a starva-

tion of the soul just as possible as the starvation of the body. These are the people who will probably suffer from that sad illness, homesickness, and it is for them that these words are specially written. From all that one can gather about the subject, it would seem to be a mistake for middle-aged folk to uproot themselves from their old surroundings, and venture into these new pastures. It goes much better if intending settlers come when they are young enough to leave no regrets behind, and bringing only the brightest and freshest of hopes untarnished by old memories. And there is no doubt whatsoever that it is a mistake, if not a cruelty, to bring delicate women out to ranch life, unless there are ample means to pay the very large sums asked and given for household help. It is absurd to talk of the advantages of any climate from Dan to Beersheba itself, if a woman is to be weighed down by hard physical work, such as house-cleaning and washing and baking, for which she has not been trained, and which hitherto has probably never come into her horizon. As a woman herself, the writer of these few pages may be pardoned for laying particular stress on the dangers and sufferings liable to arise through ignorance of these really important facts.

It is pleasant to turn away from sombre thoughts, and briefly enumerate some of the more familiar animals and birds and insects found in Southern California. The humming-bird is one of our most welcome friends in the country. A quarrelsome little fellow with his own kind, and very masterful, he is nevertheless easily tamed. Meadow-larks abound everywhere, cheerfully singing, according to reliable authority, the

words, "Drink out of a bottle, bottle!" We shall find blue-jays, and orioles, and finches, and butcher-birds, canaries and ground-owls, and yellow-hammers, and mocking-birds, and robins, and doves, and thrushes, and woodpeckers, and many kinds of sparrows, and a few wrens. The most characteristic bird of California is the chaparral cock, or paisano, or road-runner, which can be made into a great pet, and is seldom shot at. The turkey buzzard, majestic in its flight, is a well-known feature of the landscape. Quail are plentiful both in the valleys and on the hills, and are delicious food if properly cooked. Ants of many varieties hold possession of the land, and may be seen busy at work all the day long, out of the house and inside too, unless one keeps a ruthless look-out. The tarantula spider is an enormous creature, and is said to give as poisonous a bite as the rattlesnake. Centipedes and scorpions are found, and of course lizards. The pretty little horned toads are quite harmless. The snakes are for the most part harmless, except the rattlesnakes, of which there are two kinds, a dark grey and black, and a red. They are not aggressive, and desire only to be left alone. When once the ground has been cleared, they disappear, creeping up to the hot rocky barren hill-tops, their favourite dwelling-places. But we cannot be too cautious how we tread when once the main road has been abandoned, for their colour harmonises both with the sage-brush and the dry earth, and it is quite easy to step on them unawares. Still they are very easily killed; in fact, the bare-footed children running to school kill them with a well-aimed stone or a long stick or whip, and think

nothing of the matter. Bounding all over the country may be seen the jack-rabbit and the cotton-tail; and, alas! there is no mistaking the passage of the skunk! Coyotes disturb the peace of the night, and eat as many chickens as they can capture. Wild cats are found in some of the cañons, and now and again a mountain-lion descends from its solitary heights and prowls round the barns. Deer are found in the mountains, and are said to be very good eating. Speaking of food reminds one of the fish of the Pacific. They are abundant cer-

tainly, and inspire one with the enthusiasm of Izaak Walton, but they are not specially dainty or delicate. The barracuda is the best; the Spanish mackerel is passable, and the yellow-tail is rather like a solid beefsteak of coarse fibre. The best one can say of them is that they are not worthy to come out of such a beautiful ocean. For time after time our thoughts return gratefully to the memory of the Pacific, its blueness, its freshness, and all its indescribable charm. It may well stand for our ideal of perfection in nature.

OUTDOOR LIFE FOR WOMEN.

Southern California is the very land for outdoor life, and, apart from riding and driving, and bicycling and camping, there are many occupations and interests which come well within the scope of even delicate women. In fact, a year of healthy country life in Southern California would probably do far more to restore many ailing people to health than several seasons spent in sanitoriums and cure-resorts. To begin with, one learns to do without pampering luxuries, learning also to make the best of everything, and above all, being generally at a considerable distance from a doctor. These are immense advantages for some invalids, especially for rich ones, who have never known what it was "to have a single wish denied."

A woman, however, can do a great deal of satisfactory and useful work on a ranch. She can pick the lemons, oranges, olives, apricots, or peaches; she can sucker the trees; she can undertake the anxious task of pruning. She can superintend the

curing of olives and lemons, and see after the packing and despatching of the fruit.

One girl who came from the East from a busy life, and had more leisure than she needed here, conceived the excellent idea of starting a strawberry-ranch, and has made such a capital success out of it, and brought such beautiful fruit to the market, that others have been only too glad to follow her example. Another lady has turned her attention to the culture of pampas-grass, and is reported to have won good returns for her labour and outlay. Then one hears of tired-out teachers giving up their school-work and taking to nursery gardening with all its various developments. Amateur gardening is a great resource in itself, and the satisfaction of seeing such quick and rich results from one's efforts is quite indescribable. Given a fair supply of water, one may soon have the pleasure of a beautiful garden, with every variety of rose and carnation: wistaria, honeysuckle, plumbago, and stephanotis will

grow almost like weeds; in fact, anything and everything will grow as though in fairyland. So that gardening in Southern California does not mean "hope deferred making the heart sick"; it means something quite unusual in the way of comfort and encouragement, together with the knowledge that one is creating picturesque surroundings for the homestead.

With regard to camping, a few words of caution may not be out of place. Delicate women are likely to come back worse than they were when they started out, unless their men-folk are willing to take upon themselves the whole burden of the work, or unless they can afford to have a Chinaman with them or some other kind of servant, thus giving them the chance to rest, and get the good from the open-air life. Otherwise they are always over-fatigued and can enjoy nothing, and would be far wiser if they remained at home.

Walking is not one of the pleasures of outdoor life in Southern California. Neither the climate nor the country is suitable for it, although botanists who are strong enough for the exertion scramble about everywhere, searching for treasures and fighting determinedly through the thickly-grown brush; but most of them take a horse or pony when possible, for no one would choose to walk here if other means of getting about were within reach. Lovers of flowers

can, however, make a very fair and characteristic collection by merely gathering what grows by the roadside, or by just taking a few steps up the slopes and laying hands on anything which strikes the fancy there. But there is no strolling about amongst shady trees and by the side of running brooks, and many people will find this a great deprivation, which it undoubtedly is. Driving is a necessity as well as a pleasure of everyday life; and one soon becomes accustomed to going for miles and miles over roads which after a dry season are full of "chuck-holes." Nothing could be more enjoyable than starting out on a typical Californian day, with a nice little team and all the dogs scampering along joyously, and plenty of provisions, and the fierce determination not to return until you feel inclined. The sense of freedom is delightful; and, moreover, the most delicate invalid need not be afraid of these expeditions, and will find that the more she drives, the more she can drive, for there is some curious life-giving power in the air which prevents over-exhaustion and aids quick recovery from ordinary fatigue.

On account of the many interests and occupations inseparable from country life in Southern California, all of them enticing us into the open air, we feel more than justified in urging visitors to give themselves the best chances of recovering their health in the country rather than in the towns.

THE CELTIC RENASCENCE.

WHAT is called "the Celtic Movement," in recent literature, is, no doubt, part of the general agitation in Celtdom. But the form, and aims, and ideas of the "Celtic Renaissance" come from the influence of two men—M. Renan, who may be called the Moses of the proceedings, and Mr Matthew Arnold, who was the eloquent Aaron. We shall briefly examine their part, mainly prophetic, before criticising the conquering legions who now march under Mr William Sharp, Miss Fiona Macleod (who may be aptly likened to the inspired Miriam), Professor Geddes, and other leaders, through the Promised Land of New Celtic Literature.

Monsieur Renan was the original conductor of the march. After Macpherson's 'Ossian' took its present lowly place in critical opinion, after Scott's Highlanders made their final charge—

"And cast the useless targe aside,
And with both hands the claymore
plied"—

Celtic studies were mainly left to Celtic scholars in Ireland, England, France, Germany, and Wales. But Monsieur Renan, a Breton and a scholar, was also a *vulgarisateur*, a populariser of many things. In his 'Essais de Morale et de Critique' (1859) he republished (the piece has recently been translated by Mr Hutchison) his "La Poésie des Races Celtiques," also a study of "The Poetry of the Exhibition." In the latter work he blamed those who "limit their sympathies to forms of the past"; in the former he dwelt on the Poetic Past of the Celts. They

had a great, or at all events a copious, literature. M. Renan praised Owen Jones's collection, the 'Myvyrian Archæology,' and the delightful 'Mabinogion' translated by Lady Charlotte Guest. He expatiated on the secular distressfulness of the Gael and Cymry: *de la vient sa tristesse*. Infinite delicacy, a thirst for the ideal not to be quenched by whisky,—these are other Celtic qualities. "Call not their taste for intoxication a gross indulgence; never was a more sober people"! The Celt, being ideal, must get drunk: it is part of the pleasant unconscious poetry of his nature, as Harold Skimpole says; whereas your beery Teuton—German, Scotch, or English—is a mere sensual lout. "The Bretons sought in hydromel what St Brandan and Peredur pursued in their own manner, the vision of the world invisible." *We* "drink for drinkee," *they* "drink for drunkee," as the negro said.

In this comparative psychology of liquor we may, perhaps, detect a slight national bias. The Celtic genius, on the whole, is "neither glad nor sad"—*ni triste, ni gaie*. There is in the Celt no Teutonic *enivrement de carnage*, as in the Norse or German sagas, or the works of Mr Haggard,—which opinion of M. Renan's we conceive to be incorrect. The Celtic blood is responsible for Jeanne d'Arc (of whose Celtic origin nothing can even be conjectured). "Without knowing it, she was more Celtic than Christian." This is a very fair specimen of Neo-Celtic assumption. It is based on the Fairies of Domremy: now fairies are not specially Celtic, and Jeanne professed her entire dis-

belief in them at her trial. "She was prophesied of by Merlin"; but, contrary to the orthodox opinion of the contemporary clergy, before the Council of Constance, Jeanne boldly declared that of Merlin she had the poorest opinion. "She did not recognise Pope or Church,"—though she appealed to the Pope and the Council of Basel! In a note M. Renan moderates these Celtic opinions, later exaggerated by Henri Martin. Still, we already perceive the Celtic tendency to claim whatever is excellent in a certain way as "Celtic," even if the facts are wrong, and the so-called Celt, La Pucelle, is a native of the more or less originally Teutonic Marches. For the rest, M. Renan justly asserts for his Celts delicacy of fancy, love of the pre-Christian supernatural, and high antiquity of tradition, all these blending into the great Arthurian cycle of romance.

Mr Arnold followed, and expanded, M. Renan's ideas in his 'Lectures on the Study of Celtic Literature' (1867). With much that Mr Arnold said every lover of literature, and of a life not wholly "practical," will agree. His information, though he had not the Celtic tongues, was wider than the rather scanty lore which M. Renan displayed. But he argued in the usual way. He quoted Taliesin's lines on his own metamorphoses, as essentially Celtic, and did not observe the very similar and equally poetical passage in the "*Kalewala*," the "epic poem" (so called) of the Finns. Now Finns are not Celts, yet the features of delicacy, love of nature, love of the supernatural and of magic, and the tone of defeated melancholy, which charm

us in the poetry of the Celt. These beauties come of the loneliness, the contact with nature, the fond dwelling on the past, the living in fantasy, which circumstances have forced on both Celts and Finns. They are rather the result of environment and of history than of race, the Celts being "Aryans" like the rest of us, and the Finns being Ugrians. Into the problematic lore about the distinctive shapes of the Celtic and Teutonic skulls we must decline to go; it is quite enough to talk of "Celtic, Teutonic, and Greek *genius*," as of a thing determined by *race*. The Celtic genius is emotional, Mr Arnold said, and unscientific, though, if necessary, Neo-Celts could doubtless prove Celtic blood in Newton and Darwin as easily as in Dean Swift and Mr Louis Stevenson. "The Celt has not produced great poetical works," but his poetry has "an air of greatness," and "snatches of singular beauty and power."

From the Celtic element in our population (according to Mr Arnold) English poetry got style, melancholy, natural magic. Or, if not from the Celtic element, Mr Arnold asks, then whence did it get them? We shall not, with some ethnologists, say "from a Finnish substratum." The ethnological question as to what proportion of Celtic blood survived "the English conquest," outside of Wales, Cornwall, and the Highlands, nobody can answer. There would be intermarriages twelve hundred years ago. But, when the Celtic language and Celtic personal names vanished, the surviving Celts would sink into the lowest grades of the population. What have these grades done for poetry south of Tweed? Almost nothing! Their

ballads and tales are notoriously flat and prosaic, doubtless the result of circumstances and of surroundings. But it is plain that such Celts as survived the English conquest would chiefly, if not exclusively, survive in what is the least imaginative and poetical of social strata. This they have not leavened, as far as our knowledge goes, and it is therefore unlikely that they leavened most the classes which have produced English poetry, the very classes into which they must have survived least.

Finding style in Icelandic literature, and not in the 'Nibelungen Lied,' Mr Arnold actually deduced it from Celtic settlers in Iceland, before the Norse occupation! Lord Strangford denied the facts, but Neo-Celts may make what they can out of Icelandic and Scandinavian contact with the Islands and Ireland.¹ Mr Arnold then places Milton, Taliesin, and Pindar among poets "intoxicated with the passion for style." But Pindar was not a Celt; and what proof have we, except his "passion for style," that Milton owed anything to Celtic blood? If we have, in Celtic poetry, Llywarch Hen's passionate aversion to old age, we have also that of Alcæus, of Mimnermus, of the author of Ecclesiastes,—none of them Celtic precisely. If we have "the Titanic" in Manfred and Lara, we have it in Prometheus. Æschylus was not a Celt, nor was Alfieri or Leopardi, perhaps. To be sure, Miss Fiona Macleod talks of a "Hellenic Celt," but these are idle words.

Mr Arnold now discriminates

"the faithful way of handling nature, the Greek way, and the magical way," which is Celtic. Keats had "the Greek way," but Keats was not a Greek, and could not read Greek. If he had also the Celtic way, is that because he was a Celt—because of "the Celtic element"? If he could get the Greek way, untaught of and undescended from Greeks, why in the world should he not be born with the Celtic way, with no aid from a drop of Celtic blood? Shakespeare had "the Greek note" as well as "the Celtic note," and, as a Greek element in Elizabethan England is out of the question, we must suppose that it is not *race* which gives Greek potentialities to Englishmen. Then why should *race* give them Celtic potentialities? Macaulay was Celtic enough—a reverend Highland ancestor of his tried to sell Prince Charles—yet Mr Arnold selects Macaulay as a contemner of Celtic MSS., and as a prize Philistine. Where does Celticism come in here? But if Macaulay had written like Keats, the Neo-Celts would have explained his gift as a Celtic inheritance.

The sum of Mr Arnold's argument is this: he finds certain qualities in Celtic poetry, he does not find them in German, though he does discover a few in Icelandic poetry. He recognises them all in the poetry of England (where there must be some Celtic blood), and he attributes these qualities to the Celtic element in the English, and even in the Icelanders. That these qualities exist in poetry where Celtic elements of race do not occur (as among Finns and Slavs), that Greek qualities abound

¹ Islay appears to be on Mr Arnold's side as to a Celtic settlement in Iceland. Mr Craigie, in 'Arkiv för Nordisk Filologi,' x. 149, shows that Celts learned much from Scandinavians, and taught very little.

where Greek elements of race are absent, that the historical circumstances and local conditions of the English—a maritime people—have not been those of the Germans, and may have helped to differentiate English from German poetry, are facts which do not weigh with Mr Arnold. Our style, our melancholy, our natural magic, must all be due to an imperceptible strain of the blood and the inherited qualities of the Celt, though our Greek qualities are *not* derived from the blood of the Greeks. Such arguments as these need only to be stated. They are not scientific, they would not satisfy science, yet they have a pseudo-scientific ethnological air. In fact, they are Popular Science. It is impossible to disprove them: we *may* have a Celtic drop in our veins, and that Celtic drop *may* carry with it Celtic qualities in poetry. But it is certain that these qualities are not exclusively Celtic, and if there be “Greek notes,” it is certain that these may be developed by poets with no Greek blood or training. Thus Mr Arnold’s Celtic theory, if not demonstrably untrue, is, at least, unproved and superfluous.

We now turn to Mr Arnold’s successors, and first to Mr William Sharp as a critic and editor of Macpherson’s ‘Ossian.’¹ Mr Arnold asserts that Macpherson’s ‘Ossian,’ after all deductions, has “the very soul of the Celtic genius in it.” Wordsworth, despite his own “natural magic,” denounced the book as worthless bombast, without any single truth to nature in it. We need not decide where poets disagree, but we may examine Mr Sharp’s Introductory Essay.

However low our opinion of Macpherson’s ‘Ossian’ may be, it

was a book with remarkable fortunes. A reprint edited by a Celtic scholar would have filled a place in the controversy on epic national poems. Macpherson really takes rank between Verkovitch for Bulgaria and Lönnrot for Finland, though nearer Verkovitch. A comparatively brief historical introduction might have explained the evolution of Macpherson’s ‘Ossian’ both in the English and the Gaelic. Mr Sharp offers no such guide: his introduction is mainly an attempt to summarise the ideas of Mr Alfred Nutt, of Campbell of Islay, and of Mr Hector Maclean. We do not wish to press hard on an editor engaged in a work desirable in itself, and we shall not make sport out of the differences between Mr Sharp’s account of Mr Nutt’s views and the very necessary correction of his account in the *corrigenda*. Mr Nutt is alive to take care of himself, but Islay is dead, and we may be allowed to emend Mr Sharp’s hurried, or confused, and certainly most bewildering, version of Islay’s ideas.

For instance (p. xvii), Mr Sharp writes thus: “Professor O’Curry says” something not unimportant. Since O’Curry, as quoted by Mr Sharp, yields no meaning, we turn to Islay, whose Ossianic theory Mr Sharp is trying to summarise. Islay avers that O’Curry “nowhere” says what Mr Sharp makes him say. Again, Mr Sharp writes that the first book in the Irish characters was printed in 1571, and “so far it appears that Gaelic Scotland was ahead of Ireland in the literary race, for the first known Gaelic book was printed in Edinburgh.”

We confess to having been totally puzzled by this argument. The

¹ Centenary Edition. Patrick Geddes, Edinburgh.

first Irish book printed appeared in 1571; but Scotland must have been earlier in the field, *because* "the first Gaelic book was printed in Edinburgh." Where is "the therefore"? as Squire Western says. Mr Sharp is guiding the unlearned Sassenach into the Celtic Paradise, but the Sassenach flounders into this logical Slough of Despond. "Where is the therefore?" he asks. Well, Islay gives the date of the first Gaelic book, printed in Edinburgh, as 1567, whereas the first Irish book is of 1571. That is the reason why Islay thinks Gaelic was in print before Irish, but the date is exactly the fact which Mr Sharp omits.

Indeed, readers of Mr Sharp must be warned that, without Islay's essay in the hand, Mr Sharp's is absolutely unintelligible. Either he has failed to understand Islay (a writer who demands close attention), or he has summarised him with unfortunate haste and carelessness.

Here is a singular example. Mr Sharp observes: "At this day men still point out Dun Finn in Arran, and explain 'Ar-ainn' to mean 'Ar-fhinn,' Fin's land. . . . Inseabh-Gall, the Hebrides, were so called from their Norse masters. *This, then, proves that Scotland was considered to be the land of Fionn eighty years before Macpherson published anything.*" Where is the proof?

The explanation, given by Islay, but omitted by Mr Sharp, is simply that the Fairy Minister, Mr Kirk of Aberfoyle, quotes or composes, in his Gaelic translation of the Psalms (1684), four lines in which the Highlands are called "the generous land of Fionn." Kirk "flourished" at the time of the Revolution of 1688. His quatrain

proves the point. Mr Sharp omits the proof.

Islay's final opinion, or one of his final opinions, is given thus: "I do not assert that the poet's name [the poet of the Gaelic 'Ossian,' printed in 1807] was Ossian. I deny on good grounds that it was James Macpherson. I maintain that a poet, and a Scotch Highlander, composed all these Gaelic lines separately, if not together; and . . . it is possible that there may be fragments of sentimental poetry, different from the popular ballads, more modern, but certainly older than 1730,"—this in spite of "modern language, and English idioms."

Mr Sharp does not add Islay's statement (he really wavered in a candid, if confusing way), that "this is my own opinion," but that, as no man "is a fair judge of a written language in which he does not think," he "prefers the opinion" of a Highland shoemaker. *He says, "This is not the old stuff."*

We agree with the shoemaker. Macpherson's 'Ossian' "is not the old stuff," nor anything like it. The truth is that Islay, in 1872, withdrew from the half-hearted hankering after authenticity in Macpherson's 'Ossian' which he allowed to appear in his essay of 1862. No one could guess this from Mr Sharp's text, and in his *corrigenda* he tells the reader that the essay of 1862 is "adequate and more easily procurable." But he does not say that Islay, in 1872, declared that his later studies had "turned the authenticity upside down."¹

We offer another instance of Mr Sharp's odd summary of Islay's ideas: "If the statement of Mr MacGilvray, given at page 50 of

¹ 'Leabhar na Feinne,' p. xxxiv.

the dissertation prefixed to the large edition of 'Ossian' (1807), is not a deliberate falsehood, there is an end of the argument which makes Macpherson the author." Now, what is Mr MacGilvray's statement? Mr Sharp does not tell us. Mr MacGilvray had said (according to Islay) that "the very poems which were translated and published, 'Fingal,' 'Temora,' and many others, were collected in Gaelic in Scotland, from the people, long before 1760, and these were subsequently compared with Macpherson's published translations at Douay, by Mr Farquharson,¹ the collector of the Gaelic, who did not know Macpherson, and the translations were found . . . to be, in the main, translations as far as they went."

Then where is Mr Farquharson's manuscript? "It was torn, and leaves were used by the Douay students to light their fires." It is like the poll-book of the disputed Irish election. "It fell into the broth, and the dog ate it." So much for the statement of Mr MacGilvray, which Mr Sharp might have given, it is so deliciously Celtic.

In fact, there are old *ballads* about Ossianic heroes, but no *epic* has ever been found. Morven, the kingdom thereof, is unknown outside Macpherson's book, unknown in traditional songs or stories. As to style, Islay gives a correct rendering of a Gaelic "run" or conventional passage, and then does it into Macpherson's peculiar species of fustian.² "The difficulty," he says, "would be to find an audience nowadays" for such trash. Into fragments of a gen-

uine old ballad, Macpherson (or, if you please, an unknown predecessor about 1680 1730) foisted "a vague but masterly word-picture of a landscape"—à la Mr Whistler—"through which stalk the *half-described indistinct* features of gloomy warriors. . . . The ballad is simple and natural; the epic [Macpherson's 'Ossian'] is laboured and artificial, and it is no translation, according to my definition of the word, but it is like something elaborated and built up out of the materials of one or more ballads." As the shoemaker said of this very piece, 'Temora,' "Cha' n' e so an seann stugh" ("It is not the old stuff"). The stuff is, in place of the genuine mythical opening of the ballad, "The blue waves of Erin roll in light. The mountains are covered with day. Trees shake their dusky heads in the breeze. Grey torrents pour their noisy streams," &c., κ.τ.λ., *u.s.w.* Macpherson, or some other impostor, gave us this, while cribbing his outline and some materials, from the old ballad. Macpherson's character for probity, in the affair of the Stuart Papers in the Scots College, does not enable us to place much confidence in his assertions.

Mr Sharp admits that the 'Ossian' of Macpherson is not a genuine rendering of ancient originals, that he "works incoherently" upon a "genuine but unsystematised, unsifted, and fragmentary basis," and adds that "if he were the sole author he would be one of the few poetic creators of the first rank,"—a class of men who never wrote fustian, we may add, never produced what Mr

¹ Can this have been Farquharson of Ardlerg, an exile after the Forty-five, and a correspondent of Bishop Forbes? See Index to 'The Lyon in Mourning,' published by the Scottish History Society, and Farquharson's letters to Forbes.

² Popular Tales of the West Highlands, ii. 439; iv. 140.

Sharp justly censures as "clumsily constructed, self-contradictory, and sometimes grotesquely impossible." Yet this 'Ossian' is informed by "the antique spirit," which "gives it enduring life, charm, and all the spell of cosmic imagination." Mr Sharp also commits himself to the sentiment that "no single work in our literature has had so wide-reaching, so potent, and so enduring an influence." But, among his curious *errata*, he hedges his statement thus, "no single work of its kind." There is no other work "of its kind" in English (except Ireland's Shakespearian forgeries, or Chatterton's sham Old English); in Bulgarian we believe that M. Verkovitch supplied an example.

Leaving Mr Sharp and Mr Arnold on one side, Wordsworth and Islay on the other, to settle the question of the literary value of 'Ossian' "as she is wrote" by James Macpherson, we may surely say that Mr Sharp is not very lucid or logical in his introduction. Yet nowhere are logic and lucidity more necessary than in an attempt to make the public understand what Macpherson's 'Ossian' really is. And we may add that the influence of Macpherson's 'Ossian,' turgid and windy as it is, cannot be of value to young Neo-Celtic writers, whether they "have the good Gaelic" or no Gaelic at all. Mr Hector Maclean, quoted by Islay, says "vagueness and obscurity abound everywhere, . . . such lines prove to be nonsense when closely examined," whereas, in the genuine traditional Gaelic ballads, Mr Maclean finds "no vagueness, no mistiness, no obscurity." Now, the essence of Macpherson's 'Ossian' is vagueness, mistiness, obscurity. To imitate this, as some Neo-Celts do, is not to Celticise, but to Macphersonise.

We next examine the whimsical Neo-Celtic endeavours to claim all that is best and rarest in English literature as due to the Celtic element. A grotesque example was lately presented by Mr George Moore, by whom Swift, the most English of men, was applauded for "Celtic" qualities. Sir Walter Scott and Mr Louis Stevenson were denominated Scottish Celts, and Fielding was criticised in a style which demonstrated Mr Moore's ignorance of Fielding's works.

Mr Sharp is more cautious than Mr Moore, in his 'Lyra Celtica,' which is, in every way, a curious production,—a first specimen, as we learn, of an 'Anthologia Celtica,' a future rival, perhaps, of the Greek Anthology. We begin with Amergin and Taliesin, and come down to unpublished minor young poets. It is as if we ranged, in Greek, from Orpheus and Musæus, through Marcus Argentarius and Paulus Silentiarius, to the last Romaic bard in an Athenian newspaper's Poet's Corner.

To the poems we shall return after examining the editor's ideas. Like ourselves, Mr Sharp goes back to Mr Arnold's Lectures of 1867. Mr Sharp, innocently, seems to think that Islay's 'Popular Tales of the West Highlands' were unpublished when Mr Arnold lectured, yet he calls Mr Arnold "superficial." He goes on to meet the objectors who say that Shakespeare, Milton, Coleridge, Keats, and Shelley are English, Byron, Burns, and Sir Walter, Scotch, "not distinctively Anglo-Celtic." Byron's mother was a Gordon of Gight; he did not reckon himself a Scot, exactly. However, Mr Sharp talks of his "Celtic blood." He might as well talk of Oliver Cromwell's Celtic blood, Mrs Cromwell *mère* being

a Stuart. Shakespeare's Celtic blood has to be given up, as beyond proof. Milton was Welsh on the mother's side; "Keats is a Celtic name" (compare Maquet, who called himself Auguste Mac-Keat in 1830), and Keats's genius is convincingly Celtic. So is Wordsworth's in places, Wordsworth from whom "a modern Anglo-Celtic poet," unnamed, borrows the ideas in a "haunting quatrain," yet Wordsworth's ancestry was as English as Hereward the Wake's. Coleridge and Shelley, so "Celtic" in genius, are admitted to be of "unmixed English blood, so far as we know," yet Mr Sharp hankers after something atavistically Celtic in their genius. Why not in Edgar Poe's? he was of Irish origin. Meanwhile he admits the possibility, in Scotland, "of an older race still, than even the Picts." Are these our Finnish friends? If so, why not go back to the beginning, and have a Finnish Renaissance at once? It is just as cheap as a Celtic Renaissance, and about as plausible. As to Burns, we presume that the Oeltophiles believe in the fables of his Celtic descent from Campbell of Burnhouse (Burnus, Burnes, Burns). "Scott, as it happens, was of the ancient stock" (Celtic?) and not "the typical Lowlander he is so often designated." Mr Sharp may consult the quarterings on the roof of the hall at Abbotsford. Scotts, Rutherfords, Swintons, and Haliburtons speak for themselves. Sir Walter could only rake up a Campbell great-grandmother, and wore the dark-green Campbell tartan, when George IV. clad his broad German acres in the tartan of the Stuarts. Let Mr Sharp claim Celtic genius for the House of Hanover! As for Mr Stevenson, "who that has studied his genius can question

the Celtic strain in him?" The old fallacy! Mr Stevenson was as purely Lowland as James Hogg, and the genius of the one was as Celtic as that of the other. The said "genius" is found in men without a traceable drop of Celtic blood—Wordsworth, Shelley, Coleridge, Stevenson, Hogg. It is almost absent in the more or less Celtic Tom Moore (Mr Sharp admits), and wholly in the very Celtic Tom Macaulay. Indeed Mr Sharp allows that it is impossible "to limit this charm of exquisite regret and longing to Celtic poetry." Of course it is impossible! No more perfect and beautiful example of this "charm" exists than in a love-song by a Red Indian squaw, who could not read, published, with a translation, by Dr Brinton.

"Fleas are not lobsters, damn their souls,"

as the poet says, and Algonquins are not Celts.

"They went forth to the war, but they always fell," says Mr James Macpherson. The Celts, in this argument, always fall. They admit, what is wholly undeniable, that certain poetic qualities are not peculiar to the Celtic peoples. Then when they find, or fancy, these qualities in the work of men without a traceable drop of Celtic blood in their veins, they make the qualities, common to many literatures, a presumption in favour of the presence of Celtic blood. In the same way "second sight" is averred to be a Celtic gift. You might as well call epilepsy a Celtic gift. Every savage—the Maori, the Red Indian, the Zulu—is as full of second sight as any man of Moirdart. What is called "Celtic" in poetry or in superstition is really early human, and may become re-

crudescent anywhere, for good or for evil. Listen to a song of the New Hebrides, "and you in dreams behold the Hebrides," the Old Hebrides, so exactly identical is the wailing cadence in Gaelic and in New Hebridean minstrelsy. Comparative science dispels the Celtic illusion that anything whatever is peculiarly Celtic, or dependent on Celtic race and blood.

Turn we now to the poetry of the 'Lyra Tallica,' old or new. The translations in verse, like all translations in verse, may be neglected. Take Taliesin's "Song to the Wind," "the most famous poem of the most famous Cymric bard":—

"Great are its evaporations.

On land and on sea
It is indispensable.

It frequently comes
Proceeding from the heat of the sun,
And the coldness of the moon.
The moon is less beneficial,
Inasmuch as her heat is less."

Yet Mr Arnold denies science, and commonplace, to Celts! Taliesin offers the popular science of his period.

In the Odes of the Months, by Aneurin, we meet our good old Tupper, of whom no Celt makes his vaunt:—

"Prudence is the best guide for man."

"Easy is society where there is affection."

"He that will neither work nor pray
Is not worthy to have bread."

Quite so; but it needed no Celt to tell us this, or that bogs are comparatively firm in dry weather. Aneurin's *floreat* (as Mr Sharp calls it) was about 500 A.D. He had been got at by Christians, and the result is absolutely the same as in the Teutonic case of 'Beo-

wulf.' Of course there are better passages in these old Welsh writers; we find love of nature, pensive melancholy, "old unhappy far-off things," but not so very much to brag of: there is less of Tennyson than of Tupper.

The modern pieces are chiefly later than Mr Arnold's lectures. The young generation is Celtic enough, but that proves nothing. It has read Mr Arnold, and Mr Sharp, and M. Renan, and Mr Grant Allen, and it says, "Go to, let us be Celtic!" The Celticism is self-conscious, *voulu*, of *malice prepense*. For the real thing, in modern poetry, we must go to the peasant songs of Ireland, *Volkslieder*, published by Dr Hyde. They are charming, as charming as Italian, Spanish Gipsy, or Romaic *Volkslieder*, and in a very similar way. It is not that a number of these young Neo-Celtic poets lack lyrical merits. Miss Fiona Macleod, Mr Yeats, Mrs Robertson Mathe-son, Miss Nora Hopper, and several others, write very pleasing, delicate, winning poems. But poems just as pleasing are produced by our non-Celtic minstrels. The only marked peculiarities of these so-called Celts are consciously produced on the lines of Welsh and Irish minstrelsy. Mr Quiller Couch's delightful piece, "The Splendid Spur," is Caroline, a deliberate following, and an admirable one, of such verse as Shirley's "The glories of our birth and state." Mr Couch was not thinking of being Celtic; but most of these young poets are thinking of it, and are imitating certain features of Celtic poetry, just as, in the last century, they would have imitated Pope. Again, in her novel, 'Green Fire,' Miss Macleod "Macphersonises": the windy, wailing, indistinct, and, oddly, *Lyttonian*

romance, is pertinaciously bent on being "Ossianic." Now vague, obscure mistiness is *not* Celtic, but the foible of James Macpherson, as we have heard Mr Hector Maclean declare.

Really Celtic, as a critic not without the necessary Celtic drop of blood ventures to think, are Mr Yeats's Tales in prose, and, above all, Mr Neil Munro's stories in 'The Lost Pibroch.' In these we meet genius, as obvious and undeniable as that of Mr Kipling, if less popular in appeal. Accidentally or consciously, Mr Munro's powers are directed to old Highland life, and he does what genius alone can do—he makes it live again, and makes our imaginations share its life; his knowledge being copious, original, at first hand. That any human life was ever like that painted, with too rich a palette, by Miss Macleod in 'Green Fire,' we respectfully and hopefully take leave to doubt. *C'est de pur Jamie Macpherson, doublé de Bulwer Lytton.* The young Neo-Celts, if they respect their often respectable talents, will try to be natural, to be themselves; and will avoid imitation of Taliesin, Aneurin, Irish peasants, and Rob Don. To these enthusiasts we would also recommend a study of the Jacobite poetry. Honestly, which songs are best—John Roy Stuart's, William Ross's, Alastair Macdonnell's, Rob Don's (rich as some of these are in bloodthirstiness for its own sake),¹ or the Jacobite songs of the Lowland Scots? Take, for spirit, "The wind has blawn my plaid away"—

"But though 't has left me bare indeed,
And blawn my bonnet off my head,
There's something hid in Highland brae,
It hasna blawn my sword away!"

Or take, of King James III., in 1714—

"He knew no harm, he knew no guilt,
No laws had broke, no blood had spilt;
If rogues his father did betray,
What's that to him that's far away?"

Or take Hogg—

"Now turn the blue bonnet, wha can,
wha can!"

Or—

"To daunton me, and me sae young,
And guid King James's eldest son!"

For spirit take these, and "Donald Macgilavray," by Hogg. For pathos take a verse worthy of Burns—

"I once had bairns, who now have nane,
I bred them toiling sairly;
And I would bear them a' again,
And lose them a', for Charlie!"

Or take—

"The sun rises bright in France,
And fair sets he;
But he has tint the blithe blink he had
In my ain countree."

These are certainly by no means inferior in pathos and spirit, while, as a matter of art, they are more terse, more concerned with what is essential, than the contemporary Gaelic songs of the Rising. Let the Neo-Celts compare them, if they know Gaelic, and then decide between the merits of Highlands and Lowlands. Those who know not Gaelic, and read the Gaelic songs in English prose, of course miss the form. *Plus* the form,

¹ The reader may refer to Mr Craigie's most instructive essay on Gaelic Historical Songs, in the 'Scottish Review,' October 1891: "All Gaelic poetry depends far more on its form than its matter; the thought may be as trifling or trite as possible, but if there is harmony of sound, the Gael is satisfied." Artificial complications beyond those of the *Chant Royal* more and more beset Gaelic poetry, 1550-1750.

William Ross's Gaelic Elegy for the Death of Charles Edward is, save in a few verses, worthy of him who sang—

"Now all is done that man may do,
And all is done in vain."

The spirit is that of Theocritus,—but Ross was a schoolmaster, and may, conceivably, have imitated the old Sicilian laments. If the coincidence is accidental, he is still as Dorian as Celtic in some of his stanzas.

The spirit of these remarks will be greatly misconstrued by any one who supposes that we wish to decry Celtic literature and Celtic studies. Even in translations the 'Mabinogion' and the half-mythical Irish romances (such as 'Diarmaid and Grainne') deserve to be widely read. The popular tales, Gaelic, Irish, or Breton, the popular songs, the myths, many modern Gaelic poems, the old heroic ballads, are all full of interest and charm, even to a merely English reader, who necessarily misses the *form* of the originals, in which often lies their most conspicuous merit. Celtic literature was the natural expression of a poetical race, arrested (as far as literature is concerned) at certain rather early stages of development. There is no epic, no theatre; there is no Celtic vernacular poetry of men on a high level of conscious civilisation and social organisation, like that of Periclean Greece, or of Rome in the first century before our era, or of Elizabethan England. The Celtic-speaking peoples, as such, never attained to these social and political conditions. They have not only no Homer; they have no Sophocles, no Theocritus, no Virgil or Lucretius, no Horace or Catullus; no Shakespeare or Milton. Their development (if they had it in them to develop)

was diverted by Christianity, and stunted by foreign conquest. Their educated classes were Anglicised, or Frenchified. They never enjoyed the chances of Greece, Rome, France, Italy, Germany, Spain, and England. Their vernacular literature has been that of old bards, sennachies, peasants, medieval romancers, and ecclesiastics: it has never been that of a highly instructed and reflective literary class. For what it is,—a literature of a development arrested early,—it is rich, poetical, tender, and imaginative.

If the Neo-Celts are in earnest, let them provide us with Celtic texts and literal translations of Celtic literature, or do for Ireland, Brittany, and Wales what Mr Neil Munro has begun to do for the West Highlands. This is the path; to make large claims of the best things in English literature, or in French heroism, for "the Celtic element" is not the path. Conscious modern imitation of poetry which the imitators, as a rule, cannot read in the original languages, is not the path. These proceedings irritate the so-called Saxon, provoke his ridicule, and keep alive his prejudices. It is foolish to call Jeanne d'Arc or Walter Scott "Celts"; foolish to say that a poet must have Celtic blood because, in fact, you like his poetry. Let us repeat that the relations of race to poetic or other mental qualities is a mystery—that *vera causa*, as of environment and historical circumstances, must be exhausted before we can claim this or that gift as a gift of race. Races have too long been mixed, and the history of race is too profoundly obscure. When we bring race into literary criticism, we dally with that unlovely fluent enchantress, Popular Science.

A. LANG.

DARIEL: A ROMANCE OF SURREY.¹

CHAPTER XVI. — INTERNATIONAL ELEMENTS.

BUT alas, this was easier said than done, like most things in this world of words. When I had put myself into choice apparel, with hat and tie exhibiting my College colours — which we should have carried to the head of the river, if fate had not swept me from the New College boat—and when I had impeached that fate again, for not affording me my brother Harold's face, yet resolving to brazen it out, had appeared inside the lower door of St Winifred's stronghold (which I knew how to open by the owner's counsel)—instead of finding things in their wonted peace, orderly, picturesque, in statuesque repose, at a glance I descried a very warlike change.

There was Stepan with a long gun, and cartridges enough in the bandoleer on his braided frock, to account for all the civic force, as well as half of Aldershot; and behind him a score of fellows no less martial. Both the gigantic dogs were loose, and equally resolute against invasion; even little Allai was in a clump of trees, with a dagger as long as himself in both hands, and his white teeth ground against all Albion.

In the name of wonder, what could be in the wind? Just like my luck of course it was, at a most important moment, to hit upon something far more momentous to the very people I was come to move.

"Good Stepan, I pray thee to communicate unto me the signification of the matters I behold." For I knew that this trusty Cau-

casian had picked up a bit of our language, and preferred the long bits. He rolled his fine eyes, which were big enough for mill-stones, and in his still bigger mind revolved the sounds which had vainly reached his ears. "What are you up to now?" I amended my enquiry; and having heard the milk-boy say something to that tune, when they declined so much of heaven in his cans, he bowed his head magnificently, and said, "All right."

This is the first consolation found by a foreigner in our language. It is courteous to ourselves as well, and shows confidence in our country.

"What a fool you are!" I cried with a Briton's low ingratitude; and then I saw the stately figure of Sûr Imar coming towards me. This King of the mountains looked as calm as if he had been girded with ancestral snow. There was no sort of weapon in his broad white belt, and no menace worse than a hospitable smile upon his large fair countenance. He took me by both hands, with a tenderness for the left, which proved how kind his memory was, and led the way to a seat beneath the ivied wall, and looked at me, as if he liked me.

"I have been expecting you for many days," he said; and nothing but a little turn of voice just here and there could have led one to suppose that he was not of English birth; "why have you never come to show me whether I am a good physician?"

I gave him all true reasons, that

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I had been away, and occupied with a number of home-cares when at home, and I spoke of my parents in a way which he approved; and then I was led on by his kindness so that I asked whether he was quite at leisure.

"Even more than usual," he answered with a smile. "We have stopped our little operations for the afternoon; because we have been admonished by a kind friend that some little attack upon our place may be expected."

"Well, you are a cool hand!" was almost upon my lips; but a glance at him prevented any personal remark. He was not the sort of man to be dealt with thus. But I resolved at least to be straightforward with him.

"Sûr Imar, I must not come here under false pretences. The fact is simply this, and I wish to tell you first, for no blame can possibly attach to her, and I have not told her of it. But I love your daughter, Dariel."

He looked at me with some surprise, but no sign of resentment; and I met his clear gaze firmly, trying at the same time to look braver than I felt, for he took a long time before he answered.

"Ah, you little know what you are bringing upon yourself. For the sake of your friends you must overcome—you must put it down at once; before it gets stronger, quench it. For the sake of all who love you, and all your hopes in life, you must conquer it, abolish it, annihilate it. You are a man of strong will, if I have any knowledge of the English face." His tone and manner were of friendly advice, rather than of stern forbiddance.

"I know my own mind on this subject," I replied, "and nothing will alter it. Whatever the consequence may be to myself, I shall

go on unless there is fear of harming her."

"There is fear of harming her, very great fear of it. Perhaps you have the right to know. That depends upon yourself. Tell me, for I am at a loss to understand, how long this has been, and how it can have happened; for surely it is of short opportunity."

"That is true enough, and too true;" for although it had been going on with me for months, there had not been half the opportunities I longed for; "but it has been growing very rapidly, Sûr Imar, although there have been so few interviews, and the first of them quite a one-sided one. In fact, I have had very little chance as yet—one occasion I lost altogether, and I did not make the best of another. Oh no, I have scarcely had any proper chances yet."

"Be thankful that it is so, my friend. It will be my duty to prevent their increase." Dariel's father smiled at his own words, with a sense of humour which I did not share. "But just have the kindness, for I have the right to know, to tell me how there can have been any interviews at all. My daughter has been brought up in England partly, and resembles in many points an English young lady, rather than a Lesghian; but——"

"It has never been any fault of hers at all. Altogether my fault, what little fault there has been. But I hope, if you don't encourage me, Sûr Imar, you will take good care not to let anybody else."

"That is rather a surprising demand;" he spoke so gravely that it was my turn to smile at the modesty of my own request. "Because you are prohibited, all the world must be so. But tell me how you fell into this sad mishap."

"That I shall never consider it,

Sûr Imar, however hopeless my prospect may be. Already I feel that my life has been exalted, my standard elevated, my character in every way——”

“I am sorry to hurry you, Mr Cranleigh, in the course of your self-congratulations; but some invasion of our refuge may be expected now at almost any moment. And afterwards there may not be good opportunity of speaking.”

Thereupon I told him, as briefly as I could, how my admiration first began, and how it had become entire devotion, in spite of the niggardly occasions it had found, and that now I set before me but one object in the world, and cared not for obstacles, denials, scruples, opinion of others, or perdition of myself—in for it I was, and go through with it I would. Then he stopped me, as if I spoke at random.

“Did you begin it, sir, in this lofty manner? Were all these fine sentiments already in your mind, when you peeped through the hedge at my daughter?”

“Sir, you exaggerate that small proceeding; and I am not a bit ashamed of it now,” I replied, “because of the glorious results it has produced.”

“I am a little inclined to think that I hear a thumping”—in my heart there was one of the biggest thumpings ever known, as I defied him thus, and he disarmed me in that manner. “Is it the arrival of your Civic Force?”

The Peelers, the Coppers, the Bobbies, there they were, beyond all doubt; and I believe that I shall pay the Police-rate—our tribute to the powers invisible—for the rest of my life without a growl, because of the moment of their knocking at that door.

“Stop, sir,” I shouted, as the Prince was marching off, in his

leisurely style—for nothing ever made him hurry—“there is one thing I have forgotten. Fasten up the dogs. I was ordered especially to tell you that; otherwise the poor things may be shot.”

“Dogs must take their chance in a conflict of mankind. But I leave them to you, Mr Cranleigh.” I knew not then that the true Caucasian is never brought up to love animals, and I wondered to find him so unjust. If a man likes to rush into a conflict, well and good. But to let a dog sacrifice himself to loyal feeling, appears to me unrighteous on the master's part. So I ran for my life, and caught *Kuban* and *Orla* (who would have rushed point-blank at the muzzle of a cannon), and with much difficulty, and some help, thumped them into their kennels.

Meanwhile the kicking at the upper door, and the shouting of hoarse voices, and the hoisting of coned heads between the ivied battlements, were waxing every moment; and so was the ferocity of the warriors inside, who had not enjoyed a fight, perhaps, ever since they came to England, the country of policemen, who mainly beat white gloves. But the master of the place ordered all his henchmen back, and made them stand their murderous guns against the peaceful ivy.

Then he swang on its pivot the bar of the door, which had been readjusted since Slemmick dashed through, and throwing it wide he stood among the foes, and spoke.

“This is a very great commotion you are raising. Is there law in this land, that such things are allowed?”

We beheld a large force of constables outside, as if much resistance had been expected; and some of the mounted police were present to intercept any runaway. “Sir,

there is law in the land; and under it I hold a search-warrant of these premises, with orders to arrest all persons here, in case of certain discoveries. Sergeant, you will see that no one leaves the place without my permission. Now, sir."

Exhibiting his warrant, the chief officer fixed keen eyes upon Sûr Imar's face, and scanned with stern suspicion the tranquil smile and the very peaceful aspect. "To the mill first! To the mill at once!" he shouted, with some show of temper, being annoyed, as I could see, by the calmness of this reception. "Sir, will you have the kindness to inform me why the mill is not at work, as usual?"

"It was scarcely worth while, when I expected you, to begin work, and then be interrupted."

"You expected me, sir? What the devil do you mean?" cried the officer, as one in a fury.

"For some little time," Sûr Imar answered, with one of his most majestic bows, "I have looked forward to this pleasure; but until this morning I could not be sure of the hour most convenient to you. But according to a proverb of your country, 'better late than never,' sir. The mill is at your service, and all that it contains. I have also provided some refreshment for your men. Not such as I could wish, but what you call 'rough and ready.'"

"And you have laid it out in the mill! The very place we were to have broken up! Of course, you have had time to clear everything away. It is a farce, sir, a farce, to carry out our orders now."

"It would be that at any time, for you never should have received them. There is in this country, though the constitution is the noblest in the world—which generally means the least corrupt—very imperfect communication between

the working departments. Perhaps you will encourage your men to search; while I am proving it needless. That would be of a piece with your other arrangements. That is not your style of business? Nay, but feeding is. I perceive that your men have walked far, good sir. I entreat you to let them recruit their strength. Stepan, bring two more chairs this way. Gentlemen, I hope that you can manage roast-beef cold. If the date had been more definite, we could have shown more hospitality."

"These things are beyond my understanding," said the officer, gazing at his men, who stood strictly at attention, with eyes very right for the great sirloin; "I have never been more astonished in my life. Will you give me your word, sir, that no one shall leave the place? Then I see no good reason against a little refreshment, while you are explaining this strange state of things to me. Members of the Force, all fall to! Ha, what perfect discipline!"

I scarcely know when I have been more pleased, in my little way of regarding things, than I was at that moment to see everybody converted from the track of war, as one might say, to the course, or (as might be considered even better, when the fork takes its place as the knife's better half) the chairs—the comfortable dining-chairs of peace. Gallant as any known soldier on the globe, which can show more varieties of them, than of soil or climate, is the true British Peeler in quest of promotion; and these were all picked men, as they soon began to prove; and a warm sense of Providence arose within me, at the privilege of seeing them pitch into the victuals, instead of storming Caucasus.

"I am not intelligent of British manners," quoth Sûr Imar to the

chief officer, "as if I had the honour, sir, of belonging to your island. But so far as a foreigner may understand your race, I trust that they will make progress now."

"Like a house on fire," replied the officer with a bow, and perhaps some inclination to do better with his lips, than discipline as yet encouraged. "Sir, I understood that you were going to show me something."

"Sir, in my native land we have a manner, suggested perhaps by the rigour of the climate, of producing a savoury broil at short notice. Measures to that effect were taken, upon your first application at my door; and if you will do me the honour of coming to my room, I would ask for the advantage of your opinion on that subject. I trust that Mr George Cranleigh will join us."

"Mr Cranleigh! Is this Sir Harold Cranleigh's son?" the officer enquired, and a very gentlemanlike expression, which had been dawning on his austere features, became established there for the rest of the day. "After you, sir. After you!" with a bow that did credit to the Force, he protested; and soon he held his own in a spirited discussion upon the most effective form discovered for a carving-knife.

"Well, sir, what report am I to make?" he asked, in a very proper frame of mind, when now there was little left, and still less wanted; "according to instructions, made strict search of suspected premises, encountered no resistance, found nothing in contravention of the law, but excellent dinner prepared for us. Embraced the opportunity, according to precept and example of superior officers; found no occasion to take any one in charge, and know no more than we knew before."

"You shall know more than you knew before. You shall not return

without perfect satisfaction as to the question which brought you here. You have exhibited the common-sense, the self-restraint, and the consideration which English officials alone display. You perceived that it would be what you call a farce, to search the suspected premises, when you found that your visit was expected. But the gendarmery of any other country would have wreaked their anger and disappointment upon the suspected objects. They would have shattered my machinery, sir; and that would have been a heavy blow to me. I have naturally been indignant at the low suspicions entertained of me. Otherwise I would have routed them, by referring your chiefs to the Foreign Office. One word there would have saved all this trouble. But now you shall understand this mighty secret; and so shall Mr Cranleigh, if he cares to know it."

With these words our kind host left the table, and crossed the room to a large cupboard, which he unlocked, and took from it a box containing things that jingled. This box he placed between us with the cover off, and we saw a quantity of small metallic objects, of very queer forms and various construction, like pieces of a Chinese puzzle. Sûr Imar stood regarding us with a smile; for he saw that neither of us was a whit the wiser.

"Those are the products of my mill," he said; "no very portentous secret; but it might be fatal to my object, if my little scheme were to find its way prematurely into the public Press. Therefore, I will ask you, Mr Officer, not to enter this in your report, though you are at liberty to mention it in confidence to your chief. Mr Cranleigh, I am sure, will not speak of it at all, if I put it to him so. Now, what do you call these little things?"

"Couldn't guess to save my life," the officer replied, as he fingered one or two; "artificial insects, spiders, tadpoles, shrimps, or dragon-flies—no, that won't do; I give it up, Sir Imar."

"I know what it is," I said, not by any stroke of genius, but through my brother's workshop; "it is all of it type, of some queer sort, but what the metal is I have not the least idea."

"Type it is, as you perceive. But to what language it belongs, I doubt whether even the British Museum could tell you. For the very simple reason that nothing has been printed in that language yet. It is type of the Lesghian alphabet, the first that has ever been cut, or cast, or in any other manner fashioned. Our language is a very fine one, infinitely the finest of all the forms of speech in the long tract of mountains. But nothing in it has been printed yet. We are obliged to have recourse to Arabic, if we desire to publish anything. And not only that, but the children even of our noblest families have not the least idea—Officer, I see that you are pressed for time; but if you had leisure to see me work this press, not with those castings, but the larger form, the capitals in fact, the coarse capitals, which we turned out first—for we had to feel our

way—I am almost sure that you would agree with me——"

"I am sure that I should, sir. No doubt about that. I never saw anything so beautiful in my life. But we have exceeded our time, Sir Imar. Thank you—well, I will taste a toss of that liqueur. Upon my word, you know the right thing all round! Sir Imar, your best health! Trappistine is not a patch on it. Beg pardon, Sir Imar, for having hit your gate so hard. I am not quite a literary man myself, but am able to allow for all in that way situated. Good-bye, Sir Imar, and if any one encroaches upon the freedom of the Press, for the folk about here are not like us, just one line to Scotland Yard—a cigar, sir? Yes, it will enable me to think. And I shall take that young fellow's horse back to the station."

Sir Imar sat down, while I went to see them off; and outside the upper door they gave three cheers. "Wonderful old chap! Grand old cock!" the officer said to me as I offered him a light; "English Aristocracy not a patch upon him for cooking a dinner or for languages. But as mad as a March hare; what a pity! Don't he know what is good, though? Mr Cranleigh, attend to me. A man who can do French things to satisfy an Englishman—that's what I call international, and no mistake!"

CHAPTER XVII.—PEPPERCORNS.

Before I went away, which I was obliged to do without even a glimpse of Dariel, her father very kindly put this question to me, "Do you really wish to know more, my friend, of the scheme which has brought me to this lonely valley, and kept me occupied here so long, in the hope that I may be of service to the race which has trusted and

loved me, but received from me as yet no better reward than disaster and war? You are eager to be told? Then if you can come on Saturday, when the work of the day has been accomplished, you shall hear, not of that alone, but of things which have befallen me, from which you will perceive most clearly that the greater the distance preserved

henceforth between Mr Cranleigh and all Caucasians, the better it will be for his welfare and that of all his relations."

Now it is useless for me to trouble anybody, even if anybody would be troubled, with all the wild thoughts that came into my head, and all the sad things that would not let my heart alone, as I went with this burden of doubt to bear. It must not be supposed for a moment, because I have chanced not to touch upon the matter, that I had cast away all sense of duty to my relatives in this adventure. The home, and the farm, and the welfare of the family, had not been impaired by a single penny, through what some might call the distraction of my mind. Only let every one attend to business, as I had never failed to do all this time, and what a different place the world would be! And as for disturbing my father and mother, with any description of what had happened to myself, when the chances were that all of it would come to nothing—that would indeed have been a wicked thing to do, in spite of all their preference for Harold.

So clear was I from doubt upon that score, and all my proceedings had been so blameless, ever since that casual "peep through the hedge"—as Daniel's father called it—that instead of any squeamishness or self-reproach, I had two points to dwell upon of maltreatment to myself. Why had I been sent to London on a special errand, and then deprived of all chance of completing it? And again, had I been told of that hateful Prince Hafer, and purposely goaded into just wrath against him, simply that I might break forth into rude behaviour, and so be dismissed as a savage, who could not control himself before a lady?

That supposition was too wretched

to be borne with, not for the low esteem of me it implied, but rather on account of the paltriness imputed to the highest, and noblest, and loveliest of her sex. Against all that my truer mind revolted, and my own experience did the like. But men have a trick of saying such small things about women (when the feminine back is turned), partly because they think it lofty so to speak, and partly because of the poets and sages who have set them this example, and partly (a very small part, let us hope) in right of their own experience. And these things come into a man's lower mind, when depression sinks it in the mud-deposits of the heart.

"Halloa, George Cranleigh! What a blue study you must be in! Don't I carry a light at my fore-peak? And if you can't see it you might smell it."

It was rather dark as I came near home, after that interview with the police, and the trees at the back of the Hall were thick; but I might have seen Stoneman and his cigar, if I had been at all on the look-out. "Come in," he went on; "I waylaid you because I want a chat with you most uncommonly, and they told me at your den that you were gone this way. Fishing again? No rod this time! But perhaps you leave it at some farmhouse." This man had his little faults; and among them was a trick of suggesting a handy fib, and then smashing it, if exercised; the which is not a friendly trick. "Not been fishing, eh? Something better, I daresay. Well, come in here; I want to show you something good, and the wonderful fellow who does it."

This was as dark as the sky itself to me. But I followed him, for he was a leading man; and in little matters I submit my steps to theirs. Verily, on this occasion I

did not walk amiss. For when we were in Jackson Stoneman's little crib, such as any man of nous, with a big roof over his head, is fain to keep for his own better moments, there was something which no magnificence can bring home into the simple human breast. Who is the most delightful writer of our race, since Heaven took Shakespeare away in hot haste, when his hand was too close on the Tree of Life? The answer, although so long in coming, comes louder, as every year adds to the echo—"William Makepeace Thackeray."

That man of vast brain, with the fresh heart of a child, would have been pleased to see what I beheld; and his tender touch only could have touched it off. A bright fire was burning in a low plain grate, there was not a whiff of smoke throughout it, and in front of the red clear glow, at a distance nicely calculated, stood a beautiful machine with its back to us. Kneeling on the rug was a long-sided man, so intent on his work that he never heard the door, with a silver spoon (once Apostolic perhaps) in his right hand, and a long slender crook in his left. What he was tending could not be seen as yet; but a glorious fragrance held possession of the air, and wafted a divine afflatus to any heart not utterly insensible. Sûr Imar's broil was not a patch upon it.

"Ach! it is to spoil everyting dat you are here." The artist frowned and grunted, without getting up, as Stoneman introduced me. "My name is Hopmann; but dese bairds, what will dere names be, if I interrupt?"

Peeping in over the lid of the alcove, which had an enamel lining, I saw four partridges hung skilfully from hooks, with a swivel to each; so that every bird might revolve with zeal, or pause with proper

feeling, as his sense of perfection and of duty bade him. While in the tray beneath them some clear brown gravy was simmering, with a beaded eddy where the basting trickled. In and out among them, the silver spoon was gliding most skilfully and impartially, administering a drip to each, as sweetly and fairly as their own dear mother did it, in their happy nest. But instead of their dear mother, alas it was not even an Englishman who was tending them, but a German doctor with a very red face, gazing most severely at them through big silver spectacles. "Not you look! Not you come near!" this gentleman cried, as he gave me a push, in return for the bow I offered him.

"Come in here, George," said Stoneman, with a wink at me. "Let him alone; and I will tell you all about him. He is the best fellow that ever lived; but you will never get it out of his head that almost everything we do is wrong."

"Everyting, everyting! Not almost, but everyting the Englishman do wrong," the Herr Doctor shouted, as Stoneman led me into the next room, where a snug supper-table was set out for the three of us.

"Rather a queer customer, isn't he?" said my host; "but I have known him more than ten years now, and got ten times as fond of him every year. He is the kindest-hearted fellow I ever came across; and there is scarcely anything he cannot do. He is well known in London; he might be Professor of this, that, and the other. But he has not a particle of ambition, though he values his profession mightily. He is fond of money, of course; but chiefly for the sake of his widowed mother, and two sisters whom he supports. You know that old Chalker of Cobstone Hill went the way of all flesh last

month, leaving a large practice all abroad. Well, I persuaded Hopmann to take to it, for they were paying him shamefully in London, for a lot of work at one of the hospitals. He has only been here about a fortnight yet, but he is sure to get on; he must get on; nothing comes amiss to him. And I want you to help him, wherever you can: you need have no fear, he is quite tip-top—too good a great deal for a country practice. But he would never do in London; he is too honest—sees through any humbug in a moment, and would tell the patient so, though he were of the Royal family. But you should see Hopmann with some old woman, who will never say ‘thank you,’ or pay him sixpence. That is what I admire in a man; and that tells for him too in the end, you may be sure. But come along, he is calling us, and he will be in a fury, if we let all his beautiful cookery spoil. All right, Hopmann, hop along, old fellow. A metal dish apiece for us, piping hot.”

“And ze last baird, he stay here and keep hot himself! And he become ze property of ze first gent zat is ready. Now, Mr Cranleigh, you tell truth! You never taste bartrich before. For why? Because you cannot cook them in this land. You take away everything that gives what you call ze flavour, that penetrates ze whole system of ze baird. Ach! I will cook again for you, you shall see. Shackson is not half so wise.”

I was fortunate enough to please him, and not in words alone, for the effect of my bit of lunch had quite worn off. In a very short time (as happens now and then when two men widely different in their main lines meet) our little corners, which are the clinging points, had fitted very nicely into

one another; and I longed to know more of the man, because I knew so much of him already. For who cares to get nearer to a man who keeps his distance?

“Hopmann is a queer fellow in his way, but in a very good sort of a way,” said Jackson Stoneman, as we two filled our pipes, and he lit his half-a-crown cigar, which I would not have smoked for half-a-crown; “I am glad to see you enter into each other’s merits. Now, will you fall in with a little plan which I have conceived for the good of us all? My German friend is an excellent shot. He can knock a bird over, as well as he can cook it. He was out with us on the first, when George Cranleigh would not come. Two or three swells were inclined to laugh, but he very soon turned the laugh on them. Garrod said that he never saw such a hand, which was not very graceful to the man who pays his wages. I have not yet found anything that Hopmann cannot do.”

“Shackson, there are two tings vot he cannot do. He cannot ride very well ze horse; and he cannot listen to his own braises.”

“Never mind, he will very soon learn both accomplishments, and then he will be absolutely perfect. But we have a little campaign in view for the day after to-morrow. We have only been round the outskirts yet, we have not touched the best part of the shooting. Herr Doctor, will you come with your 16-bore, that wiped the eye of several of our thundering twelves, and show us straight powder on Thursday?”

“I vill only come on ze onderstandings of before—that all ze bairds I do shoot shall belong to me, to take home.”

“You shall carry off, and cook with their trails in, every blessed

bird you knock over. And now about you, George. I have never seen you shoot, but I hear you are very good. Are you afraid to try your hand against this mighty German?"

This put me a little on my mettle, as was meant. Not that I ever cared to shoot in competition; for that, as with fishing or any other friendly sport, to my mind kills the enjoyment. Moreover I had refused Stoneman's invitation, from a sort of pride—a very false pride it might be—about walking by his leave upon land that had been ours. And I had taken no certificate, this year.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," I said. "I won't bring my gun, for I have taken no licence, and I would not shoot without. But I'll come and work the dogs for you; they know me as well as they know Garrod, and I shall enjoy it quite as much."

"But Hopmann has taken no licence, either. As if any one would dare to ask you about that, for shooting round here! I should like to see them ask him even, when he is with me."

"For me it is to my conscience so,"—the German had a great gift of winking both eyes, through his spectacles, with rapid alternation; "I am not a subject of this realm. I make game of ze Game-laws."

However, I was not to be persuaded; and when the day came, there were guns enough without mine, and far too many as it seemed to me, for a free beat and small enclosure. Luckily there was no covert-shooting yet; but one or two of the dogs had most narrow escapes, and I was obliged to interfere sometimes, and declare that I would walk them all back to kennel, unless the men tried to be

more careful. One dog was my own, a very handsome lemon-and-white setter-bitch, who dropped to shot almost before you could see the smoke; and yet somebody put a shot through her ear, though I did not find it out till afterwards, or home she would have gone, whatever they might think at losing the best of the bunch, as one might say.

For there were six guns, sometimes close together—a dangerous affair for a country like that, even when every man knows his neighbour, and each is an experienced and careful shot; most Cockneyfied too, for the look of the thing; and I had a great mind to keep away from them. But Stoneman would not hear of that; he had invited Lord Melladew, so he said, purely as a compliment to me, and how could I refuse to come with him? To this I could make no reply; being taken up with my own affairs to such a degree that I was not at home concerning other people's doings. The young Earl of Melladew was staying at the "Bell"—which used to be called the "Cranleigh Arms," until we went down in the world—and there he had his valet, and artistic outfit, and all his large ideas, in the long room with the magnificent view, where our tenant used to dry his onions. Now I am the very last to say a word against people who have gone up in life, by merits which have been denied to us. His grandfather proved himself a fine man of business, and made an exemplary fortune by lucrative Army-contracts during the Crimean war. If he compressed some dead cows in his hay, and compelled his old sheep-dogs to serve their time still by posthumous fidelity in the form of mutton—as war-correspondents on very short commons were ungrateful enough at that time to aver—all

those and greater errors he had redeemed by having a grandson as unlike him as possible.

This young nobleman (for so he might be called) had many very excellent and amiable points. He was gentle, generous, and upright, more eager to please than is altogether safe, except in a very rustic neighbourhood; and even less conceited and affected in his manners than a young man of good looks, fair position, and literary tendencies ought to be, for his friends to consider him natural. Everybody in our village said that without Farmer Jarge to certify it, they never could have taken his Lordship for a Lord; though, considering the Boards, and the Hyænas this and that, and the Parson that couldn't turn his coat-tails up till a secondary motion put him into his own chair in the Vestry, there was no call for any one to feel surprise if the great folk came down, and made the little ones go up. Lord Melladew also was enthusiastic as to the delights of country-life, and the glories of British industry; and this helped him much with my sister, who never could understand why we should be starved by foreign produce, when the land, and the people, and the sky above our heads were exactly the same as she could remember always, and there was as much to pay for everything as ever.

But our young nobleman proved most clearly, with an elegant sonnet in the 'Cobham Comet,' entitled "Sit down to your own desserts," that prosperity was to return to our land, and the Frenchman and Belgian be blown away by volleys of grape- and apple-shot from the bulwark of Britain at Farmer Bandilow's farm. Half a million fruit-trees would be planted in October, and ten million bushels of apples, melons, peaches, plums, grapes,

pine-apples, apricots, pears, &c., would confront the poor foreigner next August if he dared to attempt a landing.

My father was scarcely so sanguine, but said, "Let them have their try, George, if rich people find the money. Things can be no worse, and some poor fellows may find employment for the winter. Perhaps Mr Stoneman will take it up."

Stoneman, however, instead of doing that, showed an unaccountable contempt and bitterness, not only towards the scheme itself, but all who took any share in it. There seemed to be something in the matter that touched him far more closely than any question of agriculture. Was it Lord Melladew's long sojourn at the "Bell," and his frequent visits at our cottage? Even now, with this young man his guest for the day, and behaving most inoffensively, the grim stockbroker marched on in such a manner, that I thought it my duty to remonstrate. "You haven't shot him yet," I said, as we stood behind the others, "because it is not dark enough. But if he gets peppered in the dusk, I shall know whose pot it came from."

Stoneman gave me a grin, and behaved a little better, and did his best to be polite at luncheon-time, and after the narrow shaves of the morning things went on more carefully; for the men who knew nothing about a gun had now learned to be afraid of it. Until, with the sun setting low behind a wood, we came to a bit of gorse-land having a steep fall towards a valley, favourite harbour for a fox, in the days when my chief business was such pleasant sport and jollity. There were narrow rides cut through the furze down hill, and across them tussocks of welted fern, and strigs of moots that cropped up again, after the fuelling had been cleared.

"Why, this is the place where the yellow bunnies live," said Stoneman, as he opened a gate for us, and we stood on the crest of the furzy slope. "I know a man, and a clever fellow too, who has offered a guinea apiece for them. He has given up business, and set up his staff in a wild part of Wales; and there he is going in for a breed of these yellow rabbits. He has got a big name for the fur, and expects to cut out Chinchilla with it. I have heard of our golden bunnies lots of times, and seen some of them once or twice. Shall we get a sample for him, and then offer him live bunnies, if he jumps at it?"

All agreed cheerfully to this, and the dogs were taken up, while the men peeping down the steep ridges got a shot or two at any of the coney race who might be dining carelessly. Then, as all of these proved to be of the common grey sort, Garrod's boy was sent home for a couple of rough terriers, to run the furze thickets, while the guns should watch the rides, for two or three yellow fellows had skipped away unscathed.

That boy took a long time in carrying out his message, and when he came back with his father behind him, the dusk of September was settling in the valley, while a wisp of silvery vapour stole along the brown halberds of the gorse, and the russet clumps of bramble. But the hillside now was ringing with the merry yelps of dogs, or the squeak of some puppy in a tangled grip, while the low covert ruffled, or was channelled here and there, with the sway of some resolute terrier hot in chase.

This holiday had been a rare enjoyment to me, though crossed with anxiety now and then, among so many barrels governed less by experience than excitement. Most

of all, as I said, about Lord Mella-dew, who strode along so poetically, clad in green velveteen, beautifully made, but terminating unluckily in very smart buff gaiters short and spruce — concerning him I had prayed all day that he were safe back in the onion-loft. Not that he carried a gun to his own disadvantage as the reckless do, neither did he fire at random, but was well content, in the manner of the public, to shout according to the hit or miss.

"Shut up all," I called out sharply; "too dark, too dark! I expect to see at least a dog shot, every moment."

A dog indeed! If I had said a man, and that man a live Earl—for bang bang went the guns, just as if I had never spoken, and four or five puffs of smoke, as if the hillside were on fire, rose from the avenues poor bunny had to cross. "Yellow! Did you see, Shorje? yellow as ze gold is!" The German doctor shouted as he pointed down a ride. "Shackson shot too, but ze rabbit is to me. I will have ze guinea. Ach, mein Gott!"

Instead of a rabbit giving the last kick of death, what did we see half-way down the slope but two buff coneys flying ever so much faster than any coney ever flew before, each flashing in front of each other, as if father fox were after both of them. "I am blown if it isn't my Lord," cried Garrod; "the foreigner have shot him morshial!"

"Vatt you know, ze clods-having-to-hop-by-night-as-well-as-by-day fe-loe? But keep your business, good fe-loe. If I have put ze shot in, I can pull him out again. You shall see."

Guns were laid aside, and the doctor left there (for he seemed to make nothing of peppering a lord, in comparison with basting partridges), and down the steep

pitch we raced after the Earl, who with a long start was going like the wind. Do all we might, we could not get near him, until he was brought up by a heavy post and rail, where the Dorking road winds along the bottom. There he struck his chest, and in spite of being winded, did no small credit to his lungs, by a power of shrieks that rent the valley.

"What a coward!" cried Stoneman, who had kept up with me, though we both had "gone coppers" once or twice. "He is all there for holloaing, at any rate!"

But the worst of the business was yet to come. As we drew a pull of breath, before rushing to the rescue, we heard a sudden clatter in the road below, then we saw a wild dash of something dark, and a woman lay on her back under a low tree. I leaped the rail fence, to which the Earl was still clinging, and there lay my sister Grace, in her riding-habit, while the sound of the runaway pony's hoofs came clanging round the corner.

I lifted my darling sister Grace, and set her against the hedge-bank, and my heart went out of me, as I knelt and whispered to her. If it had been even Darial, could my terror have been so terrible? I pulled her riding-gloves off, and found a penny in them, the change the dear frugal soul had taken from the last turnpike gate she paid. And then when I saw her sweet kind face as white as a shroud, and the bright eyes closed, and the long black lashes that I used to vow she dyed—when I wanted to put her in a passion—lying upon the waxen cheeks, without caring a dump what any other chap might think, I lifted up my voice and wept.

"Shush, shush, don't be a fool, Shorje," said some fellow, pushing me away; "ze gairl is only what

you called shtunned. All raight, all raight, in ten skips of ze vleu. My tear, I am ze dochtor."

I went across the road, and stood by Jackson Stoneman, who was standing as firm as a rock, and pretending to play with the whip he had picked up. "Look here," I said, "she will never pay another pike."

"Take a turn with me, my dear fellow," he replied, "Hopmann will get on better without us. My housekeeper's mother lives round the corner. Though the Lord knows that if all we want is a woman—Lord Melladew, I am so sorry for your little accident. You mustn't wear yellow spats, the next time you go shooting. Garrod will help you to your inn, and the doctor will come, when he has seen to this more urgent case. Garrod, let his lordship throw all his weight on you. Stop a moment. Send your boy at full speed to *The Bell*, and order their low four-wheeler here. He is not to say why, for fear of frightening Lady Cranleigh. And let him take that villain of a pony to *The Bell*."

In less than an hour, I had the great joy of hearing that Grace was quite conscious, and had no limbs broken, nor any other injury that a few days would not cure. When the pony bolted at the shrieks and kicks and swaying figure of his lordship, a branch across the road had swept my sister from the saddle, but luckily it did not strike any vulnerable part, unless the part that often wounds a man is such. In a word it was her lump of hair, or what ladies call their *chignon*, into which she was obliged to coil her tresses tight for riding, that received the impact of the too obtrusive tree. But I scarcely knew what to conclude about the doctor, or Stoneman himself, who had been so uneasy about a young

Earl hanging out so near our Grace, when, as sure as English words were ever uttered by a German, I heard Hopmann whisper this con-

dolence to himself—"Zat was ze graidest shot as ever I did make. One fire, leetle bepper, bring me down two bagients."

CHAPTER XVIII.—A LOVEBIRD.

Thus again, without any effort of his own, was the clever stock-broker quit of rivalry; for although the Earl did not leave the village for some weeks, he was not in a condition to do much poetic wooing, even if he could have found a partner. And this was not the only good result from that serious double accident; for the necessity of daily enquiry at our cottage became so pressing, and Stoneman so gallantly rose to this occasion, that the stiffness and coldness which had hitherto marked my mother's reception of him could no longer be maintained, but glided very quietly into goodwill and gratitude. All of us began to forgive him, more and more, for the crime of not belonging to an ancient county family, while the merits of his affluence almost drove us to maintain them against his own indifference.

"You go along," I said, for I had come to know him now, and could talk of his cash without tapping at it; "you know as well as I do, that the first consideration with nine out of ten of us is—Money."

"I am afraid it is," he answered, as he stopped to make a bow, across a thousand cobblestones, to my sister, who was descending from the sky no doubt to attend to her milk-pans, and to know of nothing else; "I am afraid it is, with those who have not got it; and there is a great deal to be said for them. But I should be ashamed if it were so, with those who have obtained it. Moreover,

it would be contrary to human nature, for does any man value a thing that is his own? As long as it seems beyond his reach, it is all that is lovely and charming; but the moment he has reduced the *chose in action*, as the lawyers express it, into possession, all its glory is gone, till he loses it again."

"Very well. There is your *chose in action* over there." I pointed to the dairy window. "I shall take care to tell her how you mean to estimate her, if ever she becomes your property."

"For Heaven's sake," he cried, while he caught me by the sleeve, as if I were going straightway to denounce him, "don't suppose that such impious doctrines apply to—the one exception of all human laws."

"I am afraid that they do, and ever so much quicker than they apply to money. But once more, when are you going to try your luck?"

For he had pestered me perpetually about his feelings now, and I had advised him not to be in too much of a hurry. I felt that he was further on than I was, in acquaintance with the lovely object; for he must have had about thirty opportunities, to my three, counting dog-dialogues and everything. But he had not done half so much as I had; and women are wise enough to take one deed deeper to the dear heart, than a hundred thousand words. In fact, it is difficult to get that out again, if done by a man of the right age

and manner, and if they were sensitive just then with fright. The thought of this bore me up against friend Jackson's flowing opportunities, and made me an impartial critic of his work.

He looked at me uneasily, when I brought him to this point; and all his experience in "carrying over," and contingoes, and settling days, and whatever else they call it, was of very little use to him with such a ticklish stock.

"Come in here, George," he said; "how am I to talk, as if it were a question of exchange and discount, when I see her bright hair dancing in the sun, like that? But let me look. Don't say a word, until she goes away."

"Here are two cart-saddles and a pair of blinkers, and a truss of clover hay. If her young spring-carrots can dance through all that, they must beat Berenice's and Helen's of Troy. Don't be quite a fool, Jack. You ought to know that girls can't abide being stared at with their slops on. They have got a finer word for it—peg something, in the novels. But Grace never gets herself up for a rustic surprise, like those fashionable dairy-maids."

"I should hope not indeed! She is nature itself. And all nature is sweetest in the morning. But there is not a spark of poetry about you, George. All that has gone into the female line. What would I give, to see you frightfully in love!"

The piercing glance he gave me completely turned the tables; but I pulled him back so briskly that he came back to himself; for he was got up very bucklish in some Volunteer apparel, on his way to a swell rifle-meeting; and it may be imagined that he longed for Grace to look at him, almost as much as he longed to look at Grace. However, that was no concern of mine.

And he came back very modestly to his own affairs, and sat down where he could not see the window.

"Has she said anything about me lately? Does she seem to have the least idea? You know how I have tried to keep myself in the background according to your advice, which was most kindly meant. But meanwhile other fellows have been making play. Thank God, we have settled Melladew; I was most afraid of him. Coronet, and sonnets, and a head of curly hair. Foremost of her sex although she is—but no, what am I talking of? Her mind is far too lofty. When I behold her in her graceful simplicity, like an Angel ministering what they get out of the cows—but allow me to hang that cart-saddle on the other peg, George."

To my vexation there was Grace again, standing in the doorway, with a great spoon in her hand—for a type of the greater one not so very far away—giving a taste of some white stuff to old Sally, who was stooping a hunchified back to save spilling. To see the light poise of the youthful figure, and the merry smile while the white froth was tilted carefully into that ancient mouth, little would you think that within so short a period, all this bright life had missed the grave by half an inch.

"Thank God!" whispered Stoneman. "How little heed we take of their goodness, George! All men in comparison ought to be killed."

"Not a bit of it," I answered. "Perhaps Melladew ought. He couldn't have made more row if he had been kilt, as an Irishman is being always. But perhaps he could not help it; for it is his nature to."

"In any other case I should not have blamed him much, though it is not altogether perhaps the style

of Englishmen. But one thing we always forget—how intensely some people feel what to others is a flea-bite. And the ankle is a very nasty place after all, though the shot only just broke the skin, Hopmann says. You heard him claim the shot? Well, now he puts it upon me! However, he is quite welcome, for the tale might go against him with his ‘bagients.’ Ta, ta! I’m off to enquire for my Lord, and I always let him know where I come from. Won’t Hopmann make a fine thing out of this! I have lent him a trap and a man, to make the most of it. The man drives like a fury and calls out to everybody, ‘Can’t stop—very sorry—let them all know—the poor Hearl, he is in such hagony!’ Hopmann’s new letter-box is full already, and his hat is a hoarding of turnpike tickets.”

“What a friend you are! What a friend to have!” I exclaimed, as he jumped upon his highly polished horse, for Grace had tripped away with a little turn of neck, which meant, “Wouldn’t you like to come with me?” And Stoneman was hoping to get another glimpse from the saddle over the palings. Ay, and he did so too, as the light in his eyes made clear to me.

A firm friend is likely to be a faithful lover, and a true husband when the gloss is off the love; but whether Grace had any sense of this, or even thought at all about him, was more than I could say at present. Quick of perception as she was, it seemed almost impossible that she could have failed to observe his attention, or it might be called his entire devotion to her. Yet when I tried her with a lot of little dodges, such as a brother must have at command, if he wants to keep time with his sisters, she never turned a hair—as the sporting people say—and she looked me out of

countenance sometimes, as if I were inferior to the female race. Knowing what she was, I was unable to suppose that there could be any depth in her beyond my understanding, so I said to myself, “Let her mind the milk. What can a sweet girl desire beyond that?”

To do good, to be kind, to be always cheerful, and to find their happiness in making ours—that was the proper thing, when I was young, for the rising generation of the better sex. Of our faults they must have no knowledge, but be as hard as possible upon their own; and in that particular they had every help from their own sex, whose time was ripening into criticism. Somehow or other they have changed all that, and flung themselves far into the opposite extreme.

Nothing could have made me dwell upon such little things, unless there had been one of them that was all the world to me. And while I was endeavouring to explain my sister to the clearest of my understanding, and blaming her for my failure, there must have been some other purpose behind, which was even more than brotherly. I was able to give very good advice to Jackson Stoneman, and he was quite right in adopting it; but that masterful inaction did not seem to suit my case. What might be going on even now—that was the great point for me to ascertain—in a matter beyond all discretion or cold comfort? Saturday was come; and I had been attending, with a grandeur of benevolence beyond all praise, to a love-affair deeply interesting, but in which you might call me a spectator only. Surely my own state of puzzle was enough, without trying to make dovetails of another pair.

Therefore, as soon as I had paid the men, at three o’clock that after-

noon, which was the proper time, I saddled old *Joe*, and without a word to Grace, who might think what she liked—let her mind her own affairs—off I set for St Wini-fred's valley, where I knew an old shed that would entertain the horse. Let this old fellow get enough to eat, which he might pull from the hayrick, and all time, all friends, any fatherland would be just alike to him.

The days were drawing in very fast, and although the sun was on the shoulder of the hill, the sense of autumn and of night impending had taken the cheer and the warmth away, and saddened the dignity of the trees. My heart was beating fast, yet low, as I hurried down the slope from the lonely shed: fast with some foolish jerks of hope that any corner might show *Dariel*; yet low, as every corner went its way, without any sign of my darling. When I came to the ruined chapel, and peeped in, discovering only solitude, so flurried and tremulous was my condition—a most unusual state for me—that the *Lesghian* chief, if he saw me thus, might fairly think that some mischief from the old wound was at work inside. To recover myself and appear before him in a decent manner, I crossed the brook by a fallen tree, and wandered into the gloomy wood, where the old approach had lost its way; and here I lingered so long that dusk was deepening into darkness when I crossed the lonely stream again.

Fearing that *Sûr Imar* might suppose me to be careless, and having recovered my self-command in right of much moralising, I entered by the lower door, and walked across the grass towards the quarters where the people lived. All was quiet, dull, and foggy, darker than the land outside, and damp enough to give love itself a touch of rheumatic

fever. Most of the men were gone, as their happy fashion was on Saturday, to fetch good things of victualling—for no cart came down the valley—and other delights, which we are so glad to deny to one another.

As I passed by a low ruined wall in the fog, I heard a click as of some iron latch falling to, or flung to carelessly. This drew my attention that way, and then a swish like the swing of a heavy cloak followed, and then I saw a tall man coming from an angle in the wall that had a roof to it. At the moment I was walking rather fast, and if I had continued at that pace, my elbow and the stranger's might have struck one another; for he was also walking fast, and his course—to use one of *Slemmick's* words—was “*slantindicular*” to mine. He had not yet descried me, by reason of the wall, and feeling that he had no right on these premises, I drew back, and let him get in front of me. For I was never at all comfortable about things here, since my interview with *Nicolo*.

Keeping my distance carefully, I followed that man towards the buildings, while I tried to make out enough of him to learn his rank and age, and anything else that could be known. If he were to turn and resent my vigilance, gladly would I have it out with him; for a little fight, even if I got the worst of it, would have been a comfort to my bruised spirit then. But the fellow never turned, and seemed to be quite indifferent whether there was any one to heed him. As for his appearance, I could make out very little, except that he was not an Englishman. Dark as it was, I could have sworn to that; whether by his walk, or dress, or figure, or what else, I cannot say—but at any rate he was a foreigner—and I could almost answer for it

that on his hip was swung a sword, which would have made short work of me, had he been so desirous.

Instead of entering the passage of grey flint which led to the households of the colony, the man I was following turned to the right, where the wall curved in towards the upper door. *Kuban* and *Orla*, who dwelled for the best of their time in this part of the premises, came forth and looked at him without a single sniff; and then lowered their tails, and crawled away. "What a villain he must be!" thought I; "they know him, but would rather not even speak to him."

But the impression he had made upon them was far beyond this. To my surprise, they condemned the entire human race for the moment, reasoning (as we must have taught them to do) from the particular to the universal. For when I passed and held out my hand, not a word would they have to say to me, which perhaps was the better for my safety. Then as I followed with my temper rising, and resolved to bring the man to book as he unbarred the door, what did he do but with one great vault gain that coign of reconnaissance where the watch-dog loved to sit, and plunge from it into the world beyond, with some strange headgear shown between the battlements, and then a clank of hard metal, and a heavy flap of ivy.

I have often been surprised, as every man must be, who lives to full growth upon this wondrous earth; but this time my astonishment went quite beyond its powers. Every one had always taken me for a great jumper, but, to save my life, I could never have done that. I stood, and looked up into the darkness of the sky, as if for some witness to confirm my doubtful eyes; and then a deep conviction of the existence of the Devil—

which philosophers in mutinous ingratitude deny—came to my aid, and calmed me with the sense of duty which his name inspires. And now the two dogs, breathing calmly again, and with their tails high-masted, came to apologise for that trimming which even they had learned towards their dearest friend. Here was something genial; and I forgave them, because I might have done the same, if touched with equal insight.

"I will get to the bottom of this," thought I, "though the scoundrel has put the wall between us." For I knew not at all how to open that door, even if it seemed desirable. With a quick step, therefore, I retraced my course, while *Kuban* and *Orla* came after me, sniffing my track with happy puffs, to be sure of something wholesome. Keeping clear of the dwellings, I went back along the wall, to investigate the corner, from which that demon of mystery had emerged. What superstition can there be in a Winchester and New College man, who has eaten for the Bar, and knows something of Stock-brokers, and as much as is good of Solicitors? But it is better to avoid such subjects now.

Both dogs lay down at a certain spot, where a narrow track just visible across the grass began; perhaps they were forbidden to come further down that way. But I went on, treading gingerly, until I was stopped by a pair of wire-doors. It was rather dark still, but not so murky as it had been, for the moon began to lift herself a little through the mist. As her faint light came glimmering over the black wall, I began to see what the little structure was, and how it was sheltered and protected overhead. *Dariel* had told me that she was very fond of birds, and had some beauties of her own; and no

doubt this was where she kept them. Now if that hateful fellow with the strange headgear came out of this enclosure, as appeared too manifest, it was equally plain that he must have been inside it; and what could he be doing in this aviary, so late, unless the fair owner herself were there?

My wrath and indignation knew no bounds. If I were being treated in this perfidious way, what steps could be too strong or too insidious, if they led to the confusion of the traitors? Though the dogs were as silent as if they were carved in stone, I went back to them and threatened them with quick and painful death, if they dared to enquire into my proceedings. Then by a little reconnoitring I found a corner of the netting which formed the outer fence, from which I could see into the inner room, which had been impossible from the gate. I could have opened that gate perhaps, but not without noise enough to attract attention; and now I could see as well as if I were inside, for the wire-mesh made no difference.

At the end of the room which was nearest to me, and only a few yards from the corner I had found, sat Dariel herself, with a purple cloak on, or a mantle, or jacket—I never know the proper words, and it makes no difference, except to women. Of the colour, I could not be sure by that light; except that it was deep, and rich, and grand, and her white neck shone forth it, like a hyacinth from dark tulips. There were two candles burning on a rustic round table, and she, with her forehead gleaming softly, kept her left hand partly closed, while the other hand went round and round as if it were winding something slowly upon some little object which I could not see; for around it fell the shadowy tresses which had so often

baffled me in quest of a sweet glance from her eyes. Every now and then, I caught a glimpse of a very delicate and straight nose (the beauty of which has never been surpassed), and once or twice there came into view the perfection of a chin, a soft harmony conducting from the roses of the lips to the lilies of the neck. All this was very lovely, and my heart was wild about it; though my mind was fierce the other way, that none was ever to be mine. For whom had she arrayed herself in that homicidal beauty?

But while I was grinding my teeth and wrinkling my forehead into wirework, she softly turned her gentle face, and my rage was gone as darkness flies when the quiet moon arises. There were great tears rolling, and wet eyes beaming, and the pity of a world of sadness speaking in the eloquence of a silent mouth. Also with love's vaticination I seemed to discover terror there, and the call for some strong form to shield her from troubles and dangers menacing. "There has been no flirtation here," thought I. "What a jealous fool I am! In this there must be some dark distress. How could I think so of my Dariel!" And when I beheld the next thing she did, my self-reproach grew deeper.

For she opened the curve of her left palm, slowly and softly in fear of rash release, keeping the fingers of the other hand in readiness for repression; and there I saw, with his green fluff panting in a velvet cradle, a small bird of bright plumage, with enquiring eyes regarding her. He seemed to know her for his best friend, and though taken aback by misfortune, to trust this member of the human race to do all that mankind could do for him.

Made of hard stuff as I am, I do not feel ashamed to say, that the pity which is in all of us, drew straws from the candle and made bars along the mist, when I saw what the girl I loved had done. That poor little bird had a broken leg, newly broken by violence, and Dariel had been gently binding the splintered shank together, with cotton wool and a reel of silk, as I could see on the table, and a strip of cane from a chair hard by; and now she was shaking one finger at him, to let him know that fluttering is no remedy for affliction.

But why did she cry so? She ought to be smiling and looking glad, when the little chap's mate flew down so kindly, and perched on the reel of silk to comfort him, and then fluttered round and round him with her wings drooped down, and a tenderness of cooing which almost set him on his legs again; for they were a pair of what are called "lovebirds," of whom, if one hops the final twig, the other pines into the darkness and dies. So at least the story of the bird-men goes, although that excess of fidelity may be beyond the faith of other men.

Tell me not that love is blind. It has the swiftest of all sight. It flies to its conclusion straighter than the truest lovebird. I saw why Dariel could not smile at the success of her own skill: the tears on her cheeks were not of pity only, but of anger at human brutal-

ity. That fellow had done it, that miscreant whom even the dogs of his native land abhorred—Prince Hafer had broken the pretty lovebird's leg! A rapid conclusion of mine, but the right one; as became manifest, before many days had passed.

Blessedness and bitterness at once possessed me. Would she ever accept such a wicked beast as that? And when should I have the delight of breaking—not his leg, that would not be half enough, but the haughty head that he was carrying so high? I felt the black fury of the Caucasus itself rising in a breast of the quiet Surrey stock. Cruelty to anything that lives is loathsome; but cruelty to a little trusting pet, lent us by the Father to teach us loving-kindness, and that pet the darling of a sweet and gentle maiden! One more look at her—she has put him to his roost in a soft warm corner where he can make no pretence to hop, but the partner of his pain can feed him.

But I must be off, for I dare not intrude upon her quiet sorrow, and perhaps I had no right to watch her as I did; but I meant no harm, and the pretty sight has been a lesson of goodwill to me. Now for her noble father's room! I ought to have been there long ago. What will he say to me? But whatever it may be, what I say of his beautiful child is this—"She is more than any angel; she is a tender-hearted woman."

CHAPTER XIX.—TO CLEAR THE WAY.

The manners and customs of that little colony, or settlement, or camp, or whatever it should be called—for I never found out the right name for it—differed from ours very widely, some better no doubt, and some worse perhaps. For in-

stance, who could blame them for their rational practice of leaving hard work to Occidental races? They did a stroke or two when they could not help it, just to keep their bodies sound; but the chief and commander, as we too expect,

had to carry through with his own hands the hardest part of everything. But another custom of theirs appeared to be of more doubtful wisdom; for instead of having set hours for meals and accomplishing them sociably, as well as with some regularity and sense of responsibility, every man was allowed to eat what he liked, when he liked, and where he liked. The natural result was this—you could never be certain of finding a man with his mouth in condition to answer you. How they got food enough to be at it so perpetually, was for a long time a mystery to me, especially as they dealt so little with any of the farms or shops around. Not a man of them was ever seen in our village, and as for the very few women in the camp—Baboushka, and Mrs Stepan, and some who did the washing—not one of them came out of her white cocoon, though brought up very largely as Christians.

This statement is in its place, to show why the man, whom I revered, was still in a position to command my reverence. If he had been subject to feminine irruptions, to which even the greatest men are liable, all his devotion to the highest enterprise might have failed to secure his equanimity. But he had contracted upon reasonable terms with a vast Universal Provider, and he only had to pay the weekly totals in advance, and send to the place of delivery, once or twice a-week, according to the temperature. Thus everybody found himself fed to the utmost of his nature, and most of them preferred canned victuals; though something more British had been required for our Police.

That evening, when I entered Sûr Imar's room, after leaving his daughter among her birds, the first thing I did was to watch him very

keenly for any sign of anxiety or excitement, such as he might be expected to show if he had been just visited by that abominable Prince Hafer. What right had I to identify the man I had seen with the one of whom I had only heard? And even if that conclusion should prove right, by what process could I tell that there was nothing good about him? Yet in my mind there was no shadow of a doubt about either of those points, and I looked at Sûr Imar as if he must acquit himself of some contagion before I could enjoy his society. But he met me quite as usual, without even complaining of my unpunctuality; for he was a man of such dignity that he suspected nobody of slighting him.

Whatever he might be doing, or of whatever he might be speaking, there was such simplicity, and largeness, and straightforwardness pervading it, that one seemed to fall into it and follow, instead of doubting, and querying, and perpending. And his gentle and friendly and kind steady gaze, brought all that was good in one to meet him, and drove away the dirty streaks of our nature, to hide themselves under their own mud.

"I have been considering, my dear young friend," he said, as he took and held my hand, and I felt ashamed to leave it in so warm a place, after all my cold suspicions, "about my behaviour to you the other day. Nothing unkind was intended, but unkindness is often done without that. You told me that you loved my dear, and now my only child. I should have received that with more goodwill, whether it suited my own views or not. For my manner then, I beg your pardon."

I answered that nothing in his manner then, or at any time since I had known him, could be taken

by any gentleman as uncourteous or inconsiderate. I had told him what was the main object of my life, and I felt that I was right in doing so; and although I could scarcely hope for his approval, being a poor man and of no high rank, I had done what seemed to me to be the proper thing, instead of coming as his guest upon false pretences. I spoke plainly, and he answered nobly.

"Of rank I have not so much regard, as of the man who bears it. Neither do I think that wealth confers any high condition on its owner. In too many cases it lowers him. You will believe me when I say that neither of those questions causes my regret at what you told me. I live for only two things now—the happiness of my darling child, and the improvement of the noble race to which I happen to belong. I have also bitter wrongs, and the happiness of my life snatched from me. The love of revenge is in my blood, and a very hard force it is to overcome. You of English race cannot enter into that, because it is not born in you. But I know what the anguish is, when the sense of justice rises."

His quiet eyes flashed as if his heart was roused by the words it had given way to. And glad was I, not to be the man presented by it in the portraiture of memory.

"Why do I admire the British race?" he continued, with his better tone recovered; "not for their energy and manliness alone, not even for their love of freedom, and great spirit of truth and justice, but most of all because they alone of all the nations I have mingled with are born without this cursed taint of savage and vile vindictiveness. If a man wrongs you, you have it out with him. You thrash him, if nature has enabled you. You vent your wrath upon him, and

you go your way. The world is large enough for both of you. If you hear of his misery, and woe, and death, you only say, 'Poor fellow, there may have been more good in him than I thought.' But with us of the Eastern and the Southern blood, that blood is turned to poison by a deep and bitter wrong. By the grace of God, and the grandeur of our Christ, I have struggled long against this birth of Satan in me; but even now I have not overcome it, utterly and for ever, as a larger mind would crush it. But what has this to do with you? A great deal, if you have really set your heart upon my daughter. Are you sure that you have done that with true English strength and thoroughness? No passing whim, no delight of the eyes, as a flower or a picture catches them; but a power that will last as long as you do, and longer than the earthly part of you?"

No fellow likes to be cross-examined thus; and to tell the plain truth, I had scarcely gone into myself in this awful manner. But I soon perceived that he was speaking rather at the prompting of his own remembrance, than of set form and purpose for probing me. So as the picture arose before me of Dariel and her little bird, I spared no word that I could think of; though none were half strong enough, none half staunch enough; nothing that came to my lips had any right to go out as if it spoke for me. Truly I had not been so touched by the piety, mystery, exalted beauty, and lovely maidenhood of my love, as I was by the sight of her tender self indulging her loving nature.

"I am satisfied about that, my friend," her father said, when I began to be ashamed, as we ought to be, of all our higher feelings; "and I know enough of you to be

sure that you have a strong and steadfast mind. I have not spoken of your friends, because you have never invited me to do so. That obstacle, if there is one, is your consideration, more than mine. But the obstacles on our part are of a very different nature. Of English ladies I know not much, though I had the honour of being introduced to some of what you call the high society, when I came first to this island; and they seemed to me to be endowed with virtues well adapted to their beauty. But they have to contend with this great danger—they are allowed to choose their own partners in life, whenever the money is abundant, before they have attained good intelligence. With our daughters this is not the case. The parents make a wise selection for them, sometimes even dispensing with much revenue, when there are great qualities to compensate."

"We never go quite so far as that," I said, "unless the lady behaves in such a way that it is impossible for us to help it."

"But I have been surprised to find," he continued, with a smile which left me doubtful whether it were of paternal pride, or of that quiet humour which he sometimes showed, "that my daughter seems to take most kindly to the modes of thought and the greater independence which the ladies of this country have permitted to themselves. It may be in the air, or it may be in the nature; but I am often quite astonished at the sayings and doings of my Daniel. She has been brought up by a lady who is partly of English birth, and for a month or two with English children; but still her unusual style of judging for herself is amazing and terrifying to our elder women, who being of a different rank—and that reminds me, if my daughter has a fault, and

I suppose she must have, it is, Mr Cranleigh, the pride of birth. Not an ignoble fault, but still a very serious one, especially as it can never be expelled.

"Through her mother she is of higher birth than I am, though not of more ancient lineage perhaps, as I happen to be one of the Kheusurs. But all these things you cannot understand, even if you wish to do so, without a knowledge of my long sad tale, which I have not told as yet to any person living. Even my daughter has not heard it, and I hope she never may; for it would serve perhaps to do mischief to her young mind with anxiety. The Lord governs all things on earth; all of our race begin to feel that, when their little strength is stripped from them. But you are too young to see things so; and never has the tale of one man's life had any effect upon another's, unless it were to lead him into wild adventures, easy to talk about, hard to go through. Be content without them."

I looked at him, with some hesitation. Would it be kind of me, even if I had the right, to put him through all these griefs again, which had changed him from a bold young Chief, primed with excitement, and peril, and love, into a quiet exile, and a Christian moraliser, a founder of type with hard blue hands, and oh, saddest fate of all, an experimental Publisher? No, it would be a cruel thing, a selfish call upon sad memory, a mere abuse of large goodwill, and a vile advantage taken of an over-tender conscience. With these finer feelings, I almost said, "I entreat you, sir, not to tell me;" when the Spirit that hates the human race whispered to me that there has never been a man, and probably never will be one, who cannot find pleasure in talking of himself, however dark the

subject. And why should I doubt that it would do him good, as soon as he got into full swing?

"The last thing I could desire, Sâr Imar, would be to renew your troubles." There was no humbug in these words of mine, as there was with the pious Æneas; for as the Lesghian Chief sat down and leaned his head upon his hands, he reminded me of my father's look, when his money came to nothing; moreover, I saw in his face a large resemblance to his daughter's in her sorrow over that pet bird. "It would be a terrible trial to you. But until I know more, I am all in the dark. Perhaps you will think it over, and whatever you do will be certain to be right." For the more he reminded me of my sweet one, the less could I bear to worry him.

"This is very good of you," he said most kindly, "and it doubles my duty towards you. I am ashamed of this weak and foolish feeling. You have a right to know all my history, and you shall, if you will come to-morrow. It is too late now for me to begin to-night, and I have a little duty to discharge. On a Saturday night we always thank the Lord for His care of us

throughout the week. You belong probably to the Church of England. We of the Kheusur tribe have our very simple forms, handed down through ages, from the same source as yours perhaps. We have our little service at noon on Sundays. Would you like to be with us to-morrow?"

Nothing could have been more to my liking; and as it happened, there was no fear of disturbing our home arrangements, for my father was laid up with a slight attack of gout, and my mother in close attendance upon him. So in a few words it was settled that after attending their service, of whatever kind it might be, I should be allowed to hear the history of the Lesghian Chief, which was much more than the first promise I received. Knowing that now I should have full light thrown upon all the strange things which had so long engaged my attention and curiosity, and what was infinitely more than that, upon everything connected with Dariel, I rode home that night in a glow of excitement, tempered at intervals with nervous dread. For I might hear things that would place a bar for ever, or a gulf, betwixt me and my love.

CHAPTER XX.—NOT FOR SALE.

But when I had fed my good horse that evening, and bedded him comfortably as he deserved, returning with a hock of cold bacon to my den, and a jug of ale which I needed sorely, there I found my white deal table, just where I was going to lay the cloth, covered with a canopy and tissue-fringing of gold too bright for the candle-light.

"Who has brought this beehive here, and stuck it on my table?" I asked with a tone of wonder and vexation; for I had quite enough

to do with my own affairs just now.

"Did you ever see a beehive of this colour? Then I should like to know where they got the straw from?"

Grace had lifted her head, and was passing both hands through the curls of which she was so proud that she cared not what we called them, and her cheeks had a rich unusual flush; and there was some new brightness in her eyes as well, bright enough always, now too

bright, with unsettled weather in the depth beyond the blue. I saw that there was something up, but left her to begin it.

"George, have you taken it into your head, not to care a straw for your sister any more?" This was exactly what I expected; but I looked at her with innocent astonishment. I put down my bacon and my jug of beer, but drew back the cloth, to leave room for her arms, and then gazed at her with some dignity.

Oh, you need not be afraid. I am not going to cry over it," she exclaimed, with the usual ingratitude of girls; "in fact I feel much more inclined to laugh. You have been trying to sell me, to sell your own sister! Can you not imagine, George, that I am not for sale?"

"Look here!" I said, for this was coming it too strong; "you have got into some tantrums, some feminine delusions. I have not had a bit to eat, I don't know when; and I must recruit the inner man, while you come to your senses."

"Poor thing! It cannot be so very deep in love, or it would be satisfied to live on air. But don't they feed you where you go, dear George? Well, that does seem inhospitable. And they must be rich people, or you would not go so often."

This was almost more than I could stand. However, I kept up my dignity, remembering that the more impudent a girl is, the more she "climbs down" afterwards. "Your very good health, my dear child!" I said, and then observed her through the glass which formed the bottom of the tankard. Now I say that she was a very sweet young woman, and a worthy wife for the best man that ever lived, not to lose all self-command at this; for the loveliest creature ever born cannot flatter herself that she looks well thus.

"You want to make me cry, but you won't do it. And once for all, just understand this little point. I don't care a rap—as you elegantly express it—what airs you put on, to exasperate me. Because I am certain that you understand me, George. All the very small things you say—and you have a low gift of walking under your own feet—all of them, what I mean is, none of them have the smallest effect upon my poor mind. In the first place, I am not clever, any more than you are. And if I were, I should only use it to make you more and more fond of me, instead of endeavouring to make you feel small. But oh, George, I never thought that you would scheme to sell me!"

"All this is Abracadabra to me," I replied quickly, in fear of a torrent. For when a girl tells you that she won't cry, you may be quite sure that she will soon think better of it.

"How innocent you look! But just one little question. Did you not send Mr Stoneman Jackson to propose to me, this very evening?"

"Nothing of the sort. And as if you did not know his name! I have not even seen him, since that day when you were cutting such a shine in the sun, as the frugal, virtuous, and lovely milkmaid. That is what has fetched him; not your stupid brother." I owed her a cut or two, as everybody will perceive.

"George, you are cruel, even more than crafty. As if I did anything so low as that! But will you assure me, upon your honour, that you did not encourage him to—to try what he has been trying?"

"Not only that, but I did all I could to damp him off, so far as such a dry fellow could be damped. I told him to hold off, while the Earl was in the running."

"There was no Earl in the running. This is too bad of you. It was only the walking that Lord

Melladew went in for, and I am sure he meant no harm by that."

"Well, he made the running fast enough, when they peppered his gaiters, and some one else did the tumbling. But I told Jackson to hold off, for I was sure that he had no chance yet. He is a decent sort of fellow enough in his way; but what chance could he have against a belted Earl, and a gaitered Earl too, who can shriek in sonnets? Poor Stoneman could scarcely put thumb to rhyme with mum; and mum he should have been, though it is rather hard upon him. Never mind, he can find some other girl, when he gets over it. I heard of a Duke's daughter who was wild to catch him. But he is much too hard hit, to think of any one for years."

"One of Mr Erricker's tales, I daresay," said Grace with a little sigh of sympathy, as I fetched a sham groan for my poor friend, "about that beautiful Duke's daughter. As if any girl with any self-respect would allow herself to be talked of in that way! And as if Mr Stoneman would permit it for a moment! However, you seem to have thoroughly discussed my case. Did you settle what my pin-money was to be? Oh, George, George, will you never understand how very different we are from you? I did think I could have respected Mr Stoneman; but when I find out that he has been to you, trying to buy me like a colliery share, or not even that, for it is all divorce now—to take me on lease like a cottage or a stable,—oh, I see why you took me for a beehive now; but you'll find less of honey than of sting in me, when you buy and sell me by the pound, like this."

What a fool that stockbroker must have been to mention my name in the matter, for it was sure to set her off upon this sort of tack! However, it proved afterwards that

she, being perfectly calm, while he was in a frightful flurry, had extracted from him with the greatest ease everything she cared to know, till she came with the usual leaps and bounds of feminine reason to the wrong conclusion—that I had suggested and worked up the whole affair.

"Now go to bed, my dear child," I said, perceiving how vain it was to argue now; "I have business to see to, and even you can scarcely expect me to be swallowed up in your affairs, when you make a point of disliking this man, because your own brother likes him."

That little turn was almost worthy of her own ingenuity. She looked at me with a twinkle, because it was so like what she herself in my position would have said, and then after wishing me good night, she added—

"But I never said a word about disliking him. There has scarcely been time enough for that as yet. Women very seldom form those sudden prejudices. That they leave for the lords of creation."

As she vanished with this very poor miss-fire, I began to put two and two together, and arrived at the conclusion that the stockbroker's case was not altogether hopeless. She had not come to care about him yet perhaps; but now he would be in her thoughts more often; and if he kept his distance, and looked downcast, and did a lot of good among the poor with strict orders to have it kept secret, and caused general uneasiness about his health; above all, if he could only be bankrupt—without losing his cash, which of course would never do,—I could not see why he should not have a Mrs Stoneman, who belonged to an old Saxon family, and had gold enough in her heart and head to do without any in her maiden pocket, and who was blest with a brother of the name of George.

THE INDIAN MUTINY IN FICTION.

SOME time ago, when in the innocence of our heart we chose as the heading of this paper the words which appear above, it was suggested to us that they were capable of a double interpretation. Now the art of saying one thing and meaning another is not an accomplishment on which we pride ourselves, and we hasten to observe that our title does not refer to any volume of *Reminiscences* published of late years, however remarkable the statements it may contain. The class of literature with which we are about to deal is strictly that which the librarians of the British Museum, with a paternal care for the moral welfare of their generation, withhold from the ordinary reader for the space of five years after its publication, in the faint hope that a portion, at least, of its deleterious influence may have evaporated during the interval.

Confining ourselves, then, to books of this reprehensible nature, we are surprised to find how large a number of them demand our attention. Of all the great events of this century, as they are reflected in fiction, the Indian Mutiny has taken the firmest hold on the popular imagination. Leaving out of sight the long wars with France, which are dear, probably on account of their many sea-fights, to the hearts of writers for boys, but less so to those who cater for the taste of their elders, we must go back to the Jacobite outbreak of 1745 to find an epoch in English history, the characters and scenes of which appeal with equal vividness to the writers and readers of romance. To demonstrate the truth of this statement

it is only necessary to refer to the case of the Crimean War, which in its day stirred the heart of the nation, after its forty years' lethargy, as it had never been stirred by the Napoleonic wars. The newspapers and magazines of the years 1854 to 1856 speak of nothing but Eastern Europe, the races which inhabit it, and the events happening upon its soil; articles on subjects the most remote from Russia or from war arrive by some strange process of gravitation at the sufferings of our troops or the iniquities of the Czar Nicholas, and yet the impression made on imaginative literature by the Crimean War is a very faint one. We cannot at the moment recall more than three or four novelists, among those that are read to-day, who have treated of it in their works. The reason for this sudden failure of interest is not far to seek. The grim fighting and grimmer hardships of the Crimea paled before the tragedy of the Indian massacres and the splendours of Lucknow and Delhi. Men alone took part in the earlier struggle, but in the Mutiny it was the sufferings of women and children which roused England to madness, and drove men like Charles Kingsley, as his letters tell us, half-wild with the horror of it all.

We have heard it remarked that there are two epochs in history on which every young writer feels irresistibly impelled to exercise his 'prentice hand—that of the Indian Mutiny and that of the Spanish Inquisition; and it was unkindly suggested that the principal reasons were that both periods abounded in gore, and that it was

comparatively easy to obtain information respecting them. We are not now concerned with the second epoch mentioned, but with regard to the first we speak feelingly, remembering that the early part of our own literary career is strewn with the wrecks of no less than three completed works of fiction dealing with the Mutiny, while others, unfortunately for the paper-trade, never advanced beyond the stage of mere projection. Under these circumstances we are able to reply with a certain amount of authority, that to the best of our knowledge we, at any rate, were not actuated by either of the motives suggested. As is probably the case with the majority of those in like plight with us, it was rather that the events of the time seemed to provide every element of romance that could be desired in a story. Valour and heroism, cruelty and treachery, sharp agony and long endurance, satiated vengeance and bloodthirsty hatred, were all present, while the men of that day, from John Lawrence draining the Punjab of its last soldier and last rupee, and maintaining his rule unimpaired by the mere force of his own personality to the humblest Eurasian clerk casting aside the pen to seize the rifle, had something titanic in them, something that recalled older and stronger ages than our own.

That the Mutiny should loom large in English fiction does not, therefore, seem matter for surprise, but it appears somewhat strange to us who look back upon it to note the length of time which elapsed before its "value" (we use the word in its dramatic sense) was perceived. Those were not days in which "shilling shockers" dealing with the events of a projected campaign, and written, ap-

parently, by persons endued with the spirit of prophecy, were brought out almost as soon as war was declared, and yet there were not wanting even at that time up-to-date writers who knew how to utilise the flowing tide of popular excitement for their own advantage. A glance at the columns of the newspapers of 1858 and 1859 will show the truth of this. Before Lucknow had been reluctantly evacuated, and while the blood-stains were still wet in the slaughter-house at Cawnpore, we find, side by side with advertisements offering family mourning on special terms, "in consequence of the late deplorable events in India," announcements of songs dealing with those very events. The titles of "Delhi," "The Highland Rescue," "Jessie's Dream," "The Havelock March," tell their own tale, and so too does "The Righteous Sword," a little later,—a tale somewhat terribly illustrated in this case by a letter in the same journal from an officer who had been present at the fall of Delhi, of which he gives an account, and while rejoicing that all the townsmen found in the city were bayoneted, expresses regret that the women and children were allowed to escape. At the same time appear the inevitable books and pamphlets written by the people who know all about everything, demonstrating the causes of the rebellion, and the methods by which it ought to have been prevented or stamped out as soon as it arose. Papers in the various magazines come next, dealing with different aspects of Indian life, history, and character, but all ending with references to the late troubles, and then the turn of the artist arrives. Sir John Tenniel's cartoon, "The British Lion's Vengeance,"

had appeared in 'Punch' in 1857, but in the course of the next year the national excitement had penetrated to the Royal Academy and the provincial exhibitions. Pictures, allegorical, descriptive, or fanciful, abound, and are noticed by the Press indulgently, for the sake of their subject, even when enthusiasm is impossible. It is otherwise with the lengthy and substantial poems which follow, in company with the narratives, diaries, or reminiscences of survivors. "An Escape from Gwalior," or "The Experiences of an Officer in the Rohilcunde Campaign," may be tolerated, even welcomed, but it is necessary to remind would-be Macaulays and Campbells that something more than patriotic fervour and a great subject is needed to make a poet.

Still we find no use made of the Mutiny in fiction. There were writers of short stories before Mr Kipling—and even, although it is heresy to say so, before the late M. Guy de Maupassant—but, perhaps from a sense of the awfulness of the theme, they do not seem to have regarded the Indian troubles as a fitting subject for their art. The pages of 'Household Words,' which reflect with remarkable clearness the mind of the day, contain many articles relating to India, which are rendered specially prominent in the indexes, but no fiction dealing with the subject. It is true that in a series of papers called "Wanderings in India," some of the anecdotes related are so exceedingly *ben trovato* as to raise a doubt as to their entire authenticity; but we cannot for this reason stamp the series as a work of fiction, any more than its lively predecessor, Grenville Murray's 'Roving Englishman' sketches, or than the Reminiscences to which

we have already alluded at the outset of this article.

The first novel that we have been able to discover in which the Mutiny is made a feature is 'Maurice Dering,' written by the author of the better known 'Guy Livingstone,' and published in 1864. There is an air of breaking new ground in the words with which the writer introduces the subject, about the middle of the second of his two volumes, and yet the horrors of seven years before scarcely seem to have passed away into history, as would be the case at our own period of the century:—

"Has any one of us forgotten the evil spring, when there swept over this country of ours a blast from the East? . . . Have we forgotten how, with each successive mail, the wrath and the horror grew wilder; till the sluggish Anglo-Saxon nature became, as it were, possessed by a devil, and through the length and breadth of the land . . . there went up one awful cry for vengeance?"

The episodes to which these words serve as a prelude are not such as to belie the terms of their introduction. The author deals with events which, as he says, did not find their way into newspapers and official reports, but which happened all the same, and were known to every man who took part in the stern work of putting down the Mutiny. The hero, whose *fiancée* has been foully murdered with her family, under every circumstance of horror, during his absence in England, returns to India determined to avenge her, and executes his purpose on every native whom he meets with arms in his hands. His vengeance culminates in the slaughter in cold blood of a number of fugitive sepoys, driven to bay in a small temple, who had asked for quarter and had been refused it, and the writer can find nothing to which

to compare the butchery but the "slaughter grim and great" which avenged the murder of Hypatia. After such scenes, the orthodox happy ending is not to be anticipated for the novel, and we leave Maurice Dering still in India, a lonely man, marked off from his kind by his experiences, drowning in constant work the memory of the past, and finding his sole distraction in the slaying of big game.

It is in many ways a matter for regret that Charles Kingsley's days of novel-writing ended before the Mutiny, and yet we may be allowed to doubt whether he could ever have done justice to his own powers in a story of that terrible time. If he wrote 'Hypatia' with his heart's blood, if his agony of indignation and pity for the victims of the Spaniards communicates itself irresistibly to the reader of 'Westward Ho!' even to-day, how could he have brought himself to write about events so much nearer to his own time and heart? He felt them too intensely to work them successfully into fiction. He could write of the Crimean War, deeply as its mingled glory and disaster affected him, but he could as soon have founded a novel on the tragedy of his young brother's death on board the fever-stricken ship in Torres Straits as on the woes of the women and children whose blood seemed for a time to blot heaven itself from his view. And thus the field was left for some years to his disciple (so named by the public, not by the master), the author of the book which we have just been describing. It is probable that other novels dealing with the subject were published during the sixties, but they have not survived to our day, and the next writer on our list is Charles Kingsley's brother Henry, that

erratic genius and most unequal of novelists. 'Stretton' was published in 1869, when its author was approaching the sad period of decay in which his powers were ultimately to flicker out; but the part of the book which is laid in India shows no signs of failing strength.

It was characteristic of Henry Kingsley's genius that his insight into life and character was not an abiding quality. It came in flashes, and the labour of connecting these isolated visions into a coherent whole became more and more severe as the years rolled on. In his earlier works the joints are managed neatly, while in the books written towards the close of his life the flashes of insight are few and far between, and the intervening gaps are filled in with irrelevant matter, with absurdity, sometimes even with buffoonery. From patchwork of this kind the latter part, at any rate, of 'Stretton' is almost entirely free, although we perceive the signs of the approaching end in the author's pathetic confession at the conclusion that the characters, dear as they had been to him, had passed into Shadowland for ever, leaving with him only the hero of one of his earlier novels and the heroine of another. And yet the characters in this particular book are worthy of a better fate. We must confess to preferring Jim Mordaunt above even the author's favourite Charles Ravenshoe, and some of the subsidiary personages, notably Miss Eleanor and her Dean, live in the mind as types. It is useless to deny that as a work of information 'Stretton' is not faultless, although there are signs that the writer relied largely for his facts on Sir G. O. Trevelyan's monograph, 'Cawnpore,' which for some occult reason was described the other day as

a "story" by one of the literary papers. As a picture of life in a world of Henry Kingsley's own it might pass, but we fail to recognise in it either the England or the India that we know. "Fantastic" as the Mutiny time may have been, in the author's own phrase, we can scarcely accept the Rajah and the Nawab, or even Eddy Evans and the unfortunate Allan, as possible, or indeed probable, characters. But after all, what a grand book it is! We see the scenes as the author saw them, in the vivid touches of colour which he loved,—Roland in his scarlet and gold, riding at the head of his troop into the dusky mass of mutinous sepoys; the Rajah in his green and gold and white, waving the blood-stained handkerchief at the English officers as he leaves the messroom; dandy little Eddy stepping out into the sunshine bareheaded in his white-and-blue uniform, carrying the flag of truce. Many episodes also there are which stand out boldly in the memory,—the gathering in the ante-room of the Secretary for War before Roland's departure for India, the story of the faithful moonshee who lost his life on account of his services to the English, the night of horror on which the Mutiny broke out at Belpore. The earlier chapters of the book may, and we fear must, sink into oblivion, but no one who has read the later portion can altogether forget it.

If Henry Kingsley trusted chiefly to his vivid imagination for local colour when he wrote 'Stretton,' the same cannot be said of Colonel Meadows Taylor, whose novel of the Mutiny, 'Seeta,' appeared in 1872. The reputation of the author and his extensive knowledge of the country of which he writes give us a pleasant feeling of security—a confidence that

whatever information we may pick up from him (with the exception of his barbarous method of spelling native names) is so much clear gain. A distinct novelty is introduced in this case by his selection of a heroine. Cyril Brandon, an ideal official, marries Seeta, a lovely Hindu widow, according to native rites, and introduces her into the society of the station of Noorpoor. Her reception by the station ladies is described at some length, as are the difficulties encountered by Brandon from his English relatives, his superior officers, and the heads of the caste to which his wife belongs. There is a villain in the form of an ex-sepoy named Azrael Pandé, whose life is proof against all attempts to kill him, and this man, as well as a rebellious native prince, is in love with Seeta. When the Mutiny breaks out, the Brandons with their friends seek refuge in the fort at Noorpoor (Agra?), and Seeta dons male attire and rides and fights, as her Rajput ancestresses had done in their day, at her husband's side. The successive efforts of Azrael Pandé and the Nawab to obtain possession of her, either by force or treachery, are frustrated, and the reader is beginning to anticipate Seeta's conversion to Christianity, and a long and happy life for her with Brandon, when she is mortally wounded while giving the alarm during a sudden attack. This sudden and violent ending to Brandon's difficulties strikes us as akin to the action of the player who upsets the chessboard because he can see no way of winning; and our resentment is not disarmed by the hero's subsequent marriage, with the approval of all his relations, to the English girl in whom he had been mildly interested before making the acquaintance of Seeta.

Another book of the same kind—that is to say, written by a man who knows the country—is Sir George Chesney's 'The Dilemma,' published in 1876. The "dilemma" of the title is somewhat difficult to discover, as there are three, if not more, complications in the story to which that name might be given; but the history of Olivia Cunningham and her three lovers serves to introduce many interesting characters and events of the time. Yorke, the young subaltern who imagines himself beloved until he is undeceived by the lady's marriage to Colonel Falkland, an elderly Bayard, is a sympathetic character, and so is the colonel himself; but the best portrait in the book is that of Major Kirke, the dashing soldier of fortune whom Olivia marries after her husband has been reported dead in the relief of Mustaphabad (Lucknow?). The trials into which this unscrupulous hero drags his unhappy wife grow deeper and deeper, until they are at once crowned and terminated by the reappearance of the unfortunate Falkland. Kirke, expelled from the army, has entered the service of the Pasha of Egypt, and Falkland, coming to England to obtain a distant glimpse of his wife, dies of the injuries he receives in saving her and her children from a burning house. Olivia, discovering the truth, dies mad, and thus what we take, on mature consideration, to be the dilemma from which the book is named is solved.

Passing over with merely a mention a vigorous work which appeared anonymously in 1883, called 'In the Company's Service,' and founded apparently on the experiences of a distinguished civilian who died only a year or two ago, we come to the writings of an author who is regarded by many

well-qualified judges as the novelist *par excellence* of the Mutiny. It is scarcely necessary to say that we refer to Mr R. E. Forrest, whose two books, 'The Touchstone of Peril' and 'Eight Days,' are monuments of careful observation and detailed description. If we may suggest a fault in his work, it is that it is too full of these excellent qualities. A panoramic survey of the whole condition of Indian and Anglo-Indian life at the time, after the manner of the famous first chapter of Macaulay's History, makes each book rather a collection of *mémoires pour servir* than a novel proper. Mr Forrest must note down every circumstance in the environment of his characters, and in this excess of background there is some danger of forgetting the story. Still, this is a fault on the right side, due, as we believe, to the eagerness of an eyewitness of the events he describes to furnish others with all the data possessed by himself, and to explain everything that is capable of explanation. But there is one crime which we cannot forgive to Mr Forrest, and that is the ruthless massacre in the courtyard of the palace at Khizrabad of all the most interesting characters in 'Eight Days,' under the cruel eyes of the Sikunder Begum. After the defence of the Bank, after Philip Lennox's furious ride through the city, after the hopes and fears and hairbreadth escapes of the day, to end all at one blow in this way! It may be very like life, but it is very bad art.

Our next book is something of a novelty, in that it is the work of a lady, and (although we would by no means imply that this is a necessary consequence) written from a feminine point of view. We have no quarrel with those who raise the cry of "Justice to

Women!"—indeed, in our humble way, we sympathise with them to a very considerable extent, but we have a rooted objection to finding their watch-words and battle-shouts scattered over the pages of a story. If they played an important part in the development of the plot we could say nothing, but so far as we can see they have no such office to perform in Maxwell Gray's 'In the Heart of the Storm.' The young soldier's escape from captivity and journey through hostile country in disguise with the beautiful girl whose acquaintance he had made at home would have thrilled us quite as much without those extraneous additions. That Ada, after her experiences, should be moved to pity by the lives of Hindu and Mohammedan women is natural enough; but in our opinion a very delightful story comes perilously near being spoiled by the way in which she, and the author also, extend their indignant sympathy at unnecessary moments to the women of the West.

Spoiled again, but in a different way, is Mr Hume Nisbet's 'The Queen's Desire.' Hitherto the vanquished cause in the great struggle has stood almost alone in history, in that it found no Cato to please. But the Cato has appeared at last, and come to judgment, bringing with him a plentiful store of rhetoric, principally in the forms known as *argumentum ad hominem* and *tu quoque*. We hesitate to say that Mr Nisbet shares the idiosyncrasy of an eminent living politician, who is popularly supposed to favour every nation but his own; but we cannot acquit him of holding another opinion with which that venerable statesman is credited, that Englishmen and the English people generally are only estimable, or even tolerable, when they have

just suffered heavily under humbling dispensations of Providence. Anglo-Indian society is, and no doubt always has been, very far from being an assemblage of immaculate angels, unfortunately; but we refuse to believe that in 1857 all its members were either unscrupulous fanatics or avaricious flirts and lady-killers, as he would fain assure us. That some men, perhaps many, were roused by the clarion of the Mutiny from lives of inglorious ease or foolish, and worse than foolish, love-making, we know; but we know also that the chief of those to whom England looked, and not in vain, at that dark hour, only exhibited in the red glare of danger the self-sacrifice and the devotion to duty which had been their daily rule for years. To touch on a minor point, we feel bound to protest against the introduction of the Nana Sahib at the beginning of the story, merely in order that a couple of chapters may be devoted later on to the tragedy of Cawnpore, with which none of the real characters have anything to do.

The fault of want of patriotism cannot be alleged against Mr Muddock, who has contributed two novels to the flood of Mutiny literature which has marked the last three or four years. Nor, indeed, can lack of knowledge of the subject, since he informs us that, like Mr Forrest, he was in India during the period of which he treats. And yet he seems to have forgotten some of his Indian lore, for to make a devout Brahmin like the Nana Sahib exclaim, "By the beard of Mahomet!" is a serious slip; while we must demur to the spelling Zeemit Mehal, used for the name of the faithful ayah in 'The Great White Hand.' Zinat Mahal is probably intended, and Mr Muddock is quite at liberty to spell it Zeenut if he pleases,

but the rendering which actually appears throughout the book is an awful warning against carelessness in proof-reading. Like those of its predecessor, 'The Star of Fortune,' the characters in 'The Great White Hand' are dwellers at Meerut, but in the second book they are involved in the more ghastly tragedy of Cawnpore. There is abundance of incident in both books, especially in the later one, characters which ought to be sympathetic, and a fine enthusiasm for deeds of daring, and yet they are not satisfying as literature. This fact we attribute to two causes, a lack of the sense of humour, which occasionally brings situations intended to be sublime perilously near to the ridiculous; and a lack of style—not of fine writing, there is plenty of that, but of a certain smoothness which should link the different moods of a book into a connected whole.

The story of Cawnpore figures again, in a modified form, in Mr Justin Huntly M'Carthy's novel, 'A London Legend,' in which the culminating point is the attempted murder of the son of one of the English victors by the son of one of the vanquished prisoners whose crimes were avenged in the place where they were committed. The facts on which the episode is founded attracted a good deal of attention some time ago, when the son of General Neil, to whom the stern duty fell of wreaking vengeance on the murderers of women and children, was assassinated by a relative of one of the condemned men, who suffered, as he alleged, unjustly.

Turning to somewhat lighter themes, we may congratulate the young people of to-day on the fare provided for them by some of their favourite writers who have elected to describe the Mutiny for their

benefit. Time was when almost the only mention of the Mutiny in children's fiction was to be found in a short story by Madame de Witt in the 'French Reader,' but now it is far otherwise. There is Mrs Field's 'Bryda,' giving a wonderfully complete picture of the time from the necessarily limited standpoint of a child, and 'The Story of Sonny Sahib,' by Mrs Everard Cotes, better known as Sara Jeannette Duncan,—a little gem of a book in every respect, with only one fault, that it is all too short. Leaving out of sight M. Jules Verne's 'Tiger of Cawnpore,' which has the merit of providing a suitable ending for the Nana Sahib, we find that for older boys and girls there is Mr Manville Fenn's 'Gil the Gunner,' a story with no lack of exciting incidents, but suffering from the drawback of a hero of a type peculiar, we believe, to Mr Fenn's tales for boys, who can only be fitly described by the epithet cantankerous. It is scarcely necessary to remark that Mr Henty, that other veteran favourite of young England, does not handicap himself in this way when writing for his "dear lads." The two brothers of 'In Times of Peril,' soldier and sailor respectively, perform deeds of valour, instruct their elders, outwit the enemy, and gain promotion in a miraculously short time, after the manner which endears Mr Henty to all his youthful readers, and, wonderful to relate, their manifold successes arouse no hostility in the minds of those who behold them.

To those who read through 'In Times of Peril' again and again in their school-days, it must have caused a delightful thrill to behold on their tables a three-volume novel bearing Mr Henty's name, and treating of the Mutiny. In the matter of adventures and

wonderful escapes, the author's hand has lost none of its cunning; but, strange to relate, he has chosen for himself a hero who labours under the serious disadvantage, for one in his stirring circumstances, of becoming paralysed with fear at the sound of the discharge of firearms. True, the paralysis is physical and hereditary, but none the less does it expose its victim to misconception. Can it be that Mr Henty, tired of finding himself carped at for always choosing an astonishingly brave, muscular, high-principled, and appallingly ingenious youth as the central figure of his stories, resolved to pay back his critics in their own coin, and—in order not to punish the boys for the sins of their elders—has thrust upon us the unfortunate Ralph Bathurst as the hero of 'Rujub the Juggler'? It is difficult even for the reader to remain in sympathy with this luckless young man when his peculiar malady has overpowered him several times at the most critical moments, and we really cannot wonder that it creates a breach, which threatens to be permanent, between himself and the heroine. It is obvious that he can only regain her favour by some display of gallantry such as seems impossible to him, and we feel a distinct relief when the supernatural comes to his aid in the forms of a mesmerist and a dreamer of dreams, the juggler of the title and his daughter. How they assist Bathurst to rescue Isobel cannot be told here; but the feat has this additional advantage, that in performing it Ralph is finally cured of his malady. On the whole, we are inclined to think that he escapes much more lightly than the heroine, on whom—to punish her for doubting him, as we suppose—is laid a particularly cruel trial. Carried off to the zenana of the

inevitable Nana Sahib, she has no hope of escape until Bathurst, through the medium of the juggler's daughter, conveys to her a store of lunar caustic and nitric acid, with instructions to apply them to her face. This she does with such hearty goodwill as to disfigure herself for the time in a most ghastly manner, and to produce scars which will probably be visible all her life. Naturally this has the result of banishing her from the palace to the prison, whence she is rescued by Ralph.

If the method by which Isobel obtains her release is somewhat unpleasant reading for the public of to-day, it illustrates the truth that there were many women at that time who did not shrink from any expedient, however harrowing to flesh and blood, for preserving their honour or their faith. That there were some few who gave way under the awful trial the history of those days records, and we find one of them introduced into Mrs Croker's romance of a hill-station—'Mr Jervis.' So far as our recollection goes, fiction has few more pathetic figures than this renegade Englishwoman, forced to regret for nearly forty years the step by which she had prolonged her miserable life, isolated from her countrymen, lost to her friends, a traitor to her religion, noting with a dreadful mirth the monument which her husband, who had married again, had raised to her memory as one of those massacred. There were many lives ruined by the Mutiny, but the saddest by far were those of the men and women who had ruined them by their own fault.

It is of such a life that Mr Merriman treats in his latest novel, 'Flotsam.' We approach this book with some hesitation, for we are conscious that it has disappointed us, and disappoint-

ment is apt to make the critic unjust. When first the news reached us that Mr Merriman's forthcoming work would deal with the Mutiny, our thought was, "Now we shall have the novel of the Mutiny at last!" But 'Flotsam' has come, and, alas! the novel of the Mutiny has not. This may be—we are inclined to think it must be—the fault of the plan which the author proposed to himself, the study of a life, with the Mutiny as one of its episodes. But the Mutiny declines to be treated satisfactorily in such a spirit, and the result is that the scenes depicting it so overpower the rest of the book that what comes before seems padding, and what comes after anticlimax. And yet it is not a long book—in fact, it is far too short to deal adequately with its great subject. Is it too much to hope that some day Mr Merriman may perceive his error and set to work afresh, recasting this book, if necessary, and expanding it, but devoting all the enthusiasm and information he possesses to a larger and worthier canvas? That he does feel to the full the fascination of that heroic time, we know from such passages as this:—

"There are some who would fain wipe the year 1857 out of the British calendar. A year truly of woe and distress and unspeakable horror; a year standing out prominently in great red letters so long as the world shall remember the English race. But we who now look back, standing as it were farther down the avenue of time, to those days receding fast into the perspective of history, can scarcely fail to recognise that the Indian Mutiny is a corner-stone of our race. . . . What of Neill and Hodson, of Ewart, of Cooper, who leapt alone through a breach into a stronghold where we killed two thousand; of Adrian Hope, the giant with the gentle smile and the terrible sword; of Nicholson, of Peel,

of Inglis, of the clerk Kavanagh, who between sunset and dawn handed his name down to history; of Taylor, of Gubbins, the dauntless civilians; of Neville Chamberlain; of the thousand and one soldiers and civilians who sprang up, like mushrooms in a meadow, wheresoever the need came? What of these? They were Englishmen, and 1857 told us that we had them. Assuredly we may reflect with pride that 1857 was added to our history, that these men were the contemporaries of our fathers, that the women who suffered and were strong, that the men who fought, were the fathers and mothers of some of us."

It is possible that a portion of our disappointment with Mr Merriman's book arises out of his choice of a hero. That the novelist who has drawn those magnificent young men Wynyard Mistley and Jack Meredith, and the more solid, but no less satisfying, Guy Oscard and Paul Howard Alexis, should elect to depict as his central figure that hopelessly "good fellow" Harry Wylam, no one's enemy but his own, is a fall indeed. The most unkindest cut of all lies in the fact that beside him, to enhance his weaknesses and show up his follies, is placed Fred Marqueray, of the type that Mr Merriman loves. We see too little of Marqueray to know him well. He glides through the pages "like a native," as poor Harry says, long, thin, inscrutable, a man without the passions and frailties of other men. One *faux pas* he does commit, and that of the most surprising nature, but it seems to have escaped the author's notice. We allude to the fact that when, by means of his expedition into Delhi, he has obtained proof of Lamond's treachery, and actually holds in his hand the document which convicts him of supplying information to the enemy, he takes no steps to prevent a repetition of the crime,

nor even to cause him to be arrested on suspicion, but conceals his knowledge "for the sake of Englishmen," as Mr Merriman says. That was all very well afterwards; but in the thick of the struggle before Delhi it might have meant the annihilation of the whole British force. Another doubtful point is the excitement displayed by Marqueray when, disguised as a fakir, he succeeds in penetrating into the city. It strikes us as unlikely, to say the least, that a man of such iron nerve and resolution should betray himself to so great an extent as to make even his unsuspecting guides ask him whether he had never been in Delhi before.

Nor is this the whole of our quarrel with Mr Merriman. He has always been devoted to certain mannerisms, and they are growing upon him. He insists too much on the characteristics of his personages. How can we lose ourselves in the story when the author is always at our elbow, making unpleasant personal remarks about the characters? "You may do your best to believe that these people are real," he says; "but I will teach you that they are merely my puppets. Observe the quiet smile of this man, the flicker of that woman's eyelids, observe them carefully, for they shall be obtruded upon your attention at the most exciting moments of the story, simply to remind you that I am there." But perhaps Mr Merriman's least agreeable characteristic is his habit of carping at women—especially modern women—which strikes the average man as rather smart at first, but soon palls. It is the converse of Maxwell Gray's practice of attacking men, and equally uncalled for. Mr Merriman may say that he only agrees with King Solomon. Setting aside the fact that King

Solomon had enjoyed a considerably larger experience from which to generalise, we hold that it is as inartistic as it is unchivalrous to introduce these Mephistophelean sneers where they have no bearing on the plot. It is with diffidence that we venture to suggest a remedy which was once proved effectual in curing an obsession of somewhat similar character. When Mr Dick, in 'David Copperfield,' found it impossible to keep the head of King Charles the First out of his law-copying, the difficulty was obviated by placing on a side-table the Memorial in which the unhappy monarch figured so conspicuously, in order that the copyist might simply cross the room and jot down in it any remarks on the subject that presented themselves imperiously to his mind. Has Mr Merriman no early effort—scored, perhaps, by the blue pencil of some unsympathetic editor with the mystic letters D.w.t.—that he could sacrifice in this good cause? He might make it the dumping-ground for his cynicism on the subject of woman and of the present day, and thus effectually relieve his mind without spoiling his books.

But if it is a misfortune for an author to find himself doomed to drag the New Woman into all he writes, it is worse than a misfortune for a lady writer to be similarly oppressed by the sex question. We have just been reading the very latest of the Mutiny novels—Mrs Steel's newly published work, 'On the Face of the Waters'—which has been hailed by a high authority in the pages of a contemporary as *the* novel of the Mutiny. We have wondered mildly with the village-folk at the strange events which passed, chafed with the British troops in Meerut at their forced inaction on the fatal day when they might have

saved Delhi, agonised with the helpless women and children penned into the great hostile city, and fumed on the Ridge with Nicholson,—and yet there is a nasty taste left behind! From this and Mrs Steel's other books we gather that she has a new sex-philosophy of her own, which is to set right the relations between men and women. No doubt she knows what she means, and we hope the new philosophy may do all that it is intended to do, but we must confess that we have never yet been able to see what she is aiming at, and each successive book puzzles us more. At one moment the balance of evidence seems in favour of answering in the affirmative the question of the ladies' papers, "Is Romantic Love an Evil?" and arranging all marriages on common-sense principles. At another we incline to the idea that passion on the part of the man and indifference on that of the woman makes for the greatest happiness of the greatest number; while we think we cannot be mistaken in stating that a purely maternal affection in a woman is the only one likely to lead to the success of a marriage, and that there is no use, nor even advantage, in objecting to any number of "pasts" in a man's life. We may be mistaken in these mutually contradictory deductions—we may be grievously misrepresenting Mrs Steel—but if this is the case, we would humbly beg her to write a kind of guide-book or dictionary, to be used in company with her other works and to interpret them, saying what she really does mean. For it is this obtrusion of the sex-problem, and not the mingling of history and fiction, as she fears, that spoils her book.

To us, who from among the Philistines outside watch Mrs Steel in uncomprehending awe, it

seems as though she must live in a kind of fearful twilight—not a twilight of the gods, by any means, but of fate, peopled with shapes of dread. She has an infinite pity for all suffering things—a pity which is only increased when they have sunk too low to pity themselves—and in her twilight she moves about with hushed footsteps, lifting a corner of a veil here, suggesting something there, but revealing—what? Nothing, we say, unless it be a soul of evil in things good. Sometimes, when she forgets herself, she can thrill us as few writers can, and we joy in the stern clash of arms or the greatness of a great man. There is something in life besides the sex-problem, we cry in delight; but turn the page, and hey, presto! we are in the twilight again, and longing to read 'Marmion,' or Macaulay's 'Lays,' or the Marriage Service of the Church of England from beginning to end, or plunge into a ferocious boys' story of pirates and Red Indians, to escape from the clouds about us.

Mrs Steel has had a great chance in this book, but truth compels us to state that in our opinion (no doubt we are old-fashioned) she has missed it. Her idea was an excellent one, and, unlike Mr Merriman, she allowed herself due space in which to work it out. Even now our blood kindles at the thought of certain passages—of the English who live to make mistakes and die to retrieve them; of the one sepoy of the 74th who was true to his salt in the evacuation of the Flagstaff Tower; of the women imprisoned in the palace dungeons who were offered their lives if they would embrace Mohammedanism, and all refused; of the grand figure of Nicholson, pitted against the despairing strength of the rebellion. The pitiful intrigues

of the Mogul Court (it is interesting, by the bye, to learn that in their hours of social converse the queen and her slaves made and appreciated puns in English); the idyl of Abool-Bukr and the gentle Princess Farkhoonda, with its tragic ending; the destruction of the Arsenal; the attack on the Burn Bastion,—all these things remain, and yet in spite of them the book is not for all time, but only for an age. The age is not that of 1857, it is that of 1896, nourished on the controversies and discussions of the last four or five years. The average man did not in 1857 formulate for himself theories on the relation of the sexes in language borrowed from Scandinavia, and some of the words which pass between Kate Erlton and Douglas on their first meeting are sheer impossibilities at the date at which they are supposed to be uttered. An ordinary Englishwoman of 1857, destitute of the advantages to be gained from the study of Ibsen and of Hill-top novelists, would have shrunk from such thoughts, even had they occurred to her, as a deadly sin. It strikes us sometimes sadly enough, on comparing those days with our own, that our present advantages are not all clear gain. Oh, the pity of it, when we have got rid of so many of the old bogeys of conventionality which darkened the lives of women, to raise up another—this brooding horror of the sex-problem—to overshadow them again!

In this matter of tone, by the way, an excellent corrective to Mrs Steel's book is to be found in H. C. Irwin's (the sex of the author is not indicated on the title-page) 'A Man of Honour,' which, curiously enough, deals also with the siege of Delhi, although the Mutiny serves only as the climax to a story of Indian

frontier life. It is true that some readers might be inclined to call certain of the earlier chapters dull, and that the narrative as a whole is too obviously put together, and does not flow. But a cleaner book, and one more free from the trail of the sex-serpent, in spite of its *motif*, we scarcely remember to have read—indeed, its chief drawback is that the hero is somewhat too bright and good for human nature's daily food, and that the reason for his great sacrifice appears to coarser minds a little inadequate. But if, as it seems, 'A Man of Honour' is a first book, it is full of promise, and displays a knowledge of life at the edge of the empire which ought to be turned to good account in the future. If we might venture to offer a word of advice to the author, we would say this: Be more careful on another occasion to work in your information with your story, instead of presenting the two elements in alternate patches, and do not again endow your hero so richly with all the cardinal virtues as to leave none over for your heroine; but do not lose hold of your idealism, for we need more such idealists as you. We can learn all that we desire of the wickedness of the world from the fiction of the day; be it yours to show us some of the good that is left in it. Better Jim Purefoy dying in the Tarai jungle, happy in the idea that he had effected the capture of the Nana, than Jim Douglas linking his damaged heart—either for pity or for no particular reason, apparently—with the battered affections, such as they were, of Kate Erlton.

From these remarks it will be clear that, *pace* Mr Lockwood Kipling and the 'New Review,' we feel that *the* novel of the Mutiny is still to be written.

We do not pretend to offer any advice to him who shall write it, but we can warn him of one or two pitfalls to be avoided. There are the stock characters—the bad young man, officer or civilian, who kicks the native servant and insults him; the good young man, who rebukes his brother officer or civilian, and soothes the feelings of the servant; and the servant himself, who in his abounding gratitude afterwards saves the good young man's life. An ungrateful servant would be a pleasing novelty. Then there is always the young lady just out from home, to whom everything has to be explained, and the spiteful young lady who has come out a season or two before her, and whom she outshines. We suppose that it is impossible to dispense with the services of the gallant colonel of a native regiment who is confident to the last in the loyalty of his men, and who perishes by the first shot fired by them when they mutiny; but we may suggest that it would be somewhat original for the regiment to remain loyal, since there were in reality some that did so. Then there are one or two stock scenes—the meeting of disloyal natives, for instance, with local colour *ad libitum* in the description of their costumes and conversation. If this scene must be written, for the satisfaction of the author's conscience, would it not be possible to omit it from the English edition of the book, and insert it only in that prepared for the Indian market? Thus both countries would be pleased. And, finally, may we beg most earnestly that the Nana Sahib may not again be introduced mingling in English society previous to the revolt? We are quite prepared by this

time to admit that he did mingle in it, and that, while shining equally as host and guest, he exchanged disparaging and revengeful remarks under his breath at every opportunity with Azim-Ullah Khan.

All these things will be taken as read in the ideal Mutiny novel, which will turn from trivialities to deal with the great facts of which we can never hear too much. We would not imply that it should be of so satisfying a character that no one who reads it will ever wish to read a book on the subject again; but that it should stand to the epoch of which it treats as 'Westward Ho!' does to the age of Elizabeth, ever stimulating, ever refreshing. And to whom (although we have no desire to sow dissension between a noted father and a more noted son) should we look to write it but to the man on whom, more than on any other in this generation, the mantle of Charles Kingsley has fallen? When Mr Rudyard Kipling's *magnum opus* appears, may it deal with the Mutiny, and may we be there to read it! He knows his India, he knows his British army, and—perhaps a greater achievement than either—he knows his Anglo-Indian in his habit as he lives. Nor is this all, for no sort or condition of men is alien to him, and he can see the good points in good people—a much more difficult matter than seeing those of bad people. He can appreciate John Lawrence as well as John Nicholson, and sympathise—as who that remembers the description of the Highlanders calling upon their God in the watches of the night will deny—with Havelock and his Saints as well as with Hodson of Hodson's Horse.

RAB VINCH'S WIFE.

THE chill October dusk swept down upon the village, as it lay sheltered against a red-breasted Devonshire hill, at the foot of which, where the river meandered brown-faced and silent out among the meadows, stood Rab Vinch's cottage. The firelight crept across the threshold, throwing shadows by the way on the white-washed walls of the small kitchen, and outlining Rab's harsh passionate features as he sat and stared down on the flames. A certain peaceful quiet which reigned in the room—for Rab's wife, who was preparing the evening meal, moved softly—was broken by the sound of footsteps, and with a brief knock a man entered.

"They've brought it in murder agin lame Tom," he cried, excitedly.

Rab shifted back his chair, and his face grew grey beneath his tanned skin.

"An' tha Squoire ain't done nort!" he exclaimed.

"Eh? tha Squoire," repeated the man, turning towards him; but a sudden movement on the part of the woman prevented him from seeing Rab. "It 'pears," he continued, "thet inter tha 'Sizes tha Squoire bain't no more than ony tother man; tho' ha did git a speshil doctor down from Lonnon, costing pounds an' pounds, jest tu show thet lame Tom wezn't *fixed tu hiz chump*¹ tha zame ez moast folk; but tha jidge wez vor hanging, jidges baing paid vor zich, zo hanging it's ta ba; ony down in tha vullage uz reckons ther wez more than wan pusson mixed up in that ther murder."

"Down in tha vullage they ba mazing clivar, no doubt," the woman answered, scornfully; "but tha law ain't no vule to ba a-hanging o' hinnocent folk."

The man moved a step nearer, and laid his hand upon her arm.

"Thet ba jest wher 'ee ba wrong, Zusan Vinch," he said. "I zeed thickey corpse a vull dree hours a-vour tha perlice iver clapped eyes on it, an' twez riglar ringed round wi' fut-marks thet wez niver made by ony boot o' lame Tom's; eh, an' if it had not rained thet powerful spirited, tha perlice wid o' zeen 'em themzelves, blind ez they ba. An' my wife hur zed ta me a skaur o' times, 'Tummas Wulkie,' hurs zed, 'why doant 'ee gaw inter Extur an' tull tha law what yer 'ave zeen wi' yer own eyes?' An' I've up an' zed tu hur, 'Naw,' zes I, 'tha law ba a catchy thing, an' like tother folk's turnips, best not meddled with.'"

An expression of fear passed over the woman's face. "Tha law ain't for the hanging o' hinnocent folk," she repeated, doggedly.

"Tha law an' tha perlice ba moast wan," the man answered with contempt, "alwiz snuffing round arter tha wrong scent, like varmer Plant's tarrier dawg. Why did Josh Tuckitt sail for Meriky tha day arter the murder? wat call had ha to ba zo mazing smart all-ta-wance? answer me that, Zusan Vinch."

"Josh Tuckitt had nort watever to do wi' it," Rab interposed, impetuously.

"How do yer coome to know

¹ Off the chump—not quite in his right mind.

thic?" the man asked, with a look of suspicion.

"Cuz uz wez together that nite."

There was a moment's silence, and then Susan Finch spoke.

"Why can't yer let things bide ez they ba, Tummas Wulkie?" she exclaimed, passionately. "Wan wid think yez had killed tha poor man yersulf, tha way yer ba alwiz pauking tha blame on tother folk."

"Tiz a quare thing," the man answered, turning on his heel, "that a long tongue an' a short understandin' moast times run in couples; but ther wuman wez a kind o' extry thort o' tha Almighty's, an' uz all knaw thet tiz tha way o' zich things to cost a deal more than they ba worth. An' ez for tha pauking o' tha blame on tother folk," he continued, as he opened the door and stepped out into the night, "I wid never 'ave belaved thet a humman not more than a skaur o' months merrided wid o' bin zo zet on tha hanging o' a pore natrel; but ther wimen ba contrary critters, turrible zet on tha squashing o' vlies, but aiting the roast pork with tha rest."

The echo of the man's retreating footsteps died away, and the kettle seemed to hiss more loudly in the silence that fell upon the little kitchen. At last Rab spoke.

"Hanging ba a stuffy death," he said, hoarsely—"a mortal stuffy death."

She knelt down beside him. "Twez an accident," she whispered, "yer ba thet strong 'ee doant alwiz knaw."

"Yer ba a riglar dumman wi' yer haccidents, haccidents," he interrupted, with fierce contempt; "ain't I towld 'ee a skaur o' times thet twezn't no haccident."

"An' lame Tom?" she asked, falteringly.

"Lame Tom wezn't in it."

"Nor Josh Tuckitt?"

"Naw, nor Josh Tuckitt."

"O God, Rab!" she exclaimed.

He drew away from her, but she, bending forward, let her face droop upon his knee. The tall clock in the corner ticked on towards night, and the kettle boiled over, but the man and the woman heeded neither: he was dimly conscious that her hot tears were falling upon his hand, but when she spoke her voice seemed far away.

"Rab," she said, "an' zoon ther wull ba dree o' uz."

He turned and looked at her, and his face softened, and an expression of pity came into his fierce, deep-set eyes.

"Little Moather," he said.

She clung to him with passionate vehemence. "There cud niver ba no tother man but yer for me, Rab," she sobbed—"niver, niver, whatever 'ee did."

His muscular hands closed round her with a rare tenderness, and great beads of sweat gathered upon his forehead.

"What made 'ee gaw for to do it when uz wez that happy?" she said.

His lips trembled, as if he were about to speak, but he did not answer her.

"Rab," she cried, with a sudden shiver, "things dursn't bide ez they ba; they dursn't, they dursn't."

His whole expression changed, the fierce look returned to his eyes.

"Dursn't?" he repeated, in a voice of rising anger; "who axed 'ee for yer pinion wan way o' tother?"

She did not answer him, and a silence fell between them, till with a sudden rush of suspicion

the thought came to Rab that she was condemning him.

"What ba 'ee a-thinking of?" he asked, fiercely.

"Rab," she said, in her soft, low voice, as she rubbed the lapel of his brown velveteen coat with her hand, "I wez ony reckoning thet twezn't for nort thet our Lord coomed inter tha wordel feeble in body; twezn't for nort thet Ha let Simon o' Cyrene carry tha cross up tha steep hill to Golgotha; it bain't tha strong who's tu lane on tha wake." She stopped a moment, and he looked down on her upturned face with a curious mixture of pity, tenderness, and irritation.

"'Ee ba powerful anxious to git me ter Eaven, wan way or tother," he said, with a grim smile.

"Rab," she answered, taking his great knotted hands and pressing them against her breast, "I widn't 'ave 'ee act contrary to tha best thet ba in 'ee, tez ony thic, tiz ony thic; and O Rab, if yer had zeen lame Tom ez I did when tha perlice tooked him, his vace thet scart wi' fear, ha might 'a been a poor dumb critter caught in wan o' yer snares."

"Lame Tom ba wakezome," he said, and his voice trembled.

"Yes," she repeated — "wakezome, mortal wakezome."

He looked past her at the closed door, as if his sight could pierce the wooden panels and see the world that lay beyond, and into his rugged passionate face there came a certain expression of nobleness. "May ba I wull," he began; but she, following a train of thoughts of her own, interrupted him.

"Twid ba the zame ez if yer wez to let a chil' die for 'ee," she said, in a slow, dreamy voice, speaking as one who had seen a vision.

He thrust her from him and rose to his feet: "Then I wull gi' mezulf up ta-marrer," he said; "but ez for 'ee," he added, with concentrated bitterness, "yer ba no wife o' mine from this howr," and he turned from her and climbed the rickety stairs that led to their bedroom. But he could not sleep, and the slow hours passed away, and then he heard the door open softly, and by-and-by her little cold form crept into the bed and lay down beside him, and she, thinking that he slept, rested her head up against his shoulder and sobbed comfortlessly. He remained stiff and silent, as if the deafness of sleep was upon him; but his memory had travelled back to a day in their mutual childhood, the day on which he had first seen her cry. She had told her fortune on the long quaking-grasses, and had wept because Fate had ordained that she should marry a tinker; and though he had been but six years old at the time, and his mind little troubled with the thought of maidens, yet, because her weeping had been very heavy, he had promised to marry her himself, and she had been comforted. And now, as he lay angry and resentful beside her, the old distich rang in his brain—tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, rich-man, poor-man, apothecary, thief; tinker, tailor. Then a sudden rush of tenderness came to him, and he put out his hand and touched her; but she had fallen asleep.

With the first streak of dawn he rose and drew back the lattice, so that the light fell upon her face with its curves that tilted upwards, as the petals of some flower that seeks its happiness in the sun, and he noticed over again that her chestnut hair had a glint on it like the breast of a cock

pheasant. Her nightdress had fallen open at the neck, making visible the curves of her bosom, rounded with coming motherhood, and he remembered with an exceeding bitterness that he must also part from his child; but as he looked at the woman lying there, his face softened.

"Maybe I widn't gaw for tu do lame Tom no harm," he said, "if her wezn't thet turribel meddlezome; tain't dying I ba a-feard of—I reckon I can die tha zame ez ony tother man; but I doant want tu ba *vustled*¹ inter it; but hurs a riglar dumman all-over, pushing 'ee t'wards Eaven wi hur 'eart 'an' pulling 'ee back wi' hur tongue. But ther tain't no good talking; may ba hur'll larn when tiz too late."

He turned away and crept softly down the old, creaky stairs: below, in one corner of the kitchen, there stood a big box in which lived his two ferrets, Cross-eyes and Poley; he gave them their usual breakfast of bread and milk, and let them play for a moment about his neck. Then he took down his guns, one by one, from the great beam against which they rested: there was the old muzzle-loader on which he had first learnt to shoot, "a riglar terror to kick, but mortal depenzome for a right and left"; and the long duck-gun that had carried straight in its time—it was a family heirloom, and his great grandfather had carried it on the night he had been pixie-led; and, lastly, there was Rab's own favourite gun, a pin-fire breech-loader that had once belonged to the young Squire. Rab took each gun in turn and rubbed the barrel tenderly with an old oil rag, and then returned it to its former rest-

ing-place; his big yellow lurcher stood watching him with eyes that in their alertness curiously resembled Rab's own. When he had finished he tied up the dog, and, going out, shut the door of his cottage behind him.

A rough sob rose in his throat. "I didn't reckon hur wid zlape like thic," he said; "but ther wimen be alwiz contrary."

Up through the great woods he went, for his road to the town lay that way. And in a certain hedge facing west a hare had made its seat. Rab had often tried to catch it, but the hare had been too wary for him, and now as he passed the accustomed spot he stopped instinctively, and noticed that the snare had been brushed away but that the animal had escaped. He knelt down and reset the wire, and as he did so he heard footsteps, and looking up he saw his wife. The blood rushed into his face, but he assumed an air of indifference. "I reckon I've alwiz zet thickey snare a deal too low," he said, bending down over his work; "a hare howlds hiz 'ead wondervul 'igh when ha ba movet-ting along unconscious. Eh," he continued, drawing a deep breath, "but hares ba *vantysheeny*² baistesses; skaurs o' times O've *ruckeed*³ down behind a bit o' vuz wi' tha moon a-glinting a-tap o' me an *cock-leert*⁴ jest on the creep an' iverything thet quiet 'ee cud moast a-yhear tha dew a-valling; eh, an' I've 'ad tha gun a-zide o' me an' cudn't vire cuz they baistesses wez thic *vantysheeny*."

But she only saw that an animal caught in such a snare would be hung.

"Come away, Rab," she cried; "come away."

¹ Fussed.² Showy, handsome.³ Stooped down low.⁴ Dawn.

He looked down at the snare meditatively.

"Zome o' 'em," he said, half to himself, "makes a to-do, but moast die mortal quiet."

"O Rab! come away," she repeated in a voice of agony; "come away."

"Ba 'ee a-fraid I shull ba late for tha hanging?" he cried, and sprang to his feet; then without waiting for her answer he rushed past her and was hidden from view behind the thick trees.

"Rab!" she called, running after him, "Rab! Rab! Rab!"

But there came no reply: later in the day she learned that he had surrendered himself to the police, but permission to see him was refused. So when evening came she crept homewards alone through the great woods, and when she had reached the spot where he had set the snare, she heard a strange cry; the hare had been caught in the wire. Covering her ears with her hands she fled away, yet ever and ever the cry followed her.

It was the day of Rab's trial: the court was crowded, and the counsel for the defence in despair; to all questions as to his motive for the crime Rab had maintained a dogged silence.

"Twezn't no haccident," he repeated; "I did it o' puppuss."

He cut short the trial by pleading guilty, and the judge, following the usual formula, rose, and having taken the black cap, turned to the prisoner and asked if he had anything to say why the sentence of death should not be passed upon him.

The ensuing silence was broken by the sound of a woman's voice. "Yer honour," Susan Finch said,

for it was she who spoke, "they tull me that tha law ba agin a woman testifying for hur husband; but ther ba thic thet ba higher than the law, an' thet ba Nater; and it ain't in nater thet a woman shid zee the man thet hur loves, an' who hur knaws tu ba hinnocent—tain't in nater, I zay, thet hur shid zee him given auver to death an' hur not to up and zay tha truth. An' I tull yer honour tha zame ez I wid tull tha Almighty if I stud a-vor' His throne, thet twezn't no murder Rab did thickey nite; twez an haccident, an' don't ee iver gaw for to believe nort else. Yer doant know Rab tha zame ez I do; uz wez chils together, an' they thet ba chils together kind o' larns wun-an-tother's hearts unconscious. Rab bain't tha sort thet takes to murder, Rab aint; ha's tempestuous o' times, an' thic strong thet ha doesn't alwiz know, but his heart is ez tenderzome ez a chil's. I cud tullie a skaur o' things, ony Rab aint wan o' they ez likes to ba boasted of; but I ax yer honour why ba Rab a-standing a-vor' ee at this yhere blessid minit? Did the perlice catch him?—naw; then why ba ha a-standing ther a-vor' ee, wi' they cruel iron things on his hands? Why, becuz Lame Tom ba wakezome: ther bain't no tother lad thet wid up an put tha rope round hiz neck rather than anything wakezome shid suffer unjust. But ther baint no call for a rope, and if Rab wid ony spake ha cud tull 'ee zo hiszulf. An' if yer ax me why ha hezn't stud up vrom tha vust an' zed it twez an haccident, then I tull 'ee it was because I wez alwiz a-worritting o' him thet kept him to zilence. I wez alwiz a-axing questions, an' ha doant like it, an' ha wants tu larn me. I've done a power o'

thinkin' zince thickey marning Rab gi'ed hiszulf up, an' I've reckoned it all out. I wez too mortal anxious tu show him tha way, an' Rab aint no dumman tu ba showed things. Ha likes tu do hiz right hiz own way—ha doan't want no wan to larn him; an' I wez alwiz a-zaying, yer dursn't do thic an' yer must do thet, zo ha ba jest a-larning o' me; but, O Rab!" she ended, in a voice of passionate entreaty, turning to him, "I've larned, I've larned; ony tull 'em—*tull* 'em."

When the woman ceased speaking a silence fell upon the court, and the eyes of all there turned to

the prisoner. Rab's harsh obstinate face had grown grey beneath the tanned skin; his lips, pressed one on the other with the grip of a vice, looked as if no power could ever force them to uncloze: then his eyes met those of his wife, and with a convulsive effort he spoke. "Twez done temperzome," he exclaimed brokenly—"powerful temperzome; ha said thic thet wez baisteous o' hur," and Rab pointed with his hand in the direction of his wife. "May ba," he continued huskily, "if yer cud find Josh Tuckitt, ha cud make things look a bit better for me."

ZACK.

FRANKLIN AND THE ARCTIC.

WHATEVER of the unknown and strange may lie hid in the womb of Science to be revealed for the use or astonishment of future generations, it is a truism which is from day to day becoming more patent that, along certain paths of knowledge, there will soon be little or nothing left to be discovered. Notably is this the case in the field of Geography. The map-makers of whom Swift speaks, who

"O'er unhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of towns,"

bequeathed the practice to their successors, and it persisted long after the days of the great satirist; but there will be small chance for the display of such pictorial geography in the future, even should some cartographer steeped in old-world custom so desire. For the New Renaissance has brought about an opening-up of the world such as has not been seen since the day of Vasco da Gama and of Columbus. An unknown continent a decade or so ago, Africa now no longer offers a field in which the young explorer may win his spurs; Australia has been crossed and recrossed till she has yielded up all her secrets; and every Pacific island is provided with its missionary. The coming generations will see every stream and mountain mapped, the coastline and soundings of every ocean charted, every creature correctly named and labelled (trinomially) on the shelves of every museum. To them we accord in advance the fullest measure of sympathy and pity for a heritage so dull and unprovocative of action. For us, however, there yet remains something of the intoxicating cup of

which our forebears, the fathers of exploration and discovery, drank in the sixteenth century. Only the dregs, it is true. The glamour and romance of the "*Ultra nondum lustrata*" that Schöner wrote across his globe have, with one exception, gone for ever.

Yet all this knowledge, which is to lead to a consummation from our point of view so little to be wished, has come to us not steadily and step by step, as might be expected, but rather intermittently and by fits and starts. Sometimes, even more than this, there have been periods when all record of places previously known has been lost — a *reculement pour mieux sauter* it may, indeed, be said, but nevertheless a *reculement*. The Solomon Islands had to be discovered more than once; Baffin's Bay was removed from the map; and, as we all know now, the deeds of Leif Eric, Thorvald, and their comrades became blotted out from memory alike on the eastern and the western shore of the Atlantic. Then, too, there has without doubt been a fashion in countries, as in all else. The Portuguese swept past Africa in hot haste to reach the East, and their neighbours left the New World to seek Cathay. The strange spice-hunger of succeeding days gathered Europe to the Malay Islands, while "the wealth of Ormus and of Ind" remained unheeded; and thereafter followed an era of discovery in the Pacific, bringing forth in the French as fine a race of navigators as their Peninsular predecessors, and among ourselves the first scientific cruise of discovery under one of the greatest of seamen. And lately we have seen the eyes of the world turned to

that vast continent which ever since the day of Herodotus has always presented us with the *ali-quid novi*, and which now seems destined to do so no longer, since explorers of every nation have overrun its arid sands and reeking jungles. All these have come and gone in favour with the public; have come again in many cases, only to be supplanted again by some new competitor.

From Africa the swing of the pendulum has taken us to a region of the earth which has ever had the strongest fascination for many minds. When we wrote just now that one exception remained to protract medieval romance to the brink of the twentieth century we should, in all accuracy, have acknowledged two. For in "the realms of Chaos and old Night," the Northern and the Southern Poles, we have yet a field in every way as capable of yielding honour and distinction to the explorer as any for which our Elizabethan navigators sailed; and as difficult of access, it may be added, as the kingdom of Prester John or the coveted land of El Dorado. And when Fridtjof Nansen stands before us, as he does this month, to tell the story of his three years' struggle with the Arctic, and of that most remarkable meeting with Mr Jackson,—a meeting so marvellous that had it ever been introduced into a work of fiction no critic could have withheld his gibe,—no thought of lament over the vanished romance of exploration is likely to occur to his listeners. For though African work be over, that at the Poles is not, and for that corner house in Savile Row, through whose portals so many a hardy explorer has passed, there will be a *raison d'être* for many a year to come.

But while we greet Nansen with the warmest welcome of which a

nation is capable, a welcome that would not be warmer were he of our own land and race, the remembrance of those who have gone before him must necessarily come into our minds. For the moment, if we except the work now being carried out under Mr Harmsworth's auspices, England seems to have laid aside the task of Polar exploration. It has been of late the day of Scandinavia and America. Compared with the voyages of the Fram and the Vega we have nothing to show; nor in the way of land journeys can we bring anything to rank with Peary's exploit in northern Greenland. But it was otherwise in the earlier part of the century, before the tide of fashion had set towards Africa, when Arctic exploration aroused an interest far keener even than that existing at the present day. Russian, Dutchman, and Dane had done good and honest work enough; but from the 'twenties to the 'fifties it was the English flag that floated widest and most often within the Arctic seas. Parry, Beechey, Ross, and Back are names which will for all time remain as inseparable from the history of Polar discovery as that of Caxton from the invention of printing.

One other there was, destined to be even more celebrated than they. Not from the extent of his discoveries, for these, though successful enough, were not greater than those of some of his fellow navigators. Nor for the importance of them, for the finding of the North-West Passage, which may in great measure be credited to him, was a success that bore no fruit but honour. Rather was it from the unparalleled sufferings that befell him on his first land-journey, and the veil of mystery which for so many years hid the story of his death, that the name of Franklin

has become so widely known, so little likely to be forgotten even in this forgetful age. Moreover, Franklin added to our sum of knowledge as much after his death as before it. His story reminds one of nothing so much as the old fable of the father who, by the bequest of his supposed buried hoard, made his son into a successful husbandman. Franklin sowed himself like treasure amid the polar ice, and it was the ceaseless endeavour to discover him that made our knowledge of the Arctic what it is.

It was to be expected, then, that of such a man a Life should be written, for it meant the story of the North-West Passage; but it was perhaps hardly to be expected that he should become the subject of no less than four biographies. Such a number has, however, been written. In 1860 the late Admiral Sherard Osborn published his 'Career and Fate of Franklin,' and an excellent though short life was written by Mr A. H. Beesly in 1881. Admiral Markham's 'Sir John Franklin and the North-West Passage' aimed somewhat higher, the author possessing the advantage of being himself a distinguished Arctic explorer; and now we have before us a still larger volume from the pen of Mr Traill.¹

This book, a rather belated outcome of the semi-centenary of the explorer's death, owes its appearance now to a combination of circumstances. Lady Franklin, who from early days was a retainer of all documents bearing on her husband's life, became in later years an energetic collector of them, until, as expedition after expedition was despatched in search of the *Erebus* and *Terror* and their

crews, the material in her possession became of a most voluminous nature. But, partly from her unwearied love of travel, which for protracted periods took her from England, and partly for other reasons, her long life came to its close leaving her intention of writing her husband's biography unfulfilled. To her companion and niece by marriage, Miss Orcroft, the task and papers were bequeathed, but with failing health and eyesight she too was forced to leave it untouched; and it therefore fell to the lot of her executors to intrust the work to other hands. It was hoped that it might have been undertaken by one who, an old and tried Arctic explorer, has left his name writ large on the western shore of Greenland, but this hope was not fulfilled. Mr Traill has undoubtedly been placed at a disadvantage in his task in having—so far as we know—no practical experience either of Arctic exploration or even of rough travel, but he has won his spurs in literature, and especially in the field of biography.

John Franklin, the ninth of a dozen children, and one of three distinguished brothers, was the son of Willingham Franklin of Spilsby, who raised himself from the position of a draper to that of a banker and landowner. There lies on the writer's table a letter wherein he alludes to his father's social position in terms which are characteristic of the man, than whom, draper's son though he might be, there never was a truer gentleman. "Instead of feeling regret," he writes, "at having derived my birth from a person engaged in trade, I see in that circumstance an additional reason for giving assistance to the

¹ The Life of Sir John Franklin, R.N. By H. D. Traill. London: John Murray.

fair prospects of others similarly circumstanced, and I thank God the door of hope is not closed to such persons in this country." Wittingly or unwittingly, however, he was doing his family an injustice, for before evil fortune had forced his grandparents to become shopkeepers, his forebears had been Lincolnshire yeomen who had lived on their land for several generations.

Born in 1786, it was not till the end of 1800 that the boy buckled on his dirk—quite an advanced age in those days of infantile officers. His story may be paralleled by that of many a sailor who in after-years has risen to renown: the first sight of the sea and the resolve to make it his profession, the stern opposition of the father and the grudging grant of a trial voyage, the return with the love of the sea confirmed instead of weakened,—all this seems almost the fitting and natural commencement of the life of a sailor destined to fame in his profession. Few, however, are as lucky as he was in the varied and stirring character of the service which fell to his lot from the very outset of his career. Within six months of joining his ship, the *Polyphemus*, he was taking part in what Nelson himself described as the most terrible of all the actions in which he had been engaged—the battle of Copenhagen. "I think they will turn their tale [*sic*]," writes the lad just before the affair, "when they consider that we have 35 sail of the line exclusive of bombs, frigates, and sloops, and on a moderate consideration there will be one thousand double-shotted guns to be fired as a salute to poor Elsinour Castle at first sight. . . . I will thank you when you write to Anne and Willingham to tell them of our expedition up the Baltic, by which

some of us will 'lose a fin' or 'the number of our mess,' which are sailors' terms." A good many more "lost the number of their mess" than perhaps he or any of his superiors expected. On the British side the loss was 1200 killed and wounded, while that of the Danes was five times as great. The boy was untouched. He used to speak in later years of the deep impression made upon his mind by the affair, and of the prodigious number of the slain which could be seen lying at the bottom of the remarkably clear water of the harbour.

But it was not the fighting side of his profession that most appealed to him. It seems that from the beginning he had set his heart upon exploration and discovery. In almost his very first letter he begs his father to do what he can to get him transferred to the *Investigator*, at that time about to be despatched to the South Seas on a surveying cruise. Australia, it must be remembered, was then almost an unknown land, and Van Diemen's Land had but two years previously been discovered to be an island by Flinders. It was this man, one of the most distinguished of England's sea-explorers, who was to be in command. Franklin's chance of serving under him would probably have been but remote had it not been for the fact of the relationship which existed between them—Flinders having married a sister of his mother. This it was, no doubt, that gained him his wish. No sooner had he returned from the Baltic than he was appointed to the *Investigator*, and sailed on July 7th of the same year, 1801, to help to "complete the investigation of the coasts of Terra Australis."

It is not too much to say that it was this voyage which made Franklin what he afterwards be-

came. Under Flinders, whom to the end of his life he regarded with affection and admiration, he made extraordinary progress in navigation and astronomy, and before long we find the former writing to his father that "in a few months he will be sufficient of an astronomer to be my right-hand man in that way. . . . The first lieutenant scarcely knows how to talk enough in his praise." The survey of the entire coast-line of the south of the continent must have afforded the young sailor unusual opportunities, as must also his appointment as assistant at the temporary observatory established at Sydney. But the Investigator's cruise was to come to a sudden end, though one not unforeseen by her commander. She had been despatched from England in much the same condition as, not many years ago, the *Megara*; and she shared a somewhat similar fate. Shortly after leaving Madeira she was found to be making as much as 5 inches of water per hour, and after the completion of the first part of the survey her condition was such that in bad weather the leak had increased to the rate of 14 inches. It seems incredible that under such circumstances Flinders should nevertheless have taken the tremendous risk of continuing his work; but his orders were not to return till he had finished his survey, and he fulfilled them to the best of his ability. At length it became evident that if he desired to save the lives of himself and his crew he must make for port, and accordingly, after a most anxious voyage from the north of Australia, and with his men dying in numbers of scurvy and dysentery, he returned to Sydney, and the vessel was condemned. It was no child's play this schooling that young Franklin got with Matthew Flinders in command.

New adventures, however, were in store for him before he reached England. Embarking in the Porpoise with his comrades, or rather the remnant that survived, on August 11, 1803, he had not left Sydney a week before his vessel, and the ship *Oato* to which she was consort, ran upon an unknown reef and became total wrecks. Fortunately but few lives were lost, and the shipwrecked crews were able to land both themselves and much of their stores and belongings on a sand-cay. Here, in an area of 300 yards by 50, the survivors to the number of 80 persons remained for two months, while Flinders and a few others made their way 750 miles in an open boat to Sydney for help. It speaks well for the discipline of the men and the tact of the officers that no dissensions occurred during this wearisome period of enforced inaction and imprisonment.

Arriving with three vessels to the relief, Flinders started round the Cape for England, while his nephew embarked in the *Rolla* for Canton. The two probably never met again, for the former had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the French at Mauritius, and dragged out a weary life as a *détenu* for seven long years. Franklin, too, was to have his adventure with the French, but with a very different issue. At Canton he found a fleet of sixteen Indiamen sailing under Commodore Nathaniel Dance, and was fortunate enough to be appointed to the *Earl Camden*, which flew his flag. The exploit of this hero, who thereby won his knighthood, has become historical. Admiral Linois, who was lying in wait in Batavia, got wind of his coming, and putting to sea, encountered the fleet as they entered the Strait of Malacca, his own squadron consisting of a line-of-battle ship, two

large frigates, a twenty-four-gun corvette, and an eighteen-gun brig. To his surprise the English merchantmen, instead of attempting to escape, showed a bold front, and cleared for action. Such an unprecedented occurrence called for reflection, so, as evening was approaching, Linois anchored his vessels to think the matter over. Dance followed suit, scorning to turn tail, and next day quietly resumed his course. Linois, emboldened by this, made chase; but he had mistaken his man, for the Commodore instantly ran up the signal, "Tack in succession, bear down in line ahead, and engage the enemy." No order could have been more pleasing to the British tars; it was received with ringing cheers, and ere long the engagement became general. Though greatly inferior in weight of metal, the guns of the English ships were so well handled that in less than an hour their antagonists had had enough, and hauled off. The signal for general chase was then given, and for two hours the delighted fleet of merchantmen had the ineffable pleasure of pursuing a squadron of men-of-war, an experience not likely to be forgotten by those who took part in it. On this occasion Franklin, who was specially mentioned in despatches, acted as the commodore's signal midshipman, and to his lot it therefore fell to hoist the memorable orders.

He was destined in the following year to hold a similar post on an even more memorable occasion—at Trafalgar. There was not much leisure and half-pay in those days. Reaching England on the 7th of August 1804, he was appointed the very next day to the *Bellerophon*, and the part she bore in the famous battle of October 21st is almost as familiar as that of the *Victory*. Becoming locked with

the French ship *L'Aigle* early in the fight, and receiving the fire of three other ships on her port side and astern, she suffered terribly, and lost her captain and 27 killed and 127 wounded. The account of the affair given by Franklin to his brother-in-law was written down afterwards by the latter:—

"Out of forty-seven men upon the quarter-deck, of whom Franklin was one, all were either killed or wounded but seven. Towards the end of the action only a very few guns could be fired on either of the ships, the sailors were so disabled. But there remained a man in the foretop of the enemy's ship, wearing a cocked hat, who had during the engagement taken off with his rifle several of the officers and men. Franklin was standing close by and speaking to a midshipman, his most esteemed friend, when the fellow above shot him, and he fell dead at his comrade's feet. Soon after, Franklin and a sergeant of marines were carrying down a black seaman to have his wounds dressed, when a ball from the rifleman entered his breast and killed the poor fellow as they carried him along. Franklin said to the sergeant, 'He'll have you next,' but the sergeant swore he should not, and said that he would go below to a quarter of the ship from which he could command the French rifleman, and would never cease firing at him till he killed him. [He then fires at Franklin and narrowly misses him.] Meantime, so few guns were being discharged that he could hear the sergeant firing away with his musket from below, and looking out . . . he saw the rifleman, whose features he vowed he should never forget so long as he lived, fall over headforemost into the sea. Upon the sergeant coming up, he asked him how many times he fired. 'I killed him,' said the sergeant, 'at the seventh shot.'"

From this, as from Copenhagen, Franklin came off without a scratch; but the enemy's cannonading took effect in another way,

for ever after the battle he suffered more or less from deafness.

After Trafalgar followed a period of inaction. The Bellero-phon's men must have found it dull work cruising at the mouth of the Channel, but this was their task for a couple of years. In October 1807 Franklin was drafted as a lieutenant to the Bedford, and rejoiced at the possibility of foreign service, but he was doomed to disappointment if he expected exciting times such as he had already experienced. During the whole of his long term of service on this vessel, a period of nearly eight years, he was engaged in but one affair worthy of record, and that one a series of exploits which, however well they may have exhibited English pluck, redounded but little to the credit of our generalship. The attack on New Orleans in the winter of 1814-15 was an example of a brilliant failure, in which we lost many hundreds of men to no avail. The story of it, which Mr Traill gives at some length, we may leave without comment, for it is not pleasant reading for Englishmen. But the gallantry of the blue-jackets was conspicuous, and Franklin, who was here wounded for the first time, was specially recommended for promotion. Peace, however, was at hand, reduction was the order of the day, and all chance of his obtaining his step vanished. For the next three years the young lieutenant had to remain content with his rank, amusing himself at home on half-pay as best he could.

It was about this time that interest in Arctic exploration became again awakened. Barrow was Secretary at the Admiralty, and England was beginning to tire of inaction. These two factors made for Polar work, and Polar

work accordingly it was resolved should be undertaken. As far back as 1745 an Act had guaranteed the payment of £20,000 "to such person or persons who shall discover a north-west passage through Hudson's Strait to the western and southern oceans of America." Now, fresh rewards were to be offered—£1000 for the attaining of lat. 83° N., £2000 for the 85th parallel, £3000 for the 87th, £4000 for the 88th, and £5000 for the Pole—and four vessels were fitted out for service. Ross and Parry in the *Isabella* and Alexander were to try the western route through Baffin's Bay, while the two other vessels, the *Dorothea* and the *Trent*, were to push due north for the Pole. The command of the latter expedition was intrusted to Captain David Buchan, and it was, no doubt, not a little owing to the influence of Robert Brown, the naturalist who accompanied Flinders in the *Investigator*, combined with his known ability in survey work, that Franklin had the good fortune to be nominated as lieutenant in command of the *Trent*.

We have all of us, it is to be presumed, a deep respect for the Pole, even in these *fin de siècle* days, but it was otherwise at the century's dawn. Then, like silver in the days of King Solomon, it seems to have been nothing accounted of, and Mr Traill comments amusingly on the instructions given to Buchan on sailing. "If the weather should prove favourable," they ran, "you are to remain in the neighbourhood of the Pole for a few days, in order to the more accurately making the observations which it is expected your interesting and unexampled situation may furnish you with." This task, it may be remarked, they were to perform, as it were,

en passant; in any case they were to make for Bering's Strait, "recollecting that, although it is highly desirable in the interests of science and the extension of natural knowledge that you should reach the Pole, yet that the passage between the Atlantic and Pacific is the main object of your mission." Nor was this all. If they reached Bering's Strait, they were to winter in the Pacific, and return by the way they had come on the following year! There is a glorious certainty in the official document which is consistent with the day of Nelson and Trafalgar.

But Franklin and Buchan neither found themselves in "the interesting and unexampled situation" alluded to by the Admiralty officials, nor did they reach Bering's Strait. The latter feat was reserved for Nordenskjöld; the former Nansen has yet to reckon with. It was not due to lack of pluck that failure overcame them, but overcome them it did. Off the east coast of Greenland the pack, in nine cases out of ten, renders progress hopeless, and it was the selection of this route which was alone answerable for the result. The two ships left the Thames on the 25th April 1818, and before six months had elapsed were again at anchor off Deptford. Neither of the two commanders wrote any account of the voyage, but Beechey, who was first lieutenant of the *Trent*, did so five-and-twenty years later, and a very graphic story it is. It may, nevertheless, be summed up in a few words as the history of continuous but hopeless struggle with the pack, ending with an adventure which nearly cost them the loss of both the ships. Caught in a tremendous gale, they were reduced to the desperate expedient of taking shelter in the pack, a

step which, as Admiral Markham tells us, can only be justified when offering the sole chance of escaping destruction. As the ship neared the surging mass of bergs—

"Each person instinctively secured his own hold, and with his eyes fixed upon the masts, awaited in breathless anxiety the moment of concussion. It soon arrived: the brig, cutting her way through the light ice, came in violent contact with the main body. In an instant we all lost our footing, the masts bent with the impetus, and the cracking timbers from below spoke of a pressure which was calculated to awake our serious apprehensions. The vessel staggered under the shock, and for a moment seemed to recoil; but the next wave, curling up under her counter, drove her about her own length within the margin of ice, where she gave one roll, and was immediately thrown broadside to the wind by the succeeding wave, which beat furiously against her stern, and brought her lee side in contact with the main body, leaving her weather side exposed at the same time to a piece of ice about twice her own dimensions. . . . Literally tossed from piece to piece, we had nothing left but patiently to abide the issue; for we could scarcely keep our feet, much less render any assistance to the vessel."

On the following morning the gale had abated, and they were able to ascertain the extent of their injuries. The *Dorothea* had suffered most. Her port side, it was found, had been greatly damaged; the spirit-room, which was in the centre of the ship, had been forced in; while, incredible as it may seem, some of the casks stowed in the hold were actually stove. It was a wonder that either of the ships reached England.

This failure might perhaps have deterred the Government at other times, but not then. With Barrow to incite them, they were warming to the work of exploration, and at once prepared to despatch two

more expeditions in the following year. This time one of them was to be by land, and Franklin was selected as its commander. Except at the points where Hearne and Mackenzie had touched it, the whole of the Arctic coast-line of North America was unknown, and this it was that was selected for exploration. Franklin was to proceed to Hudson's Bay and make a running survey of the coast lying to the east of the mouth of the Coppermine river, but the choice of his route was left to his discretion. He selected that by the Great Slave Lake as most opened up by the Hudson Bay Company, and landing at York Factory in Hudson's Bay on the 30th August 1819, reached Cumberland House on the Saskatchewan on the 23d September. It was not till the 18th July following that they again started on their journey, and again they had to winter ere they were able to reach the sea. This time they were favoured by an early season, and were able to leave Fort Enterprise on the 4th June 1821.¹ On the 21st of the following month they were afloat on the Arctic Ocean.

Their canoes, fitted only for river use, rendered the sea voyage a hazardous affair; they had already suffered from lack of provisions, and the time available for work was short. Franklin must already have foreseen difficulties ahead. He allowed himself a period of four weeks in which to carry out the survey, and then gave orders for the return. The *voyageurs* who were with him had in vain counselled an earlier retreat, and it would have been well had their advice been followed. It became evident that it would

make too great an inroad upon their fast-decreasing stock of time if they returned to their starting-point on the coast, and on reaching the mouth of Hood's river on the 25th August they determined to leave their boats and hold a straight course across country to Fort Enterprise. Little more than 200 miles intervened between them and their destination, yet these two hundred miles were to afford an example of the most appalling suffering and the most determined bravery recorded in the annals of British explorations. There can be few of us—few at all events of the older of us—who have not read that terrible but fascinating story,—the rapid onset of the cold, the failure of the provisions, the growing realisation by the explorers of the fate in store for them, the wellnigh hopeless struggle of the half-frozen and slowly perishing men for their lives, the summary execution of the murderer (and worse than murderer) Michel, and the arrival of the survivors at Fort Enterprise, only to find it deserted and foodless, and to experience before help reached them an almost more ghastly period of suffering than that they had already gone through. All this will be remembered by every one who has read the story; but as related by the practised pen of Mr Traill the facts have lost nothing in force and vividness. Of the original party of 18, 10 had died; but though Hood had come to so tragic an end, the rest of the English had escaped, and Richardson, Back, and Hepburn reached home with their gallant leader after an absence of three years, to find all England ringing with their exploit.

Franklin, who during his absence

¹ Mr Traill's dates of this period are, we may remark, inextricably confused.

had been gazetted to the rank of commander, obtained immediate promotion on his return, his captain's commission being dated the 20th November 1822. The Royal Society, "in recognition of his invaluable exertions in the cause of geographical science, whilst conducting one of the most remarkable journeys ever achieved," offered him its Fellowship. On all hands he was welcomed and fêted as the hero of the day. Had he been other than he was he would have run no little risk of being spoilt. But he was of all men most simple-minded and modest; more anxious to return to his cherished schemes of exploration along the Polar shore of the New World than to figure as the lion of the season in London drawing-rooms. Moreover, an important event had occurred to lessen the claims of ordinary society life upon him, for a few months after his return to England he married Miss Eleanor Porden, with whose family he had been for some time acquainted.

Franklin's first marriage was, in one sense, destined to be little more than a passing episode of his life. Within eighteen months of the wedding-day he was left a widower with a little child, and with the remembrance of a more bitter trial than any he had till then been called upon to endure. For, once more, the call to active service had come, and inexorable duty necessitated the parting with one who was even then almost in the throes of death, and whose malady, a rapid consumption, precluded all hope of their meeting again in this world. Six days after her husband's ship had sailed for America Mrs Franklin died. Those were the days of rare and slow communication, and weeks elapsed before the news reached

him. The letters that he wrote to cheer and comfort her in her mortal sickness—written, some of them, when she had been lying for nearly two months in her grave—are among the most touching extracts that we find in Mr Traill's volume.

It was good for him that work, and that of the most active kind, lay before him. Once more, despite the terrible experiences of his former journey, he was to undertake the exploration of the northern coast-line of America, and once more it was decided by the authorities to co-operate by sea. From Icy Cape, near Bering's Strait, where Cook had left off his discoveries, to the mouth of the Coppermine river, where his own had begun, the map was a blank, and this blank it was determined to fill in. The expedition was to be on a very different scale from the former one: the *voyageurs* were to be in part replaced by British sailors, and English-made boats were to supplant the Indian canoes. His companions were all that he could desire. First to volunteer were his old comrades Richardson and Back. Lieutenant Kendall joined as survey officer and Mr Drummond as naturalist, while in Mr Dease, a Hudson's Bay Company's official who ten years later was to make himself celebrated by his wonderful journeys, they found an indefatigable assistant whose local knowledge and experience of the natives were invaluable. The plan of the expedition, as on the first occasion, was left very much to Franklin's own judgment.

As far as Fort Resolution on Great Slave Lake the route followed was the same as that taken on his first journey. But instead of proceeding thence northward in the direction of the Coppermine river, his boats were headed for

the western end of the lake, where the Mackenzie river begins its course. Its rapid current bore them in less than a week to Fort Norman—one of the farthest outposts of the Hudson's Bay Company—which they reached on the 7th August 1825. Here a halt was made, and the future plans of the expedition discussed.

The winter was not yet upon them, and there accordingly remained some time for reconnaissances, of which they were glad to take advantage. Franklin despatched Back and Dease to the north to erect winter quarters at the south-west extremity of Great Bear Lake; while Richardson, at his own request, explored the northern shore of this great inland sea, with the special view of making himself acquainted with the route by which he might return from a survey of the coast of the Arctic Ocean, of which he was to have charge in the ensuing summer. Meanwhile Franklin had set himself a more formidable task—that of descending the Mackenzie to the sea, and returning before winter set in. Fortunately all three designs were carried out without a hitch, and Franklin had the melancholy satisfaction of hoisting at the mouth of the river the silken union-jack which had been worked for him by his dying wife, and which it was her desire that he should not unroll till the Arctic Ocean was reached.

The winter passed without incident, and on the 22d June 1826 the season was considered sufficiently far advanced for the voyage to be resumed. The descent of the Mackenzie was once more safely accomplished, and at its mouth Richardson's party bade adieu to the others, and turning eastward, began their task of surveying the coast-line which lay be-

tween this point and the Coppermine river. With them we have nothing to do, although it is pleasant to be able to record that unbroken success attended them, and that they safely returned to Fort Franklin, as the winter quarters were called, on the 1st September, after surveying 900 miles of coast and completing a journey of more than twice that length. The same good fortune did not favour the other party. It has been said of Franklin that he was one of the few successful men who invariably failed, and fail he certainly did upon this occasion. Constant fog, an obstacle he had met with but twice upon his first land-journey, hindered his progress, as did the great abundance of shore-ice encountered. Little by little, however, the boats fought their way westward, till a distance of nearly 400 miles had been accomplished. Then the order for return had to be reluctantly given, for, though they had less than a fortnight of August left to them, they were not half-way to Icy Cape, the spot where Beechey in the Blossom had arranged to meet them. Thus for the second time Franklin was doomed to disappointment, though he was happily not called upon to face the appalling disaster that overtook him in his first endeavour. The expedition reached its old quarters on Great Bear Lake in good condition before the winter had set in, and Franklin was back in England once more in September 1827, with a running survey of twelve hundred miles of previously unknown coast-line to his credit. His failure, after all, spelt success.

Warmly as he had been welcomed home in 1822, his reception on this occasion was no less gratifying. The Geographical Society of Paris presented him with their

gold medal, and later he became the guest of the Duc d'Orléans. A visit to St Petersburg resulted in his being entertained at dinner by the Emperor, who showed the greatest interest in his voyages; and his own country—though somewhat more tardy in doing him honour—eventually joined in the approbation expressed by Europe by knighting him. In the summer of 1829 the University of Oxford conferred upon him the honorary degree of D.C.L. The old diaries kept by one of his relatives during that "Commem." lie at our elbow, and testify to the wild enthusiasm with which he and Parry—who was accorded a similar honour—were greeted on the occasion. Parry was unmoved by the roar from undergraduate throats; but Franklin, who was evidently unprepared for such a reception, and rather disliked publicity, showed traces of a nervousness which his comrades in the terrible struggle to Fort Enterprise would perhaps scarcely have suspected.

A little packet of letters is in the writer's possession which has escaped the waste-paper basket for three-quarters of a century. They deal with no State secrets, and are penned by no learned hand. Association alone can be pleaded to justify their preservation, for they are merely the letters of two schoolgirls, who can have been but ill educated, for in their day Girton was non-existent and 'The Heavenly Twins' unpublished. Some are addressed "Miss Porden," the others "Miss Griffin, 21 Bedford Place"; and the interest of them lies in the fact that each writer was destined afterwards to become the wife of him of whom we are now writing, but with whom at that time they were apparently not even ac-

quainted. With each, too, a tragedy was connected similar in kind; for in both cases the call of duty brought about a parting which was to be final in this world.

It was not surprising that Franklin on his return should be drawn to the society of one who, like Miss Griffin, had been on terms of intimacy with his wife, and still less, perhaps, that she should have eventually become the latter's successor. Her father, Mr John Griffin, a man of some fortune, was himself an enthusiastic traveller, but he was not, as Mr Traill states, "a solicitor of high standing in his profession," nor indeed in any way connected with the legal profession. A Huguenot by descent—for in spite of its appearance the name is French—his family had for a lengthy period been engaged in that industry by which the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes so enriched England—namely, silk-weaving. His wife, Miss Guille-mard, also came of an old Huguenot family which settled in England at the end of the seventeenth century. One of three beautiful sisters, Miss Griffin's attractions were not confined to what Carlyle has contemptuously termed the "external wrappage of the man." Vivacious, animated, and intelligent—in a word, *alive* to her finger-tips—she had met and known a pretty large proportion of the interesting people of the day, and had travelled extensively with her father in almost every part of Europe. Franklin's choice is not difficult to understand, and that it was a happy one is proved by the *camaraderie* subsisting between them during his lifetime, and the devotion which led her later to spend the greater part of her time and fortune in the solu-

tion of the mystery which surrounded his death.

They were married on the 5th November 1828; and for nearly two years Franklin took a well-earned rest from active service—a rest which was nevertheless not of his own choosing, for he submitted a plan for yet another Arctic expedition, only to find that the Admiralty “did not intend to recommend any more Northern expeditions to his Majesty’s Government.” It was not till the summer of 1830 that congenial employment again offered itself in the shape of the command of H.M.S. *Rainbow*. This time he was called upon to change his rôle of explorer for that of diplomat; for this it was that his command as senior naval officer in Greece during the War of Liberation practically amounted to, in days when a freer hand was given and telegraphs were non-existent. With this period of his life Mr Traill deals at great, and we think quite unnecessary, length; for the affair was of very secondary importance, the incidents of interest rare, and the mass of detail with which we are presented of a more than common dullness. Two things, however, forcibly present themselves to the reader’s mind—the extreme popularity of the *Rainbow*’s captain, and the general happiness and concord which prevailed among all ranks throughout the cruise. One who was then on board as cadet—“volunteer of the first class,” as they were then called—speaks to the same effect in a letter to the present writer:—

“The ship was in first-rate order, having a very smart 1st lieutenant, and I well remember how much respected and beloved was Sir John by all on board. He entertained his officers a good deal at dinner, and his kindness to them as well as his

courtesy of manner much struck my boyish observation. All were happy, and the ship may be said to have been thoroughly ‘comfortable.’ By the sailors she was known as the *Celestial Rainbow*, or Franklin’s *Paradise*.”

In connection with the unfortunate squabble in which he afterwards became mixed up in Tasmania this fact is of interest, as is also his complete success in the far from easy political duties which his command in Greek waters for nearly three years involved. In acknowledgment of his services he was made Knight Commander of the Guelphic Order of Hanover on reaching home, while King Otho of Greece conferred upon him the Cross of the Order of the Redeemer.

We would gladly have welcomed in Mr Traill’s volume a larger number of extracts from Franklin’s own letters, for of these he has given us but few. The subject of a biography often tells his own story best, and though we are not among those who believe that the letters of a man necessarily afford the best clue to his mind and habit of thought, they often reveal phases of character not otherwise evident. Perhaps Mr Traill would plead that Sir John was less interesting as a correspondent than as an explorer. And, indeed, it must be confessed that his letters, so far at least as the writer of these pages is acquainted with them, are abnormally serious, and read as if too much care had been taken to “seek the choice word and measured phrase,” though it must be remembered that this was in great part a marked feature of letters of that period. Those who look for anecdote, too, in Mr Traill’s ‘*Life*’ will meet with disappointment. Disraeli, however, with whose family both

Franklin and his wife were intimate, forms the subject of the following sketch from the latter's pen:—

"Young D'Israeli's follies on board the *Hermes* are of a piece with his and his companions' conduct here two years ago. They are quite a by-word at Corfu, the names of D'Israeli, Clay, and Meredith never being mentioned but to be laughed at. They apologised for being too late for dinner, because the scenery of the island did not enable them to think of such things; accepted with hesitation an invitation to one of the regimental messes, saying it was a *trying* thing to dine at a mess; avowed their utter inability to dine in anything but a large room, and with Sir Frederick Adam, . . . behaved as if they thought their host was a very insignificant person indeed compared with themselves. Mr Clay wore long ringlets down his cheeks, and was dressed in a complete suit of blue lined with velvet, with blue buttons and blue spurs!"

It is more probable, as Mr Traill suggests, that there is a mistake here, and that for Mr Clay Lady Franklin meant to have written Disraeli.

A letter from Disraeli at a much later period, quoted on p. 276, although not in other ways of particular interest, conceals a rather ludicrous incident which that statesman was hardly likely himself to reveal, and which Mr Traill is probably unacquainted with. It mentions the fact of his meeting Sir John's father-in-law on the road between Augsburg and Munich, without further remark. But we have another letter *sous la main* which gives the incident in full. Mr Griffin and his daughter, Lady Simpkinson travelling *voiturier*, and halting to rest the horses at a post-house some hours from Munich, suddenly became aware of "a most disconsolate-looking figure with long

dark curls, leaning dejectedly against one of the pillars of the porch." It was Disraeli on his wedding tour! The sight of his friends aroused him sufficiently to enable him to disclose his tale of woe. Either owing to the charms of his bride or the monotony of the scenery he had failed to recognise the fact that for some hours he had been *retracing his steps* instead of proceeding in the direction of Innsbruck as he had intended, and had reached the post-house only to find no horses available for his return. The joke lost nothing, moreover, by the additional fact that they had every reason to suppose that the mistake had taken place in duplicate, and that another couple, desirous of reaching Augsburg, were at that moment speeding on their return journey to Innsbruck! Our letter does not relate the further adventures of the unlucky travellers.

That the period of idleness which fell to Franklin's lot at the completion of his service in Greece was irksome to him it hardly needs the evidence of his letters to show. During his commission the Government had again revived their designs of Arctic exploration, and though it was only natural that in his absence the command of the expedition—which had in view the survey of the N.E. portion of North America—should be given to Back, his letters evince the fear that he might be dropping out of the ranks as far as Arctic work was concerned. "We may rest assured," he writes, "that there will be no more land-journey after Back's return." But though his forecast was in this respect incorrect, and though the latter navigator's success in his discovery of the Great Fish River led again to an Arctic commission,

the Government ceased for a time their work in this direction, and it became evident that if Franklin sought employment at all, it must be of another kind. It was at this juncture that Lord Glenelg offered him the Governorship of Antigua, proceeding in thoroughly characteristic official fashion, as Mr Traill puts it, "to ascertain what was the most unimportant post that the aforesaid distinguished officer could be prevailed upon to accept." But Franklin, though modest enough by nature, on learning that it was only a subordinate post, and that he would not be responsible directly to the Colonial Office, recognised that there were occasions upon which it was no *sin se faire valoir*, and declined. His refusal was characteristically sailor-like. "I told him," he writes to his wife, describing his interview with Lord Glenelg, "that it seemed to me little more than being 1st lieutenant of a ship of the line."

That he was wise in refusing there could be no doubt, for within a fortnight he was offered the Governorship of Tasmania, a post of such importance that, however much he might have preferred an Arctic command, he could not do otherwise than accept it. In January 1837 he landed with his family at Hobart, and commenced his duties.

Hitherto Franklin's lines had on the whole been cast in pleasant places. Privation, indeed, he had known in its direst form, and suffering such as needed the extremest fortitude of a brave man to endure; but he had always been at peace with his fellow-men. We have seen how beloved he was on the *Rainbow* with officers and men alike, and this power of gaining the affection of his comrades seems to have been one of the most

marked features of his character. One of that enviable class whose fortune it is to be without enemies, he had had little experience even of the lesser but perhaps more trying evil of an uncongenial and cantankerous coadjutor. This was to be his portion, however, in Tasmania, and there is no doubt that his six years' reign in that colony must always have been remembered by him as the most distasteful period of his life.

It is not necessary to dwell upon the history of these unfortunate squabbles, and it is to be regretted, we think, that Mr Traill should have devoted such an inordinate array of pages to them; for in the public mind no odium ever attached to Franklin, and no question of clearing his character therefore presents itself. Captain Mackonochie, the Governor's private secretary, was a person with "humanitarian views" upon the subject of convicts, who combined with his duties the representation of an English society "for the improvement of penal discipline." Mr Montagu, the Colonial Secretary, was what is termed in sailor-language a sea-lawyer, and was not above secretly using the colonial Press in disloyal depreciation of his chief. Franklin was a man who regarded loyalty and obedience—not only in the letter but the spirit—as his unquestionable due. Add to these factors the existence of the bitterest and most acrimonious dissensions in smaller official circles, and a Press unrivalled for its scurrility, and we have all the necessary ingredients, it must be owned, for a quarrel of the first class. Such a quarrel, in fact, occurred. Captain Mackonochie found employment elsewhere, and Mr Montagu was suspended from office, but against the enmity of Lord Stan-

ley Franklin had no remedy. Upon whichever side the right may have been, it is certain that the treatment he received at the hands of the Colonial Office was not only unjust, but unheard of. He was superseded by Sir Eardley Wilmot, who arrived, totally unexpectedly, by the same ship that brought out the despatch acquainting Franklin for the first time of his supersession. Mr Traill remarks that, though Lord Stanley did many remarkable things in his life besides taking his famous political "leap in the dark," one may well doubt whether he ever rivalled the feat of appointing a Colonial Governor to fill a chair which had not yet been vacated :—

"It was a supersession of the occupant in the strictest etymological sense—a supersession in the sense in which the Archbishop of York understood the word when, in the famous medieval struggle between the northern and southern archiepiscopates for precedence, he asserted his claim to the place of honour on the right of the sovereign by the direct method of seating himself on his brother of Canterbury's lap."

It is not astonishing that Franklin felt deeply hurt. The ill-will that his subordinates bore him, however, brought about a result they were not likely to have foreseen. A letter from Eleanor Franklin, in the writer's collection, which may be quoted here, testifies to the hearty sympathy accorded by the people to their Governor on his departure.

"These calumnies," she writes, "have only served to increase the attachment and affection of the colonists. This has been strongly apparent since papa resigned the government; indeed, nothing can exceed the courtesy and respect which has been shown him within the last three

months, and many persons who have been in other colonies have said that never was a Governor more beloved, and whose departure was more deeply deplored. The whole town turned out to accompany him to the vessel. Never, it is said, has there been a larger concourse in the island."

Nor is this merely the *ex parte* statement of a devoted daughter, as is evident from the shoals of letters and addresses which poured in from every class of society.

Among all these worries and trials of official life, one incident occurred which must have cheered Franklin on his path and revived with double strength all his longings for a return to his work of Polar exploration—the visit of Ross to Hobart on his ever-memorable Antarctic voyage in the *Erebus* and *Terror*; the very ships which, under Franklin's command, were destined for so melancholy a fate at the northern Pole. We cannot forbear the quotation here of a most pathetic passage in Mr Traill's book :—

"It was singular enough that the *Erebus* and *Terror*, these two companion vessels which had done so much, and were destined to do yet more battle with the Arctic ice, should have been selected for a service which brought them, at the other Pole of the world, into such close contact with the last commander the *Erebus* was ever to have; but this strange accident was to be yet more strikingly emphasised. During the sojourn of the explorers at the port of Hobart Town, the hospitalities customary in such cases were exchanged between ships and shore, and among the Franklin papers of the year 1841 is still preserved one of those usually 'trivial, fond records' of past festivities to which later events have lent a pathetic significance. It is the invitation card to a ball which was given on board the *Erebus* by the officers of that ship and of the *Terror*, and which the Government House party duly honoured with their presence.

Virgil himself could have asked for no more grimly ironic commentary on his apostrophe of the

'Nescia mens hominum fati sortisque futuræ!'

than this light-hearted meeting of Crozier and Franklin, host and guest, on the deck of the doomed vessel which five years later was to bear the elder and accompany the younger to their Arctic grave, and to leave her own stout timbers, so gaily trodden throughout that warm southern night by the tripping feet of the dancers, to be slowly crushed in the cruel clutch of the ice-pack amid the iron fastnesses of the Pole."

Arriving in London in May 1844, sick of civil work and all connected with it, and hungering only to find a rest for his foot on his own quarter-deck, Franklin, it may be presumed, would have jumped at almost any command. It so happened that the very thing above all others that he desired presented itself. In his absence many additions had been made to the knowledge of the northern seaboard of America. Dease and Simpson had filled in the two gaps that had remained unknown at the east and west of his own explorations, and the coast was now mapped from Bering's Strait to long. 95° W. But Parry had already overlapped this meridian, though in higher latitudes, having sailed into Melville Sound through Lancaster Sound and Barrow Strait. All that was wanted, then, to connect the two and prove the existence of a North-West Passage, was a north and south channel of some 300 miles in length, and the existence of this it was the great desire of Sir John Barrow — still Secretary at the Admiralty — to prove. An attempt at the solution of the problem was accordingly resolved on, and Franklin was formally re-

quested to report and advise upon the projected expedition. It ended in his being offered the command.

We may imagine with what joy he accepted it. "Have you thought seriously of the nature of the undertaking at your age—for, you know, you are fifty-nine?" asked Lord Haddington of him. "No, not quite," was the instant reply, ignoring the question; but Franklin might as truthfully have said that, so far as his feelings were concerned, he was but half that age. Indeed, those who saw him after his appointment remarked upon the rejuvenating effect it had had upon him—"he looked ten years younger," it was said. He had need of all his youth and energy, however, for the amount of work to be accomplished before the departure of the ships was enormous. How in addition to this he found time for the voluminous letters belonging to this period, of which Mr Traill gives several, is a matter for wonder. It affords, as our author remarks, most striking testimony to his extraordinary energy. But even he must have been glad when, on that May morning in 1845, the Erebus and Terror slowly dropped down the river from Greenhithe, and the voyage began—that voyage from which he was never to return.

The story of this, the great romance of Arctic navigation, has often been told, but familiar though it may be, we can still re-read it. Mr Traill has, of course, nothing to add to it—it is scarcely likely now that anything ever will be added to it—but he puts freshly and clearly before us all that is known. As we turn over his pages its details come back vividly enough to our memories, and we catch ourselves wondering at the paucity of them,

for to this day we know only the broadest outlines of what happened. We know that the vessels passed through Lancaster Sound and Barrow Strait in the summer of 1845, and, since they then explored Wellington Channel and circumnavigated Cornwallis Island instead of proceeding southward as intended, we assume that they found this latter course impossible on account of the ice. We know that, after wintering in Beechey Island, the voyage was resumed, that Peel Strait and Franklin Strait were happily passed, and that a position was reached which must have caused every man to feel that the object of their mission was within grasp. Then, with merciless irony, the ice-pack had them in its clutch, and their hopes slowly withered, to give place to a doubt which two protracted years of suffering inaction converted to despair. Of the final end we have no record. Only, along the shores of King William Land, long years afterwards, M'Clintock's search-parties found the line of skeletons and boats, and learnt from the Eskimo of the feeble band of white men who, struggling southward, "fell down and died as they walked along." Where the last man perished and the deserted Erebus and Terror left their bones we shall never know. One thing alone relieves the gloom of the story—Franklin had passed to his rest before that ghastly retreat began.

Of the numerous search expeditions to which the tragedy gave rise we have in the volume a tolerably comprehensive account. This is as it should be. If we had to find fault with Mr Traill it would be, as we have already hinted, upon the score of allotting far too large a portion of his book to the

trivial politics of the Rainbow's commission, and to the teacup storm in Tasmania, which rages over fourscore pages, while Franklin's Arctic land-journeys suffer a severe and inexplicable curtailment. In this connection we cannot do better than quote a passage from a letter of Lady Franklin to her husband. "The interest—I may say celebrity—attaching to your name," she writes, "belong to the expeditions, and would never have been acquired by the career you have run, however fair and creditable, in the ordinary line of your profession;" and this truth, so justly realised by one who knew him best, would have been better expressed by a different apportioning of the biographer's material. That Mr Traill is apt to omit the *provenance* of quoted passages and the dates of letters, and adheres to the common misspelling of Berling's name, are perhaps trivial faults; but we can hardly class as such a blemish which we have found on more than one occasion. In his Preface he mentions the "important and indeed invaluable help which has been derived from the able and exhaustive monograph on Franklin contributed to the 'World's Great Explorers' series by Admiral A. H. Markham." But this scarcely justifies the adoption of paragraphs from that work without quotation marks, yet only altered here and there by the addition or elimination of a word or two, or the turning of a phrase. Mr Traill has too good a reputation to render such a proceeding either necessary or advisable.

As we lay down the volume the character of the man whose stirring life it sketches takes definite shape in our mind. In one respect the world at large has, perhaps, inaccurately gauged it. To the

mystery which for so many years surrounded his fate Franklin without doubt chiefly owes his fame; and, after this, to his first land-journey, where the sufferings and privations endured reached their extremest limit. Combined, these have stamped him in the popular mind as a great Arctic explorer, as one whose knowledge of that region and the methods of travel peculiar to it were at that time unsurpassed, whose opinion and counsel in these matters it were well always to appeal to. But, making every allowance for the inexperience, the lack of appliances, and the difficulty of the food-supply in those days, it has always seemed to us that, so far as regards his practice of the art of travel, Franklin should be rated below most of his contemporaries; and the very two expeditions which have just been instanced as making him famous stand more or less in proof of it, as does also an incident in Tasmania in which the Government House party, lost in the bush, were within measurable distance of death from starvation. Possessed, indubitably, of pluck, daring, and power of endurance in no ordinary degree, Franklin at the same time appears seldom to have foreseen difficulties, and to have been almost culpably careless about his commissariat. It is a good thing never to say die, but it is also advisable to have a shot in the locker.

But if, as in this case, the worst accusation we can bring against a man is that he does not in all respects satisfy our ideal of what a good traveller should be, surely "thus to be dispraised were no small praise." In Franklin, it may be truly said, were united the best qualities of a sailor. Simple-

minded, unspoilt, unselfish, deeply religious, with the straightforward and older-fashioned religion which held by deeds rather than words, and by works rather than the hair-splittings of creeds,—his was pre-eminently a lovable nature. That this was so is shown in a thousand ways—the instant readiness of his old comrades to join him in fresh expeditions, the affection with which all his officers write of him, and the devotion of his men. Richardson, in his narrative, naming Franklin Bay after his leader, speaks with the warmest enthusiasm of "the gratitude and attachment to our late commanding officer which will animate our breasts to the latest period of our lives," and of "the hold he acquires upon the affections of those under his command by a continued series of the most conciliatory attentions to their feelings." It was this constant consideration for others which won the hearts of all with whom he had to do. A letter in the writer's possession shows that this was no mere outcome of good nature, but was rather regarded by him as part of his daily duty. "That mind," he writes, in the quaintly stiff phraseology of his time, "appears to me the best regulated which, being disposed to pay every possible respect to rank and station in society when the persons duly exercise their trust, can yet look with pleasure and cordiality on every member of society who creditably fills his station." This, then, was one of Franklin's aims, and in part the secret of his success. Whether he was or was not a great navigator matters little. It is sufficient that he died, as Gordon died, one of the most loved of England's heroes.

MONARCH OR MONK? A LEGEND OF TOMSK.

TOMSK town, which with its five-and-forty thousand souls still ranks as second in all Siberia, lies in a province of the same name, the most populous after Tobolsk. It may, in truth, be called a gold-born township, for before 1830 it was little more than a Siberian village. But, in addition to the discovery of gold in the vicinity about that date, it owes much of its importance to its position on the great highroad that unites the East and West. After eight weary days on a river-boat from Tiumen, or half as many in a tarantass from Krasnoyarsk, men gather hope when suddenly Tomsk bursts upon their view. Part of the town is built on the edge of a high plateau, which, extending from the foot of the Altai Mountains in the south, somewhat abruptly descends about this latitude to the lowlands of the Ob, that are in turn continuous with the treacherous tundra¹ of the north. Part also is situated on the plain below, wedged in between the right bank of the river Tom, a tributary of the Ob, and the bold bluff above. So, in approaching the town from the East, the traveller is unaware of its existence until he wellnigh reaches the broken brink of the higher level; and it is this half, too, with its statelier buildings, that first attracts the notice of the river-voyager.

The road from the south affords the same pleasant surprise, for it is only when one stands on the left bank of the Tom, awaiting the paddle ferry-boat of three horse-

power, that one becomes aware of the presence of human habitations. After gaining the other side, the traveller passes between two brick pillars, each surmounted by the imperial eagle. These mark the entrance to the town, as also the beginning of a long broad street (if the rough and deeply rutted thoroughfare can be dignified with such a name) that traverses the lower quarter with a continual though gradual ascent. Here the appearance of the buildings still resembles that of a Siberian village, for they consist of two rows of decrepit shanties, each with its little yard enclosed by more or less of a high wooden paling. Sometimes these squalid tenements lack the power of even standing squarely on their foundations by the roadside,—probably because they have none. But as you penetrate farther, by degrees all this is left behind, till at one sharp steep bend you pass into the upper terrace, and soon find yourself in the central square, in the middle of which stands the massive white Troitsa Cathedral, with its golden bulbous dome attended by four cupolas reflecting a pale-blue tint. Opposite its main entrance is the long white Government building, at one corner of which is the artistic little residence of the Governor. Tomsk is a strangely unequal town in every sense of the word, for not only is it built on many different levels, but habitations glorious and mean contrive to set off one another even in the more aristocratic parts. Towards the north side the irregu-

¹ The belt of land that skirts the Arctic Ocean, swampy and treeless for the greater part, and extending inland for a distance that varies from 150 to 400 miles.

larity in level necessarily becomes more noticeable. The highest knoll has been secured in the interests of the town: from it rises the watch-tower that surmounts the fire-station. Pacing round the summit of the tower a fireman keeps ceaseless watch, and warns the inhabitants of the time of day by sounding out the hours on a harsh-toned bell. Here also one used to find a hotel, where the lodger who took a room had to content himself with an iron bedstead, mattress, table, and chair. But better days have dawned, and a new establishment opened last summer will satisfy the desponding traveller who imagines that he has left all comfort west of the Urals.

Tomsk has a certain charm. It is not the dull sleepy place that one could well imagine it to be. Its noblest edifices command attention; it is the centre of a pretty considerable local trade—*e.g.*, as it is the starting-point of the great post-road across Siberia, thousands of tarantasses and other vehicles are built there yearly; and it has "sights" of a very varied order. Be the traveller a physician, he will not regret a visit to the hospital. Be he interested in penology, Tomsk boasts of three prisons. If educational matters attract him, he will find some thirty schools, illustrating a great diversity of principles. These, with the magnificent university opened in 1888, bid fair to make Tomsk the intellectual centre of Siberia. The University lies on the outskirts of the town. The noble structure stands off the road in a garden, through which run avenues and footpaths. Beside it is the Arboretum, where most of the labour is performed by women. The Observatory peers above the multitude of shrubs and trees that

through the Gardens; from it one gets a charming view of the surrounding country. The University consists of but a single faculty—medicine—and of its 400 students only some 30 per cent are Siberians. The others come from the outlying districts of European Russia, and even, it is said, from the Caucasus. But its *pièce de résistance* is the Library, which is second only to that of St Petersburg. Its nucleus consists of the private collection of Count Stroganoff, which contains amongst other rarities a very early illustrated edition of Luther's Bible, bearing the date 1565, a first edition of 'Daphnis and Chloe,' and a valuable assortment of painted designs of exquisite workmanship from the private collection of Louis XVI., which show evidence of having come originally from the Vatican at Rome. There is also a very fair Archæological Museum, with a startling array of antiquities that he must first explain away who would deny that Siberia too has had her Stone, her Bronze, and her Iron Age. Moreover, it was only in March of last year that Professor Kastchenko discovered near the town some split mammoth bones. As he also found close at hand fragments of charred wood, he almost seems to be justified in asserting that this is not the work of natural forces, but of man desirous to obtain the marrow. Thus he interestingly suggests the probable contemporaneity of man with *Elephas primigenius* in these northerly latitudes.

If the visitor has yet failed to discover anything that will arrest his attention, he can at least drive about a town where the *isvostchiks* take fourpence for a course, even if it be over what are nothing more than badly kept country roads.

Perhaps he will notice how, in the construction of a house, women bring up the carts laden with bricks, and transfer them thence on broad four-handled trays to the men, who do the building proper. Or maybe, if it is towards evening, he will pass a gang of convicts returning to the local prison after a day's work in the town, chatting pleasantly with the two or three warders, who, armed merely with revolvers, have been in charge of them. But woe to the traveller if he venture out to walk by night, for the uncertain gleam from the electric lamps does little to reveal the insecure and dangerous wooden pavement, whose planks have been surreptitiously removed at many points to serve an infinity of purposes, from use as firewood to repairing crippled roofs.

Nor will the environment of Tomsk allure the stranger much. The landing-stage on the river is at a distance of three versts from the town, and the road thither (which is on a par with everything of that description in the district) strikes across an arid plain. There also the new railway-station is built, on a piece of ground granted by a majority of the town councillors, to the great inconvenience of themselves and their fellow-citizens.

But it will only be a chance if you now learn that you have not seen everything. For Tomsk has still one other choice possession, and her populace regard it with reverent eyes. Indeed they do not care to include it among the "sights" of their town; they love it, treasure it, almost conceal it. If, however, you ask some pensive *droshky* driver who has drawn up by the side of the road (for there are no stands, and the *isvostchiks* take up a position where they choose) to bear you to

"Alexander's House," the prospect of his modest fare of twenty kopecks tends to shake his once firm resolution that he at least will conduct no stranger to gaze with unhallowed eyes on Tomsk's most holy memory, and, although somewhat reluctantly, he finally yields the point. Quickly our driver sought out the *Monasterevskaya*, and stopped at the courtyard entrance of what was an imposing house. We got out and entered the yard, which was a scene of great activity. Some men were carrying boxes and bales from the house to carts in which stood sturdy draught-horses, while others were lading them. Numerous store-houses and small sheds were built irregularly round the yard, and the house of the merchant Khromoff still seemed to be the centre of some form of business. The court extended to the back of the house, where the out-houses partook more of the nature of stables and cart-sheds. When once you have reached the rear of the main building, you observe on its other side a square plot of ground corresponding to the courtyard. This probably once formed a pleasure-garden, but is now like unto the garden of the sluggard. At least from what one can see through the tall black paling that now surrounds this sacred spot, one would imagine that no tidying hand had touched it for many years. The grass grows rankly on what was once a lawn. The paths are buried under a wild waste of weeds. Some dark dejected spruces serve to increase the gloom.

A woman soon appeared from a backdoor of the house, and, opening a padlocked gate in the paling, allowed us to enter the enclosure. She led the way to a corner of the square, where in the shade of a brooding conifer stood what seemed

to be a very open wooden hut. Closer inspection disclosed, however, that what had appeared to be "Alexander's House" was not so in reality, but was merely a protecting shed: the real thing lay inside. The outward covering had not struck one as being of any size; but this quaint domicile beneath, this *maisonette*, how insignificant, how humble!

Our guide entered, devoutly crossing herself. The door was apparently left open without fear,—no one could enter but by that padlocked gate, and the hut was well protected by its ample case. One stooped in crossing the threshold, which lay on the left of the front exposure as you face the house, and thereafter became aware of a short passage that ended to all appearance in a recess. But off the right there opened the single chamber of this house,—the home of him whose memory is still revered.

A window not two feet square admits through its dull glass what rays of light can penetrate the thick branches of the surrounding trees and bend under the eaves of the protecting edifice. In the corner immediately to the left of the door is the whitewashed brick stove, along a wing of which is placed a plank-bed with pillow to match. This is so arranged that the head is next the wall, and is of such a breadth that it takes up almost all the spare room between the stove proper and the door. From the free end of the stove to the opposite wall extends a shelf, now crowded with relics of the former resident. On it you may see some sacred literature, the cowl and garments of an anchorite, cooking utensils of the simplest quality—china cups, a metal teapot curiously enough, and a spoon. The wall above the bench is hid-

den by numerous portraits of the great monarch Alexander I., whom one imagines to have been, perhaps, the special hero of the late occupant of this room, or, as is more likely, the reigning monarch of his time. But these pictures differ from those in any ordinary Russian house in this, that they represent the Emperor at different periods of his life. The apparent design of this hero-worshipper has been to collect as complete a series as possible of the object of his adoration. One sketch supposed to represent the monarch in death is particularly striking, and you wonder why there is placed alongside of it the picture of an older man also in his last long sleep; and as you gaze at the two, you almost fancy that you see a resemblance. But this is absurd.

The wall opposite the door is now a mass of ikons and sacred pictures, but these are later accretions. An altar stands against the wall, and serves as the depository for another group of ikons, amongst which are dispersed candlesticks with dimly burning tapers, while a lamp faintly but steadily illumines the regular ikon in one of the far corners of the room. In the opposite corner by the window a censer hangs, and the musty odour of incense pervades the cheerless chamber. On the fourth wall, between the window and the door, are disposed prints and lithographs of a white haired and bearded old man, dressed in a loose single garment to which the modern dressing-gown best corresponds. He holds one hand across his narrow chest, and has shoved the other carelessly into the hempen belt that gathers his mantle about him. Beneath one of the portraits is the inscription, "The Bondservant of God, the old man Theodore

Kuzmitch, who passed a hermit life in Tomsk, and died in 1864 in the cell of Khromoff."

Such is the little house that the Tomsk people consider to be one of their chiefest possessions. For the history of the mysterious being for whose sake they venerate it we are most indebted to his patron the merchant Khromoff, who built the cell for him, and to whom alone was at first revealed the secret of his life. In the following account, which is largely drawn from an abstract of Khromoff's memoirs, some of the leading features in this extraordinary story are briefly stated.

Somewhere in the "thirties" an old man appeared in the town of Tomsk. He had come from European Russia with a prisoner band, having been sentenced to exile in Siberia for vagrancy by the court of a small town in the Government of Perm. After a short stay in the Forwarding Prison at Tomsk, he was conducted to the village of Zertzal, in the Government of Tomsk, as his place of residence. On settlement he gave very little satisfaction to all eager inquiries about his past, merely stating that he had received twenty strokes with the *plet* for vagrancy, and giving as name the commonplace appellation of Theodore Kuzmitch. In outward appearance he was of high stature, while his years might have been put down at sixty. Add to this that he had a noble carriage, could with all truthfulness be styled good-looking, and ever spoke in a quiet sedate manner, so that from the first his peasant neighbours felt bound to treat him with marked respect. His general bearing and manner of conversation proclaimed him to be an educated man, and notwithstand-

ing the simplicity of his life and speech, it was evident that he was not a man of common origin.

Amongst his fellow-villagers was a convict who had reached the stage of a "free-command," and was employed in Government works there. Old Theodore took an interest in him, and, desiring company, shared his hut with this fierce creature. The following year the peasantry roused themselves and built a log cabin for him, in which he lived for over eleven years a life of self-effacement, with a bare subsistence on bread and water. He would, however, make occasional excursions to the neighbouring villages, where it was his peculiar pleasure to gather the children round him and teach them their letters. Latterly, on the invitation of a peasant named Latisheff, he left Zertzal and took up residence in Krasnorjetchinsk, the village of his host, who erected a special hut for him, which he occupied in winter, while in summer he passed his time in the woods beside the wood-cutters. His private property merely included the clothes on his back and a few sacred books.

It was in the year 1858 that, at the invitation of the merchant Khromoff, Kuzmitch passed a winter on his farm, about four versts out of Tomsk. Ultimately Khromoff built for him the little domain described above in a corner of his garden, where his guest spent the greater part of the last years of his life in prayer and fasting.

The kind-hearted merchant had first made the acquaintance of Kuzmitch in 1852. His curiosity had been aroused by the tales which a friend recounted to him about the aged hermit, and having occasion to pass through the village of Krasnorjetchinsk, he re-

solved to seek him out. This was in the summer-time, and Kuzmitch was as usual with the wood-fellers, sharing a modest little home with his peasant host. Their dwelling was situated at a distance of two versts from the village that formed the centre of operations for those who were at work, and it lay on the bank of a rivulet. Khromoff relates how he arrived at the cell, made the sign of the cross, and entered, as the door stood open. He saluted the white-haired inmate, who, in true Russian style, demanded of him whence he had come and whither he was bound. "I come from Tomsk, and go to Yeneseisk on matters connected with gold-mining," answered the merchant. To his surprise his interrogator would not let the subject drop, but talked long on the gold industry, finally exclaiming, "Vainly you are occupied with the gold industry, for without it God will sustain you." Khromoff was fascinated by his new acquaintance, and used to pay him a short visit each time he passed that way. But on whatever themes they discoursed—and they were varied—the old man always returned to this maxim, "Do not endeavour to discover the mines; thou hast enough, and Another will provide."

In 1859, while resident on Khromoff's country estate, Kuzmitch took seriously ill, and his host, thinking that it was high time he learned something about his mysterious guest, asked him on several occasions if he would not disclose his identity. But the reply, if continually the same, was at least decided: "No; that cannot be revealed—never."

His illness was of a somewhat serious nature, and it was with great difficulty that those who were anxious about him could per-

suade him to take anything beyond his accustomed bread and water. Khromoff remarks how during this time he observed that the knees of the anchorite were covered with excrescences, the result of persistence in a kneeling posture during prayer, and it was difficult to know to what extent he suffered, as he kept so very much to himself. He exercised great care in the selection of his visitors, and when later he was restored to some measure of health, he never left his cell except to enter a church. If he ever referred to his vagrant life or journey to Siberia, it was only to speak in the kindest terms of his fellow-prisoners, as also to eulogise the treatment that he had received at the hands of the convoy soldiers, and in short from all who had had anything to do with him. It seems that he now removed for a change to a Cossack village not far off, and lived in the house of one of the inhabitants. He had, however, a renewal of his old trouble, and not being perfectly happy in his new quarters, was quite ready, even in his weak state of health, to accept an invitation from Khromoff to stay with him in Tomsk. Knowing how matters stood, the worthy merchant went himself to bring his friend to town: this was in 1863. Kuzmitch, fearing that there might be some well-intentioned effort made to keep him in the Cossack village, resolved not to disclose his plan of leaving till the last moment, when he engaged in quiet conversation with his host, and explained to him very shortly the reasons for his sudden departure. This device was successful, and during the time spent in arranging him and Khromoff comfortably in the latter's tarantass, the whole village came out to see him off. In return Kuzmitch

merely said, "I thank you all for everything you have done for me."

The journey was taken slowly, and it was only after a couple of days that the party eventually arrived at their destination. Khromoff, who was much affected by the low state of his friend's health, desired to pass the first night with him in the little wooden house which he had prepared for him. He relates that the old man spent much of the night in prayer, and that he could repeatedly catch the words, "I thank Thee." He was roused at 5 A.M. by the patient, who said that he felt better, adding that the cause of the improvement was a vision that he had seen in the night-watches. His look seemed to be keener and his conversation brighter, and Khromoff hoped that perhaps he might still live. On the morning of the 20th January, as Khromoff was leaving for his business, he asked that the old man would bless him. "Nay, rather," said he, "bless me." In the course of the day the merchant ran over several times from his office, but did not speak much with Kuzmitch, who was lying on his hard bed, with his face to the stove. In the afternoon Khromoff had occasion to go a short distance out of town on some business affair, but was soon hastily summoned by his nephew, who reported that the aged sufferer had suddenly become worse, and might at any moment pass away. Khromoff returned home at once, and on arrival found the little cell crowded with anxious friends who had come to make inquiries, having heard of the serious turn matters had taken. Kuzmitch was tossing restlessly about, now lying on one side, now on the other, but saying nothing. Khromoff's wife sat by him, power-

less to give relief. He suffered, like an infant, in silence, and his only action was to continually make the sign of the cross.

About 9 P.M. the visitors departed, and Khromoff was left alone with the old man. He asked to be raised in his bed. He sat up for a little, but evidently had not strength for the exertion, for he fell back, and requested to be laid on his left side. He lay for a little while in this posture, and then suddenly turned on his back. Khromoff noticed a distinct change in his eyes, and sent for wax-candles, for the end was not far off. Kuzmitch once again asked his benefactor to lay him on his right side, and for a moment he seemed to find satisfaction in weakly clasping the merchant's hand. Then came a short sharp struggle with the last enemy, a single long-drawn sigh, and Khromoff was left alone. "Quietly and peacefully, without a moan, died the servant of God; his right hand grasped a crucifix, and his left hand lay upon it. We wept for our father, the man of prayer and our instructor, and then proceeded to prepare his body for interment." So runs the unvarnished narrative.

We learn also that they dressed the body in a "new white shirt," but did not employ that upper garment already described as having a resemblance to a dressing-gown, and for this reason. While Theodore was still alive, Madame Khromoff once asked him in the simplicity of her heart, with reference to his usual attire, "Father, in the event of death, shalt thou be clothed in that black dressing-gown?" "Nay," he replied; "I am no monk." And Khromoff carried out his wish the more readily, as he well knew the surpassing humility of his strange guest.

"Friend," he had said to him once, "I am not great." These two incidents have their interest, in that they are two of the few instances on which Kuzmitch ever referred to himself.

His body was carefully deposited in a chaste coffin of cedar-wood, and, by his wish, his grave is in the monastery at Tomsk. There was a large assemblage gathered on the 23d January to witness the last rites and to do honour to this well-loved saint. The Archimandrite addressed a few words to the crowd, in which he briefly alluded to the suffering life of their late friend, as also to his travels, for this side of the old man's life had exercised a strong fascination over the populace.

It seems, then, that with one important exception Theodore Kuzmitch, as he chose to call himself, spoke to no one on the subject of his origin, nor ever dropped hints as to his identity, except occasionally of a negative kind. It was his secret, and it almost seemed as if he would carry it with him to the grave. On one occasion, Madame Khromoff, somewhat exasperated at his reticence on this topic, said, "Father dear, disclose to me at least the name of thy guardian angel." "That God knows," was his quiet reply, and more than this he would confide to no one.

It was only natural that round the story of the life of such an unusual personage should cluster a tangled growth of fanciful and far-fetched tales. He was popularly credited with a marvellous power of foresight, which was probably nothing more, as is often the case, than deep insight into character. Thus they say in all simplicity that on one occasion a priest named Israel, who was formerly attached to the Cathedral of Archangel, desired to see the old man while yet he was with

Latishoff at Krasnorjetchinsk. He reached their humble home towards evening, and without any ceremony stepped into Kuzmitch's room, crossed himself, and proceeded to salute him. The startled occupant, still sitting on a bench, briefly made answer, "Good day, Father Israel," and this "when as yet he had not heard of him or his arrival, or named his name." A similar story is told of him, on the occasion of a visit which he received from a priest who belonged to Krasnoyarsk. They are probably the same incident, with merely a difference in the name. The best instances of Kuzmitch's remarkable perspicacity are, however, related in connection with private interviews that he had with people who went to consult him when in difficulty. This makes it the more probable that he was gifted with a very remarkable power of observation and insight into character rather than with any supernatural power such as the average Russian is so ready to believe in. There was in particular one woman, a Government official, who resided for some time in Krasnorjetchinsk, and who used to call on him frequently to ask his blessing on any new projects she was about to undertake. She recounts how he often seemed to foresee her wants, and sometimes gave her advice in epigrammatic sayings.

Another somewhat extreme episode is to the effect that Khromoff, intending to visit Kuzmitch on one particular occasion when passing through Krasnorjetchinsk on his way to the mines, suggested to his wife, who was to accompany him, that she should take a linen shirt of the finest quality as a gift for the old man. But she considered that it would be better to supply him with a garment of some thicker material, and

so took a coarser woollen article. To her surprise, when making the presentation, she was reminded by the aged recipient that her husband's wish had been that she should provide for him a shirt of fine linen, and that therefore she ought to have accomplished his desire. "But," he added, "for me, who am now a vagrant, what you have given is more than meet."

Again, in the year 1867, Khromoff happened to call on a brother merchant in Moscow, and in the course of conversation began to talk about this strange individual. The man whom he was visiting said that when he was in business in Krasnoyarsk, he had called on Kuzmitch, who confronted him with these extraordinary words, "Why didst thou take that copper money? it was not for thee." "And," confessed the Siberian trader, "I did verily on one occasion lay hands on money that was not mine, but you may be sure that no one knew about it!"

One of the many visitors to the cell in Khromoff's garden was a highly respected lady member of the community in Tomsk. According to her own account, she once omitted to make the sign of the cross on entering Kuzmitch's cell, when he addressed her thus: "And tell me, lady, which Tzar honourest thou the more, the worldly or the heavenly?" Taken much aback, she replied, "Dear father, the heavenly." Upon this he answered, "How is it that thou didst not do honour to the heavenly Tzar; thou camest and didst not pray." And much more he spoke to her in a similar strain. Another time she took her young daughter to see him, and the aged hermit turning to the mother said, "See, beloved, this little bird will ultimately grow to feed and shelter thee." Later the girl was

sent to the Irkutsk Institute to be educated, which she only left to be married to a naval officer serving in the Amur province. "And," says the chronicler, "in 1871 there arrived in Tomsk this young damsel and her husband, and she took her mother back to live with her, and so was fulfilled the prophecy of the old man Theodore Kuzmitch."

Two other sayings of his may be recorded. He showed intimate knowledge of all matters connected with the State, and frequently discussed political questions. He was once heard to remark, "But the beloved imperial service is not without its needs;" and once again, more significantly, "The house of Romanoff is firmly rooted, and deep are its roots."

Who was this mysterious saint, this reader of men's thoughts, this prophet, this unknown personage without beginning of days? There are some people who know or think that they know everything, and the Tomsk populace will tell you without any hesitation that he was none other than Alexander I. This is the creed of all Siberia as to that strange individual. And so the people call his cell "Alexander's House," have covered its walls with portraits of the Emperor (and now you do not wonder that you see a resemblance between him and Theodore Kuzmitch), and venerate the relics of the departed great in the manner that only Russians can. Khromoff himself is mainly responsible for this belief, for he has declared that shortly before death the self-named Theodore Kuzmitch gave him papers showing clearly that he was none other than his Emperor: these papers Khromoff took back to St Petersburg with him. It has been the lot of almost every Russian Emperor to have it said

of him that he did not die according to official bulletin; but for those who love this sort of mystery a better case can hardly be made out than in the instance of Alexander I.

Born in the year 1777, a son of Paul by his marriage with Maria of Wurtemberg, he soon showed himself to be possessed of a mind of his own. He received a liberal education at the hands of his grandmother, the Empress Catherine, with the assistance of foreign tutors. In the year 1793 he married Elizabeth of Baden, and was called to succeed his father on the throne in 1801. At first everything augured well. The charitable young ruler commenced his reign by a series of generous reforms, that were especially welcome after the somewhat austere rule of his father. The country was again opened up to foreigners, and permission to travel abroad was granted in turn to Russians. The strict press censorship was relaxed, and the secret police service was in part allowed to fall into abeyance. But there were even further-reaching schemes. The question of the emancipation of the serfs was mooted, and, if not a *fait accompli* until 1861, it now first assumed the air of probability, and much was done to alleviate their lot. Very lenient also was his attitude towards Sectarians and Dissenters. "Reason and experience," says one of his edicts, "have for a long while proved that the spiritual errors of the people, which official sermons only cause to take deeper root, cannot be cured and dispelled except by forgiveness, good examples, and tolerance. Does it become a Government to employ violence and cruelty to bring back these wandering sheep to the fold of the

Church?"¹ Surrounding himself with a body of young Ministers, Alexander pushed his reforms into every department of the State. Political and educational institutions were remodelled, and the council of the Empire was formed, which, including the chief dignitaries of the State, became the legislative power in the country.

But even more in foreign affairs was it felt that with Alexander's accession there had begun a new *régime*. In July 1801 he put an end to hostilities with England, and being desirous to remain at least outwardly on good terms with France, commenced negotiations respecting the indemnification of Bavaria, Wurtemberg, and Baden in Germany, and Naples in Italy. Napoleon showed very little sincerity in the matter, and Alexander joined the Coalition of 1805; but at the Battle of Austerlitz the combined Austrian and Russian forces were routed by the First Consul. The following year, Alexander, who, feeling that Napoleon must be crushed, still inclined to war, allied himself with Prussia, only to be again defeated at Eylau and Friedland. The Treaty of Tilsit (1807) was the outcome, on which occasion Alexander and Napoleon talked together for two hours on a raft. Its articles decreed the fall of Prussia, a few States being left to Frederic William III. out of Napoleon's deference to Alexander's wish. The Tzar soon after declared war on England, and thus reversed his previous policy, in order to fall into line with that of France. This change in external politics involved a change in his home advisers. He also attacked Sweden, the ally of England, and it was at this time that Finland came into the possession of Russia (1809).

¹ Rambaud's History of Russia, tr. by L. B. Lang, ii. 312.

While letting Napoleon bear the brunt of a contest with Austria, Alexander entered into conflict with Turkey, and this war continued until the Peace of Bucharest (1812).

Not for long was it possible that France and Russia should thus remain in league. Many causes led to an open rupture. Mutual mistrust and jealousy, together with the more personal incident of the abandonment of Napoleon's projected marriage with the sister of Alexander, had mainly served to bring this about. The "Patriotic War" followed, with the burning of Moscow, and the destruction of the Grand Army (1813). Thereafter Alexander made an offensive and defensive alliance with Frederic William of Prussia, and the struggle with the conqueror was renewed. During a short armistice the allies had time to repair their once more shattered forces (Lützen, 1813): it was the lull before the final tempest, which soon broke ominously on Bonaparte. Spain had now been lost to him, the Prince of Sweden had joined the Coalition, Austria had again become restive. This time fortune favoured the Coalition, and the occupation of Paris and downfall of Napoleon quickly succeeded one another. Round Alexander centred the consequent diplomatic and political arrangements. By the Congress of Vienna he rested content with only a portion of Poland, and in the end carried out more loyally than the other two co-partitioners (Prussia and Austria) the terms of that Treaty which bore on the ill-fated land. In 1815 men saw the restoration of Poland under Alexander as king, who presented the country with a new constitution.

Through his influence Russia had become the leading Power on the Continent. This was the supreme moment of his authority: soon after a great change came over the liberal-minded Tzar. The Congresses of Aix-la-Chapelle (1818) and Troppau (1820) had served to show the influence of the man as a factor in European politics; but on the other hand such demonstrations as attended the reaction in Germany in favour of constitutional government were little tasteful to this champion of divine right. "He grew gloomy and suspicious. His last illusions had flown, his last liberal ideas were dissipated. After the Congresses of Aix-la-Chapelle and Troppau he was no longer the same man. It was at Troppau that Metternich announced to him, with calculated exaggeration, the mutiny of the Semenovski, his favourite regiment of Guards. From that time he considered himself the dupe of his generous ideas, and the victim of universal ingratitude. He had wished to liberate Germany, and German opinion had turned against him. . . . He had sought the sympathy of vanquished France, and at Aix-la-Chapelle a French plot had been discovered against him. He had longed to restore Poland, and Poland only desired to free herself completely."¹ The result was that the Emperor, who had moved too fast for his slow-stepping country, faced round, and completely reversed his youthful home-policy of toleration. The revolt in Greece unconsciously served to bring him into complete opposition with the feeling of his people. They were strongly in sympathy with the weaker party in this infamous struggle, whereas

¹ *Op. cit.*, ii. 320.

Alexander contented himself with addressing a few harmless notes to the Porte, as he considered the rising to be an insurrection. In 1824 there was a terrible inundation at St Petersburg, which the Russian people openly affirmed to be a judgment on the unavenged massacre of the Greek population in Constantinople (1821). But, far more than this, the death of his daughter whom he adored, and the rumours of a Russo-Polish conspiracy against the house of Romanoff, wholly unnerved the once brilliant man. He was in advance of his day, and his noblest resolutions to promote the good of his and other countries had been coldly and suspiciously regarded, and he became like unto those around him. In September 1825 he set out on a journey to the Crimea for the sake of his health, but died at Taganrog on December 1. And the horrified Russian people likewise referred to the wrath of God "the premature and mysterious death of Alexander." So far received history.

To return to Khromoff, who died only a few years ago. Relying on the papers that he received from Theodore Kuzmitch, he held to the end that Alexander I. of Russia, like Charles V. of Germany and Christina of Sweden, abdicated the throne through disappointment, desirous to be quit of the reins of government and at peace from the strife of tongues. Alexander "died" in 1825, aged forty-eight. Theodore Kuzmitch appeared in Tomsk somewhere in the "thirties," after having led a vagrant life for several years, and died in 1864, at which date Alexander would have been eighty-seven, if Khromoff is correct. In support of his theory there is also to be adduced the resemblance in the portraits between Alexander

and this old vagabond, as they adorn the walls of his humble dwelling in Khromoff's garden. Coming home across the Urals, we had as travelling companion for a portion of the journey an old Cossack officer who had not heard about Kuzmitch. He listened quietly to my fellow-traveller's narration of the story, and then added that he was a boy in St Petersburg at the time when the remains of the deceased Emperor were brought up from the south, and that he remembered distinctly how it was quite openly remarked that the body that had thus been transported home was not that of Alexander. "And also," he said, "it was a cause of comment at the time that people were not allowed to pass by and look on the face of their late Emperor, as he lay in state, according to custom." I also asked one of the professors in Tomsk University for his opinion on the whole matter, thinking that he at least would be above all popular fancies. He rather surprised me by saying, "Well, if the old man was not Alexander, he was at any rate some one very highly connected at Court." Such, then, is this little episode, it may be in Russian history, it certainly is in the history of Tomsk.

It is needless to remark that the best Russian historians do not credit the theory that was to Khromoff more than fact, while others relegate it to the number of those questions that can never now be solved. This at least is beyond all doubt, that it will be many years before the belief is eradicated from the mind of the Tomsk populace, that for a season they had their Emperor dwelling amongst them in all humility, and knew him not.

J. Y. SIMPSON.

THE ALL-BRITISH TRANS-PACIFIC CABLE.

Now that a Commission has been appointed, not to consider the advisability of a cable across the Pacific, but to determine the best means of carrying out the project, a long-delayed scheme is evidently at last on the point of realisation. In these days, when no mercantile business can be conducted on a large scale without a cheap and efficient means of telegraphic communication, it seems almost incredible that two large English-speaking communities, such as Canada and Australasia, separated by only 90° of longitude, should still be obliged to send their messages round the other 270° through various foreign nationalities, instead of being in direct communication by a British cable across the Pacific. A glance at the history of the project explains why its realisation has been so long deferred.

The originator of the scheme for the first Atlantic cable was also the first to propose a trans-Pacific cable. Mr F. N. Gisborne, Superintendent of the Telegraphs of Canada, who died in 1892, projected in the early "seventies" a cable to Japan *via* Honolulu and the Bonin Islands. This line was chosen as being shorter than the line diagonally across the Pacific to Australia. In 1874 the Tuscarora of the United States Navy surveyed the route. The bottom was found to be uniform and not too deep, and the late Cyrus W. Field, whose name is so prominently connected with the first Atlantic cable, having obtained a landing concession from the Government of the Sandwich Islands, paid a visit to England in 1879 with a

view to the realisation of the project.

About this time Mr Sandford Fleming, C.M.G., who has worked harder than any one in connection with the scheme, and may at last hope to see it carried out, was busy, as Engineer-in-Chief, constructing the Canadian-Pacific Railway. Seeing that this line, in conjunction with a Pacific cable, would form a valuable alternative telegraphic route to Asia, he requested Mr Gisborne to report on the matter. Mr Gisborne recommended a line to Japan *via* the Aleutian Islands, which he estimated would cost £800,000 for the two sections of 1650 miles each. No private company, however, came forward with the capital to lay either this or the United States cable *via* Honolulu and Bonin, and the scheme fell through.

Two or three years later, the frequent interruption of telegraphic communication with the East by the existing lines once more brought the Pacific cable project to the front. During the bombardment of Alexandria in 1882 the land-lines connecting the Mediterranean cables with the Red Sea were cut, and from other causes between the years 1872 and 1883 there were no less than 540 days, or eighteen months, during which some portion of the cable route to Australia was unavailable for service. Canada accordingly renewed her efforts to obtain a cable along the alternative route, and in 1884 petitioned the Home Government to send a ship to make the necessary survey. On being told that the Admiralty had no ship to spare for the purpose, a Canadian vessel

named the Alert was offered, but was not accepted. Finally, Canada proposed to pay half the expenses of the survey, but even this offer was refused by the Liberal Government then in power.

In 1887 the First Colonial Conference was held in London. In the previous year the Canadian Pacific Railway had been completed, and in a letter to her Majesty's Government the High Commissioner for Canada reopened the question of telegraphic communication to Australia by that route. It was doubtless this letter which induced the Colonial Secretary, the Right Hon. H. E. Stanhope, in the invitation to the Conference, which he addressed to the different Colonies, to mention improved telegraphic communication as one of the leading subjects for discussion.

In his statement to the Conference Mr Sandford Fleming, who was present as one of the Canadian delegates, gave his reasons for the importance of a Pacific cable, and combated the adverse criticism of the late Sir (then Mr) John Pender, who represented the companies owning the existing telegraph routes to Australasia. Mr Sandford Fleming pointed out that the coral-reefs, which Mr Pender represented as forming such a difficulty, lay in well-defined groups, which could easily be avoided. The ocean expanses between them contained wide and uniform depressions very suitable for a cable. Finally, the existing tariff of 9s. 4d. per word to Australia, instead of 3s. 3d. by the proposed Pacific route, was alone sufficient reason for breaking up the cable monopoly to the East, even if the alternative route were not pronounced to be a necessity from an imperial point of view.

Although the Postmaster-Gen-

eral acknowledged that it was impossible to recognise the monopoly which Mr Pender claimed, he declared that her Majesty's Government could not, by laying a Pacific cable, become a competitor with existing commercial enterprise. In consequence of this statement, the colonial delegates, realising that their Governments could not carry through the project unassisted by Great Britain, and relieved by Mr Pender's offer to substantially reduce the tariff on receiving a guarantee against half the loss incurred by the reduction, did not commit themselves to any more definite resolution than the following: "That the connection of Canada with Australasia by direct submarine telegraph across the Pacific is a project of high importance to the empire, and every doubt as to its practicability should without delay be set at rest by a thorough and exhaustive survey."

A result of this resolution was a letter signed by all the delegates and addressed to Sir Henry Holland (afterwards Lord Knutsford), who succeeded Mr Stanhope as Secretary of State for the Colonies, respectfully requesting that her Majesty's Government would cause the survey to be made. The Secretary replied to the effect that unless there was a prospect of the cable being laid, the Admiralty did not recommend despatching a vessel solely for the purpose. Correspondence was still kept up during the rest of the year by Mr Sandford Fleming on the subject, but nothing came of it. At the Postal Conference, however, held at Sydney in March 1888, the Governor of Victoria, in accordance with a resolution passed at it, telegraphed to Lord Knutsford, asking that the Admiralty should be moved to make an early survey for the Pacific cable, the cost of

the survey to be defrayed by Great Britain, Canada, and Australasia. In reply Lord Knutsford said that the *Egeria* was about to survey the islands between New Zealand and Vancouver, and could be instructed to take, in the course of her three years' work, soundings which would give some idea of the suitability of the sea-bottom for the laying of a cable. With the view of expediting the survey, Mr Sandford Fleming addressed a memorandum to Lord Stanley, Governor-General of Canada, who forwarded it to the Imperial Government, but without result.

A month or two later the total interruption of the two cables from Java to Port Darwin caused Australia to be cut off for ten days from telegraphic communication with the rest of the world. These two cables being in the vicinity of volcanic disturbances were liable to frequent rupture, and between 1880 and 1888 there had been no less than forty-one days of total interruption. The outcry which followed induced Sir John Pender to announce his intention of adding a third cable between Java and Australia. It was laid in the spring of 1890, but in July of the same year all three cables broke down; and as the rate to England still stood at 9s. 4d. per word instead of 3s. 3d. which the Pacific cable would afford, the agitation for the latter was once more renewed.

To do away with one of the arguments in favour of the rival route, Sir John Pender offered to reduce the rate to 4s. if Australasia would guarantee to the Eastern Extension Company half the loss to be incurred by the reduction. The Australian Colonies, including Tasmania, were already paying to this company an annual subsidy of £36,600, and Sir John Pender's

proposal made them liable to a further £60,000. This sum alone would pay the interest on the capital required for a Pacific cable; but the prospect of its construction still seemed far distant, and Australasia, in her desire for immediate relief, was compelled to accept the terms. In May 1891 the tariff was reduced from 9s. 4d. per word to 4s., but the loss incurred by the Colonies during the first year was found to be so heavy that in January 1893 it was raised to 4s. 9d. By this politic reduction the supporters of the Eastern Extension Company calculated that they had laid the ghost of the Pacific cable for at least a dozen years.

The fact of the shelving of the English scheme may have given a stimulus to the American one, for the Albatross and Thetis, U.S.N., were commissioned in 1891 and 1892 to survey the route between Honolulu and San Francisco. The report of their work showed an excellent bottom, barely exceeding in any part 3000 fathoms, but beyond furnishing useful information for the proposed British cable, nothing practical resulted from their survey.

About this time another competitor, the French Pacific Company, appeared on the scene, and in the early part of 1893 actually laid the first section of their cable from Queensland to New Caledonia, the Queensland and New South Wales Governments agreeing to pay a subsidy of £2000 each for a period of thirty years. As the cable was also subsidised by France, and completely under her control, the action of these two colonies was adversely criticised by the Home Government as well as by the rest of Australasia.

In the same year the Canadian-Australasian steamship service was inaugurated. The fact that Canada and Australia are in different hemispheres, and that the winter of the one is the summer of the other, pointed to a good prospect of trade in agricultural produce. In Canada during the winter butter was 1s. 6d. per lb., while in Australia at the same time it was only 5d. There would be an almost equally good market for potatoes, apples, and eggs. Impressed with this fact, the Canadian Government, as early as 1889, offered a subsidy of £25,000 for a fortnightly steamship service; but it was not till New South Wales was prepared to add another £10,000, and the service was made monthly, that any one could be induced to undertake the contract. The first steamer of the line, the *Miwera*, left Sydney for Vancouver in May 1893.

In the following September the Hon. (now Sir) Mackenzie Bowell, the Canadian Minister of Trade and Commerce, left Vancouver on a mission to Australia to promote the extension of trade which the new line made possible. But as no steamship service can thrive unless the ports at which it touches are in telegraphic communication, the subject of the Pacific cable was also to be discussed, and in this connection the Minister was accompanied by Mr Sandford Fleming. It was impossible in the short time at their disposal before the opening of the Canadian Parliament to make a tour of all the Australian colonies, but such as they visited evinced great willingness to co-operate both in the matter of trade and telegraphic communication. In order to obtain a definite expression of opinion from the whole of Australasia, it was proposed to hold a Conference at Ottawa in the following year.

Before this met, however, the Intercolonial Postal Conference, held at Wellington in March 1894, showed that the Australian colonies were in earnest with regard to the Pacific cable, by proposing to guarantee interest at 4 per cent on a capital not exceeding £1,800,000 for fourteen years to any private company undertaking to lay the cable and not to charge more than 3s. per word for telegrams to Great Britain.

The Ottawa Conference was opened in June of the same year, and the subject of the Pacific cable was made of primary importance. The majority of the Australian colonies — including Queensland and New South Wales, who had bound themselves to a subsidy for the French cable to New Caledonia — were strongly in favour of it. West Australia was not represented, and the delegate from South Australia, the Hon. Thomas Playford, although he declared that his Government would not oppose the scheme, criticised it very freely. His attitude in the matter is explained by the fact that South Australia, at great expense, constructed land-lines right across the continent from south to north in order to make a junction at Port Darwin with the first cable laid from Java. The land-lines had always proved a loss, and if the Pacific cable were laid, the annual deficit would be still further increased. Against loss from this cause, however, the other colonies were prepared to indemnify South Australia.

The first point that Mr Playford urged against the scheme was its impracticability, in support of which he quoted a statement made by Mr Patey at the Colonial Conference of 1887, in which he mentioned depths of

12,000 fathoms to be found in the Pacific. Mr Patey afterwards withdrew the statement, admitting that he was in error; and indeed up to the present time the deepest sounding in the world does not exceed 5155 fathoms. The second objection was based on the hydrographer's report of the project in 1887. In this report it was stated that, from an Admiralty point of view, the sole use of such a cable would be communication with ships at Honolulu and Fiji,—an unimportant matter in times of peace, and during a war only important with regard to Fiji. From an imperial point of view it would be of little value, as in case of a breakdown occurring there would be no quick line of steamers to bridge across the broken section. In conclusion, it was argued that a single line of cable never paid commercially, that a very large subsidy would be required, and that if anything was to be done the existing route should be tripled.

It must be remembered that this report was written no less than seven years before the Ottawa Conference, since which date the circumstances affecting the case had undergone considerable alteration. With regard to the strategical advantage of an All-British route there can be no question; and as to the objection to a single line, even if it survived a declaration of war no more than a couple of days, the service it could render to the empire might represent many times its original value. It must also be remembered that the proposed cable is an *additional* line, and cannot but strengthen the present communication with Australia. In other words, a twofold communication with Australia already exists, and the laying of a Pacific cable triples

the telegraph service. The adverse character of the Post Office report in 1893 was felt by the Conference to be of greater weight. The total cost of the line according to their estimate was no less than £2,924,100. This was almost a prohibitive price, but the figures will be criticised later. Finally, there was the statement that no soundings had been taken between Honolulu and Vancouver, and that a survey was necessary before any decision could be arrived at.

The apparent necessity for a survey seems to have prevented the Conference from formulating any definite plan for the construction of the cable, and the following resolutions were the only result of their deliberations on the subject: "That immediate steps should be taken to provide telegraphic communication by cable, free from foreign control, between Canada and Australia; that the Imperial Government should be requested to make, at the earliest possible moment, a thorough survey of the proposed cable route, the expense to be borne equally by Great Britain, Canada, and Australasia; and that the Canadian Government be requested to ascertain the cost."

The report of the proceedings by the English representative, the Earl of Jersey, appeared in December 1894. The Report took a broad and liberal view of the situation; but with regard to the statement that the long stretches of water between Vancouver and the Sandwich Islands or Fanning Island were virtually unexplored, it is curious that the soundings of the Albatross and Thetis in 1891 and 1892, which were published in 1893, should have escaped the notice of the Conference. The discontinuance of the survey

by the *Egeria*, Lord Jersey remarked, evoked from the delegates an expression of great disappointment that the request of the Conference of 1887 had been so imperfectly met. In connection with the necessity for a survey, he mentioned the memorandum of Mr Alexander Siemens, which was received after the Conference had risen. In this memorandum Mr Siemens gave it as his opinion that no special survey was necessary, a view confirmed by the other cable-manufacturing companies, who subsequently sent in tenders for the work.

Coming to the cost of the cable, Lord Jersey quoted from Mr Sandford Fleming's memorandum, which put the whole sum roughly at £2,000,000. The interest on this capital at 3 per cent would be £60,000, the cost of working was estimated at £60,000, and the renewal fund at £32,000, representing an annual liability of £152,000. The earnings of the cable at 2s. across the Pacific—reducing the rate between Australia and England from 4s. 9d. to 3s. 3d.—would in 1898 (supposing the cable to be opened in 1897) be £99,465, and in 1904 £153,023, thus producing in seven years a balance of receipts and expenditure. There would, consequently, be little or no loss to the contributing or guaranteeing Governments. As to the question whether the cable should be laid as a national undertaking, or by a company with a subsidy or guarantee, the delegates were not unanimous; but in favour of the former it was urged that the expenses of promotion would be avoided, and the danger of amalgamation with existing companies precluded.

In conclusion, Lord Jersey said that with regard to the commercial value of the cable there was but

one opinion, and that it was evident the Colonies were most anxious to obtain it. He closed his Report with the following words:—

"Never, perhaps, in our empire's history has such an opportunity presented itself. The 'passionate sentiment' of Canada, as Sir John Thompson so well described it, and the hopeful attachment of the growing colonies of Australasia and the Cape, turn eagerly at this time to the mother-country for some sign of her regard for their development. Their leading statesmen appreciate the value of the connection with Great Britain, and the bulk of their population is loyal. It is within the power of Great Britain to settle the direction of their trade and the current of their sentiments for, it may be, generations. Such an opportunity may not soon recur, as the sands of time run down quickly. There is an impatience for action which would be tried by delay, and most sadly disappointed by indifference to the proposals which are now brought forward. A ready and generous consideration of them would be hailed with intense satisfaction."

The proceedings of the Ottawa Conference seem to have revived the project of the American cable to Honolulu, and in February 1895 the Senate voted £100,000 for the purpose. It was also rumoured that France, Russia, and Japan would unite with America in carrying the line across to Japan. Russia is anxious to secure a route which will avoid British cables, while France desires a connection between New Caledonia and Honolulu *via* her possession of Tahiti.

In July 1895 the Liberal Government, which had done little to assist the All-British scheme, was defeated, and when Mr Chamberlain became Secretary of State for the Colonies, he announced in a letter that he had taken that post with the object of seeing if something could not be

done to bring the self-governing colonies and ourselves closer together, and to develop the resources of the Crown colonies. The new Secretary did not lose any time in proving that he was in earnest. In November of the same year he received a deputation of Australian agent-generals on the subject of the Pacific cable. In reply to their representations, he declared that the Imperial Government was willing to assist in the matter, and proposed a Commission, to be formed of two delegates from Canada, Australasia, and Great Britain respectively. These delegates were selected at the beginning of last year, and the first meeting of the Conference took place on June 5. Unfortunately the sittings clashed with the Buda-Pesth Telegraphic Conference, at which the Australasian delegates were representing their Governments, and as it was too late for anything to be done in Parliament with regard to the project before the end of the session, the Conference was adjourned till November 11, when work was resumed.

The position as it now stands is a hopeful one for the immediate realisation of the All-British Pacific Cable scheme. The fact that France has already laid the Queensland-New Caledonia section, and that America, Russia, Hawaii, and Japan are ready to assist in laying the San Francisco-Honolulu section, makes it imperative for the British project to be taken up at once if the French scheme is not to be the first in the field. As recently as December 2 the Minister of Commerce announced in the French Chamber of Deputies that, with a view to maritime and national security, he would soon have to ask for a large sum towards telegraphic extension. It

is extremely improbable that there will be enough traffic to support two cables between Australia and North America for some years to come, and priority is consequently all-important. That the Americans are fully alive to the situation can be seen from a recent speech of Mr Chauncey M. Depew at a meeting of the New York Chamber of Commerce.

"No power can estimate," he said, "and no language can adequately state, the benefits of a cable. Commerce is revolutionised, communication between different parts of the earth is infinitely quickened, and intelligence is widely disseminated. People are benefited by cheaper living, better homes, higher thinking, broader education. Peace is promoted among nations. The value of a cable has been inestimable on the Atlantic side, and the same advantages will accrue to the Pacific coast of America, if a cable is laid with communications to China, Japan, Hawaii, and Australia."

The objections which were raised in past years against the British Pacific Cable scheme have been met one by one and overcome. The Eastern Telegraph Company, with its allied companies, has been active in raising these objections; and the late Sir John Pender, chairman of this group of companies, in the interest of his shareholders, opposed the project with all his well-known energy and ability, belying for once his claim to be the leader of telegraph extension throughout the world. At first Sir John Pender contended that the cable could not be laid at all; then, if laid, that it could not possibly pay; finally, that if it had to be laid, his company should have a voice in the construction. There is no doubt that the Eastern and Eastern Extension Companies have rendered great service to India and Australia; but they have not

neglected their own interests, and there is no reason why their monopoly should be extended in perpetuity. A scheme which secured their shareholders against actual loss by the laying of the Pacific cable would sufficiently meet the case.

It may not here be out of place to observe that in subsidies from the Australian Colonies, the Eastern Extension Company will have received by the year 1900 no less than £778,250, a sum exceeding the cost of two cables over the whole intervening distance from Asia to Australia. In 1893 the reserve fund of the company amounted to £633,686, after paying out of revenue the cost of new cables and cable-renewals to the extent of £1,160,685. These are large sums to be realised out of revenue, in addition to dividends equivalent to 9 per cent on the capital, before it had been watered.

The best of the various routes which have been proposed for the All-British Pacific Cable runs from Vancouver to Fanning Island, Fanning Island to Fiji, Fiji to Norfolk Island, and from Norfolk Island in two sections, one to New Zealand and the other to Australia. Fanning Island is of coral formation, and about ten miles long by four miles wide, with an excellent anchorage called Whaleman Bay, where ships of the largest class can lie. Its fertile soil produces bananas, figs, melons, and tomatoes in great abundance. In 1850 an Englishman, Captain Henry English, settled there with about a hundred and fifty natives, and placed himself under British protection. It has since been annexed to the Crown. The island was chosen as a landing-place for the cable on account of being the nearest British possession to Vancouver on the route to Australia.

The distance between Fanning Island and Vancouver is 3230 miles, which with 10 per cent for slack will represent a cable of about 3560 miles. The longest cable that has hitherto been made is the Jay Gould Atlantic cable of 1882, which is 2563 miles long, or nearly 1000 miles shorter. The length of a cable in itself adds very little to the difficulty of laying it from an engineering point of view, as it can be paid out in different sections, and if necessary from different ships, the section in one ship being spliced on to the buoyed end of a section laid by another.

But the length of a cable makes all the difference in the speed of working it, and on this its commercial value depends. The speed varies inversely as the square root of the length, so that a type of cable which gives 40 words a minute for 2000 miles would only give 10 words a minute for 4000 miles. For a given length the speed of a cable varies inversely as the product of its copper resistance and electrostatic capacity, so that in order to get a high speed it is necessary to have a low copper resistance and capacity. The copper resistance—or the resistance which the conductor offers to the electric current—can be decreased by increasing the thickness or weight of the copper, while the capacity can in like manner be decreased by increasing the thickness or weight of the insulating covering, which is generally of gutta-percha or india-rubber. As, however, a pound of insulator or dielectric is seven or eight times more expensive than a pound of copper, it follows that the most economical way to construct a long cable so as to give a good speed is to increase the weight of the conductor without increasing the

weight of the insulator to an equal degree—taking care, of course, to be well within the limits of the necessary thickness for safety for the latter. Thus a core with a ratio of copper to dielectric of 3 to 2 or even 3 to 1 will give the same speed as a much larger core of equal weight, and will cost a great deal less. It was largely on this account that the estimate of the Post Office for the Pacific cable of £2,924,100 nearly doubled the lowest tender to the Dominion Government for the same route. For the Vancouver-Fanning Island section alone a core of 796 lb. per mile of copper to 532 lb. of dielectric would cost some £340,000 less than the enormous and unwieldy core of 940 lb. of copper to 940 lb. of dielectric which the Post Office proposed. The speed would be only 7 words per minute less—that is, 18 words instead of 25.

In connection with a long section, however, it must be remembered that the increase in the weight of the core, in order to make it yield the same speed as a short section, adds considerably to the weight of the cable when sheathed. Thus the Anglo-American Atlantic cable of 1894, with a core of 650 lb. per mile of copper to 400 lb. of dielectric—the heaviest core yet made—reached a total weight of 2·01 tons per mile, or nearly double the ordinary deep-sea type. This weight at a depth of 3000 fathoms entails a great strain on the cable when being heaved up to the surface for repairs; but the modern type of sheathing, in which each wire abuts the next one so as to form a continuous archway, which resists the lateral pressure caused by a longitudinal strain, greatly minimises any chance of the core being damaged through this cause. Moreover, the method of taping

and tarring each sheathing wire separately, which was first introduced by the Silvertown Company, is an almost complete safeguard against weakness arising from rust.

With regard to the nature of the ocean bed to be crossed between Vancouver and Fanning Island, the surveys of the *Albatross* and *Thetis* prove it to be for a large portion of the distance a level plateau barely exceeding in any part 3000 fathoms. It will, in consequence, be only necessary for the ships of the company contracting to lay the cable to survey carefully the landing-places at either end, and then to take a line of widely separated sounding along the intervening distance. The other sections present no special difficulties, and the line they take has already been fairly well surveyed.

It only remains for the Imperial Parliament to sanction the carrying out of a project which the Colonies have so much at heart. The liability incurred is insignificant. It consists of a third share of a capital of £1,600,000, which Mr Sandford Fleming calculates to be sufficient for the undertaking. The interest on £1,600,000 at 2½ per cent, together with any unforeseen expenses, would not amount to more than £45,000, which, with £30,000 for working expenses, makes a total of £75,000. The surplus of revenue over expenditure for the first three years is estimated at £154,000. The contractor who lays the cable undertakes to keep it in repair for three years; but after that the cost of repairs will have to come out of revenue, so that in the tenth year the total surplus will be £742,000, and the whole £1,600,000 would be paid off in twenty years without costing the taxpayers a single penny. The

reduction of the tariff from 4s. 9d. to 3s. 3d. will effect in the first year a gross saving of £190,000 to Australasia and this country.

From a strategical point of view the All-British Pacific Cable route is of incalculable importance to the Empire. The present lines to India and Australia are the following:—

1. Lisbon, Gibraltar, Malta, Egypt, and Red Sea.
2. France, Italy, Greece, Egypt, and Red Sea.
3. Germany, Austria, Turkey, Russia, and Persia.
4. Germany, Austria, Turkey, Russia, and the Pacific Coast.
5. Lisbon, and the West and East Coast of Africa.

All these routes pass through foreign countries, and could at once be interrupted in case of war. The Russian journal, the '*Novoe Vremya*,' recently said: "In case of an armed conflict between this country and England, our first task would be to block England's communication with India and Australia." With good reason has Lord Wolseley condemned the policy of trusting to the present telegraphic routes to the East as nothing less than suicidal.

The wishes expressed by the Colonies at the two previous Colonial Conferences met with no response from this country. It is to be hoped that the labours of the third will not end in an equally disappointing manner. All who attended the Ottawa Conference, or read the report of its proceedings, cannot fail to have been struck by the deep feelings of regard which the delegates evinced for the mother-country. The "passionate sentiment of Canada," as Sir John Thompson, Premier of the Dominion and Pre-

sident of the Conference, termed it, was no idle hyperbole. "On this happy occasion," he said, "these delegates assemble after years of self-government in their countries, of greater progress and development than the colonies of any empire have ever seen in the past, not to consider the prospects of separation from the mother-country, but to plight our faith anew to each other as brethren, and to plight anew with the motherland that faith that has never yet been broken or tarnished." The hurricane of applause which greeted this avowal proved that the speaker had voiced the sentiments, not only of Canada, but of all the colonies assembled there.

The progress of Canada has been especially remarkable. It is not generally remembered that the first steamer to cross the Atlantic, the *Royal William*, was designed and built at Quebec by a Canadian. Almost thirty years ago the statesmen of the various provinces had the foresight to unite in a federal Government, an example which the Australian colonies soon hope to imitate. In 1886 the Canadian Pacific Railway was completed, a project which in its earlier days met with every discouragement, both from engineering experts, who declared that it could not be done, and from business men, who maintained that it would not pay for the grease of its wheels. This great work was carried out at the cost of £48,000,000, entailing an annual liability of £1,000,000 in perpetuity. Yet the expenditure was justified, as its revenue will prove.

Since then Canada has busied herself with this other great project, which at first met with the same discouragement. It is of

happy augury for its successful issue that the man who carried through the railway scheme has been the chief promoter of the cable. After nearly twenty years devoted to the project, there is every prospect that Mr Sandford Fleming will see his second great public undertaking successfully inaugurated.

A well-known writer who resides in Canada has said, "Whenever the word empire is spoken, it creates a thrill in every British heart." The following extract from a speech by a prominent Canadian will show the sentiment of his countrymen in this connection. Speaking of Great Britain, he said:—

"Never since the world's history began has there been such an example of a country which has ex-

pendent blood and treasure to establish and strengthen her colonies, and then hand the heirship of them over to their inhabitants. To Canada Great Britain handed over the fortresses and Crown lands and all the money she had expended for a hundred years, without asking one penny in return; and quite recently she handed over to a mere handful the colony of Western Australia—a country which may be valued by millions. . . . My own impression is that there is not a man in Canada to-day who would not be prepared to spend his life and fortune to maintain the honour and dignity of this great empire."

Imperial Parliament, let us hope, will prove that England heartily reciprocates this generous sentiment, by readily accepting her share of an undertaking which will do more than anything else to strengthen the bonds uniting Great Britain and her colonies.

THE CHINESE OYSTER.

TWICE within twelve months our national equanimity has been disturbed by reported cessions of territory and power by China to Russia, and the public alarm has only been quieted by the assurance that the reports were not authentic. But there is little consolation in that, if the assurance applies only to written instruments; for it is not the verbal form, but the salient truth behind, which gives significance to these international transactions. Treaties, like other contracts, are valid while both sides observe them, or where one party has the power of enforcing observance on the other. As between Russia and China a treaty is of quite secondary importance; for, so far as it gives official expression to a state of facts already existing, it affects international interests much as a parish register does the longevity of the community. It is but a record.

The comments of the Press on the Russo-Chinese Convention which were published in an English newspaper in Shanghai in October last betray a want of unanimity in the conception of what constitutes British interests in the Far East, and are not very clear as to the means whereby they may be safeguarded. These currents of opinion, set flowing through the columns of the Press, are suggestive of the eddy of a swift stream in which froth and driftwood are swirled round and round without definite direction. The reason of this may possibly lie in the fact that a certain phase of diplomacy which was in full credit a few years ago has been pronounced obsolete by the highest authority in this country, while

the idea of its obsolescence has not yet percolated through all the strata of journalism. Critics are consequently at a loose end, and those of them are the happiest whose safety-valve in all cases is abuse of the wicked Tories. If, they say, such things had happened under a Liberal administration, what a howl there would have been from Land's End to John o' Groat's. There is no safer syntax than the perfect subjunctive.

Touching the facts themselves, there can be no doubt that the events of the past two years have reduced China virtually to the status of a dependency of Russia, if not also to her very ambitious partner, France. To speak more accurately, the condition which was latent has been brought into the light of day by recent occurrences. Whether she nominally controls this or that railway, or makes use of this or that seaport, Russia will do what seems good to her with Chinese railways and harbours whenever emergency calls for action. Such limitations as there are to the exercise of this optional faculty depend neither on the will nor power of China, but of third parties. It is of little avail, therefore, to raise an outcry against a treaty which, assuming it to be authentic, merely defines a state of things existing independently, and in which we have acquiesced; and it would appear that the only questions much worthy of our consideration are—(1) How are the interests of Great Britain affected by the new relations between Russia and China? and (2) How may these relations be modified to our advantage?

A summary answer to both

questions is given by certain writers who argue that if the partition of China is going to begin, it behoves us to see that we get our share. But, in point of fact, the partition of China began forty years ago when the Amur region was ceded to Russia, and it was carried forward by an enormous stride in 1860, when the whole Pacific seaboard north of Korea was made over, gratis, by China to the same Power. The process was followed up vigorously in the sixties and the seventies by the rapid succession of French annexations in what is called, with a grandiose comprehensiveness, Indo-China; and the conquest of Upper Burma, which was forced upon us by France, falls in a certain sense within the same category. Finally, the cession of Liaotung on the mainland, and of the rich island of Formosa, to Japan in 1895, marked a further stage in the progress of dismemberment. True, Liaotung was, by the intervention of three European Powers, restored to the Government of China; but it was given back as an encumbered estate rather than as an integral portion of the Chinese dominions. It will be managed under the supervision of the mortgagee.

To speak, therefore, of the partitioning of China in the future tense is to hide the truth from our eyes. The process has begun, and will probably continue. For whatever restraint Russia may put on herself within her sphere, or France within hers, it does not admit of a doubt that the Japanese attack will be renewed on the day that promises success. Whatever British interest, therefore, is to accrue on the breaking up of China has accrued. We do not, however, for our part, consider that the true interest of Great

Britain lies in a participation in Chinese spoils; but, on the contrary, in adopting every reasonable and practical means of arresting the progress of dissolution.

The development of the new relations between Russia and China will affect British interests commercially and politically, which is the same thing under two aspects, our politics being but the guardian of our commerce. The extension of Russian influence in the wilds of Manchuria will gradually bring a large tract of country now under bandit rule within the sphere of peaceful government. So far, therefore, it tends to the promotion of trade, which is our ultimate object. On the other hand, however, the benefits to traders of the introduction of the reign of law may be largely neutralised by an anti-commercial policy on the part of the new Government, prohibitive tariffs, exclusive dealing, or repressive regulations. It must be said to the credit of Russia, however, that she has shown a better recognition of the needs of a new settlement than France has ever shown. The commercial regulations in Vladivostock compare favourably in point of liberality with those of Tongking or Madagascar.

It is in the political bearing of the new Russian position that its effect on surrounding nations stands out in a somewhat alarming manner. The southern coast of Liaotung possesses several serviceable harbours for peace or war purposes, of which Port Arthur is by no means the most important. Manchuria, as has been pointed out more than once during the past few years in the pages of 'Maga,' is an ideal recruiting-ground. The original population has been virtually absorbed by a more energetic race of immigrants

from the northern Chinese provinces, mainly from Shantung. These colonists, as they are sometimes called, are inured to a life of adventure, and own no law save that of their own self-constituted and self-defended communes. Emancipated at once from the restraints of the normal family jurisdiction, which is the preservative of Chinese society, and from the control of a Government too weak and too indolent to follow them into regions which are not deemed worth the cost of administration, these hardy colonists pursue their avocations as hunters, gold-washers, ginseng-gatherers, robbers. Their armed and mounted bands give great trouble at times even to the Russian settlers, whose lands they not infrequently invade, —a state of things which might at any time have furnished the Russian frontier officers with valid excuses for planting garrisons within Chinese territory to repel the raids of the bandits, over whom the Chinese Government exercises no efficient control. This would have been following up the policy which has effected, during two hundred years, the gradual absorption of Siberia.

These horse-robbers of Manchuria are full of courage and enterprise, and only need the discipline of orderly government to become good soldiers as well as good citizens. They are of the very stuff that armies should be made of. In the hands of an organising Power, drilled, armed, fed, and led by competent officers—even under the Government of China herself—the Manchurian forces might have rendered the Russian possessions on the Pacific untenable. Less than twenty years ago the Russian authorities were, in fact, seriously alarmed at the reputed strength of the Chinese

forces. But there was no cause, for though China may squander money and men, she has not the genius to create an army.

But the invasion of Liaotung by Japan in 1894 completely changed the outlook for Russia. It is reasonable to suppose that after the military debauch responsible Japanese statesmen would have seen the wisdom of conciliating the population of Manchuria, and of forming them into an army. That was the danger that threatened Russia, and compelled her, at any cost and risk, to expel the Japanese from the Chinese continent. And now Russia holds this superb military material in her own hands, and will by its means become practically invulnerable in Manchuria. So far, then, Russia occupies a defensible position not to be lightly contested.

The reported concessions from China, however, go a good deal further than that. They point to a Russian occupation of the seaboard of the purely Chinese province of Shantung. The harbour of Kyao-chiao, on the east coast of that province, and looking straight across the Yellow Sea, is commodious and landlocked; how far defensible may be known to experts. The Chinese themselves were not wholly unaware of the strategic convenience of the port, attention having been called to its importance by Captain W. Lang, R.N., when in the Chinese service. The very last function in which Li Hung Chang appeared before the Japanese war-cloud threatened was an official inspection of Kyao-chiao with a view to its fortification and conversion into a great naval port. The visit was actually cut short by the receipt of news of the beginning of the troubles in Korea, which were the prelude to the war.

But the possession of Kyao-chiao by Russia would partake rather of the character of an aggressive than a defensive move, for it is separated by an open sea from the territorial continuity which is the strength of Russia. Howsoever the move might be covered by the military maxim that attack is but a form of defence, still the occupation of Kyao-chiao by Russia might fairly be construed as a menace to all who are affected by it. And here, again, the character of the population is a most important element in the situation. The natives of Shantung—whence, as has been said, the emigrants to Manchuria are mostly drawn—possess the qualities of manhood in an eminent degree. Not only endowed with an excellent physique, they are also loyal, intelligent, and courageous men. In the disastrous collapse of the Chinese forces in 1894-95, the Shantung sailors displayed the highest military quality. It was they alone who enabled the brave Admiral Ting to make a stand with his shattered fleet after the desertion of the Chinese generals. Wielding such a force as could be made out of such men, any Power holding the key to Shantung would occupy a vantage-ground whence all Central China might eventually be dominated.

Consequently the cession of a war-port in Shantung is perhaps

the most serious of the reported gains of Count Cassini's treaty. The menace, so far as such may be implied, points of course more immediately at Japan; but having regard to possible eventualities and the ultimate focussing of British interests in China, we also should be at a terrible disadvantage in asserting ourselves, with Russia silently standing over us in an impregnable naval stronghold backed by a fertile country and an indigenous force of the best fighting material in China.

And there is the less excuse for Russia seeking a position so far beyond the natural sphere of her defensive needs in that the coast of Korea, which has now no competing claimant, possesses commodious harbours within easy striking distance of Japan, which has constituted herself the natural enemy of Russia in Far Asia. The Korean people, too, who are rather apt to be left out of account in international adjustments, have shown high militant capacity in many a hard struggle. Their hatred of the Japanese, handed down from father to son since the desolating invasion of 1597, and intensely aggravated by the brief experiences of 1894, is of itself a weapon of incalculable value in the hands of Russia,—a Power which has the pre-eminent gift of enlisting on her side the sympathy of conquered peoples.¹

¹ A letter from Korea thus depicts the present situation there: The influence of Russia is creeping like a shadow over the land. Never was a downfall more complete than Japan's. The King in the Russian Legation; the life-guards in embryo drilled by Lieutenant Hmelikoff; Colonel Putiata, with a considerable staff, organising the Korean army; Bryner with a timber concession in the north-west frontier; elsewhere a Russian gold-mining concession; a French concession for a railway from Seoul to Wiju; a special tariff for Russian overland imports; the Russian volunteer fleet calling at Korean ports. Absolutely not a single Japanese adviser, civil or military, left: Japan has had to make over her telegraphs; her requests for facilities to begin her Seoul-Fusan railway scheme are treated with something like contempt. Was ever such a turning of the tables witnessed between a February and a June!

With this mere hint at the way in which our British interests are touched by the new situation created by Japan and Russia, we may glance at the further question, How the circumstances may be modified to our advantage. The attempt to answer it would lead far afield into regions of hypothetical strategy, and into matters more suited to the deliberations of a conclave than for literary discussion. If the problem had been, how to make the worst of the situation, our proceedings during the past few years would supply a fairly good solution; and some negative wisdom at least may be derived from chewing the cud of even such comparatively ancient history as that. Time was when the game was in our hands, though not for long. We could not rise to the occasion because we had no man at home or abroad competent to deal with it. The judgment of events consequently went against us by default, as has happened more than once—in Damara-land, for instance. It is far from agreeable to rake over the rubbish-heaps of failure; but if pearls of policy may perchance lie buried there the operation becomes justifiable. Moreover, no true appreciation of the actual position of affairs can be had that does not embrace to some extent the antecedent circumstances.

In June 1894 Japan betrayed hostile designs against China. There was no dispute between the two countries, and the most laboured ingenuity, not on the part of the Japanese, but of their paid and unpaid counsel, has never been able to formulate any ground for the war that would not equally have served Cetewayo in his prime. Russia was too gravely affected to miss the true meaning of the movement. The threatened up-

heaval was going to upset the balance of power in Asia, and bring dangers to the front which, in the natural course of events, might have slumbered for a generation. Russia was, as a matter of fact, much concerned to prevent the war, and took unusual pains to dissuade the Government of the Mikado from the invasion. A special communication from St Petersburg, communicated to the Japanese Foreign Minister in June, left no shadow of doubt as to the direction in which the vital interests of Russia were threatened, or as to the necessity which events might impose on her to defend those interests. At that juncture Russia softened towards England, holding out the hand of fellowship, and inviting co-operation in the maintenance of peace. It was the psychological moment sometimes dreamed of by political seers, but seldom recognised till it is past. England was dull of hearing and egregiously misinformed. Though she did in a perfunctory way make an attempt subsequently on her own account to bring about an accommodation, in which she had the moral support of Russia and of other Powers as well, it was doomed to failure through the inadequacy of her tools. What actually happened was, that while the British representative in daily conference with the Japanese Minister was expressing his confidence in the peaceful issue of their deliberations, a Japanese admiral was actually torpedoing in cold blood an English steamer conveying Chinese troops to Korea. The meek acceptance of this outrage by the British Government gave the *coup de grâce* to British influence in the Far East; and it is a debatable question whether the lost position can ever be regained.

Whether the abstention of England from the later European interference between China and Japan was the result of a policy of abdication deliberately adopted by or forced upon us, or whether it was the mere negation of policy, makes little practical difference in the result. We have to bear the consequences of our own negative, as France has to do in the case of Egypt. Possibly the paralytic action of the British agents abroad may have resulted from their ignorance of the change that had come over the mind of the Home Government. Futile efforts to cover their limbs with the rags of the old worn-out policy may explain much of the shiftiness which superseded orthodox diplomacy during the eventful years 1894 and 1895. That the long course of anti-English measures which emanated from the Russian and French legations in China were largely prompted by personal antagonisms, has been avowed by the principals themselves. The personal factor undoubtedly had an important bearing on the negotiation for the first indemnity loan in China, which was snatched out of English hands because they were English, almost when the pen had been dipped to sign the contract. Yet not solely because they were English, but quasi-official English. For if the financiers had been independent they would not have aroused the open hostility of the Russo-French officials to the pitch it actually reached. It was the British official behind that constituted the red rag which drove those infuriated bulls into the China shop, and led to Russia's forcibly assuming the rôle of guarantor of China.

In the face of this unedifying record it would be presumptuous to indicate any means of recovering our lost influence in the Far East ;

for, with the best intentions in the world, we do not appear to possess agencies competent to cope with the political forces which are now arrayed against us. In view of the world-shaping transactions that are taking place under our eyes, there is something pathetic in the appeal that we hear made to China to assert her independence, to guard her neutrality, and so forth ; and the exhaustion of British policy finds its appropriate expression in the comfort that is taken in the arrival of a Belgian jurisconsult as adviser to the Tsungli Yamèn. As if advice were the desideratum ! Did not Siam possess the luxury of a Belgian jurisconsult when France dismembered her in 1893, regardless of all other interests, claims, and obligations ?

Our wisest course under these circumstances would obviously be to discard the effete policy frankly and fall back on our true base—commercial interests pure and simple. There we would at least be on familiar ground, engaged in an enterprise which could be made intelligible to the public, and where great national interests could not easily be jeopardised by personal idiosyncrasies or hidden away among the skeletons of Government offices. Properly considered, Commerce is all in all to this country, the very breath of our national life. The pomp and circumstance of empire, our army and navy, law and police, and the rest of our administrative paraphernalia, are but the protective covering to the true lifework of the country, the mere shell of the oyster. And although it be impossible in the present state of the world to dissociate trade altogether from politics, it is obvious that the more we do so the fewer will be the points of friction between our-

selves and our neighbours. This of itself is a matter of the utmost importance; for the force which is expended in mere controversy and in opposing what others are doing, if directed to useful achievements of our own, would add greatly to the sum of our national success.

Commerce offers the most promising field for the cultivation of good relations with our surroundings, for, speaking broadly, everybody understands it, while nobody understands politics—any more than religion. Whether domestic or international, therefore, politics tend to become the sport of sciolists and the medium in which class hatred and race hatred are generated. The Press must live, and, as the big type in daily “contents bills” tells us, it lives by melodrama, by alarms, crimes, and scandals. As much may be said of politicians, and of the miscellaneous company of orators and agitators in prose and verse. So that we have the whole of that ubiquitously diffused psychic force, which acts continuously on the face of society as the winds do on the surface of the sea, tainted with a chronic bias towards strife. However earnestly individuals may resist the tendency of their craft, the fact of all the incendiary appliances being in the hands of classes which, as such, have no material stake in their respective countries, added to the other fact that the matters in which they deal are liable to the most reckless misrepresentation, render the province of politics particularly unfavourable to the promotion of a good understanding among men. It is Commerce, after all, which is the civiliser, the humaniser, the power which makes the whole world kin. Even when men quarrel in trade, they

at least know what the dispute is about, and it is soluble by an average jury. Though in the hurly-burly of daily life commerce is as dumb as the silent forces of nature, yet the “call and counter-cry” of streets and Parliaments sink into insignificance before it, for commerce is but the working out of the eternal problem how to feed the British people and provide for their natural increase. The country could do nothing wiser—from every point of view—than take its stand on the ground where it has heretofore succeeded, and where it must ever succeed—or perish.

Her Majesty's representative in China formerly bore the title of “Superintendent of Trade,” and a reversion in function, if not in name, to the range of duties implied in the title would be a practical tribute to the true and abiding interests of the country. Not alone in the Far East, but in every corner of the world, the expansion of our commerce is the real bed-rock of our national policy.

The solid interest which Great Britain possesses in China has been but imperfectly realised by the general public. It has been usual to invite their attention to quaintnesses of custom or costume, to superstitions, cruelties, corruption, and things useful to infuse a spice into newspaper paragraphs, while the real live China was practically ignored. “China” stands for different conceptions to different minds, but the China with which we are directly concerned is the peaceable, law-abiding, clothes-wearing, industrious, frugal millions whose willing muscles are a mine of wealth to themselves and indirectly to us. No partition of the territory, even if we had the lion's share, would ever

compensate us for the loss of the trade we may do with these three hundred millions of people, without charge or responsibility or any overtaxing of our imperial forces.

China has been obscured by distance, and the absence of romantic stimuli. A tithe of the energy expended on explorations among savages would have brought China near to our hearths and homes; a percentage of the good seed scattered in the howling wilderness would, if sown in the arable land, have yielded rich harvests to our workers. Not that there has been any opening in China for capital on the grand scale, or any field, as yet, for the financial alchemy which converts the savings of the many into the fortunes of the few. But a more generally diffused interest in the country could hardly have failed to lead to the discovery of openings for the *bond fide* employment of capital in various channels which in the aggregate would have influenced the sentiment of the country. Can it be believed that if the British public had understood the importance of their Far Eastern relations, the Governments of 1885 and 1894 would have been so easily bluffed by the diplomats of China and Japan in the terms of the conventions concluded with, in one case at least, surreptitious haste and secrecy with those two countries respectively; or, if the same public had realised in 1894 how valuable was its inheritance in China, the Government of the day would have been allowed to throw up its hands and surrender those most precious interests to the keeping of our rivals?

As a general proposition, the advancement of trade depends on the enterprise of the traders, who are the best judges of the ways and means for promoting their

own interests. Where the intelligence or zeal of the commercial community fails, it is hardly possible for any auxiliary agency to supply what is lacking. Outside observers, who think they see where, and why, inroads are being made in the pre-eminent position long held by British merchants and manufacturers, speak to deaf ears when they propound their views to the parties primarily concerned. While always ready to listen to strictures on Government action, to denunciation of foreign bounties, invasion of patents and trade-marks, protective tariffs and adverse legislation generally, the industrial and commercial community does not take to heart reflections on its own shortcomings, which count for more than all the rest put together.

But while in the main successful trading is in the hands of the individual traders, there is also a full margin left where private initiative may be materially aided by Government and collective action. This happens to be specially the case with our trade with China, where Government regulation and commercial enterprise have gone hand in hand throughout, the one breaking down barriers, and the other following up the openings so made. The present circumstances of China demand the continuance of the combined action; indeed the need of it is now felt quite as much as when the Chinese wall of exclusion was battered down fifty years ago.

And the time is opportune for a new departure in the development of Chinese trade; for the events of the past two years have brought the true condition of the country into focus in the eye of the world, and forced the Government to lower its pretensions and submit itself to the exigencies of

international comity in a way from which an older generation would have recoiled in despair. It is relevant, therefore, to consider some of the desiderata for the further expansion of our trade with China.

First among these we should place a better acquaintance with the needs and capacities of the Chinese people. Considering the variety of climate and soil, and the industrious habits of the people, the poverty of their foreign trade is remarkable. The staple imports and exports remain much what they were a generation ago. The question how to measure, to stimulate, and to supply the wants of the large population has not been taken up in any practical spirit, neither have the producing powers of the country been systematically studied. The relative stagnation in our China trade is a reflection on ourselves, seeing that the country has been open to foreign travellers for over thirty years, and missionaries swarm in every corner of the vast empire. This standing reproach against the enterprise of Europe is now, however, in a fair way to being wiped out, missions of commercial exploration having been despatched from several countries, that now being sent from Germany exceeding all the others in the completeness of its equipment. May their labours bear good fruit!

The second desideratum for the expansion of trade is no less important. It is one which pertains to the province of Government, and is out of the reach of individual enterprise. The means of travel and transport need to be greatly improved. For with all its old crystallised civilisation, the country is still deficient in means of communication, especially for the carriage of heavy merchandise.

Such roads as exist are liable to prolonged interruptions from the overflow of rivers, and from local rains. The waterways are in many provinces admirable, but are imperfectly utilised, steam being interdicted. Obviously the first thing to demand, which is entirely within the competence of the Government to grant, is the free navigation of such rivers, lakes, and canals as may be indicated by competent authority as suitable for the purpose,—the object being the expedition of merchandise and the promotion of travel between the most distant points. This is a desideratum which has been felt ever since steam navigation on the coast proved such a brilliant success; and it does not redound to the credit of her Majesty's Government, or of the nation, that so little has been done to meet the want, for several opportunities of doing so have occurred, and been neglected.

Sundry other reforms are needed for the development of commerce, such as fiscal regularisation, a uniform currency, adjustment of weights and measures, and the like. The post and telegraph services are partly provided for, the one under foreign, the other under native, auspices.

These, as we have said, are improvements which require the sanction of the Chinese Government. For various intelligible reasons that Government refuses its sanction. The principal reason, the one which underlies all the rest, is probably *vis inertiae*. The Government is not only without the initiating spirit, but lacks the appropriate machinery for meeting demands which are perfectly novel and outside the traditional range of Government function. And the exercise of authority being shared

by a large *personnel*, the temptation is strong to meet new proposals by shunting the responsibility from one to another in an endless circle. Nothing indeed short of irresistible pressure is able to move the Chinese Government out of the ruts of ages. When compelled they can find means to do whatever is required of them; but until compelled, either by external force or by internal necessity, they refuse to move in any direction whatever, no matter what the inducement may be. Of course this is not true in an absolute sense, for neither the inert weight of the governing apparatus nor the personal intrigue which chiefly occupies the time of the highest personages has entirely destroyed administrative volition. But settled inaction is sufficiently near the truth to form a good working hypothesis in dealing with the Government of China.

There are, however, times when the Chinese Government is responsive to stimulants. These are its seasons of distress, and at such times great strides have been made in material progress. The late war with Japan and its consequent indemnities have created one of those periodical — may we not say, providential? — crises, and the question for us now is, How can advantage be taken of the occasion to push the Chinese Government in the direction in which it is desirable it should go?

This inquiry brings us back to the thorny region of international politics. China will, and always would, bow gracefully to the collective will of the Western Powers, because she knows they are stronger than she. But, unhappily, the said Powers are no more united in the Far than in the Near East. For many years no common action has been feasible in China because

each member of the European family wanted something special. This circumstance, coupled with our own want of decision, has been at the root of most of our grievances against China for a generation past. And now, since the close of the war with Japan, the divergence among the Western Powers has become wider, because there has been more to whet their ambition, and for the first time they have tended to form groups, so far very unequally balanced. Now more than ever it is enough for a proposal to be made by one Power—or group—to be opposed by the others. The improvement of Chinese waterways, the admission of steam navigation on the principal rivers, which have been consistently advocated by England, have been no less consistently opposed by France, and with success. For in China, other things being equal, it is always the negative which prevails.

From this point of view the grouping of the Christian Powers in China merits special observation. There are four which concern themselves seriously with Chinese affairs: Russia, France, Germany, and England. At the conclusion of the Japanese war they were ranged three against one, England standing alone. The alliance between Russia, France, and Germany was unnatural and temporary. It was highly unpopular in Germany, and as soon as the primary object was served of saving Liaotung from the Japanese, Germany began to hedge, and insisted on China paying a special indemnity to Japan for the rescued province, which Japan was prepared to cede without any indemnity. Whether this act of Teutonic penitence—at the expense of China—soothed Japan may be doubted, but at any rate neither the Russian nor the

French agent took any pains to conceal from the Chinese which of the trio it was that insisted upon the supplementary indemnity. In the matter of gratitude, therefore—if such a sentiment may ever be predicated of nations—Germany probably fell between two stools.

Though Germany seceded from the improvised triple alliance, she did not join England. On the contrary, these two kept up an undignified sparring-match in the Far East, while the true interests of both—certainly of Great Britain—were neglected. A campaign of contentions over matters too trivial for a parish vestry has neutralised the influence of both countries, and given a free hand to Russia and France to do what they please in the Far East. What that implies may be partly seen in the tacit assumption of a virtual protectorate over North China by Russia, but its fuller effects will only be unfolded when the new French projects on the Southern frontier and elsewhere take tangible shape.

The importance of the grouping of the Powers lies in this, that in view of developments in China there is a distinct line of cleavage between the interests and the policy of the respective groups. Speaking roundly, the Franco-Russian combination is interested in the dismemberment, while England and Germany are deeply interested in the conservation, of China. Russia, indeed, might truthfully repudiate disruptive designs, but she is bound by the deed of copartnership; while France, secretly conscious of the brittle character of the alliance, works it while it lasts for all its worth. Thus Russia by the necessity of her position, and France of *malice prepense*, are aggressive Powers;

and though professing the contrary, are also essentially anti-commercial. Germany and England, on the other hand, in their several degrees, are essentially commercial, and as regards China have no interest save that of trade. Why, then, these two should be content to keep up a *querelle d'Allemand*—we are not suggesting any apportionment of the blame—while rivals are disposing of their common inheritance, is not obvious to the ordinary intelligence. The quartet may be not inaptly likened to a whist party, where two of the partners play devotedly into each other's hands and win the tricks, while the other two revile each other's play. For, in spite of trade rivalry, which is not really national, but is just as keen between English and English as between English and German, the natural and logical relation between the commercial countries, in face of the large problems of the Far East, is that of partners.

The circumstances afford absolutely no excuse for quarrelling. There are in China no naked savages to be cajoled and dispossessed, no swarthy sultans of ancient lineage to be kidnapped, but a settled population and a cultivated soil. The big game has been exterminated, and what extermination of the human species was needed to make room for advancing civilisation has been effected centuries ago. There is nothing for rival buccaneers to fight over, but a clear field for peaceful commerce. Why, then, should not the two nations most interested in the pursuit of pure commerce join forces in solving such general problems as the opening of trade-routes and other measures for the promoting of the common advantage?

The root of bitterness between

the two countries does not, we are assured, lie with the responsible classes on either side of the North Sea, but with the fishers in troubled waters on both sides. It is the clamour of the military, the bureaucratic, the journalistic, and to some extent also the professional classes in Germany, which kindles and fans the flame of hatred to England, and it is, roughly speaking, the corresponding classes in this country who fling back the firebrand. In other words, it is not the producing but the consuming and more or less parasitic community whose breath is vituperation, and whose delight is as the joy of a wanton crowd at a conflagration. Business men on both sides neither speak nor write, partly because they are better employed, and partly because they have not the trick of fluent utterance. But those who by their labour create things needful for man, those who by their capital and skill organise that labour, and those whose energies are engaged in distributing its products,—in other words, the industrial and commercial classes,—are the true backbone of any country. And it is their views and wishes which are entitled to weight rather than those of the noisy persons who contribute nothing to the national wealth and but little to its welfare.

Manufacturers and traders of different countries are mutually intelligible, because they deal in tangible things and do not quarrel about chimeras. Practices may vary, but there is a self-adjusting standard to which the commerce of the whole world must eventually be referred. Commerce is the one universal language. What

is required, therefore, to steady not German only, but English and all other foreign and colonial policy, is the stone ballast of active trade, and that the wealth producers should have their due influence in the counsels of their respective States.

Applying this reflection to the circumstances of China, can it be supposed that Great Britain and Germany united would not be able to achieve much in the furtherance of trade which is impossible while each stroke of the pioneer's pickaxe is frustrated by a grasp from behind, which has been the sole game of officials with their petty personal antagonisms? A hundred men working in concert may cut a road through a jungle which would baffle all separate efforts, yet the way once opened is available to all. That an understanding is practicable between the working bees of both hives was proved by concrete example in the past year. The financiers of Berlin and those of London (the French were forbidden by their Government to join for fear of offending Russia¹) combined their forces in contracting for a loan to the Chinese Government. The transaction was carried through to the satisfaction of all parties, and a precedent has been thereby established for international co-operation which may possibly be the herald of more cordial relations in the future.

But whether in concert with Germany or other Powers, or on our sole responsibility, the time is opportune for a great effort to push our commercial interests in every part of China. There is no danger of our forgetting that our keenest competition with foreign

¹ A Parisian recently remarked to the writer that, "financially, France had become a province of Russia."

nations is in the very article of commerce, nor have we any illusions respecting the easing of that competition by the opening of new markets. Every new market brings new competition. But surely we, of all people, should be the last to complain of a contest on our own ground, where we have the command of our tools instead of their having the command of us, as has proved to be the case in other fields of conflict. Should we be worsted in the struggle it is inexorable nature which will pronounce the verdict, from which there is no appeal. But let us screw our courage to the sticking-place, and we'll not fail. The decadence of nations comes from within, and we shall only be defeated through the misuse of the capacities with which we have been so bountifully endowed. It is by using these capacities to the utmost, and not by snarling at the efforts of our neighbours, that we shall fulfil our commercial mission, whether in China or elsewhere. Cavilling is the note of inferiority, the confession of failure. France, Germany, and Russia are giving strong proofs of their interest in China. Let us emulate and excel them, that so, by convergent if not united efforts, China may be opened for the benefit of all. Only, let us be on the spot, keeping up such a constant pressure that no channel can be opened that we do not immediately fill.

Government has of late years done an immense deal in the way of furnishing merchants and manufacturers with data for the improvement of their foreign trade, but without, it is to be feared, any very decisive results. It is one thing to bring the horse to the water, or the water to the horse, but another to make him drink.

It is the business of traders themselves, individually and collectively, to push the national trade, and to find the means of doing so. What Government can do by its diplomacy and by its executive is insignificant compared with the task which lies before the industrial and commercial community themselves.

During the recent visit of Li Hung Chang the attention of all Europe was turned to China, and the occasional speeches of that statesman contained the germs of enterprises of great pith and moment. He had an object to serve by holding out to the British nation in particular the prospect of new developments of trade in China, by which that country no less than this was to be benefited. There is no reason to question the sincerity of the Chinese statesman, for what he said was only redeemed from commonplace by the personality of the speaker. But in order to bring any practical results out of these hints and suggestions, and to enable him, or whoever comes after him, to give substance to his aspirations, it is obvious that he must be backed by an active force from our side. He is but one live man amid the deadening influence of thousands, and the resolutions formed in the exhilarating air of Europe will surely be extinguished in the mephitic atmosphere of Peking unless they are effectively supported by the influences which gave them birth.

China, as we have said, does not move spontaneously, but by *force majeure*. She acts either under external pressure, or when she is placed in a dilemma in which she is obliged to purchase deliverance. Such an occasion was believed to have arisen in connection with the exhaustion of the financial resources of China

by the payment of the Japanese war indemnities. The mission of Li Hung Chang was understood to be intimately connected with this impecunious situation. The Chinese Customs tariff is regulated by treaty with foreign Powers, and the Government desired a revision which would enable them to augment their revenue. In return for this concession by the Powers, it was understood that China on her side would grant concessions in the form of additional facilities for trade; and on this *do ut des* basis the hopes of a new departure in commerce were built up.

But the Chinese Government is inscrutable to the Western mind. Since Li Hung Chang returned to China it has been announced that a commercial treaty with Japan has been concluded in Peking confirming the existing scale of duties for another ten years, and thus precluding any present revision of the tariff. For under the "most favoured nation" system one Power binds the rest, and had the Chinese Government meant seriously to ask for revision of the tariff they would not have stultified themselves by making this new convention with Japan. Most likely the negotiators did not realise the consequences of what they were doing, for there is great want of business intelligence in the Government departments of Peking. The transaction also suggests the query whether Li Hung Chang in his tentative negotiations in Europe was not playing off his own bat in order to have something to offer to his imperial master; nor is the possibility excluded that the negotiations with Japan were hastily closed by his enemies, from mere personal motives, in order to frustrate the projects of Li Hung Chang, what-

ever they may have been. Be the explanation what it may, the action of the Peking Government seems to close the door on the concession of those commercial equivalents which were expected to be granted in consideration of the foreign Powers assenting to the revision of the tariff.

What may be the fate of the budget of reforms needed for the promotion of foreign trade, if they can no longer be negotiated for on a basis of reciprocal concessions, is a matter of doubt. But the most important of them all, because including within itself the living germ of all material reforms, may be treated on an independent footing. Though a scheme of railway construction would in all probability have figured among the concessions asked from the Chinese Government in exchange for higher duties, it may with no less propriety be urged on its own merits as a measure of safety for the State—a fruitful source of revenue, and as a link which would bind up the interests of foreign nations indissolubly with those of China. Railways, in fact, are in the air. The most significant, because the most definite, pronouncement of Li Hung Chang while he was in England was the voluntary pledge he gave to the merchants of London that he would consecrate his remaining strength to the promotion of railway enterprise. What may remain to him of strength after he has stood for some time between the opposing factions in the imperial Court may not amount to a great deal, and it may all be needed to save his own head. But even irrespectively of Li Hung Chang, there seems some likelihood of this great enterprise being undertaken in one form or another, and it is a matter of the utmost practical interest to

Great Britain to consider under what conditions the Chinese dominions are to be intersected by lines of railway.

As to the immediate success of railways, we know from experience how eagerly the Chinese people have taken to them, so far as they have had opportunity, just as they formerly did with steamboats. We have seen how, as in India, a mineral line develops into a passenger line, and how traffic unlooked for flows in. We know also the immeasurable advantages which China possesses over India in her energetic commercial population, their freedom from caste prejudices, or other traditional observances which hamper co-operation. There is consequently very little risk in predicting business prosperity for the future Chinese railways.

That, however, is far from exhausting the question. For the introducing of such a force among the teeming millions of China is like undertaking some gigantic scheme of hydraulic engineering, the draining of the Zuyder Zee or the flooding of the Sahara,—“not a thing to be enterprised nor taken in hand unadvisedly, lightly, or wantonly.” The consequences cannot be reduced to an arithmetical formula.

The primary condition to be kept in view is that China, being of herself incapable of building or managing railways, must invoke foreign aid. Herein lies the obstacle which has hitherto stood in the way of railway progress. If foreign aid must be had, how is it to be regulated? Whose is to be the directing hand? That is the crux of the problem.

It is more than thirty years since the agitation for railway-making in China began. It proceeded from foreigners, and was

ipso facto doomed to barrenness. All Christendom has joined in the unholy scramble for the favours of China. Great syndicates, or persons professing to speak in their names, have encamped like mendicants before the gates of the Chinese authorities, inviting contumely and spoiling their own chances. They all want “concessions,” powers, monopolies,—the very things which China, so long as she retains any national conscience, cannot grant. Each syndicate, in short, aims at setting up an *imperium in imperio* in China, at extra-territorialising Chinese soil and creating an alien authority in the country. By such means alone was it supposed their concessions could be protected—concessions which, in the first instance, they proposed to obtain by the usual oriental methods—which are not confined to the Orient. But the instincts of the Chinese have served them well in this matter. Better never have a mile of railway in the country than introduce a pandemonium of rival *cessionnaires*, of rival Governments, each claiming rights in the interior, and each disputing the other's claims, as if China were a second Africa. So far the Chinese have managed to keep their railways in their own hands, employing their own servants and regulating their own finances. Yet even under that simple *régime* the Great Powers by their agents have had their names dragged through the mire in spiteful efforts to mar each other's business. The material for railway construction had of course to be imported. Each of the Powers—Russia always excepted—prostituted its diplomacy by arrogating the right to prevent rivals from supplying these wants. Even when contracts were put up

to public tender the Ministers of the Western Powers in Peking have not scrupled to protest against orders being intrusted to merchants of any nationality but their own. This of course was but a form of veiled attack on British trade, which, in an open market, was bound, on the merits, to secure the bulk of the orders. The Chinese have sometimes yielded to threats and thrown a bone to the howling dogs, but always with the worst results, worthless material being supplied to them at unconscionable prices.

Now, the observation suggests itself that if this beggary with violence can be displayed where no rights whatsoever exist, what a nest of furies would be let loose on the unhappy country if the interference of foreign Governments had the most flimsy pretext of justification! No friend to China could desire to see railway or any other kind of progress on such conditions. Neither, it may be added, could any friend to European peace, for no surer source of quarrel could be created than a scrimmage for the exploitation of China.

The railway problem in China, and others of kindred nature, may be succinctly stated as, How to pour in the new wine without bursting the old skins. The general defectiveness of communication being assumed, what concerns us next to consider are the resources which China has at her disposal for supplying her own needs—for it is to the deficiencies in these resources that we foreigners propose to address ourselves.

From the point of view of material development there would appear to be three principal characteristic disqualifications in the existing state of China:—

1. Laxity of social organisation.
2. Absence of financial accountability.
3. Want of practical education.

It is quite unnecessary to complicate the question by ethical theories or odious comparisons. The phenomena are sufficient for us, and from them it is a natural deduction that the strict administration of funds and the economical combinations necessary to the carrying out of great public works are beyond the capacity of Chinese officials. (It is only officials that are in question.) No *bond fide* investor would touch an undertaking which any official person controlled. The efforts we hear of from time to time to force merchants to subscribe capital for making railways are interesting, no less for the effusiveness of the mercantile response than for the adroitness of the evasion of any practical issue therefrom.

Here, then, we have an immense gap to be filled by foreign enterprise, which gives food for very grave reflection. This great alien force once introduced, what is to be its destination? To transform China like a leaven, or to supersede her? That will depend on the further question, whether the loose and corrupt Chinese administration is susceptible of reformation,—a question which no man can answer. It is well that we are not obliged to untie the knot; it has been cut for us, as we shall now see.

Although unable to raise loans from her own people, China is able to borrow from strangers, because she respects her pecuniary obligations abroad, and is ready to offer to foreigners what looks like security. That security has hitherto consisted in the faithful administration of one branch of the revenue service—the Maritime Customs—which is under foreign direction. This anomalous

institution, having grown from small beginnings during forty years, has stood the brunt of wars, and is now deemed so stable that the creditors of China accept her Customs bonds as security for their advances.

The essence of the Customs system is strict administration and accurate accounts. It in fact supplies the elements in which China is deficient, but it has shown no tendency to leaven the lump,—no position of trust, even after forty years of trial, so far as is known, being held by a Chinese. This simple fact seems to point rather to the supersession than the regeneration of China; and it would be a grave conclusion to arrive at. Here, however, we seem to have the immediate solution of the railway question—namely, its being intrusted to a department organised by foreigners, but subordinate to

the Chinese Government. That the Customs system furnishes a perfect model for any new department it is not necessary to contend. But with such a precedent, to be modified where needful in the light of experience, the Chinese Government need apprehend no danger to its sovereignty in the establishment of a Railway Board, a Mining Board, or a Navigation Board, which should contain the foreign backbone necessary to afford a guaranty to the outer world, while deriving its authority from the imperial sanction. And even if the Chinese empire as now constituted should prove eventually unequal to the strain of international competition, its final “liquidation” would be retarded rather than precipitated by timely concessions to the exigencies of the civilised world.

A. MICHIE.

FORTY-ONE YEARS IN INDIA.¹

THE forty-one years over which Lord Roberts' Eastern career extended have witnessed enormous changes in British India. The increase of territory alone has been considerable. The consolidation of power within those extended limits, and the increasing guarantees for its continuance, are equally conspicuous features of the history of that period. The value of Lord Roberts' book to the ordinary reader, who is not equally interested with the military student in the wonderfully graphic and detailed accounts of military movements, and of the terrible encounters through which our race had to struggle in order to maintain the empire which our forefathers had won, lies in this, that it brings home to his mind the conditions under which British power in India has been developed in the past and has to be maintained in the future. The period opens, as it closes, with a handful of Englishmen administering the affairs and regulating down to the minutest detail the government of millions of their fellow-creatures, alien in race and religion and the habits of life. It is dominated by one great overwhelming event, which, however many centuries our rule may endure, must always be regarded as the great crisis of its history, the Indian Mutiny, the great rebellion of the native army, which we had armed and trained and disciplined. According to all reasonable calculation of probabilities, British power should have been swept, if not out of India entirely, at all

events from the larger portion of it. The story of the spread of that rebellion, of the manner in which it was confronted, and of the manner in which it was crushed, must always be one of the most sensational episodes in the history of the world. Even the marvellous story of the original rise and progress of the empire of the East India Company is of less interest than this stirring narrative of successful resistance to its overthrow. If the day should ever come when, as some statesmen predict, Great Britain and Russia will join in mortal combat for its possession, one can hardly imagine that even a conflict of those gigantic dimensions would give rise to more thrilling scenes of strife, to greater deeds of heroism, or to more conspicuous triumphs of audacity, endurance, and skill. Be that as it may, the Mutiny is the important date at which the whole character of our relations with India underwent a great organic change. It marks the period at which Government by a Company ceased, and direct sovereignty was assumed by the Queen, which was proclaimed the instant that the Mutiny was suppressed. And it brought home to the minds of both governors and governed the stern realities of the position, and of their relations to one another. It put an end at once, and let us hope for ever, to that self-satisfied sense of security in which the former had so fatally indulged; it compelled the conviction that, however apparently submissive and pliant the latter may be, power rests ultimately on mili-

¹ *Forty-one Years in India.* By Field-Marshal Lord Roberts of Kandahar. In 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Sons. 1897.

tary supremacy ; and it led to a clearer sense of the conditions under which alone their fidelity may be relied upon. It also ushered in a period of great legislative activity, of numerous codes of law, designed to weld together as far as possible the heterogeneous populations of the empire. These are outside the scope of the book before us, which, however, in the stirring incidents of an eventful period does not lose sight of the steady development and concentration of military strength and security.

Lord Roberts arrived in India just five years before the Mutiny broke out. He took an active part in the leading events of the fierce struggle which ensued, and in after-years his life was spent in the perplexities and constant conflicts involved in our relations to the tribes on the North-Western frontier, and in the eventual establishment of that scientific frontier which, aided by a political understanding with Afghanistan, is to be the first line of defence against any hostile attack which the future may have in store for us.

The most astounding characteristic of the years just before the Mutiny was the infatuated sense of security which pervaded all classes of Europeans. On the very eve of the outbreak there was no suspicion at all amongst the officers serving with native regiments that discontent was universal amongst the sepoys, and that a mutiny of the whole Bengal army was imminent. The reliance on native fidelity on the part of those officers was so unbounded that, even after half the native army had mutinied, the officers belonging to the remaining regiments could not be brought to believe that any treachery lurked in the minds of their own particu-

lar men. They remonstrated, in many cases passionately, almost to the point of insubordination, against measures of disarmament, when these involved imputations on the loyalty of their own immediate regiment. Yet the evidence forthcoming of widespread disaffection was overwhelming. The Punjab officials on the first outbreak laid hands on all native correspondence in the post-office. They found that the number of seditious papers was alarmingly great, and that every native regiment with which they had to deal was implicated. It was clear from them that the sepoys had been made to believe that we intended to destroy their caste by contaminating the cartridges which they had to bite with a mixture of cow's fat and lard—one abhorrent to the Hindu, the other to the Mussulman. Lord Roberts uses the expression "made to believe"; but extraordinary as it will always appear to the historian who appreciates the strength of the religious sentiment amongst Hindus and Mahomedans, the fanaticism with which they cling to their religious ideas and the animosity with which they regarded what they considered a covert attempt to compel the adoption of Christianity after the destruction of caste, there was ample ground for their intense dissatisfaction. The recent researches of Mr Forrest in the records of the Government of India, says Lord Roberts (i. 431), prove that "the lubricating mixture used in preparing the cartridges was actually composed of the objectionable ingredients, cow's fat and lard, and that incredible disregard of the soldiers' religious prejudices was displayed in the manufacture of these cartridges." The sepoys complained ; but their officers, in the belief that such

utter indiscretion amongst the authorities was impossible, assured their men that the mixture used was perfectly unobjectionable. Nothing was easier than for the men quartered near Calcutta to ascertain from natives employed in manufacturing cartridges at Fort William arsenal that these assurances were contrary to the fact. Distrust accordingly spread far and wide. The not unnatural belief was held that Government and officers were determined to undermine their religion. The suddenness with which an elaborately organised and general mutiny burst upon us must be attributed to the general sentiment of abhorrence and desperation which had been so wantonly provoked; to the infatuation which blinded those whom wisdom after the event convicts of having had numerous warnings; to the existence of a military system in which natives stood to Englishmen in the proportion of six to one, and were trusted to guard—that is, were trusted with the possession of—almost all the arsenals and magazines, the British officers in principal command being, in too many instances, men who were worn out in mind and body by long residence in the country. Blind confidence on the part of the British, intense dissatisfaction on the part of the natives, and their possession, actual or imminent, of arms, ammunition, and places of strength, are amply sufficient to account for the rebellion.

The political position of Great Britain at that time influenced, no doubt, the proceedings of the chiefs of the Mutiny. The prestige of British arms had been seriously damaged in Afghanistan only sixteen years before, and the early disasters and mismanagement of the Crimean expedition had not

retrieved it. It is well known that Nana Sahib's confidential agent, Azimula Khan, visited the Crimea during the siege of Sebastopol. He had been three years in London, a man of no rank at all, received and fêted as a royal prince in that ridiculous way which our social enthusiasms suggest. His correspondence was seized, and it was discovered that the Nana Sahib had widespread relations with Turkey, the King of Delhi, the Nawab of Oudh, and other great personages. Both he and his crafty agent were looked upon as harmless exemplary creatures: the latter was engaged to an English girl, and one of his letters from an elderly dame in England called him her dear Eastern son. On the other hand, there were some incidents in the political position favourable to us. Lord Dalhousie had concluded a treaty with the Ameer of Afghanistan, which kept the Afghans quiet during a period when, had they turned against us, we should assuredly have lost the Punjab, and probably the whole country north of it. The Sikhs had been conquered, and had passed from open hostility to equally sincere friendship. Throughout the Mutiny they remained perfectly loyal, and performed the important service of keeping open communication between Delhi and the Punjab. The third incident in our favour was the outbreak of hostilities with China, and Lord Elgin's timely diversion of troops to Calcutta, which had been intended for Canton. The fourth incident was that in this critical moment of the history of the native race of India, no leader of any mind or mark came to the front. If those four incidents of the position had been wanting, and we had been deprived of the advantages which they combined to confer, the im-

pression left on our minds from Lord Roberts' narrative of the portentous struggle which ensued is, that the rebellion would never have been suppressed nor India reconquered in the summary way described. We should have had to withdraw within narrow limits, and begin most of the work afresh.

The thrilling tale of the marvellous achievements by which empire was successfully restored within a year and a half of the first outbreaks at Berhampur and Meerut is unfolded in these volumes. Lord Roberts took an active part in many of them. He was at Peshawur when the telegram of the 11th May 1857 arrived, which proved to be a message from Delhi "to all stations in the Punjab" that a very serious outbreak had occurred at Meerut, and that Delhi had joined in the Mutiny. The first thing for those at Peshawur to do was to secure the Punjab. The course decided on was to trust the chiefs and people, and to form a movable column, to act where it was wanted. To Roberts' great satisfaction (it is always his good luck to which he attributes his selection) he was appointed staff-officer to its commander. He remained with it until the progress of events urgently required the presence at Delhi of all artillery officers not doing regimental duty. From the 28th June onwards he took part in that memorable siege and in its final capture. That siege was typical of the whole struggle. It was a siege of a fortress of enormous strength, held by untold thousands of armed men trained to war and in possession of our arms and ammunition, by a force of 3217 British, with Sikhs and Gurkas, the total never reaching 10,000 troops of all kinds. The besiegers were them-

selves besieged: there was no retreat; and if success were delayed, the Punjab authorities were convinced that there would be a struggle for European existence within the Punjab itself. General Wilson hesitated, face to face with what seemed to be absolutely impossible, to take a stronghold by force, only to find himself amongst enemies who were vastly superior in numbers and position. An incident is given which marks the intense determination to which the real leaders of the British force had worked themselves as they grasped the calamitous and far-reaching consequences which delay would have involved. Nicholson had resolved that if a particular council of war hesitated to assault, he would propose the supersession of General Wilson—an unprecedentedly extreme step to take in presence of the enemy. Lord Roberts, at this distance of time, and after frequent discussion with others, believes that Nicholson would have been right, for if Wilson had refused to sanction the assault, desperate as it seemed, he would have proved himself unfit for the post. The whole of the wonderful narrative is given in this book, with an amount of detail which must render it extremely valuable to all military students. Nicholson will ever remain the hero of the capture of Delhi. He has won his place in history as one of the greatest heroes whom the human race has produced. His threat, after he was mortally wounded, to shoot his own commander-in-chief if he wavered when surrounded and outnumbered, in the midst of the city into which the small besieging army had forced its way, is one of the most striking incidents in the annals of war. The spirit which saved our empire in India was the spirit of determination,

inextinguishable even in death. One feels that the triumph of the besieging force was enhanced by the knowledge that Nicholson lived till we had occupied the palace and had gained complete possession of the whole city. At sunrise on the 21st September 1857, just seven days after the assault, a royal salute proclaimed that we were again masters of Delhi; in the afternoon the last of the Mogul emperors surrendered, and was brought into the city: on the 23d Nicholson died.

The fall of Delhi broke the back of the rebellion. Failure, or even too long-delayed success, would have put a strain on the loyalty of the people beyond what it could bear. The general opinion was, and is, that Sikhs and Punjabis would have risen. To carry Delhi the Punjab had been denuded of troops, but after its fall there still remained the task of opening up communication with Cawnpore and Lucknow. Accordingly, the very day after Delhi fell a column was despatched to Cawnpore, and the Punjab was still left to take care of itself.

Roberts was attached to this column, which consisted of 750 British and 1900 natives, and at once, the day after Nicholson's death, marched out of Delhi to open up the country between the Jumna and the Ganges. An urgent summons from Sir James Outram at the Lucknow Residency reached them, begging for aid as soon as possible, as provisions were running short. On the 26th October they arrived at Cawnpore, and for the first time heard the terrible story of what had happened there. They learned also that Havelock and Outram, with little more than 3000 men, had forced their way through Lucknow, only to find themselves surrounded by a vast multitude of

the enemy. Outram wished the relieving force under Sir Colin Campbell to be spared the necessity of repeating this experience, and pointed out a different line of advance, which was adopted. Roberts with his column took a foremost part in the wonderful achievement by which the Lucknow garrison was relieved, which was carried out in every particular as originally planned, thus demonstrating with what care each detail had been thought out and each movement executed. The fall of Lucknow, which was effected on the 14th March 1858, completed what the fall of Delhi had begun, the suppression of the Mutiny so far that every native must from that moment have despaired of success. The remaining struggles were against men rendered desperate by their crimes, who, as they had forfeited all right to clemency, determined to sell their lives on the field of battle. To that category belongs the resistance which the Gwaliors offered both at Agra and Cawnpore. Jhansi, no doubt, remained to be subjugated, as also the rest of Oudh, Rohilkand, and Central India; but there was no very important city or stronghold in the hands of the enemy. Sir Hugh Rose's operations in Jhansi and Central India do not fall within the scope of this book. On the 1st April 1858 there was a force of 96,000 British soldiers in India, more than twice the number which existed before the Mutiny broke out, besides a large body of reliable native troops. By that date the reconquest of India by the triumphant suppression of the Mutiny was effected.

While Nicholson's name will always be associated with Delhi, and those of Havelock and Outram and Sir Colin Campbell with Lucknow, the latter city cannot

fail to recall that of Sir Henry Lawrence, one of the greatest names in British India prior to the Mutiny. Not merely was it his foresight and activity, as Lord Roberts points out, which rendered the defence of Lucknow possible against such tremendous odds for so long a time; but he was apparently the only European in India who had foreseen the catastrophe of the Mutiny, and who from the very first moment of its outbreak had accurately estimated its portentous gravity. No one commanded more thoroughly than he did the enthusiastic loyalty and obedience of the natives, and no one more thoroughly appreciated and trusted their many good qualities. Yet fourteen years before 1857 he had predicted the Mutiny, and the course it would take. In the 'Calcutta Review' of 1843 he had commented on the habitual carelessness of the Government, and its disregard of ordinary military precautions and preparations. He had shown how possible it was for a hostile party to seize Delhi, and had pointed to the inevitable consequences which would ensue if an outbreak occurred at the beginning of the hot season which was not immediately suppressed. It seems unintelligible, looking at the whole position with the wisdom which follows the event, that warnings as to such obvious necessity should have been required, and still more that they should have been disregarded. When he first heard of the outbreak at Meerut, he telegraphed to the new Governor-General, Lord Canning, at once to send to China and Ceylon for British troops, to call on the Nepalese to assist, and to give him that military control in his province which would enable him to control the elderly military officers,

who were not to be relied upon, and who had in Oudh, as well as in many other places, to be effaced when the troubles began. Lawrence's influence with the natives enabled him to delay the outbreak at Lucknow until his measures for the defence of the Residency were completed, and to induce a considerable number of sepoys not only to continue in their allegiance, but to share the dangers and privations of the siege—"a priceless service," says Lord Roberts, "for without their aid the defence could not have been made." We have no space to describe the enormous difficulties in the way of organising the defence of a place where there was no fort and no magazine. Interesting as they are, they yield at this distance of time to the interest of a remarkable and powerful character. Before the end of May, in the midst of his own efforts and preparation, he wrote to Lord Canning to point out that the desperateness of our position might be measured by the rising insolence of the natives. "It was only just after the Kabul massacre," he wrote, "and when we hesitated to advance through the Khyber, that in my memory such a tone has ever before prevailed."

The political interest of this stupendous event culminates in a due appreciation of the causes which led to it, and of the means by which its recurrence may be prevented. Lord Roberts discusses both questions in his 30th and following chapters, and the point of most practical importance in his book is whether those views will be allowed to influence policy in the future. A long period of comparative rest and tranquillity had obscured in the minds of the natives all memory of their antecedent feuds, and race and religious discords. Had the Mutiny

been successful and no native leader of statesmanlike capacity appeared on the scene, the anarchy which would have resulted, the scenes of turbulent confusion and oppression which must have followed the disappearance of our authority, would have served to facilitate the task of reconquest. At the time all British authorities were most anxious to make it clearly understood that it was not a general insurrection of the whole country against our rule, but a mutiny of soldiers against their officers. No one was more emphatic on that subject than the late Sir George Campbell. But it is only partially true. There is evidence of considerable disaffection and discontent on the part of the great landowners and potentates, most of whom had real or fancied grievances. The greased cartridges were quite sufficient to account for the mutiny of the soldiers, since they were not merely destructive in themselves of their caste, but were believed to be intentionally directed to that end—an end which it is unnecessary to explain was ruinous to their position in this world and the next. Still, a mutiny of that portentous character must have leaders of wealth and position, and these leaders must also have grievances which excite them to stake life and fortune on the result of a desperate enterprise. The most prominent of these leaders were the aged titular king of Delhi, the ex-king of Oudh, and the Nana Sahib. The two former led the Mahomedans, the latter the Hindus. The special grievance of the king of Delhi was that we had decided that the title of king, which we had bestowed on the successors of the Mogul emperor, should on his death be abolished and his family removed from Delhi. Lord Wellesley, at

the beginning of the century, had drawn attention to the danger of allowing a Mohamedan prince, with all the surroundings of royalty, to remain at the seat of the old Mogul Government. That danger should have been abolished at the time. But the East India Company had from the time of Lord Clive, and by virtue of what was called a grant of the dewanny obtained by that nobleman, governed India as the transferee of Mogul sovereignty, Queen Victoria's sovereignty not being proclaimed till 1858. That fiction was convenient when it was first resorted to, and it took time to die a natural death. By Lord Dalhousie's time it was likely forgotten. The Mogul family probably recollected it, and accordingly it was to their intense humiliation and disgust that they were removed from Delhi, and deprived of the title of king after the death of its actual holder. Before the Mutiny broke out the king of Delhi was intriguing with the Shah of Persia, and a proclamation was issued calling on all true believers to rise and fight against the infidels, for the Persians were coming. The part played by the king of Delhi was sufficient to prevent the Mutiny being exclusively an affair of discontented soldiery.

Another circumstance which showed the political character of the movement was the effect produced on the minds of native chiefs by Lord Dalhousie's system of rapid annexation, culminating in the annexation of Oudh. The encroachments of the East India Company in former generations, and the establishment of its power, were acquiesced in. They put an end to a period of intolerable strife and political confusion, and they co-existed with considerable native dominions. So long as the political result was that a balance of

power between ourselves and Native States — Mahratta, Rajput, Sikh, or Mahomedan — remained, they were prevented by their mutual jealousies and religious differences from combining against us. Lord Dalhousie's annexations, culminating in the seizure of Oudh, destroyed that balance, and rendered us in India what we now claim to be in South Africa, the predominant Power. Hostility to us had become a bond of union. The annexation of Oudh was justified at the time on much the same principle as coercive measures against the Sultan of Turkey are called for — namely, that "the British Government would be guilty in the sight of God and man if it were any longer to aid in sustaining by its countenance an administration fraught with suffering to millions." Such a doctrine is always more soothing to the despoiler than to the despoiled. The natives regarded it as an unprovoked usurpation, much as Europe would regard the application of a similar doctrine to the Turks. They did not believe in the purity and disinterestedness of our motives. We were inflated by our power and by the brilliant results of Lord Dalhousie's reign, and were proportionately more dogmatic than compromising in introducing Western reforms and curing Oriental practices by our views of what is sound, regardless of native ideas and tradition. We accordingly revelled in a sense of security at the very time when we were teaching all the lesser Powers to regard us with suspicion and dread. We were defying them to do their worst at the very time that we were practically trusting the native army with the military possession of the country. The third leader was Nana Sahib, the Rajah of Bithur. He was the adopted son and heir of the last

of the Peshwas, the chief of the Mahratta confederacy. He was looked upon by the British residents at Cawnpore as a perfectly harmless individual; but he was intriguing with the king of Delhi, the king of Oudh, and other great personages, disaffected by reason of the discontinuance of a pension to which he was not entitled, and by the refusal of a salute of guns.

The disgust of the wealthy and influential classes was fostered by our system of land revenue, and the consequent inquiries into rights of occupancy and ownership, the detection of numerous acts of spoliation and oppression, and their redress. Pillage and extortion had been practised from time immemorial. Restraints upon them disgusted the ruling families more than they conciliated the masses, whose support, moreover, would in no case have been of much political value. Assessments of land revenue, harsh sales on default of payment, the strict enforcement of the doctrine of the lapse of property in the absence of direct or collateral heirs, restrictions on the right of adoption, all tended to alienate the influential classes.

It was not difficult for these classes to act on the minds of the sepoys, who were mostly drawn from the agricultural community, and therefore directly interested in the very questions on which the sense of grievance was growing. Questions of religion and caste also interested them. They knew that railways and education were striking blows at caste, by compelling persons of all castes to travel and work together. The Brahmins were trembling for their influence and privileges, and all were in terror of being forced to embrace Christianity. The grievance of the greased cartridges, which roused to a white heat the anger of both

Hindu and Mussulman, was the match placed to a magazine of gunpowder. That was the contribution made by our own folly and supineness to the general convulsion. And a further contribution we offered in this way, that, owing to indifference and over-confidence, our army was not organised, disciplined, and officered in a satisfactory manner: there was too great a preponderance of native as compared with British troops, the arsenals and magazines had been allowed to fall under their control, the artillery had been too much intrusted to their hands. The disproportion between native and British troops was one of the main encouragements to the Mutiny, and one would think that the faintest instinct of self-preservation will prevent that disproportion from ever being repeated. Native troops had for years been levied in continually increasing numbers. During the thirteen years before 1857 a native army of 217,000 men and 176 guns was increased by 40,000 men and 40 guns, while no addition was made to the British force, doubtless from economical considerations, which consisted of little more than 40,000. Lord Dalhousie protested. He pointed out that his annexations and conquests necessitated a proportional increase of British soldiers. Nevertheless, withdrawals were made to some slight extent for the Crimea and Persia. Thus, in spite of Lord Dalhousie's protest, the British force was rather diminished than increased; and when the Mutiny broke out we were left with 36,000 British against 257,000 native soldiers. It no doubt was believed that if the result of the Russian, Persian, and China wars had been to withdraw troops from India, there would remain for some time to come a lack of power to send rein-

forcements. The hour and the opportunity had come; fortunately, or unfortunately for the natives, the man was conspicuous by his absence. Probably the Mutiny was an ordeal through which it was essential that the British should pass before they fully comprehended their real position in the country, and the necessity for consolidating their power on a durable basis, and of making India both in name and in reality an integral part of the dominion of the Queen.

Since the Mutiny that task has been taken in hand. India is no longer the appanage of a Company, the happy hunting-field of the nominees of a particular class. Most families of all classes are in one way or another connected with India, and greater interest is felt in its affairs. The proclamation of the Queen in 1858 was no idle ceremony. Since that time the authority of the Crown has been asserted in every direction. A viceroy has replaced the governor-general, the higher appointments proceed direct from the Crown, the higher courts of justice are created by the Crown under authority of Parliament, and its judges are appointed by the Queen. Much has been done to improve both the civil and the military administration. And, above all, our position has been materially strengthened by the provision of numerous lines of communication by road and railway, over and above the old trunk-roads established by the Company. A great network of telegraphs now intersects the country. Canals have been constructed. The result is twofold. The area of land under cultivation has been increased, the prices of agricultural produce being equalised, and a considerable export trade created. And from a military point of view greater security has been attained

by the increased facilities for rapidly assembling troops at any centre of disturbance. Again, the number of British soldiers has been more than doubled, while the number of native soldiers has been materially reduced. We may take it for granted that the arsenals and magazines will henceforth be exclusively in possession of the British, and that the artillery and other more effective branches of military service will also be mainly in their hands. More rapid communication with England, and the greater interest felt in India as an integral portion of the empire, will also make themselves felt as factors of the utmost importance in checking any fresh outbreak. Lord Roberts expresses his belief that, "as regards the native equally with the British army of India, a better feeling never existed throughout all ranks than exists at present." It is remarkable that this book gives no account of the excesses which were inevitable in the suppression of a mutiny which had been stained by so much bloodshed, treachery, and cruel massacre of English women and children. Their effect in perpetuating a feud between European and native seems to have been slight. The clemency party, headed by Lord Canning in India, and by most leading statesmen at home, roused great animosity during the continuance of the fierce passions of 1857.

Perhaps their efforts were appreciated by the natives, who after their defeat found themselves exposed to all the strength of civilisation temporarily deprived of those feelings of mercy and humanity which are supposed to accompany it. Or possibly the natives yielded submissively to fate, and regarded revenge and resentment as beyond their reach, while severe retribution was the inevitable sequel of defeat. At all events,

the passions of that time died away. The sepoys were mostly exterminated or disappeared. Rebellious feudatories were severely punished; loyal supporters were duly rewarded with grants and titles. Caution and conciliation are still necessary in administrative and legislative matters; for it may be taken for granted that native soldiers will reflect the sentiments of the people generally, more particularly upon any subject which involves their religion or the continuance of ancient and cherished usages. The whole experiment of a Western democracy governing peoples of stereotyped Oriental habits and manners is unique in the history of the world. It is inevitable that blunders should be made, that what commends itself to the rulers as sound and just may arouse the utmost discontent and animosity on the part of the ruled. Doctrinaire politicians, with their one-sided views of life, are wholly out of place in India. The greatest men in that country have always been in favour of gradual reforms pursued with extreme caution and toleration, in sympathy with prejudices which, however alien to our own ideas, are deep-rooted in the native mind. Lord Roberts instances at the present day forest laws and sanitary regulations, our legislative and fiscal systems, as being all of them subjects requiring care and circumspection. In a former generation such questions as the burning, and later the remarriage, of widows created widespread consternation, and our handling of them was amongst the causes of disaffection to our rule. Only in 1892 the closing of the great Hurdwar Fair, on account of a serious outbreak of cholera, however obvious a measure in the eyes of Westerns, was keenly resented by the natives as a blow aimed at their religion and a vio-

lation of the religious toleration proclaimed in 1858. To be robbed by officious sanitary inspectors of the privilege of bathing in sacred waters, after they have toiled over hundreds of miles and surmounted every degree of fatigue and privation, is to lose that which they value more than life, in obedience to Western sanitary ideas which they do not understand.

There will always be risk of causing political dissatisfaction. A free Press amongst the natives would be the best corrective, provided it is properly regulated. Lord Roberts draws attention to the licence allowed to that Press in vilifying the Government and its officials, and in persistently misrepresenting the motives and policy of the ruling Power. This always strikes us as a most indefensible proceeding, transplanting the free Press of the West into the East without any precaution against a seditious, hostile, and defiant spirit being openly indulged. However cautious and tolerant our proceedings, the goodwill and confidence of the natives cannot be gained in the face of persistent misrepresentation and calumny. Details of this kind are numerous, but from a military point of view the lesson of the Mutiny is that we must preserve a due proportion of British and native troops, retain in our own hands the possession of arsenals and the more effective branches of the service, and open up speedy communications both internally and with England.

Two great ceremonies are described in this book, which will have an enduring historical interest as long as our Indian army lasts—namely, the grand entry of Lord Canning into Lucknow on the 22d October 1859; and the proclamation of her Majesty as Empress of India on the 1st Jan-

uary 1877. Lord Roberts took a prominent part in both of them. The political interest of the former lies in the meeting a few days later between Lord Canning and the 160 taluqdars of Oudh, whose estate and property he had confiscated by his summary proclamation of March 15, 1858. They had, many of them, angrily resisted the process of converting them into law-abiding subjects from having been feudal chiefs with unlimited power of oppression and usurpation. Confiscation was made general and sweeping. It extended to the whole soil of Oudh, and reminds one to some slight extent of the Duke of Alva's sentencing the whole population of the Netherlands to death. The object, however, was, besides punishing the guilty, to establish the revenue system on a new and satisfactory footing. Lord Canning now announced the virtual though partial repeal of confiscation. Taluqdars who submitted received back their possessions as a free gift from the Government. Those who had done good service were rewarded with grants of confiscated lands. A month later, at Cawnpore, great satisfaction was given to the assembled chiefs by the announcement that the estates of native princes would be scrupulously respected, and that the right of adoption was conceded to them. That meant that instead of their possessions lapsing to the British Government on failure of heirs, their right, which in many previous cases had been refused, would hereafter be recognised of adopting a son, who, according to Hindu notions, would as effectively continue his adoptive father's line as a natural-born son would do. This, says Lord Roberts, did more than any other measure to make the feudatory princes believe in the amnesty proclamation.

The other ceremonial was at Delhi, when Lord Lytton received in durbar 63 ruling chiefs and nearly 300 titular chiefs and persons of distinction, the assemblage being intended to emphasise and repeat the proclamation of the Queen in 1858 in her public assumption of the title of "Empress of India." Lord Roberts played a leading part in its arrangement and conduct. He conversed, he says, with every one of the princes and nobles, and each in turn repeated the same sentiments of loyalty as had been publicly expressed by the leading Maharajahs. The political object, which must have been to some extent furthered by this tremendous ceremonial, was to assure each potentate and prince, "not only of the close union between the throne of England and your loyal and princely house, but also of the earnest desire of the paramount Power to see your dynasty strong, prosperous, and permanent." In other words, they were no longer to fear annexation by what they regarded as the rapacity of a Company, but were to consider themselves as part and parcel of the British empire, enrolled amongst its feudatories, secure in their possessions whilst they continued in their loyalty.

The same year, 1877, which witnessed this final consummation of empire after more than a century of heroic achievement, also witnessed the outbreak of war between Russia and Turkey, and the consequent unrest on the frontiers which looked in the direction of Russian power. The Trans-Indus tract of country was now removed from the Punjab Government, formed into a separate district, under the control of a Chief Commissioner who would be responsible direct to the Government of India for frontier

administration and trans-frontier relations. This post, with the command of the Punjab Frontier Force, was conferred on Roberts, who now had our relations with Afghanistan and Russia primarily in his hands.

Lord Roberts' account of the great historical occurrences which date from 1877 is as valuable as that of the still more stirring events of twenty years earlier. Of both series of events he is entitled to say, "*Quorum pars magna fui.*" In the latter his responsibility was of course far the greater.

The dominant feature of the situation which now engrossed his attention was that both England and Russia were solicitous for the friendship of the Ameer of Afghanistan. His territories were conterminous with ours, while Russia in two centuries had expanded along nearly 4000 miles of territory which lay between her boundary of that date and the present border-line of our Indian Empire. Both Afghan wars have been brought about by the presence of Russian officers in Kabul. In 1877 Russia's southern boundary was almost conterminous with the northern boundary of Afghanistan. The Ameer felt that Russia was in a position to crush him, while he was doubtful if we would protect him. In 1878 there was considerable risk of England having to go to war with Russia, and Indian troops had been brought to Malta with that view. At that moment the Ameer, at a council of his leading chiefs, decided to throw in his lot with Russia, and to receive at Kabul a Russian mission, headed by General Stolietoff. An offensive and defensive alliance between Russia and the Ameer was contemplated (Lord Roberts gives the proofs), had the Berlin Congress of that year failed

to establish peace. Lord Lytton, with the sanction of the Cabinet at home, insisted on the Ameer receiving a friendly British mission at Kabul, intimating that a refusal to grant it a free passage and safe-conduct would be deemed an act of open hostility.

Every one knows that this led to the second Afghan war, in which Lord Roberts assumed the command of the Kuram field force and conducted the invasion. The manner in which the Peiwar Kotal was carried is told in a clear, finished, and precise manner, observing the *via media* between vagueness and excessive detail, in an appreciative and generous spirit to his comrades in arms. An advance was then made to Khost, which the force was not strong enough to hold, and a further forward movement was postponed till the following year.

Shere Ali, the Ameer, on hearing of the defeat of his army, had fled with the members of the Russian mission, and was succeeded by his son Yakub Khan, who, on the death of his father in February 1879, expressed anxiety for friendship with the Viceroy. Cavagnari was with his consent deputed to Kabul on a mission to him, and was there with his staff brutally murdered. The British people at that time were reluctant to go to war. South Africa was giving trouble, and we had only just escaped from a threatened war with Russia. The Liberal Opposition was eagerly preparing for a general election, and Mr Gladstone was extremely vocal on the subject of Shere Ali's wrongs. Further hostilities were therefore out of the question until the murder of Cavagnari. Lord Roberts expresses the misgivings he felt at the time at our resorting under the circumstances to negotiation before we had inspired the

warlike Afghans with a sufficient sense of defeat to convince them of our strength and ability to punish any breach of treaty, on which conviction he rightly relied as the sole guarantee of its due observance. Accordingly chapter one of this war was concluded by the treaty of Gandamak, signed on the 26th May 1879, and effected by "the tact and diplomatic skill of Louis Cavagnari." We received under it cession of territory, promising, on the other hand, support against external aggression, and arranging for the reception of a mission at Kabul. Lord Roberts's forebodings as to what would befall this mission turned out to be correct. Accordingly the second invasion proceeded under his command. That wonderful march then took place, with the result that after severe fighting Kabul at last was at his mercy. It was part of the policy of this invasion to tell the tribes who were disposed to be friendly that we should never again altogether withdraw from Afghanistan, and so leave our friends in the hands of their enemies. A very singular feature of this invasion was that the Ameer Yakub Khan, who disavowed all responsibility for the death of Cavagnari, came to the British camp as our ally, seeking refuge from his mutinous soldiers. He had evidently done nothing to save Cavagnari, even if he had not originated the assault. His desire was to delay the British advance. He earnestly pressed that policy on Lord Roberts, but without success. He remained in our camp, in constant communication with Kabul, important tidings evidently passing to and fro, his position enabling him to give accurate information to the enemy as to our numbers and movements. When Kabul was taken Lord Roberts made the

Ameer's Ministers prisoners, and on their guilt with respect to Cavagnari's murder being proved, they, as well as Yakub Khan, were deported to India, and an amnesty was proclaimed to all persons not concerned in the attack on the Residency, Lord Roberts finding it impossible to treat as rebels to the Ameer's authority men who, it was clearly proved, had only carried out his secret, if not his expressed, wishes in opposing our advance on Kabul.

The closing months of 1879 were signalised by a tremendous coalition against us of all the Afghan tribes, exasperated by the humiliations their country had undergone. In face of these ever-increasing hordes Lord Roberts and his comparatively small force were compelled on the 14th December to retire for a time within the defences of Sherpur, a measure which involved the abandonment of Kabul and the Bala Hissar, and which of course gave heart to the tribesmen. The Afghans speedily discovered the retrograde movement, and pressed our troops the whole way back to the cantonment. There was hand-to-hand fighting, but the movement was successfully effected. Troops and baggage were safe inside Sherpur, and the Afghans got possession of the city and the Bala Hissar.

Probably in all his battles, campaigns, and adventures, Lord Roberts and the troops under his command were never in greater peril than on that day. As he says, it is comparatively easy to act on the offensive against Asiatics, however much their numbers may preponderate. "There is something in the determined advance of a compact disciplined body of troops which they can seldom resist. But a retirement is a different matter. They become full of confidence and valour

the moment they see any signs of their opponents being unable to resist them, and if there is the smallest symptom of unsteadiness, wavering, or confusion, a disaster is certain to occur. It may be imagined, therefore, with what intense anxiety I watched for hours the withdrawal." On the 23d a determined attack was made by the besieging force, the mullas having in all the mosques made frantic appeals to the people to unite in one final effort to exterminate the infidel. The attack on Sherpur was decisively repulsed. The Afghans broke and fled. The cavalry pursued, and before nightfall all the open ground in the neighbourhood of Sherpur was cleared of the enemy. The victory was complete. Not only was the assault abandoned, but the great tribal combination had been dissolved, and on the following morning not a man, says Lord Roberts, "of the many thousands who had been opposed to us the previous day remained in any of the villages or on the surrounding hills."

In the beginning of 1880 Afghanistan lay at our feet. The tidings of the defeat and dispersion of the tribesmen spread far and wide, and resistance was at an end. The pacification or resettlement of the country became the matter in hand, and at this point the personal interest of the book, so far as Lord Roberts is concerned, undergoes a change. Down to that point we have, first, the personal adventures of the young soldier in camp, in trench, in march, in the storm of Delhi, and the relief of Lucknow; second, the wider views of the general responsible for the campaign or the plans of battle. After the conquest of the Afghans he begins his career as a statesman, taking part in transactions which affect the national welfare and the his-

tory of the world, and busied with high questions of military administration and military statesmanship. The first practical question was, how to deal with Afghanistan now that we had got it. Withdrawal was felt to be out of the question until the objects of the war were secured—viz., the future safety of the Indian frontier, and guarantees for the future good behaviour of the Afghans. Lord Roberts decided in favour of disintegration of the country. A strong united Afghanistan was only desirable in the event of its ruler being friendly. Even then past experience had shown that the succession to an Ameer friendly to us was sure to be disputed, and the work of unification would have to begin all over again. We did not desire annexation, but there was considerable difficulty in finding a native ruler. The policy finally declared in durbar was that Yakub Khan could not be allowed to return, that the people might elect an Ameer friendly to us and subject to the Viceroy's approval, that the British army would withdraw as soon as that was done, retaining only the occupation of such places as were necessary for the safety of our Indian frontier, but that Kandahar would not again be united to Kabul.

Sir Donald Stewart's division was now sent from Kandahar to Kabul to take part in the pacification of Northern Afghanistan. He reached it on the 5th May, and Roberts had to deliver up to him the supreme command. By the end of July Stewart had Abdur Rahman, with whom considerable difficulties had at first arisen, proclaimed Ameer of Kabul. He was to rely on his own resources, no treaty to be made till his power was consolidated.

Orders were given for the British force to retire; but Roberts,

riding away from Kabul, suddenly experienced a presentiment of coming trouble so vividly as to induce him to return, only to receive the news that Ayub Khan, a brother of the deported Yakub, had totally defeated Burrows's brigade at Maiwand, and was besieging Kandahar, where Primrose had succeeded to Sir Donald Stewart's command. The lamentable news, he says, "almost took my breath away"; for it meant at the least that all was confusion again on the very eve of a projected pacification. Stewart and Roberts agreed that whatever might happen, the only way to render speedy relief to Kandahar was to send a force from Kabul, where they were still urgently required. From no other quarter could a force be rapidly got together, and, moreover, the most seasoned troops were required to deal with the terrible emergency which had arisen—the sudden appearance of a strong Afghan force flushed with victory. Our disaster, of course, had created considerable excitement all along the border. The state of feeling throughout India was such, says Lord Roberts, as to make those who remembered the Mutiny anxious for better news from the north. Roberts pressed his view that the Kabul force should be sent. On the 3d August Lord Ripon telegraphed orders to that effect, and that Roberts should be placed in command, who accordingly got together his force, carefully weeding out of it every man not likely to stand the strain of prolonged forced marches, and reducing impedimenta to a minimum. He marched, with less than 10,000 men and only mountain batteries, 313 miles, and entered Kandahar in twenty days, having on the way been nearly prostrated with fever. This book deals so very

sparingly in adverse criticism, the main points to which it has been directed down to this date being the unpreparedness and the inefficiency of the too elderly officers in command of various stations at the outbreak of the Mutiny, that attention cannot fail to be aroused by the severe remarks made on the demoralised condition of the garrison at Kandahar. The general bearing of the troops reminded him, he says, of the people at Agra in 1857. "They seemed to consider themselves hopelessly defeated, and were utterly despondent: they never even hoisted the union-jack until the relieving force was close at hand." Yet the walls of Kandahar were so high and thick as to render the city absolutely impregnable to any army not equipped with a regular siege-train. "For British soldiers," he says, "to have contemplated the possibility of Kandahar being taken by an Afghan army showed what a miserable state of depression and demoralisation they were in." The next morning, September 1, Roberts assumed the command of the army in Southern Afghanistan, the troops at Kandahar consisting of 3800 British and 11,000 natives, with 36 guns; and at six o'clock in the evening of the same day, after a tremendous conflict, telegraphed the total defeat and complete dispersion of Ayub Khan's army with comparatively slight loss on our side. This closed the Afghan war. Roberts left Kandahar for Quetta in search of health after his attack of fever, and was shortly afterwards created Commander-in-Chief of the Madras army. Stewart, after installing Abdur Rahman as Ameer of Kabul, marched the whole British force out of that city on their return to India, one brigade alone being left as a temporary measure in the Khyber Pass.

Lord Roberts pays, as well he might, a glowing tribute to the unflagging energy and perseverance of his "splendid troops," both British and native, from whom he finally parted at the Bolan Pass:—

"As I parted with each corps in turn its band played 'Auld Lang Syne,' and I have never since heard that memory-stirring air without its bringing before my mind's eye the last view I had of the Kabul-Kandahar Field Force. I fancy myself crossing and recrossing the river which winds through the pass; I hear the martial beat of drums and plaintive music of the pipes; and I see Riflemen and Gurkhas, Highlanders and Sikhs, guns and horses, camels and mules, with the endless following of an Indian army, winding through the narrow gorges, or over the interminable boulders which made the passage of the Bolan so difficult and wearisome to man and beast. I shall never forget the feeling of sadness with which I said good-bye to the men who had done so much for me. I looked upon them all, native as well as British, as my valued friends. And well I might, for never had a commander been better served."

Here ends the long tale of Lord Roberts' active service in the field, which began with the movable column of the Punjab, and ended with this splendid march from Kabul to Kandahar, with the complete overthrow of the Afghan army at the end of it. It was this latter exploit which chiefly arrested the attention of his countrymen, and gained for him the enthusiastic reception which awaited him on his return to England. He himself, and probably his readers will concur with him, considered his march from Kurram to Kabul the previous autumn in reality the greater military achievement, in every particular more difficult, more dangerous, and more responsible. In this last-mentioned operation his force was little more than half the strength

with which he marched to Kandahar. During the latter part of it, after crossing the Shutargardan, he was in the midst of quite as hostile tribes, "entirely dependent on the country for supplies, heavily handicapped by want of transport, and practically as completely cut off from communication with India as I was a year later on the march to Kandahar." Before him was Kabul, with its large and well-equipped arsenal and a highly organised army; around him were tribesmen hurrying to defend its approaches; within his camp a traitor in the form of the Ameer, posing as the friend to the British Government and a refugee seeking our protection, while in reality he was a deadly foe.

The destruction of the British force in 1842 brought home to the English mind the perils of Afghan warfare. Lord Roberts' successes ought not to diminish the caution with which military operations in that country should be attempted. They give one the impression of being hazardous to the last degree, not to be undertaken without the utmost precautions to ensure success, or without the most urgent requirements of political necessity. Lord Roberts cannot be suspected of unduly magnifying their difficulties. But the desperateness of the whole proceeding, the peril of annihilation in case of hesitation, are shown by his remark with regard to the prospects of his small force when surrounded by foes and approaching Kabul: "Had there been on our part the smallest hesitation or delay, we should have found ourselves opposed by as formidable a combination as we had to deal with two months later at Sherpur. Nothing could then have saved the force, not one man of which, I firmly believe, would have ever returned to tell the tale in India." From the fall of Delhi

to the fall of Kabul and the relief of Kandahar there is compressed within a quarter of a century enough of daring achievement and determined conflict with overpowering numbers of brave and resolute enemies to convince the world that a nation which can produce such men has not entered yet on the period of its decline, has not yet had its energies and spirit sapped by peace and prosperity, but is still capable of vindicating its empire in all parts of the globe. Amongst the many heroes which that space of time brought to the front, Lord Roberts has won a foremost place, and every one must rejoice at the honours which have been showered upon him, and which he has so richly deserved.

There is an amusing glimpse of the way in which our Indian heroes regarded the actions of their country and compatriots in South Africa. Lord Roberts, after the Afghan campaigns, went home more or less invalided before entering upon his duties in Madras. "Six weeks out of these precious months of leave," Lord Roberts says, "were spent in a wild-goose chase to the Cape of Good Hope and back, upon my being nominated by Mr Gladstone's Government Governor of Natal and Commander of the Forces in South Africa, on the death of Sir George Colley, and the receipt of the news of the disaster at Majuba Hill." Naturally enough, he expected a brisk business, having usually up to that time been selected for command when some dangerous and desperate enterprise was on foot. Matters on this occasion took a turn to which he was not accustomed. "While I was on my way out to take up my command peace was made with the Boers in the most marvellously rapid and unexpected manner." A peace without honour or the semblance of honour! Lord

Roberts does not seem, from the tone of his allusion to the whole remarkable business, to have regarded his selection for this particular command as being in the nature of a distinguished compliment worthy of his acceptance. His stay at Cape Town lasted twenty-four hours, "the Government being apparently as anxious to get me away from Africa as they had been to hurry me out there."

After a stay in Madras, Lord Roberts again visited Calcutta in March 1885, while Lord Dufferin was Viceroy. It was shortly before the affair at Panjdeh, which so nearly led to war with Russia, and which was the immediate occasion of a vote of credit of several millions by the House of Commons. Public affairs were unsettled. Russia was very active in the valley of the Oxus, Skobeleff's victories having given her Merv and Sarakhs, thus making the Caspian the base of any future operations, Turkestan being also in direct communication by rail and steamer with St Petersburg. The army in the Caucasus was now easily transportable to the boundaries of Afghanistan, and accordingly Russia was dictating terms to the Boundary Commission, and ejecting an Afghan garrison from Panjdeh under the eyes of British officers. Meetings took place between Lord Dufferin and Abdur Rahman at Rawul Pindi. The former declared that England was resolved that a Russian advance on Herat should be met by a declaration of war, and the latter was required to choose finally which of his two powerful neighbours he would have for his ally. As far as words went the Ameer chose Great Britain. The Viceroy ratified Lord Ripon's promise to defend his kingdom against foreign aggression, and presented him with

money, arms, and ammunition. Everything was in readiness for war. "A change of Government, however," says Lord Roberts, "took place just in time to prevent the war. Lord Salisbury's determined attitude convinced Russia that no further encroachments on the Afghan frontier would be permitted: she ceased the 'game of brag' she had been allowed to play, and the Boundary Commission were enabled to proceed with the work of delimitation." The most satisfactory incident of the whole of these proceedings was the loyalty of the native chiefs who were present, and their profuse promises of help in case a recourse to arms became necessary. Similar demonstrations of loyalty were made by distant native rulers. Lord Roberts says that the greatest enthusiasm prevailed, and the various camps at Rawul Pindi were crowded with men desirous of joining the ranks of our army. We were able in the height of the Mutiny to rely on the firm support of many of the most prominent native races, and it seems highly probable that that support would be still more general and even more enthusiastic in the defence of their country against a foreign invader. And every ten years that pass over our heads tend to consolidate the empire, and to confirm the acquiescence of native feudatories and allies in a rule to which they have become accustomed, and which gives them security without impairing their dignity and independence.

In 1885 Lord Roberts succeeded Sir Donald Stewart as Commander-in-Chief in India. He went with Lord Dufferin to Rangoon, and then to Mandalay, where the Viceroy formally announced the annexation by England of all that part of Upper Burmah over which King Thebaw had held sway. The chief

subject which still interested him in his high position was the security of our North-West frontier, having regard to the near approach of Russia, and our consequent promise to the Ameer to preserve the integrity of his kingdom, a promise which rendered us responsible for the northern as well as the southern boundary of Afghanistan. Lord Roberts, contrary to the opinions of the majority of the Defence Committee, laid greater stress on the maintenance of lines of communication than on the construction of numerous fortifications. His aim was to have the means of bringing all the strategical points on the frontier into direct communication with the Indian railways, so as to be able to mass our troops rapidly. The offensive and defensive requirements of Quetta and the Bolan Pass were to be provided for, and a spot was selected on the right bank of the Kabul river between Khairabad and the Indus, and commanding the latter river, on which the garrisons of Peshawur and Noushera could fall back if necessary and await reinforcements. This is with a view to the probable hostility of the warlike tribes, who in case of invasion would, so long as they remain hostile, combine against us from Chitral to Baluchistan, and pour into India. The Khyber Pass was the chief pass to be defended, for it alone debouched directly on cultivated country and on roads leading to the chief Punjab cities. Too many forts had to be avoided, on grounds both of finance and of the difficulty of garrisoning them. Lord Roberts also prescribed the defensive works which should be taken in hand without delay, and the roads and railways which should be constructed. And it is worth noting that he was

so far satisfied with the attention paid to his requirements that he writes :—

“Seven years later, when I gave up my command of the army in India, I had the supreme satisfaction of knowing that I left our North-West frontier secure so far as it was possible to make it so, hampered as we were by want of money. The necessary fortifications had been completed, schemes for the defence of the various less important positions had been prepared, and the roads and railways, in my estimation of such vast importance, had either been finished or were well advanced.”

Thus Lord Beaconsfield's well-known policy for the construction of a scientific frontier to the north-west of our Indian empire has been carried out. The declaration of that policy was at the time derided by the party hacks and political nincompoops of the time ; but successive Viceroy's have given thought and attention to it, realising that so long as invasion remains a remote risk we could not look unconcernedly on, while Russia crept step by step closer to our dominions. Lord Lytton's forward movement was the first step in carrying out this policy, and from first to last Lord Roberts has been a main instrument in its execution.

It must not be supposed that all occasion for anxiety has been removed, but at least the plans have been adopted and executed to an extent which was satisfactory. Rawul Pindi on the right and Quetta on the left marked the boundaries of the frontier line, Multan having been rejected. There was also a scheme for utilising the armies of native States as an auxiliary force for the service of the empire. Lord Roberts was at first doubtful of the wisdom of encouraging a high state of efficiency amongst the troops of

independent States. But having fought side by side with natives, he had gained confidence in their desire to co-operate with us and in their unmistakable loyalty. But for the saving clause, "so long as our Government continues just and sympathetic," we should infer that he had at the close of his career fallen a victim to that excessive trust in the natives which he found so rife when he first landed, and which was the prime cause of the Mutiny. The chiefs of course cordially responded to proposals of this kind, and steadily improved their armies under the guidance of carefully selected British officers. It is a policy which we must take on trust, confiding in our experts. Substantial results are said to have been already obtained, the Chitral expedition having had valuable help from the transport trains organised by the rulers of Gwalior and Jeypoor, and by the troops of the Maharajah of Kashmir. Still for our part we rely with greater confidence in regard to the future on this circumstance, that instead of British troops being in the proportion of less than 1 to 6, as they were in the days before the Mutiny, we have now, or had in 1885 (vol. ii. p. 390), 70,000 British with 414 guns, and 128,636 natives, a proportion of more than 1 to 2. So long as our trust in native loyalty and professions does not lead us to tamper with this proportion, and to take all the securities which a position, precarious in spite of all our efforts, requires, there can be no political un wisdom in cultivating friendship and inspiring confidence in

native States, a policy which we hope will, before many generations have passed away, lead to the introduction of friendly sentiments and civilising agencies even amongst the hostile tribes who hang like a dark cloud over our North-Western frontier.

We lay down these volumes with the feeling that they are the record of the life not only of a brave and capable soldier, but of a loyal friend and of a very kindly and modest-hearted gentleman. When he succeeds, it is his "luck," when others fail, it is their "misfortune." There is not an unkind word from beginning to end, and when an adverse criticism is inevitable, it is free from bitterness, and names are withheld as far as possible. Those who served under him in later life were made to feel that his eye was on them, and that their actions would be appraised in an ungrudging and appreciative spirit. The record of his young days is fresh and full of charm, recalling the bright young officer whose sobriquet of "Bobs" throughout the service was the Indian unerring sign of genial manners and personal popularity. And throughout the book, from the day when he "found his fate" to the hour when he penned its dedication, we have occasional glimpses of the domestic sentiment which Englishmen recognise as the basis of national greatness, and without whose gilding this life of strenuous activity of 'Forty-one Years in India' could not be the happy retrospect it is. By such men our Indian empire was won, and by such men it must be held.

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GORDON'S STAFF-OFFICER AT KHARTÚM.

GENERAL GORDON'S remarkable career and tragic end at Khartúm have frequently been described; but the public know little of the man who, at a few hours' notice, was ordered to accompany Gordon to the Súdán, and acted as his staff-officer. It is evident, to any one who studies the history of Gordon's mission, that Colonel Stewart's appreciation of the position created in the Súdán by the successes of the Mahdi was juster than that of his chief. And a notice of his brief career and services may not be without interest at the present moment when the reoccupation of Dongola, and the declared intention of Government to continue the advance southward this year, have reawakened interest in the Súdán, and in the events connected with General Gordon's mission in 1884.

John Donald Hamill Stewart was born on the 15th October

1845, and was not quite thirty-nine when he was treacherously murdered in the house of Fakri Wad Etman at Hebba. He was an Ulsterman; and one of the most distinguished of living Ulstermen thus wrote of him:—

"Amongst the many noble and fine soldiers I have known, I have met scarcely any one for whom I conceived a greater respect and admiration. His charming manners, his high sense of duty, his unselfishness, and his great ability, impressed every one who came into contact with him."

Stewart passed first out of Sandhurst in June 1865, and was gazetted ensign in the 12th Regiment. In the following month he was transferred to the 11th Hussars, in which regiment he obtained his lieutenant-colonelcy on the 1st July 1881. The earlier years of his service were passed in India, and here he de-

veloped that love of travel and faculty of observation which were marked characteristics of his brief life. He travelled widely in India, Java, Sumatra, China, and Japan; and, when the regiment was ordered home, he returned by China, Siberia, and Russia. On this occasion he crossed the great Gobi desert with a single Russian attendant. A wide reader, a good linguist, gifted with an iron constitution, insensible to fatigue, careless of creature comforts, and blessed with one of those happy dispositions which make the best of everything, Stewart was an ideal explorer. He loved beautiful scenery and the excitement of constant change; but his great interest was in the people,—their history, their manners and customs, their system of government, and their military capacity. In these earlier journeys he obtained a knowledge of oriental life and character which was afterwards of the greatest service to him.

During the winter of 1878-79, Stewart, with only a native servant, travelled through some of the troubled districts of Asia Minor, and on his return to Constantinople was asked to give some account of his journey to the Embassy. His report showed such keen insight into the causes that had led to the wretched condition of the country, and such warm sympathy with the sufferings of the peasantry, Moslem and Christian, that it at once attracted attention. As a result he was offered and accepted a military vice-consulship in Anatolia, and was appointed to Konia. Here his upright character and strong common-sense soon won the respect and esteem of the Turkish officials, from the Governor-General downwards. He never interfered needlessly, but when a genuine case of injustice was brought to his notice he was

ever ready to press for redress, and generally met with success. His warm sympathy with distress was known far and wide, and, when famine was almost at the door, many a poor peasant had reason to bless the unostentatious charity of the British consul.

Whilst temporarily acting as consul at Aleppo, Stewart made a remarkable journey in the desert between the Euphrates and Tigris. The Arabs, at the time, were in a state of ferment, and it was desirable to ascertain what was going on from other than Turkish sources. Stewart, with a single attendant, left Aleppo as if for a morning's ride; but, at a village in the neighbourhood, he exchanged his horses for camels, and travelled rapidly, by Palmyra, to the Euphrates. Crossing the river and passing through a district where the Sultan's writ does not run, he visited the supreme sheikh of the Shammar Arabs, and eventually emerged from the desert at Mosul. His journey, which was one of great hardship, with a fair share of adventure, was a complete success, and added to his previous high reputation.

In the summer of 1882 Stewart was sent to the little known country of the Dersim Kurds; and no communication had been received from him when Alexandria was bombarded and occupied. It was a time of great excitement, caused by the sedulous circulation of false rumours of British defeats, and some anxiety was felt for his safety. So persistent were the rumours that when Stewart reached Kharpút, travel-stained by his rough life in the Kurdish mountains, a report ran through the bazar that the British troops had been driven from Egypt and that one of the fugitives had just made his appearance. At Kharpút he re-

ceived orders to proceed to Egypt, and, starting at once for Alexandria, he reached Alexandria a few days before the battle of Tell el-Kebír. For his services in Anatolia he received a well-earned C.M.G.

At Alexandria, and afterwards at Cairo, Stewart was specially employed under Sir E. Malet, then British Agent. Early in October, however, the condition of the Súdán was giving rise to anxiety and alarm. The whole country appeared to be in a state bordering upon anarchy. Telegrams of the most conflicting character were being received, and every day it became more desirable to obtain accurate information on the state of affairs, and the progress of the Mahdi. Stewart was sent to Khartúm to report on the situation; and Lord Dufferin, no mean judge, publicly expressed his opinion of Stewart's work in the following terms:—

"It was a matter of astonishment to me—and I am glad to say I have recorded my opinions on the subject in an official despatch—to observe the capacity, the industry, and the ability with which, under the most unpromising circumstances, that noble officer performed the task given to him. He sent home a series of despatches unrivalled for lucidity, and the mass of complicated information which they contained, and above all for that spirit of humanity which they breathed."¹

It is, however, from his private letters that we get the clearest impression of the general state of disorder. On the 28th November he reached Sawákin, having made the voyage with over 1000 men on their way to the Súdán. Their value he considered to be doubtful, "as some of their officers had been heard to ask whether the Mahdi was not gifted with supernatural

power, and whether he was not able to turn all their powder into water."

On the 8th December he is at Berber visiting the prisons, where he found men who, though tried and found innocent, had been waiting more than a year for an order of release from Cairo. In the Finance Office thirty clerks were entering and re-entering every item of expenditure over and over again in forty books; and "to add to the confusion of the office, the children from the neighbouring school are allowed free access in order that they may learn arithmetic by watching the clerks."

On the 16th December he reached Khartúm, and was well received by the Governor-General, Abd el-Kader, of whom he writes in terms of high praise. On the 20th we find him urging the Governor to try, and shoot for cowardice and disobedience of orders, a major who, when in command of a battalion, had refused to attack a small party of Arabs. The sequel is amusing. Before the court-martial could assemble, the Khedive telegraphed his "thanks to the battalion for its admirable conduct," and asked for "the names of the officers and N.C.O.'s." One of the officers, on this occasion, fell or was pushed into the Nile.

"The result of his bath was that he became deaf and dumb. He was put in the hospital here [Khartúm], and a very severe blister placed on the back of his neck. This was most effectual, and in a few hours he began to lisp. The surgeon then said, 'If you cannot speak and hear perfectly well to-morrow, I shall have to run a hot needle up your ear.' The man was perfectly well the next day. Needless to say he was shamming the whole time."

¹ Speech at Belfast, October 16, 1884.

Well might Stewart say: "The only chance of success is to adopt stern measures, and show the officers that it is more dangerous to retreat than to advance."

Stewart was constantly urging the Governor to concentrate his troops, and try to raise the courage of his men, by obtaining some success in the open; and then to attempt the relief of Bara and Obeid. But Abd el-Kader had no officer in whom he could trust. The brigadiers sent to him were worthless; the officers were ignorant; and quite one-third of the men arriving from Egypt had never handled a rifle. Early in January 1883, however, serious reports came in from the districts round Sennár, and Abd el-Kader, at Stewart's instigation, determined to take the field in person. He was rewarded by gaining two substantial successes over the Mahdists.

Stewart's letters contain many allusions to the evils of the civil administration, the venality and incompetence of the officials, the robbery and oppression of the Bashi Bazúks, and the constant interference from Cairo, due chiefly to intrigues in the Khedive's harem. His conclusion was that the Egyptians were morally and physically unfit to govern the country. "I assure you," he writes, "I sometimes think I am dreaming; everything seems turned upside down." On the 8th March, four days after the arrival of General Hicks and his staff, he left Khartúm, and travelling by Sennár, Gedarif, Kassala, and Massowa, reached Cairo on the 30th April 1883. His mission had been successful, and when Bara and Obeid surrendered to the Mahdi in January, his presence in Khartúm had averted a panic.

After a brief period of leave in England, Stewart joined his regi-

ment at Leeds; and was soon afterwards offered the command of a regiment in India, which he declined. In December, whilst in Spain with one of his sisters, he heard of the destruction of Hicks' army by the Mahdi, and wrote at once that Khartúm ought to be held at all costs. He proposed the despatch of a force from India to relieve Khartúm and hold the country on the right bank of the White Nile.

On the 12th of December Stewart, having returned to England, was consulted by Government. He tried to impress upon Ministers the true significance of the Mahdi's victory. He pointed out that the Mahdi, from his claims and position, must push on; that it was hopeless to attempt to stop him with Egyptian troops; and that his unchecked advance would probably lead to risings in Egypt and Arabia. The expediency of employing Zobeir in the Súdán was apparently discussed, but Stewart considered that it would be very imprudent to employ him. He held that Zobeir was a shrewd, able man, and that, if sent to the Súdán, "he would probably play his own game." The impression produced upon Stewart by his interviews with Ministers was that matters would "be allowed to slide, at any rate for the present." He was, therefore, not surprised to hear early in January that Government, having decided to abandon the Súdán, had ordered the evacuation of Khartúm.

About the middle of January 1884 Stewart is again in London preparing a report for Government on the best way of evacuating Khartúm. On the 16th January he writes: "The more one looks at this Khartúm relief or retreat the more difficult it seems. . . . I feel sure that without some for-

ward movement on the part of a relieving force, a retreat from Khartúm will practically mean the dissolution of the retiring force." He held strongly that "without fighting-men it was hopeless to expect to do anything," and advocated the despatch of a force from India to Kassala to secure the Khartúm-Kassala-Massowa road, and overawe the Eastern Súdán.

On the 17th, Stewart felt so certain that nothing would be done that he accepted a delicate mission from Government which was expected to last about two months. "Ministers," he writes, "appear to stand shivering on the brink, afraid to take the responsibility of ordering the retreat of the garrison for fear they should be massacred on the homeward march, and on the other hand afraid to take measures to hold the Eastern Súdán."

The next day was to see a complete change in the situation. General Gordon reached London in the morning, and afterwards had an interview with Ministers. "I was asked," he writes, "if I would go to Súdán to carry out evacuation of Súdán which Government had decided upon. I said, Yes, if Government were decided on it; so it was settled, and I left that night." One of his first acts was to apply for Stewart's services. At 3.30 P.M. Stewart was summoned to the War Office and introduced to Gordon. He was then told that Government wished him to accompany that officer to the Súdán, and that they were to start by the Indian mail at 8 P.M. that night. The two men had never met before. "I had never seen Stewart," Gordon writes from Port Said, "but asked for him,

for his reports seemed so good, and I am truly glad to have such a splendid fellow."

Before leaving Stewart received written instructions to accompany Gordon. His position, which has been often misunderstood, was that of staff-officer to a British general ordered to Egypt on Imperial service. One who saw him at this time writes: "I shall never forget his simple, frank, soldier-like, dutiful acceptance of the orders given him. I have a strong personal feeling of admiration for a man who did his duty *without* exalted (if I may so term them) feelings." Stewart, throughout his brief career, attached the greatest importance to implicit obedience to orders. When he received an order he considered it his duty to carry it out to the best of his ability, without question and without regard to personal risk. Knowing the state of the Súdán, he was doubtful of success; but, having once received his orders from Government, he devoted his whole energies to the work, and served his chief, often under trying circumstances, with a loyalty beyond all praise.

On the evening of the 18th, with kindly good wishes from the Duke of Cambridge and Lord Wolseley, who were at Charing Cross to bid them what proved to be a last farewell, Gordon and Stewart started on their perilous mission. The two men who were thus speeding to their fate were in some respects much alike, in others widely different. Both were animated by the highest sense of honour and duty; both were fearless in the face of danger, and had the same contempt of death; both disliked carrying arms;¹ both had the kindest feelings towards na-

¹ Stewart, when remonstrated with, used to compromise matters by putting a small empty pistol into his pocket.

tives, the same horror of oppression and cruelty, the same determination to see justice done at all hazards. Gordon was hasty, impelled by his active mind and imagination to be always doing something, quick of temper, prone to take offence at any fancied slight, open to the verge of indiscretion, a man who sought guidance from above, and earnestly tried to follow, in great matters and small, what he believed to be the path indicated by the Almighty in answer to his prayers. "This is my strength," he writes from Khartúm, "*because I am a born idiot God will work by me.*" Stewart, on the other hand, was calm, with an evenly balanced mind capable of seeing the true proportion of things, not easily stirred to wrath, discreet without undue reticence, methodical yet quick. He believed others to be as honest and straightforward as himself,¹ considered his religious opinions as a matter that did not concern the public, and had none of the crusading or missionary spirit of his chief. He was rather animated by love of country, and a desire for distinction. "If," he once said, "I could make myself a name by doing something that would be of service to my country, I should die happy."

On one point, the relations of Gordon to the Government, they differed widely in their views; and, though in none of Stewart's letters is there a single disloyal word, it is easy to see that, on several occasions, he was far from approving the line taken by his chief. When Gordon tried to bring pressure on the Government through Mr Power, the 'Times' correspondent, there was appar-

ently a sharp discussion. Stewart held that an officer who had accepted a special mission from Government should on all occasions state his views openly and fearlessly, and loyally accept their decision. He was prepared to act on his own responsibility, but he did not think it right for an officer to employ the Press to force his views upon Ministers who might be guided by knowledge which he did not possess, or by motives of Imperial policy. Gordon strongly dissented from this view. In a letter written soon after the discussion he expresses his fondness of Stewart, but considers him to be deeply imbued with official reserve. He thinks that if any one sees Government taking a vicious course, he is bound to warn them, and if they will not listen, then to utilise the Press.

Stewart kept a journal of the progress of the mission, and wrote openly to friends and relations. The journal, as we have it, ends on the 11th March 1884. The continuation, which fell into the hands of the Mahdi, is described by Gordon as a "gem." The impression produced by Stewart's correspondence, no less than by that of Gordon, is that the two men, differing as they sometimes did in regard to the policy to be pursued, thoroughly understood and appreciated each other. There were at times heated discussions, but Stewart was ever loyal in thought and deed, and Gordon had a high regard for the sterling qualities of his gifted staff-officer.

When Gordon left England, his policy was to restore the Súdán to the representatives of the petty sultans who had been dispossessed by Muhammad Ali, and he in-

¹ "Stewart was a man who did not chew the cud—he never thought of danger in perspective; he was not a bit suspicious (while I am made up of it)."—Gordon's Journal, p. 281.

tended to proceed direct to Sawákin. Once there he proposed to reopen the Sawákin-Berber road through Sheikh Músa of the Hadendoa, and Músa Akkad, a Súdán merchant of great ability, who had been implicated in the Arábi rebellion, and exiled. In this policy Stewart thoroughly concurred. On the 20th Gordon suggested that Zobeir should be sent to Cyprus, and asked Sir E. Baring to meet him at Suez. On the 22d, whilst "at sea," he explained in a memorandum the policy he proposed to pursue, and his objections to the employment of Zobeir. On this and on subsequent occasions he paid Stewart the high compliment of asking him to record his independent views. Stewart cordially agreed with the memorandum, and also suggested that steps should be taken to prevent any interference by the Cairo Ministers with Gordon's mission. Both wrote in strong terms against the employment of Zobeir, believing that if sent to the Súdán he would consolidate a vast State and become a formidable power. Both distrusted the Khedive, and dreaded intrigues at Cairo more than the open hostility of the Súdánis. Stewart even thought that some of the Egyptian officials would not be sorry to hear that Gordon had been made away with; and he evidently watched over the safety of his chief, who wrote from Khartúm, "You have a wife to look over your shoulder and see there is no treachery: Stewart is as good for me here."

On the 24th Gordon and Stewart reached Port Said, and were met by Sir Evelyn Wood and Colonel Watson. Here they heard that Government wished Gordon to go to Cairo, and that Zobeir could not be sent to Cyprus. At Ismailiya they learned that Sheikh Músa of the Hadendoa was dead,

and that a large section of the tribe was in rebellion under Osman Digna. There was now no question of going to Sawákin, and on the 25th a council was held at the British Agency, Cairo, to decide upon the action that should be taken with regard to the Súdán. The evening of the same day Gordon met Zobeir at the house of Sherif Pasha, and afterwards wrote that when he saw him he felt a "mystic feeling" that he could trust him, and that he would willingly undertake the responsibility of taking him up to Khartúm.

On the 26th the council again met, and Gordon's instructions, which had been prepared at his own request, and with his fullest approval, were read over to him. Then followed a remarkable interview between Gordon and Zobeir, during which the latter displayed so much animus against Gordon that those who were present considered that it would not be desirable to allow Zobeir to go up to the Súdán. In the evening Gordon and Stewart left Cairo.

Gordon took with him two firmans appointing him Governor-General of the Súdán, and two proclamations from the Khedive to the Súdánis. In one set the evacuation of the Súdán was specifically mentioned, in the other there was no allusion to it. At Gordon's request the British Government was not mentioned, and he and Stewart thus became in the eyes of the natives Englishmen in the service of the Khedive. As a consequence it was decided that they were to wear the *tarbúsh*, and a few days later Stewart was made a pasha. What Stewart's feelings were may well be imagined. He had the strongest objection to service under an oriental Government, and less than a year previously he had

written from Khartúm that the name of a pasha and the sight of a *tarbúsh* filled him with disgust, and that he could not put on a fez without feeling a loss of self-respect.

Stewart had left England with little more than the traditional toothbrush and soap of Sir C. Napier, and though friends made up some of the deficiencies, he started from Cairo with a light kit. He was fully aware of the dangers and difficulties of the enterprise. Before leaving Cairo he wrote to a relative: "I fully realise the dangers of this expedition, and what I feel most is the anxiety my mother will suffer. But, after all, one's life is but a short one here, and should I never return she will at any rate have the consolation of knowing that, as far as I could, I have done my duty." In another letter he writes: "I do not disguise the danger; but both Gordon and I feel that we are doing what is right, and helping to pull our country out of a serious difficulty."

Stewart's journal and letters contain a full record of all that occurred on the journey to Khartúm; but a few notes and extracts only can be given here.

Jan. 27th.—On reaching Asyút, no officials met them at the station, an unusual course, which led them to think that the Khedive had given orders that they should be slighted.

Jan. 29th.—Gordon determined to communicate with the Mahdi. At Esna they met M. Marquet, on his way from Khartúm to Cairo, who told them that he thought Gordon would be well received by the Khartúm population but secretly hated by the Egyptian pashas and Government officials.

Feb. 1st.—From Korosko Stewart wrote: "It may very likely be the Mahdi's plan not to assume

the offensive, but to allow matters to ripen, and wait till Khartúm is forced through hunger to submit. This was very much the plan he followed in the case of Obeid."

He considers that the firman announcing the evacuation should not be made known until the petty sultans had been replaced in their districts, but doubts whether Gordon would remain silent.

On the same day Gordon wired to a wavering sheikh, "Come and see me at Khartúm. If you want peace, I am for peace; but if you want war, I will fight you gladly."

Feb. 5th.—In the Korosko desert they met the late Mudir of Berber, who had extorted 12,000 dollars from the people, and who looked terribly frightened on meeting Gordon.

Feb. 7th.—They reached Abu Hamed, where Gordon was well received by the people, to whom he made a speech explaining his intentions.

Feb. 9th.—From Surek Gordon wrote to the Mahdi appointing him Sultan of Kordofan, and saying that as he was Governor of Khartúm there was no necessity for war between them. The same day he and Stewart discussed the course they should pursue if their retreat by the Nile valley were cut off. They decided to go up to the Equatorial Province, and thence find their way through M'tesa's kingdom to Zanzibar.

Feb. 10th.—They met Hussein Pasha Khalifa, who told Gordon that he thought the policy of writing to the Mahdi was good. He afterwards told Stewart that he did not approve of it, as the Mahdi was a common man who cared only for religion, and would, by being made Sultan, have better means of stirring up the country.

Feb. 12th.—Gordon took the leap in the dark which was unfortunately to be one of the chief causes

of the failure of his mission. Stewart writes: "I was called up at 5 A.M. by General Gordon, who, having pondered deeply all night, had come to the decision to open the Pandora box, and openly proclaim the divorce of the Súdán from Egypt, the formation of local militias, and the appointment of Súdán officials in every important post."

Gordon showed the secret firman to Hussein Pasha Khalifa and Muhammad Tahir, who was believed to be a bosom friend of the Mahdi; and with their assistance drew up a proclamation appointing a Provisional Government independent of Cairo, but subject to him as Governor-General and British Commissioner. The proclamation was fixed to the gates of Berber, and caused a good deal of excitement, but the people appeared to approve of it. On the same day a deputation of Notables asked Gordon whether the treaty he had published in 1877, by which all slaves would be freed in 1889, was in his present programme. Gordon, "knowing the utter futility of saying 'Yes,' replied 'No,' and published a proclamation to this effect. This interested and pleased the people more than anything else."

Feb. 13th.—Gordon showed the secret firman to Hussein Pasha, and the chief men of the province assembled in secret conclave. The document caused the most profound astonishment, and, apparently, delight. Gordon was, however, told that it was a mistake to have shown it, and that those who heard it would probably conclude that the concessions were only made with the view of getting the troops out of the country without danger, and leaving the people to stew in their own juice. Gordon thought that

he could not put a sharper spur into them to organise their own Government. Stewart considered the question a difficult one, but thought it was a mistake to show the firman, and that it would have been better to have followed the advice of Nubar Pasha, and delay action until the political situation had become clearer.

Stewart refers to Gordon's intense sympathy with the people, and his inclination to use every effort to mitigate the results of withdrawal. He considers the evacuation policy right, but is convinced that it will end either in anarchy or the substitution of one tyranny for another. As far as he can judge, the people are genuinely glad to see Gordon; but he distrusts expressions of popular feeling amongst people so prone to dissimulation.

Feb. 14th.—Stewart alludes to the difficulty they had, "owing to their poor knowledge of Arabic," in distinguishing between el-Obeid the man and el-Obeid the town. And here we may remark on one of the curious features of the mission. Stewart spoke Turkish with fair fluency, but he and Gordon had only a slight knowledge of Arabic, and neither could read it in MS. They had no European interpreter, and all letters and proclamations in Arabic were written by native clerks whose fidelity was not always assured.

Feb. 15th.—Referring to the joy caused by the cancelling of the Slave Liberation Treaty, Stewart remarks:—

"It is necessary to consider the position of affairs. H.M.'s Government desire the evacuation of the country without bloodshed, and its retrocession to a native Government. This is the essential point of our mission. In view of this decision and the result politically that will ensue therefrom, it is quite evident that

H.M.'s Government will not have power to enforce the treaty unless the people are inclined to carry it out. This they are evidently not inclined to do. In a word, the newly constituted Súdán becomes a slave-holding State similar to Turkey, Morocco, &c."

"Feb. 18th.—At 8.30 A.M. we steamed up the river to Khartúm, stopping on the way at Om Durman to inspect the Bashi Bazúks and regulars. At 9.30 A.M. we reached Khartúm, and were received by all the officials, in gorgeous uniforms, standing in front of a massive background of natives. After the usual greetings from the select few, we landed, and, passing through an avenue of soldiers, proceeded to the Divan. Here we and the officials sat for a short time, and then proceeded to the courtyard to have the firman, appointing Gordon Pasha, read to the assembled multitude. A pulpit had been erected, at the entrance to the Divan, which one of the Ulema ascended, and, after the usual ceremony, proceeded to read the document. Gordon Pasha stood on the lower step, as it was strictly against etiquette for him to ascend any higher. After the reading Gordon addressed the multitude, saying: 'I am glad to see you. It is four years since I was here, and the Súdán is now miserable, and I am miserable, and I want your assistance to put it right. I have come here alone without troops, and we must ask Allah to look after the Súdán if no one else can. I have granted you half taxes, and I will not interfere with your holding slaves. Stewart Pasha is my Vakil, and he is not dressed in uniform, as he came away in such a hurry.' After the reading of the firman we returned to the Divan, and the people were admitted to see General Gordon. They flocked in in crowds, kissed his hands, and appeared genuinely pleased to see him.

"After a short interval we began work by clearing out the boxes containing old records, conveying them into the middle of the square, making an *auto-da-fe* of them, and crowning the edifice by stocks used in bastinadoing, and other instru-

ments of Government. After this and other business I went to the jail. Here I was mobbed by the 200 and odd prisoners, who were packed very like sardines. Meeting General Gordon there, he directed me to inquire into these cases. I released twenty of them, and then had to defer further inquiry as it was getting late. Among those dismissed were some young boys and a number of rebels. They were chained two and two. During the afternoon the General visited the family of Besatu Bey, his late secretary, who was killed with Hicks at Obeid. He then visited the hospital and arsenal, and on his return home formed a Committee of Defence consisting of twelve Notables. He also issued a proclamation saying that these Notables were his Council, that he would take their advice, and that, if any disadvantageous step were taken, the people must blame them and not me. He thereby shifted the responsibility for any error of judgment to their shoulders.

"Feb. 19th.—Began work in the prisons early in the morning. Released 58 prisoners. Many of them had been years in prison without any sentence; others had been sent up by pashas of Egypt without rhyme or reason—amongst others a slave of Sherif Pasha, who had been exiled because he was drunk and insubordinate. Others were there whose sentence had long expired. I cannot express what pleasure it afforded me to set these poor people free. It was quite worth coming up here to do so.

"Orders were issued to mix all the battalions together, and send the white to Om Durman under Ibrahim Pasha Hyder. The blacks, or Súdánis, were to be placed under Feragh Bey, an old Súdán officer who had served in Mexico. The Bashi Bazúks were placed under Said Pasha, one of Zobeir's generals, who had left Zobeir's son previous to his revolt. Gordon's idea is to get out the white element, then the whitey-brown or Bashi Bazúks, and to leave the pure black or Súdánis to manage their own affairs.

"Feb. 20th.—I was busy the whole day with petitions and other business. Saw Farigh-alla Bey in the morning. He is a Súdáni, and commands the

garrison; he was appointed by General Gordon. I told him to do his best to induce the black troops now in Egyptian regiments to remain in the Súdán with him. General Gordon commenced work by ordering all the troops in the garrison to be mixed up, and then the black to be separated from the white. The whites were sent to Om Durman. He ordered three gates to be opened in the ramparts, and proclaimed death to any soldier who looted the peasantry coming in. The octroi tax was abolished.

"Feb. 21st.—Gordon Pasha caused a long Arabic letter, full of extracts from the Korán, to be written to Sheikh Bessir, now heading the rebellion on the Blue Nile. The letter began by detailing the advantages Gordon was prepared to offer in the shape of reduced taxes, native employés, &c. It was then shown, by extracts from the Korán, what a sin it was for Mahommedans to slay each other. The letter ended by an invitation from Gordon to Bessir to come to Khartúm and see him. The writer of the letter was Ahmed El-Awám, an ex-employé of Arabi Pasha's, who speaks English and is an exile. During the rest of the morning I transacted business, visited the arsenal, and pressed forward the repairs of the steamers going to the Bahr Ghazelle. The list of the Egyptian exiles was made out. Most of these men were described in the register as vagabonds and rioters; but it is generally supposed that they were sent here owing to personal reasons on the part of influential Egyptians and mudirs. One was pointed out to me as the son of a most respectable Egyptian. He is described as a robber, but both from his general appearance and respectable parentage I should consider the charge untrue.

"About 8 P.M. Farigh Bey appeared, and said to Gordon that he hoped the Egyptian troops would remain at least five days. Gordon sent him away, saying he was a woman, which greatly vexed Farigh Bey. It is probable that this officer had been bribed to tell us this by the Greek merchants, to whom the idea of evacuating the Súdán is most abhorrent.

"Feb. 22d.—I took a walk through

the bazár, and visited the Sheikh el-Beled, the soles of whose feet had been beaten by Hussein Pasha Suri. He had received 500 blows with the kurbash, and although the beating had been inflicted six weeks ago, he was still unable to move. His son, a lad of sixteen years of age, had also been beaten, and was lying in a bed beside his father. I spoke to the poor old man, sympathised with him, and abused Hussein Pasha. On my return to the serai I found Gordon having an interview with a number of Notables, including Ulemas. The Ulemas and others expressed an opinion that the Egyptian troops should remain here. Gordon, taking a globe of the earth, asked them who was the Lord of it. They replied 'God.' He then said that his trust was in God, Who would direct all for the best. The people left apparently satisfied.

"A man came in from Obeid. He stated that before Gordon's arrival the Madhi had detailed two chiefs with a number of Arabs to march on Khartúm; but when news came that Gordon was coming the movement had been stopped, as the Arabs thought Gordon was bringing up English troops. The Arabs now say they will not march on Khartúm, but will remain on the defensive, as they fear the steamers on the river.

"Feb. 23d.—In the afternoon we walked about the town. All the people we spoke to assured us that they had no fear of the rebels marching on the town. During the day many of the wealthy inhabitants called on Gordon, and implored him not to send away the troops. They appeared to be in a great fright.

"Feb. 24th.—In the morning I had an interview with Sheikh Idris en-Núr, an Arab merchant of Khartúm, and a partisan of the Mahdi. He stated that in his opinion the Mahdi could not now march on Khartúm, as the season was late.

"In the afternoon messengers came in from Saleh Bey at Fedassi (on the Blue Nile). They stated that the whole country was in insurrection; that Gordon's proclamations were not worth the paper they were written on; that the Shukriyeh, under Awd el-Kerim, were on the right bank of

the Blue Nile, opposite Fedassi. They ended by imploring Gordon to send the Egyptian soldiers to relieve Saleh Bey. Gordon refused, and said he would do nothing till he heard from Sheikh el-Obeid. In the evening letters from Sheikh el-Obeid to me and General Gordon. He begged Gordon not to fight, saying it would ruin all.

"Feb. 25th.—In the evening a Mejlis sat, at which Gordon presided, and it was decided to send out all the Bashi Bazúks, Shagiyehs, &c., against Wad el-Bessir. Gordon only consented on the Mejlis agreeing to send a letter to Sheikh el-Obeid, saying that the expedition had been ordered on their recommendation. The messengers from Awd el-Kerim state that if the Government do not send assistance to him and Saleh Bey, he will join the rebellion.

"Feb. 26th.—After some trouble we managed to get off 237 sick Egyptian soldiers. This is the first instalment of those bound for Egypt. It has been decided to send an armed steamer some distance up the White Nile. She will leave to-morrow. We have managed to make a parapet with sacks of dried biscuits. She will hoist a white flag, her mission being a peaceful one."

The next day Stewart went up the White Nile with two steamers to distribute proclamations and tell the people that henceforth the Súdán was to be for the Súdánis. The people appeared greatly interested, and spoke highly of Gordon. Stewart returned on the 29th, having ascertained that the Mahdi had ordered the sheikhs not to fight, but to collect men, arms, food, horses, and camels, and await further orders.

March 1st.—Gordon and Stewart hear that some of the Notables refuse to be appointed mudirs, having a shrewd suspicion that they are leaving the country, and being unwilling, by helping them, to displease the Mahdi.

March 3d.—Copts and Moslems are leaving the city, and Stewart is told that at first there were

great hopes of the success of Gordon's peaceful politics, but that it was now thought they had failed.

March 4th.—Stewart is busy "pressing forward steamers for the Equator."

March 10th.—He is warned by a religious sheikh that most of the Sheikhhs el-Beled and many of the Government clerks are traitors.

March 11th.—The Bashi Bazúks are busy building forts near Khartúm; and hostile Arabs appear for the first time within sight of the city.

After this date there is little information with regard to Stewart. We know that he took an active part in the defence of the city and in the preparations for every eventuality. In one of his last letters he laughingly calls himself "Admiral and Chief Constructor of the Navy," and the steamers which met the British force at Gúbat showed how well and thoroughly he did his work. On May 7th Mr Power writes: "Colonel Stewart, with two splendidly directed shots from a Krupp 20-pounder at the palace, drove them [the Arabs] out of their principal position."

On May 25th he was slightly wounded in the arm whilst working a mitrailleuse near the palace; and on July 10th, when Sádi Bey was defeated at Gatarneb, he had a narrow escape.

Stewart had the lowest opinion of the fighting qualities of the Bashi Bazúks and Egyptian troops in the Súdán. During his first visit to Khartúm he wrote: "Our defenders are fit for nothing but robbing and plundering the defenceless. . . . It is deplorable, but I cannot help feeling a wish that they may be defeated. Although it would vastly aggravate matters, still one cannot help having a wish of that kind." How little he then thought that he was

on more than one occasion to witness their defeat.

Gordon writes on the 30th July that Stewart's uniform had been captured at Berber, and recommends him for a K.C.M.G. In the same note he says: "If the route gets open to Kassala I shall send Stewart there, with journal—that is, if he will consent to go." On the following day, however, he had another plan, and writes: "*D.V.* we will send the Egyptian troops here down to Berber and take it, so that they will be on their way home; and I shall send Stewart."

On the 23d August he again writes that he hopes shortly to take Berber and burn it; and that Stewart would proceed to Dongola. Unfortunately this plan was abandoned, and Gordon sent his field army to *loot* the Sheikh el-Obeid. The result was disastrous; the field army was destroyed, and its fighting commander killed. This unlooked-for disaster, which occurred on September 4th, completely altered the situation at Khartúm. The Mahdi was still at a distance;¹ the city was provisioned for three months, and was in no danger of attack from without until the Nile fell. But with the loss of the field army there was no longer any prospect of successfully carrying out the evacuation; and the eventual fall of Khartúm, unless aid came from without, was certain.

Under these circumstances it became imperatively necessary to inform Government of the critical state of affairs, and so enable them to take such action as would save Khartúm and its defenders. Gor-

don decided to send down the steamer Abbas, with his journal and letters, under an Arab captain. She sailed on September 10th, and with her went Stewart, Power ('Times' correspondent), and Herbin (French consul). In Gordon's letter to Lord Wolseley, of November 4th, he twice says that he *sent* Stewart down. In his journal he writes that Stewart went of his own free will. He appears to have said, in so many words, to Stewart: "I will not *order* you to go down, for, though I fear not responsibility, I will not put you in any danger in which I am not myself.² You can go in honour, and the service you will perform is great, but it is at your own risk." In his journal he says that he declined to *order* on account of eventualities which might arise. Possibly he thought that, as in his own case, "the subject was too complex for an order." It was evident that he attached great importance to Stewart's arrival in Egypt, and he speculates on his progress and the result of his sudden appearance.

We do not know Stewart's motive for volunteering to go down in the Abbas. His lips and those of his companions are sealed for ever. He knew that for the next two months Gordon would be in no danger of attack. He was acquainted with everything that had taken place, and was in a position to advise Government, as no one else could, on the best course to pursue. He realised the vast importance of being in direct communication with Sir E. Baring and Government; and he no doubt felt that, if he once got down, the safety of Gordon and

¹ The Mahdi only reached Om Durman on the 21st October.

² When Stewart left London the only member of his family in town was his brother. In bidding "good-bye," Gordon said to him, "Tell your mother that I will not place your brother in any danger which I do not share myself." The words in his journal (November 5th) evidently refer to this.

Khartúm would be assured. This would have been the case. Speculation is idle, but it should not be forgotten that if Stewart had passed the cataracts he would have met Kitchener at Debbeh on the 19th September, that the Sussex Regiment reached Dongola on the 20th, and that there was then no force north of Khartúm that could have opposed the march of 500 British troops. Looking at all the circumstances, we consider that Stewart was justified in coming down in the Abbas, even though he was not *ordered* to do so, and that when he left Khartúm he was guided by no unworthy motive, and went "in honour."¹

The progress of the ill-fated Abbas to the evening of the 14th September, when she was four miles south of Berber, is described in the last letter Stewart wrote to Gordon. The two escorting steamers, after seeing the Abbas past Berber, turned back, and a Mahdist steamer started in pursuit. Close to the 5th cataract two of Stewart's boats, with twelve Greeks, were captured; but afterwards all went well till the morning of the 17th. At 9 A.M. the Abbas struck on a sunken rock, and was hopelessly disabled. Stewart landed the stores and men, spiked the gun, and threw the ammunition overboard. What followed has been described, from the accounts of survivors, by Sir H. Colville in the 'History of the Súdán Campaign.' It would appear that Stewart and his two companions were, on some pretext, enticed into the house of Fakri Wad Etman at Hebba. There they were foully murdered by Suleiman Wad Gamr, a Monasir sheikh who had been appointed one of the Council at Berber, and

who may have seen Stewart when the secret firman was read. Stewart, with the desert on either side of him, and nothing but an occasional group of huts on the bank, probably assumed that all danger was over. Perhaps also Suleiman lulled suspicion by telling him of the Mudir of Dongola's victory at Korti on the 11th, and that he had submitted to Government.

There is strong reason to suppose, from the peculiar shape of the river at this point, that the steamer was wrecked on purpose. The Arabs knew that she was being sent down with Europeans, and Gordon appears to have thought that either Faraj (Ferragh) Pasha, or Awám, one of his clerks, had sent information to the Mahdists. Amongst the passengers was a messenger who had been sent by Zobeir to Khartúm, and who is said to have escaped after having been robbed of his papers.

Stewart, in Gordon's words, was "a brave, just, upright gentleman." He acted as such throughout his brief life; and by his death England lost one who, had his life been spared, might have rendered her important services. In the words of one well qualified to give an opinion, when Stewart was killed "the army lost a gallant soldier and the Queen an able public servant. His like is not often to be found, and it may justly be said that his death was a serious national loss when it occurred."

Stewart's comrades and personal friends, who have placed monuments to his memory in St Patrick's Cathedral, and in the Chapel of his old school, Cheltenham College, may rest assured that he too, like Gordon, *tried*, under all circumstances, "to do his duty."

¹ Many years previously Gordon had placed an officer in a very similar position. He would give no order, but the officer left, and Gordon fully approved of his doing so.

SOME PLANTATION MEMORIES.

IN the whole of Virginia—and that is saying much indeed—there was no more glorious prospect than the one upon which our plantation looked out. Around us spread, in pleasant undulations of fallow and forest, of tillage and pasture, the warm, rich coloured but ragged landscape where Virginian homesteads, gentle and simple, lay supinely amid their groves and apple-orchards. Behind us the incomparable peaks of the Blue Ridge Mountains lifted their heads many thousands of feet into the sky. Before us a tributary range, scarcely less beautiful, if less majestic, spread heavenwards a boundless sea of woodland upon which the bloom of spring, the lush greenery of summer, the fire of autumn, the white terror of winter, proclaimed in a succession of splendid pageants the flight of our placid lives.

These mountains, however, had but recently looked upon scenes that were sufficiently stirring. For it was in the period immediately following the war that the plantation known then as the "Old Robertson Place" came into our hands. From that vantage-point we witnessed, and indeed partook in what may in one sense be called, the close of the old Southern life.

Historically and financially the long tale of the Slave States ended, as every one knows, with the surrender of Lee in April 1865. But for many years after that the same people in most parts of Virginia, both white and black, that had lived under the "Institution" and fought in defence of it, were still upon the land. The blacks were free, the whites were ruined—in a sense—it is true.

But the latter still had their property, and the negroes, though no longer slaves, were still there as labourers to work it upon terms that were, in fact, more favourable to all parties^a than slave labour. The actual paralysis that followed the war was over. Landowners had scraped together stock and implements, and made arrangements with the newly freed negroes to work their lands, and the same generation that had lived together in a kindly fashion as masters and slaves settled down as master and servant. Above all, the prices of tobacco and grain were high, and the material outlook seemed upon the whole promising.

Our plantation (the very phrase nowadays is old-fashioned in Virginia) lay "'way back" from the railroad. Fifteen miles of a road such as no civilised community outside the Southern States could have even contemplated without dismay, lay between us and the station. No one but a Virginian, or some one broken in to the Virginia attitude towards roads, would have dared to venture over ours upon wheels. And yet our neighbours had traversed it cheerfully for generations, and saw nothing seriously amiss with it. The wrecks of waggons and bullock-carts, the fragments of wheels and broken shafts, that marked its course with such terrible significance, had no alarms for the native—they were all in the day's work. The Virginia of slavery days, east of the Blue Ridge at any rate, had never grasped the conception of what road-making meant. In Mashonaland, in the Rocky Mountains, in the far backwoods of Canada, a primitive highway is the natural accom-

paniment of the dawn of civilisation. But Virginia is the oldest community of Englishmen outside England. It is an ancient and even a distinguished province. For over two centuries it has had something like a territorial aristocracy living upon its soil. Their pleasures and their interests have been wholly rural. No people have ever existed in the wide world to whom country locomotion was more important. And yet in most parts, not only till the Civil War but up to this very day, the two-horse plough has been the only factor in road mending and construction. Over these unspeakable tracks of mud, pleasantly broken by slabs of rock and wandering tree-roots, it was not only the waggon of rural commerce that had to jolt, but the family coach itself to rock and stagger on its way to dance or wedding, to church or merry-making—and with what loss of dignity can be well imagined. These old relics of past splendour (as the word is used in Virginia), with their leather springs, have long vanished now. But I can recall many a venerable specimen that survived the war, and can see them even now writhing in all the agonies of a bottomless mud-hole, the negro coachman craning forward with loud shouts of wonderfully worded exhortations to his struggling horses. It was many years before these rickety emblems of *ante-bellum* dignity disappeared entirely from the road. One after another they made their final trip to the village wheelwright, to be hopelessly condemned even by that resourceful functionary, and left, perchance, to rot upon the wayside amid the wreck of humbler machinery. Much sorrowful consolation, I have reason to think, was afforded by these bleaching skeletons to the ex-family retainer

as he passed by with his mule- or his ox-cart, and dropped the tributary tear to the ghost of the old family conveyance, which he had once steered with such *éclat*. Some of these old carcasses survive to this very day—in remote corners of barnyards and orchards—buried in briars and weeds, a harbour of refuge for the “broody” hen and roosting turkey. Our road, it was true, was perhaps the worst, if there could be a worst, in the county. It was lifted for a considerable part of its course off the red clay of the lower country, and wound its tortuous way over the shoulder of mountain-spurs, where the winter rains did not stand, but tore into atoms every feeble effort that was made to soften the natural obstacles of rock and gully. It was a road that would have made even a Rocky Mountain teamster hold his breath. But our local patriots were quite equal to the occasion, and used to declare, when twitted by people who were fortunate enough to live off it, that it was, at least, a fine *winter* road. That is to say, you couldn’t sink permanently into a mud-hole—you either broke your neck or got over it. But then, again, it was almost as bad in summer; whereas in the lower country, when the mud hardened on the track, a reckless driver with a fast horse and a strong buggy could make five miles an hour with luck.

Our neighbourhood was beyond doubt a bit isolated, and this perhaps accounted for the fact of old-time ideas dying harder than in other parts with which I am familiar—particularly among the negroes. Of these, great numbers of the best of the old *régime* were still, at the time I write of, living and in their prime, and some of them were in every sense as reliable and as trustworthy as good

English farm-servants. Their families had generally got out of hand, but the older darkies were often the very models of industry, and even honesty. One old man in particular whom we found upon the plantation, renting an outlying cabin and a few stony acres in a mountain hollow, was of this description. So far as cleared land went, he had what he would have called "a mighty po' chance fur terbaccer," which at that time was the crop which dazzled and filled the eye of the emancipated slave. But old Uncle Archie had two or three stalwart sons who worked out for wages, and when he went into this dignified retirement he forgot that the patriarchal era was over in Virginia—between parent and child as between master and slave. The old gentleman was quite surprised when his "chaps" showed a disposition to appropriate their own wages to their own uses. Archie had built his own cabin after the war in a corner of the plantation at the foot of a heavily timbered mountain, whence a crystal brook, breaking from the shade of the forest, went babbling over his patch of open tillage land. Up over this wide expanse of oak and chestnut foliage the old man had gazed with sanguine eye, and pictured the tall trees tumbling in every direction, and vast tobacco-lands opening, beneath the sturdy strokes of his obedient and filial offspring—inspired, of course, and directed by the wisdom that lay beneath his own snowy brow. But Archie's "chaps" showed no disposition whatever to develop a family estate for their clothes and rations, when they grew to be worth ten dollars a-month to any farmer in the neighbourhood. "I've dun frailed them chillern" (they were eighteen and twenty) "till my arms jes ache," the old

man used to complain, "but it ain't no manner of use—these new-fangled notions of projeckin' roun' fust hyar den dar, there ain't no satisfyin' young folks these times."

So the forest above Archie's cabin continued to wave in all its pristine luxuriance, and to this day the wild turkey still leads her young in summer-time beneath its friendly shades, and the squirrel gambols amid its huge grey trunks, and the spotted woodpecker still wakes with cheery tapping its mysterious echoes.

Uncle Archie, it will be gathered, was a *laudator temporis acti* of the most pronounced kind. I think he would have reversed the issue of the war and put his whole race back into slavery again, if he had had his will. The times, according to Archie, were all out of joint. The revolt of his sons sat sorely on his mind. He had been an industrious, hard-working man all his life, and had belonged to a kind but hard-working master—one of those thousands of small slave-owners of whom the usual literature on this subject shows its ignorance by taking no account. Rough, decent men, whose appearance, education, habits, and means were those of small working farmers, neither more nor less, who owned perhaps a couple of families of coloured folks, and not seldom laboured with them on the small farm that supported all.

Archie had looked forward to running a bit of rented land with his own family upon somewhat the same principles—inclusive of the whip, if needed. He was an ardent member of the Baptist Church, and had hoped, no doubt, for a leisurely as well as a dignified old age in which he could pursue on fence-rails and at cross-roads that taste for religious discussion and controversy which his soul de-

lighted in. Still he raised a tobacco crop of a sort, enough to prove, at any rate, that the filial instincts of Jake and Wash were not wholly dead; and his corn-patch supplied at least his daily bread. A pig or two, moreover, called him owner, and carried ruin and destruction in the point of their snouts all over the plantation; and a cow, which, even with a forefoot tied to its horns, could jump any fence in the neighbourhood, completed Archie's stock.

The old gentleman was quite as honest as he knew how to be. He never succeeded in paying any rent, it is true; but the desire to do so was the burden of many an eloquent harangue, which was something. Archie, however, as a weather prophet and as a character which memory is thankful for, was well worth the twenty-five dollars a-year which constituted his nominal tribute. He died in the odour of sanctity—lecturing us all to the last on the degeneracy of the world since “the s’render,” and foretelling the doom of Sodom and Gomorrah for a land where age and authority were getting to be at such a discount. We had a negro burial-ground on the plantation, and thither Archie’s remains were dragged in solemn state by his neighbour William Henry Higginbottom’s bull. There was snow on the ground, I remember; but it was a Sunday, and half the negroes in the county were there. It was always said that the patriarch would “walk,” and “walk” he did, sure enough, for he was seen in the full moon of the April following his death sowing a big field near the house that had been fallowed for oats; for it should be remarked that he was the great grain-sower of the neighbourhood, and it was natural enough that his spirit should rest uneasy while the

dust of the harrows was actually flying over his new-made grave. He was seen again, too, in the same week by Lizzie, our cook, hovering in spectral fashion around the tobacco-plant-beds he had sown just before his death. We were, indeed, already somewhat overrun with ghosts—thanks to the possession of two graveyards, whose inmates, if negro tradition were to be believed, were of the most uneasy kind.

I may remark in passing that the ghosts, or, in negro parlance, the “hants,” of our neighbourhood seem to have retained, even in the after-world, their devotion to agriculture. For whether white or black, it was in the dawn of spring that they were always “looked for”; nor, like orthodox ghosts, did they haunt bedsides or passages, but were to be seen rather in the neighbourhood of corn-cribs, wheat-fields, or tobacco barns.

The mention of Archie’s funeral obsequies recalls another of his neighbours and our tenants, who held a remote corner of the plantation, and this was the aforesaid William Henry Higginbottom. Most of the negroes after the war took their late masters’ names, but no Higginbottom had ever been heard of in those parts. This was serious, it is true, but not unnatural, seeing that the bearer of so much name had come from the lower counties since the war, and was in some sort an alien as well as a suspect. Negro nomenclature was of a brief order as a rule, and it was probably in tacit disapproval of William Henry’s personality, and of the sort of mystery attaching to him, that he was usually called by all his three names, and, in spite of his grizzled locks and furrowed face, never achieved the honoured *sobriquet* of “Uncle.”

In face William Henry was the most forbidding, in form he was the most comical, negro I ever saw. We found him inhabiting a cabin close to the house, and thought at first his looks might belie him. It took about a month to find out from experience that they did not. Hence his removal to the slope of the mountain where he undertook to raise corn and tobacco on shares.

William Henry was, to use the vernacular of the neighbourhood, a "mighty low man"—in a physical sense, that is to say—for he was barely five feet, while he had a head upon him the size of a Missouri pumpkin. He could neither laugh nor could he joke like the rest of them. I never saw him even smile, but there sat upon his black seamed face a perennial frown. In winter and in summer he wore a long tail-coat that had once been black; and if the front view of him was hideous, his reverse side was much the funniest in the whole county to look upon. But what made William Henry famous, even more than his whispered crimes and his grotesque appearance, was his bull.

For when he moved to his mountain farm with nothing but his household truck, it seemed a problem to the neighbours how his stony acres were to be cultivated; but William Henry was equal to the occasion, and one fine day his establishment was seen to be augmented by a two-year-old bull that was as mysterious in origin as the owner himself. There was no direct evidence that our Mephistopheles was a great criminal, but he was said to be capable of any enormity. That he stole that bull I am afraid there was no doubt, and it was whispered that he drove it, with the help of the Evil One, whom

he was supposed to resemble, in the night over the almost pathless mountains that divided the plantation from the adjoining county.

Wherever William Henry got his bull, he certainly made it earn its keep. He hitched it to his rude plough and his clumsy harrow. It pulled the rough-hewn sled on which he hauled his firewood and his fence-rails; while on its broad back, behind a sack of corn, he himself might often be seen perched upon his way to the mill. Such spectacles as these, however, were not unfamiliar in the old happy-go-lucky Virginia life. But even in Virginia, so far as I ever saw or heard of, the biting, bridling, and saddling of a bull was an unprecedented performance.

But William Henry was nothing if not unconventional. And it was with no sense of humour whatever, but in a solemn seriousness which heightened the sublimity of the spectacle, that he used to clap an old broken hunting-saddle on to the broad back of the patient ox, and seat himself astride thereon, and turn his face on Sunday mornings towards the negro church at Mount Hermon. Mr Higginbottom, it is perhaps needless to remark, was no church member. The vacant seats upon the mourners' bench had no attraction for him, nor had the eloquent black forefinger or strident appeals of brother Moses ever moved a muscle of the scowling furrowed face. But, for some mysterious reason, William Henry was always to be found at Mount Hermon on a preaching Sunday—silent, inscrutable, and hideous in a back pew—while outside, hitched to a tree in the shade, stood the Durham bull, with its saddle and bridle, all unconscious of any indignity of treatment.

The first time we ever sighted

this never-to-be-forgotten spectacle was, I remember, upon the Sunday on which Archie's funeral sermon was preached, in the summer following his death, and all the negroes in the neighbourhood had flocked to hear how brother Moses thought the illustrious dead was getting on in Paradise. We were sitting in the porch as the advanced-guard of the returning congregation came into view upon the highway. This consisted of those negroes who could either beg, borrow, or steal their master's mules for the day, or those who, being tenants at a money rent, had some attenuated quadruped of their own. As the capering, chattering crowd came along amid a cloud of red dust, William Henry Higginbottom could be seen holding a clear lead of several lengths, mounted on his bull, which was travelling at a steady, swinging trot that was thoroughly business-like. That its back was no arm-chair was evident, for William Henry's long coat-tails were flying in painful agitation, as, with a rein in each hand, he leaned back in approved Southern fashion till his short legs, which were short even for so "low" a man, came not far off the level of the straight horns of his extraordinary steed. The ordinary negro mounted on his master's mule, and attired in his full Sunday war-paint of black broadcloth and white shirt-front, was a sight entirely edifying; but William Henry Higginbottom, leading the queer crowd upon his bull, solemn and gloomy, without the faintest suspicion of any humour in the thing, was a spectacle to have lived for.

But there was a serious side to our plantation life of course, and John Jones, who was our largest tenant, took life very seriously indeed. He held nearly a hundred

acres, and actually hired labour on his own account. Indeed he was justly regarded as "a 'sponsible man." He got a good house with his holding, built of squared logs and shingle-roofed, and a garden patch, and the run for a cow, which, like Archie's, no fence could turn. John worked his land on shares—we providing the horses and implements, he the labour; and, like a few of his kind, at that period he was an indefatigable worker. From dawn till dark he never rested except to feed his teams and get his meals, and I have even known him to work all night when the weeds in his corn or the suckers on his tobacco had got ahead of him. In spite of his practical qualities, however, John was as comical a character in his way as William Henry. He thought he could write, for one thing—an almost unknown performance at that time—and he was inordinately proud of it. Furthermore, he had, as is rare among his race, a bad stammer with terrific facial contortions. This, as we know, is sometimes sufficiently trying in a Caucasian, but in a negro of quizzical appearance it is simply irresistible; and John's appearance was not calculated to bear any further embellishments of the kind. He was of the round, smooth, beardless, and oily type of Ethiopian, as black as a coal, without a touch of cross about him. He was a stranger to the neighbourhood, and came to us, I remember, one autumn before wheat-sowing, which was the season of the year all over Virginia for making contracts, and wheat by the way at that time was worth a dollar and a-half a bushel. I can see him now as he stood at the foot of the verandah steps, with his mouth twisted nearly round to his ear trying to tell

me who he was and what he wanted. His mania for writing, though it was in no way connected with hesitation of speech, came out instantly, and he insisted on being allowed to write down his late employer's name and address for reference. This was a great experience for us, so I fetched this phenomenal scribe a pen and ink and set him down at the office table while we watched the performance. It was a heroic struggle, and resulted in the most extraordinary specimen of orthography probably in existence. I have got it yet. John surveyed it himself with one eye closed for a few seconds, and evidently felt that it was a failure. "He'd got sort er onused to writing," he said, "since he'd been down ter the mines, but he'd jest like to mark down his own name on the paper lest we should forget it." This ceremony was got through with less execution, but it was as well I had not to depend on the result to save John's name and memory from oblivion. Still, the hieroglyphics stood for John Jones in their maker's estimation, and as a signature it was fairly uniform, though it was quite as like Thomas Evans or Henry Browne as it was John Jones. I never saw a man so devoted to signing his name. I believe he would have backed a stranger's bill for all he was worth, if he had been worth anything, rather than miss the opportunity.

When he settled on the plantation, I used to draw up agreements for all sorts of trifling transactions between us, to give John the pleasure of signing his name and myself the pleasure of seeing him do it. He would settle himself to the job as if to some weighty and solemn function. Slowly and with deliberation he would lay

his left cheek down almost flat upon the table, and closing his left eye, which at such close quarters became unavailable for the purpose in hand, the squint of his right as it peered over the broad bridge of his nose at the objective point upon the paper was appalling. Little, indeed, but a big white eyeball was to be seen, and then after many flourishes of his pen above his head it descended on the sheet and left the fearful impress that signified John Jones. I generally managed to have a paper for John to sign when we had friends staying with us, and it was always voted much more entertaining than old Reuben's banjo performance, though Reuben was reckoned the best hand to "pick a banjer" in the whole neighbourhood.

The actual banjo of the plantation was not the stirring instrument it is in the hands of the Moore and Burgess minstrel, and a certain wild *abandon* it undoubtedly did possess in the cabin frolic after a wedding or corn-shucking, disappeared when introduced into the parlour of the "big house." Reuben, as has been said, was reckoned the best hand to pick a banjo in the neighbourhood. But when called upon to perform in private for our visitors he did not shine, and as an entertainment could not be compared for a moment to John Jones signing his name. Reuben, too, was a preacher—not a salaried, responsible minister like the dusky Boanerges who thundered weekly in the log church at Mount Hermon, but an amateur whose spasmodic exhortations formed a righteous excuse for his immediate neighbours to gather in his cabin on Saturday evening and work off their excess of religious zeal. Reuben in his hours of toil, which were not exacting, was a

carpenter, and he occupied a cabin on the summit of a hill immediately in front of our windows. So on still nights we ourselves often had any benefit that was to be derived from the wild incantations of our eloquent dependant. This, I fear, would have been heavily discounted by the certain knowledge that Reuben could not have been trusted for five minutes with the corn-house key, or for as many seconds within grabbing distance of the storeroom sugar-barrel; while John Jones, who had never yet "professed," might safely have been submitted to either trying ordeal. Reuben, however, did not confine his sermons to proper times and seasons, but his anxiety for the souls of men followed him to his intermittent labours. As he nailed the shingles on to the roof of a waggon-shed he seldom failed to hurl down misquotations from the Bible on the head of the man who held the ladder; and as he swung his cradle in the wheat-harvest amid the long line of reapers, the busy swish of the blades was often—much too often—accompanied by his fitful bursts of eloquence. The cabin that he then occupied acquired something of a clerical reputation, for no less than three of what for brevity's sake we may call lay brethren took it in our own time. Possibly the near neighbourhood of the graveyard, with its turfless mounds of red earth and its tangled unkempt clusters of grapevines, briars, and sassafras-bushes, may have given the old log-house some sanctified associations.

People sometimes ask if the genuine plantation negro was as comical a person as tradition represents. I can only say that to me their quaint humours were an unceasing source of refreshment. They made up, or almost made up,

for those lamentable shortcomings which grew worse as the war and "the s'render" faded further and further into the past. They have almost ceased nowadays to be a local peasantry identified with their native counties and districts, but are to a great extent a wandering race—here for a year, there for a year; first in a factory, then in a mine, then back again for a brief spell at farming. And this, though not to the advantage of their morals, has been distinctly so to their financial condition. Indeed, under the agricultural depression that has lain upon the Southern farmer for so many years, intensified as it is by iniquitous tariff laws, it was inevitable that the negro of the rising generation should leave the land. He has been a greater success, too, as a navvy or factory-hand, than he was as a farm-servant; but as a man he is an infinitely more unpleasant and much less humorous person, as is only natural. Hundreds, too, who in the days I write of were unredeemed plantation hands, whooping and holloaing at the plough-tail without a thought beyond a corn-shucking or a cake-walk, are now sleek waiters in hotels, who know as much of the devilry of city life and the outer world as there is to know. Through whole counties in Virginia the exodus of the negro to busy centres can be easily seen in the roofless cabin or the solitary chimney standing by the brookside or the forest-edge amid the broom-sedge and the briars. However strong are the forces which remove an ancient peasantry from a not unkindly and certainly a racy soil, there must be a melancholy side to it with those who have seen the change.

In the days I write of no such exodus in our part of the world

at any rate was thought of, and the Ethiopian, if unambitious, was at least cheery. Perhaps he was seen at his best in the first warm days of spring, when his limbs after the cold winter got "souple and limber," and the whole country echoed with his rude rustic melody. We always recall the month of May upon our plantation as an ideal Arcady,—when through the lush and dewy nights the opening chorus of the tree-cricket and the plaintive call of the whip-poor-will welcomed the coming summer; when a sea of snow-white apple-blossoms caught the morning sun as he topped the hills upon the east of us, while upon the west the fresh greenery of summer was clothing with its leafy mantle the splendid masses of the Blue Ridge that towered above us. All around us glowed against the warm red soil the freshness and the lushness, the leaf and blossom, of dawning summer, and the cheery stir of rural life gave animation to a scene which nature had fashioned and bedecked with such unsparing hand. The one-horse ploughs ran merrily up and down the corn-rows. The harrows clanked cheerily along their dusty course. No wonder that in such a climate farmers were sanguine, and that even the oldest of them estimated their crop with a persistent optimism at double what it turned out to be. Hope animated every rural breast. The mating dove filled the orchard with melodious notes. The cock-quail piped in the fence-corner with tireless throat, while his partner hid snugly away in the adjoining clover-field the fifteen or twenty eggs whose products were in the still far-off crisp days of November to spring before our keen-nosed pointers.

Above all, the pleasant echoes of field and woodland at that

season of the year used to ring the voices of the negroes. No people were more susceptible to stimulating atmospheric conditions than they. Nowadays, so small has the world—the English-speaking world, at any rate—become, that the field-hand is more likely than not to hill up his tobacco to the accompaniment of "Knock'd 'em in the Old Kent Road," or even "Tommy Atkins." In those days, however, a mighty gulf lay between Virginia and the world outside her borders: the old plantation songs were still the sole music of the plantation, and I can in fancy even now see Reuben's son Gabriel, as he swung his plough round on the headland, lifting his shiny face skywards and bulging out his chest as he roared—

"O—O my lovely Lemma,
I—I do love you so;
I—I love you better tha-a-n
I ever did befo'.
O-oh—O-oh."

Then from the dewy low ground, where some rival swain in leisurely fashion was slaughtering the bushes that at this season threatened the very existence of the Virginia oat crop, came an answer to the vocal challenge:—

"O—O my lovely Lemma,
I—I know you of old;
You got all de money,
All de silver an' gold."

Then from another quarter—far into our neighbour's domain—would roll the strident notes of that sonnet to "Scindy," which was the most popular air in our part of the world:—

"Away up in de mountain
I took my horn and blow;
I tink I hear Miss Scindy callin',
'Yonder come my beau.'"

But Gabriel, though three-quarters of a mile off, would be equal to

the occasion, and catch up the second verse:—

“O Scindy, do you love me?

She said she loved me some,

An’ I threw my arms around her,

Like a grape-vine round a gum.”

If the dawn of summer in Virginia, when the fields grew gay in colouring and the shadows deepened in the forests, animated the Ethiopian breast, the autumn in dreamy, balmy splendour was by no means without consolation either to blacks or to whites, who lived, so to speak, with nature. The tobacco was hung up and curing in the barns; the crops, such as they were, were stored away—all but the Indian corn, which still hung its big heads from the bare stalk stripped of its leaves and its top fodder. The leanest of stock had grown fat in the rank growth that covered pasture and stubble fields alike, and carpeted even the very forests.

All nature rested from its labours—and man, too (in Virginia), for the most part. There was plenty for all present needs, and weeks of bright, still weather often intervened before the chill breath of winter with its flurries of snow stripped the forests of their golden mantle, and the heavens of their long unclouded brilliancy.

The sunny days of October and November were days of plenty on the plantations. The lean times were over. Hogs were fat, and the new crop of corn was ready to grind into meal for those hot cakes which were the Ethiopian’s staff of life. The mill-wheels in the valleys were humming, and along the tortuous red roads went shambling work-horses or mules, whose backs presented the familiar spectacle of a bare-legged negro urchin just visible behind a big sack of meal.

How delightful, too, were some

of these old water-mills in Virginia!—not very old, perhaps fifty to a hundred years at the most, but still venerable-looking with their weather-stained and spray-moistened timbers and big rumbling wheels, to whose music four or five generations at any rate had gossiped and foregathered as to a local landmark whose site nature had firmly fixed beyond the caprice of change or fortune. Pleasant places above all were these old-fashioned water-mills in the fierce hot August days; and how cool was the draught which blew up from the foaming caldron beneath the wheel as it churned round and round amid a white wreath of crystal waters fresh from dark mountain hollows, where trout leapt between banks of flowery evergreens and beneath overarching avenues of beech and chestnut! And the millers, too, of Virginia—all that I ever knew, at any rate—were cheery beings of stout frame and well-powdered exteriors and strong lungs, who would crack jokes above the whirr and throb of their rude machinery with all comers, black and white, and tell stories of the gigantic crops that men made before the war in the brave days of old.

No living soul could look forward to an English autumn for its own sake with pleasure or recall it with tenderness. Certain enjoyments, it is true, belong to it, but that is wholly another matter. The season itself is one of sadness, of drippy decay, of blustering winds, of rarely unmitigated gloom. But October and November in Virginia, and indeed not seldom December also, are not merely the sportsman’s saturnalia, but are largely composed of days in which mere existence is a joy, and every one worth living for itself alone—a dream of golden foliage and cloudless skies, of dewy

mornings crisp and fresh, of balmy noons, of sunsets wondrous and incomparable. There is no breath of melancholy in the light and stimulating air, no suggestion of decay in the dazzling splendour of the woods: winter will come, we know, but it will fall like the curtain of a theatre on some splendid pageant which we have enjoyed till the last moment, and shall hope again to enjoy. Mid-winter, it must be said, had little to offer to the plantation-owner in Virginia. Without doors, there was snow and rain, cold and sleet, iron frost or red mud of a depth and tenacity beyond the dreams of Englishmen. Within, it is true, there were immense brick fire-places and big brass andirons, on which oak-logs of noble proportions crackled and blazed, throwing a cheery light over the wainscoted walls. Visiting was no longer thought of, farming was at a standstill, shooting was over, though the horn of the fox-hunter now and again woke the echoes of the gloomy mornings. The thud of the axe rang from the dripping or frozen woodlands, and spoke of the ceaseless cry for firewood that came from the draughty insatiable chimneys of cabin, farmhouse, and mansion.

The very mountains, that in the greenery of their summer dress and the gorgeous splendour of their autumn robes were beyond all description beautiful, looked now only savage and almost terrible, with their miles and miles of black and leafless woodland stretching over their snowy carpet to the cheerless skies. Worst of all these dreary weeks to the planter was that which intervened between Christmas and New Year,—that season which to other Christians with a white skin is a period of festivity and rejoicing. Here the

negro had it all to himself, and male and female, leaving their master to get on as best he could, abandoned themselves to those social joys so dear to the Ethiopian breast. "Cake-walks" and frolics and preachings filled the cabins with sound and merriment; whisky of a fearsome sort flowed freely, and stimulated with its unwonted fires the merry antics of the coloured revellers. Even William Henry Higginbottom once gave a party at Christmas, though to be sure it was one of those social speculations called a "pay-party," where every guest paid twenty-five cents at the door, the profits going to the genial host, who provided food, liquor, and music. As for the cake-walks, who has not heard of them?—though that indeed is a poor substitute for the privilege of having witnessed the inimitable spectacle of the sable beaux and belles strutting in couples arm-in-arm before the judge, with solemn efforts to outdo each other in elegance of movement and dignity of bearing, and thus win the toothsome prize.

But volumes could be filled with the queer characters of both colours, the quaint customs and the unsophisticated ways that obtained in the country districts of Virginia in the days I write of. These days are gone for ever. Half the cabins in the State have rotted away or been burnt for firewood. Agriculture of a large and careless sort is almost dead. The negro still in a measure follows the plough or wields the hoe, but more often, as I have already remarked, is a factory-hand, a miner, a waiter, or what not, and wears on Sunday a covert coat and a pot-hat, while his wife struts at his side attired in a caricature of the latest New York fashion.

A. G. BRADLEY.

WOMAN IN POLITICS.

It will not be gainsaid that, if the closing years of the present century are pre-eminent for anything, it is for the prodigious number of fads, cranks, nostrums, and neologisms which are started and put about for the quasi-reformation of humankind. In the words of a great statesman, "Every man has a project, every man thinks he is going to regenerate society by some perfectly unselfish but chimerical scheme, fitted more for Utopia than for modern society."¹

Among these modern evolutionary novelties must be placed the movement for the so-called Emancipation of Woman. This movement divides itself into two main branches, social-economic and political. The former appertains more to the general attitude of the sex towards men in the main relations of life, such as morals, manners, employments, personal independence, freedom from restrictions, and so forth. In the latter we are asked to concern ourselves with woman as an elective unit desiring to vote on exactly equal terms with men for all offices of the State. In the present paper I propose to confine myself to the last-named aspect of the question, her demand for the parliamentary franchise, or, as it is commonly termed, Woman Suffrage, with all the consequential claims which, as its logical corollary, arise out of it.

The present situation in respect of the voting powers proposed to be conferred on women is anomalous and uncertain. And the action of Mr Walter M'Laren, during the passage of the Parish Councils Bill,² in moving and carrying an instruction empowering the Committee of the House of Commons to insert provisions in the bill practically enfranchising, for the purposes expressed therein, all women, married or single, upon equal terms with men, has not tended to settle matters, but rather the reverse. Down a mountain-side one sometimes sees an alternation of steep slopes with comparatively level platforms or ledges. Now, if a heavy rock or stone be set agoing at the summit, it will roll down the declivity with accelerating motion till it reaches a plateau, and peradventure be arrested there in its downward career perilously near the edge of the next steep. In course of time, by the action of nature's forces of disintegration by flood, landslip, or what not, the boulder will roll down a further incline, and so on till it reaches the lowest depth of all. So with political questions, in the present era especially. Some new-fangled notion is dragged from obscurity by dint of much leverage and platform exertion. It is pushed to the front, and travels a little way. It may then rest awhile without making much perceptible progress, till one day

¹ Speech at Manchester by the Right Hon. Arthur Balfour, M.P., in May 1892.

² Since become the "Local Government Act, 1894," and now in force. Under section 43 of this Act a married woman is not disqualified by marriage from being on the Local Government register of electors, or from being an elector, provided "the husband and wife shall not both be qualified in respect of the same property." And by section 3 (2) "no person shall be disqualified by sex or marriage for being elected or being a member of a parish council."

some rash legislator springs a resolution in its behalf upon Parliament, the effect of which is to hurry the thing on incontinently another haphazard stage, possibly involving the most momentous consequences, which the very mover himself may never have contemplated. The Lower House, in fact, as Mr Courtney said not long since,¹ is becoming more and more responsive to ebullitions of popular feeling; it might be added, to ebullitions of spasmodic impulse.

The same thing is not unlikely to happen with the question of woman suffrage, though, now that the forces of faddism and fanaticism have been put to rout in the great electoral awakening of 1895, there should be less risk of *rushing* any startling legislative novelty through the Lower House. Happily, though there is danger of its becoming so, the female franchise has not as yet been made a party issue, for our two great political camps are at the present time curiously divided over it. Lord Salisbury, addressing a Primrose League meeting so recently as 29th April last, made this point quite clear. "I warn you," he said, "that there is no question at present which divides parties more completely, and" (in relation to his own views on the subject) "I am not certain even that I express the opinion of the majority

of my own party." Be this as it may, to yield woman the parliamentary suffrage as a bid for her vote would of a surety be a long step downwards in political degradation.

Although it has received a certain support from both sides of the House of Commons, the cause of female suffrage has hitherto been discussed in Parliament rather as a subject of lively academical interest than as one of primary importance. It has been championed by amateurs, but no Government of this country has ever ventured to include female suffrage in its programme of measures. During the session of 1895 the question practically stood still, and the efforts of Mr Wyndham and Mr Faithfull Begg to get it a hearing in the last sitting of Parliament came to nought.²

The chief points in connection with this woman suffrage movement seem to be as follow:—

1. How and where did the agitation originate?

2. Is it a spontaneous movement on the part of the majority of women?

3. Would female voting be likely to alter the character of legislation? and if so, beneficially or the reverse?

4. Is a mixed electorate of the sexes necessary for the removal of female disabilities?

¹ Speech at Liskeard, 27th March 1894.

² Since this article was written the member for St Rollox has again brought in a Women's Franchise Bill, and it has passed its second reading in the Lower Chamber by a considerable majority. In a house of 385 members, "amid the irresponsible frivolity," says the 'Times,' "of a Wednesday afternoon, a vote was taken approving in principle the doubling of the electorate, the shifting of the whole basis of the Constitution, and the initiation of an experiment for which there is no precedent in the history of mankind." The bill bristles with implied anomalies, and many of the majority, like Sir Charles Dilke, doubtless voted for it simply as an abstract declaration in favour of its main principle. In the opinion of our leading journal, the bill "can hardly be expected to pass through all its stages."

5. Is woman's claim to full rights of citizenship a valid one?

6. What are the *ulterior* aims and logical outcome of the woman suffrage movement? and are these such as to commend the movement to our support?

In his very able, fair, and temperate treatise on the American Commonwealth,¹ Mr Bryce has left us in no doubt as to whence and when the outbreak or "revolt" of modern woman from the traditional limitations of her sex took its origin. The movement is barely half a century old. It began to stir when the question of negro emancipation became a burning one, and its seat and home was the United States of America. If the uncultured black, it was said, was to be liberated and declared free and equal with the white, and entitled to the same political rights, then what about women? The claim of woman to the franchise and to public office would, Mr Bryce thinks, have probably been made sooner or later; but the circumstances of its origin in the Abolitionist agitation, he considers, have tinged the subsequent course of the woman's movement. In this country, no doubt, the cause of the fair Progressive was helped on by the advocacy of John Stuart Mill and the disciples of his peculiar sex tenets. The first Women's Convention in America was held in 1848; and, after the Civil War and subsequent admission of the negro to the franchise, the question of the female vote came speedily to the front. Women's suffrage societies grew apace, and united efforts were brought to bear on the State legislatures, and

upon Congress itself. Up to the present time, however, it would seem that the net result in the occidental Republic is small. Prior to 1890, in no State had the suffrage in elections to the State legislature and State offices been extended to women, and therefore they nowhere enjoyed the right of voting in Federal elections. In three Territories, however, the right of voting at legislative elections was given by the territorial Legislature, and in one of these, Wyoming, the population of which is relatively very insignificant, the right was retained when the Territory received Statehood in 1890. In the other two, Utah and Washington, both of which have also become States of the Union, the female legislative vote was abolished. On the other hand, in 1893 Colorado adopted woman suffrage, mainly, says Mr Bryce, through the action of the "Knights of Labour" and other working-men groups "among whom abstract theories of equality prevail." On the whole, the female franchise movement appears distinctly to have lost ground in America. And it is noteworthy that in June 1895 the Canadian House of Commons threw out the Woman Franchise Bill by a large majority; while still later, in December 1895, the Legislative Council of the colony of Victoria similarly rejected female suffrage. "The utter lack of interest," we are further told, "taken by most women in the woman suffrage question" both in Massachusetts and Connecticut has been emphasised by the recent referendum in the former State. "Although there are over 600,000 women in Massachusetts, only

¹ The American Commonwealth. By the Right Hon. James Bryce, M.P. Macmillan (revised edition), 1895.

20,000 took sufficient interest in the subject to vote for woman suffrage."¹

But, when investigating the origin of this movement, we are met with the bold challenge that female suffrage was exercised centuries ago in Great Britain, and great stress has been laid by some upon this asserted precedent. What does it amount to? All the facts and bearings of the case were thoroughly thrashed out before the Court of Common Pleas during November 1868 in the registration case of Chorlton, appellant, *v.* Lings, respondent, wherein a certain Mary Abbott claimed to be put on the list of parliamentary voters for the township of Manchester. Her case was a test one, representing the consolidated appeals of 5346 other women. The late Lord Coleridge, then Q.C. and Solicitor-General, cited everything possible in the women's behalf. It was sought by him to show that in 13 Hen. IV. Lucy, Countess of Kent, evidenced the return of a member of Parliament by her attorney. In 2 Hen. V. an attorney signed a similar indenture *pro* Margaret, widow of Sir H. Vavaseur. In 7 Edw. VI. the return for the borough of Gatton was made by the Lady Elisabeth Copley, widow of Roger Copley, and all the inhabitants of the borough. A return for the borough of Aylesbury in 14 Eliz. is signed by Dame Dorothy Packington, widow, and in the Lyme case (1) there is a list of burgesses of the town of Lyme Regis in 19 Eliz. which includes the names of three women. But so meagre and so little to the point of establishing woman suffrage were these examples that counsel was obliged

to admit that no instance was to be found of the exercise by women of the parliamentary franchise. And, in order to show that females were not legally incapable of voting, Sir J. Coleridge was driven to cite a case in which it was decided that a woman might hold the office of *sexton*!

When the judgments of the bench came to be delivered, their lordships made light of these *quasi*-precedents, and swept away every shred of argument for pristine female suffrage based upon them. Chief-Justice Bovill admitted that a few instances had been adduced where women "appear to have been parties to the return of members of Parliament," and even went as far as to allow the *possibility* of a few women having voted. "But these instances," he added, "are of comparatively little weight, as opposed to uninterrupted usage to the contrary for several centuries. . . . The fact of its not having been asserted or acted upon for many centuries raises a strong presumption against its having legally existed." And he winds up thus: "I come to the conclusion that there is no such right, and that women are legally incapacitated from voting." Mr Justice Willes gave judgment to like effect: "It is said that women might be suitors of the County Court, and must therefore have been among the voters for the election of knights of the shire. But could they act as suitors? Apparently not." Mr Justice Keating remarked as follows: "It is not very difficult to suppose that in those ancient times, when such proceedings were probably not very regular, a few seals should have been affixed without the

¹ 'Daily Chronicle,' 3d December 1895.

legal right of women to vote being recognised; whereas, it is absolutely inconceivable that women should ever have possessed the franchise, and yet should have immemorially ceased from its exercise for so long a time." Mr Justice Byles concurred with the above views.¹

A further point brought out by Judge Willes, and supported by the late Professor E. A. Freeman,² is that a peeress in her own right has neither seat nor vote in the Upper House, nor, says the latter, can she vote by proxy. Surely, then, so long as the highest born and presumably most cultured of our countrywomen are debarred by sex reasons from taking part in parliamentary duties, the female commoner may reasonably hesitate to rush into the political arena!

I come now to my second point. Is this agitation to obtain the electoral vote for women a spontaneous one on the part of the sex generally? The answer seems distinctly in the negative. Even in those American States "where women possess the school suffrage, it is reported that extremely few vote. In Minneapolis, a city of 200,000 people, one is told that only two or three hundred women usually vote at school elections." As regards Wyoming, Mr Bryce considered the balance of evidence unfavourable to the exercise of female suffrage. This is what one of the most trustworthy authorities on the subject told him. "After the first excitement is over, it is impossible to get respectable women out to vote except every two or three years on some purely emotional question like Prohibition

or other temperance legislation. The effect on family life seems to be *nil*; certainly not bad: but after a year or two it is found that the women of the worst classes are those that most regularly go to the polls." Now, this lukewarmness in the matter is just what might be expected, having regard to the distinguishing characteristics of the sex; but it is a strong argument against the existence of spontaneity or any urgent feeling on the part of the masses of women towards exercising the vote. Furthermore, "there is a widespread apprehension that to bring women into politics might lower their social position, diminish men's deference for them, harden and roughen them, and, as it is expressed, 'brush the bloom off the flowers.' This feeling is at least as strong among women as among men. . . . Of the many American ladies whose opinion I inquired, the enormous majority expressed themselves hostile; and there has been formed a Women's Anti-Suffrage Association of America, which conducts an active agitation." Further, "in enacting their State Constitution" (1889), says Bryce, "the people of Washington pronounced against female suffrage by a majority of *two to one*, and a good authority declared to me that most of the women were well pleased to lose the privilege." Moreover, the Convention of August 1894, sitting to consider the draft of a new Constitution for New York State, would have nothing to do with woman suffrage, and this "is deemed to have seriously discouraged the movement so far as the Atlantic States

¹ Law Reports, Court of Common Pleas, vol. iv. London, 1869.

² Article on "Peerage" in 'Ency. Brit.' (1885). In the article "Woman," in same publication (1888), Mr Williams takes a different view, affirming the peeress's right to sit, as distinguished from speaking or voting, in Parliament.

are concerned." Similarly, in South Australia, where female suffrage was recently enacted, a strong movement against it is said to have sprung up among the German women of the colony.

Again, "the number of women," says Mr Goldwin Smith, "who have spontaneously asked for the change [woman suffrage] appears to be small; and its smallness is important as an index of woman's feeling respecting her own interest."¹ Mr Gladstone expresses himself more strongly. "The subject," he says, "is as yet only sectional, and has not really been taken into view by the public mind at large. . . . There has never within my knowledge been a case in which the franchise has been extended to a large body of persons generally indifferent about receiving it. But here, in addition to a widespread indifference, there is on the part of large numbers of women who have considered the matter for themselves the most positive objection, and strong disapprobation."² These words from the greatest living exponent of Liberalism I commend to the careful consideration of the Women's Liberal Federation, and its various affiliated societies, which in their platforms make such a prominent plank of female suffrage.

And surely it is a fact patent to us all, that in this country the female advocates for conferring upon women a franchise coextensive with that enjoyed by men are a comparatively small though clamant band; but who, by the aid of serial literature, much pamphleteering, and benevolent "reporting" of their meetings in the journalistic press, manage to keep

themselves well in evidence, and to pass for a considerable army. The number of women who may fancy themselves in favour of giving a more limited franchise than I have expressed above may doubtless be larger, but the fallacy of separating the wider from the narrower aspects of the question will be touched on presently.

Then, again, much has been made of the monster Petition for female suffrage exhibited in Westminster Hall last May, with its 257,000 women's signatures. But any one conversant with the methods whereby girls and women are induced to sign documents of this kind will largely discount its importance as an index to the genuine opinions of the sex.

The next stage of our inquiry is very important: The probable influence of woman's vote, if it were given, upon the character of our legislation. From our knowledge of the sex, and the general tenor of the discussions at the reunions where women's rights and claims are debated, we can judge with tolerable accuracy the class of legislation to which the female mind would incline. We should have in the forefront liquor prohibition pure and absolute: for, conversely, in America "Prohibitionist Conventions," Mr Bryce tells us, "almost always declare in favour of woman suffrage." Under the guidance of leaders like certain sentimentalist M.P.'s whose names are familiar to us, the clique of ladies and ultra-purists—who not long since fell foul of Lord Roberts for certain regulations he had carried out for the benefit of our soldiers in India—would desire to

¹ Questions of the Day. By Professor Goldwin Smith. Macmillan, 1893.

² Letter on "Female Suffrage" addressed to Mr Samuel Smith, M.P., just before the general election of 1892.

have their way and prosecute it with redoubled energy. In this connection the Proceedings of the Women's Liberal Federation at Chelsea in May 1894, to discuss the Cambridge Corporation Bill for the regulation of women of doubtful character, may be studied with advantage. There is enough and to spare of sentimental legislation already: with a woman faction supported by the woman vote, sentiment would be apt to run riot. The very fact that, with parties otherwise pretty evenly divided, a small access of female votes might turn the scale, would open the door more widely than ever to the political canvasser. With women's votes to catch, male and female touters would abound. "It is not women's virtues," says Mr Francis Parkman, "that would be prominent or influential in the political arena: they would shun it by an invincible repulsion. The 'Washington' lobby has given us some means of judging what we may expect from the woman 'inside politics.' If politics are to be purified by artfulness, effrontery, insensibility, a pushing self-assertion, and a glib tongue, then we may look for regeneration; for the typical female politician will be richly endowed with all these gifts. And as the zeal of one class of female reformers has been, and no doubt will be, largely directed to their grievances in matters of sex, we shall have shrill-tongued discussions of subjects which had far better be left alone."¹

The gentler sex are prone to be swayed by impulse, and are easily led. Thus, also, they would fall a ready prey to the paid organiser

and political adventurer. In New Zealand, for example, woman's suffrage has got a footing for the moment, and the two main planks it has adopted are, as in America, liquor prohibition and secular (non-religious) education. Then, as has been truly said, behind prohibition of alcoholic drinks begins to loom prohibition of tobacco. In ancient Rome they tried taxing the unmarried, and recently, according to M. Leroy-Beaulieu,² like suggestions were made with a view to check the shrinkage of population in France. Such an impost as one on bachelorhood might not impossibly commend itself to a sensational legislature largely dominated by female votes! Furthermore, it is matter of common knowledge that women (save perhaps a select few of the upper classes and the band of political malcontents) concern themselves but little with politics, and that the great mass of them have scarcely an intelligent or thought-out idea on the subject. Such serials as, let us say, 'The Family Herald,' 'Short Stories,' or 'Forget-me-not,' with their thousand and one fiction-tales of how men and girls fall in love, are much more in women's line than the newspaper; and of the latter, when they do read it, it is not the political matter, but the fashions column, and the births, marriages, and deaths, that mainly interest them. The vote of the lower strata of the present male electorate is already erratic enough and most difficult to forecast upon any given question. But with a large, perhaps a preponderating, female element superadded, it

¹ Minority Report of U.S. Senate Committee, p. 24 (quoted by Mr Goldwin Smith in 'Questions of the Day').

² *Economiste Française*, September 1890.

would be an absolutely indeterminate quantity. Some specious panacea of the moment which was calculated to touch their sympathies, and which the more stolid but stable political instinct of the man would reject, might be adopted with enthusiasm; and, in such a case, the loudest sounding bell-wether would draw the whole flock. Dreamers, fanatics, quack-salvers of every hue, extremists prepared to "throw the whole Constitution into the crucible," would find in female suffrage a perennially happy hunting-ground. Herein would be a real ever-present danger.

Apart, then, from the question of its effect on the personality of the woman herself, we are led to conclude that the conferring of the parliamentary franchise on the female sex would not tend to exalt, or even benefit, the legislation of the country.

Coming to our fourth interrogatory, a great point is sought to be made in the leaflets issued by the Central National Society for Women's Suffrage as to the necessity for a mixed electorate of the sexes in order to remove female disabilities. The futility of this contention ought to be palpable. The Primrose League, largely composed of ladies, wields a powerful influence by means of quiet persuasive personal appeals and social intercourse, reinforced by occasional public meetings. "The action of the Primrose League," said Lord Salisbury, recently, "is the action of social influence, . . . the quiet influence of private life, . . . and it is this private non-public influence, this influence of mind on mind in conversation, and not in speeches or in leaflets, that has largely affected

the constituencies in every part of the country during the recent elections."¹ But, be it remembered, the work of the 1500 or 1600 women, many of them high-placed and distinguished, who form its Ladies' Grand Council, and the work of their female coadjutors throughout the country, in labouring to instil into the masses sound, moderate, and constitutional principles, is all done *outside* the polling-booth. The male voter can be talked to at home. Then, it seems to be forgotten that women *qua* women do not form a class. Their class interests are intimately linked with those of the male kind most of them are associated with, and the male vote properly represents them. The laws affecting woman's property have been amended and placed on a vastly improved footing by the action of *men*. In civil causes and criminal trials it has been truly observed that with juries women stand a better chance than do men. The divorce and marriage laws have been largely relaxed and modified in favour of women. Quite recently a substantial increase to the female inspectorate of factories was made by Government, without the leverage of any female franchise. In truth, latter-day legislation has been endeavouring to do ample justice to the interests of the female sex; and if the time of Parliament be not frittered away upon vast chimerical schemes for disrupting the body-politic, much more may yet be done by the *male* mandate of the constituencies. Men in voting or legislating are unlikely to forget the wants of their wives, mothers, sisters, daughters. "No one," remarks Mr Bryce, "who observes America can doubt that whatever is deemed to be for

¹ Address to the Primrose League at Covent Garden, 29th April 1896.
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the real benefit of women in the social and industrial sphere will be obtained for them from the goodwill and sympathy of men, without the agency of the political vote" (the italics are mine).¹ Women without the vote can and do bring great pressure to bear on legislation and upon legislators. "They will," says Mr Goldwin Smith, "renounce their present influence in grasping the vote. Let them appear as a separate interest in the political arena, and they will, like every other separate interest, awaken an antagonism which does not now exist."

Our next point for consideration is one of vital importance. Is the asserted claim of woman to full separate citizenship a valid one?

The rights of the citizen to determine by whom and in what manner the State shall be governed imply a corresponding obligation on his part to support the Executive and the State in all conjunctures by his body service, *vi et armis* if necessary. This has been recognised in all epochs of the world's history as a root-axiom of political economy; and, though feudalism is dead, the elementary principle remains incontrovertible as ever. Among the Saxons, said Mr Justice Willes in the case already cited *re* woman suffrage, "it appears that women cannot have been admitted to their councils, where no one took part unless entitled to bear arms and invested with them in the public assembly, which investiture Tacitus likened to the assumption of the '*toga virilis*,' and Selden to being knighted. . . . A woman could

not perform knight's service in person, and when land held by military tenure came to her by descent, she had to perform the duty by deputy."

It may be true, as Mr Bright once said, that "force is no remedy." But force is the basis of all law and social order, the ultimate sanction of legislation and tribunal of appeal—a giant in the background veiled and at times seemingly asleep, but nevertheless, like the fabled watcher of the hundred eyes, never with all closed at once, nor ever relinquishing his vigilant outlook. It is urged by sentimental optimists that things are altered in these days; that civilisation and modern culture have supplanted force; that international arbitration is hereafter to settle the disputes of nations; that a millennium of universal peace is ahead of us, if only the gentle and softening influence of woman can be imported into politics through the medium of female suffrage. On this point it may be well to hear a recent forecasting writer, whose bold generalisations are not less striking than his profound research. "It is quite conceivable," says Mr Pearson, "that the soldier may be rather less of an obtrusive element in the future than he has been in the past. This, however, is not likely to be because armies will be relatively smaller, but because universal conscription will have become the rule, and military education up to a certain point will be part of the stock-in-trade with which every citizen is equipped when he enters life."² "The possibility," says another discriminating writer, "and even the pro-

¹ 'American Commonwealth,' 1895, vol. ii. p. 558.

² National Life and Character. By the late Charles H. Pearson, LL.D. Macmillan, 1893.

bability, of a war in which England would be opposed both to France and to Russia, has long been perceived."¹ As to the prospects of an abiding peace, this is what an eminent statesman and *littérateur*, the late M. Barthélemy St Hilaire, said only recently: "I no more believe in disarmament than I do in the maintenance of peace. War is, I am sorry to say, a necessity; it is the law of nature." We shall, he thought, witness in the next century "wars—civil wars as well as foreign wars—far more bitter and intense than those it has been my lot to witness. Do I believe in peace? No. No one believes in peace. We all try to deceive ourselves and cherish illusions on the subject; but in our inmost hearts we are all convinced that war is inevitable." "Do you suppose," said Mr Chamberlain, speaking at Durham, 16th October 1894, "because we have been at peace with all the world since the time of the Crimean war, that the age of peace has come? Has the millennium arrived, with the nations armed and arming, with millions of men waiting only for the word, it may be of an individual, at once to begin cutting one another's throats?" "Who can say," was the dictum of an eminently peace-loving authority, the Lord Chief-Justice, only a few months since—"who can say that these times breathe the spirit of peace? There is war in the air. Nations armed to the teeth prate of peace, but there is no sense of peace."² Look at the extraordinary suddenness of the crisis recently developed over the Venezuelan and Transvaal questions,

which threw all the Bourses of the civilised world into panic, and sane Christian folk into consternation. Has that brought the dream of assured international concord any nearer?

It is sometimes argued that women's disqualification to vote by reason of their inability to serve as combatants is no more than that of men in old age or medically unfit. But there is no parity in the two cases, inasmuch as the man's liability to defend his country, or be sworn in to aid the civil power in times of emergency, attaches to him during, at all events, the best part of his life, while to women it never applies at all. At the most the argument would only tell in favour of disfranchising the men when they had become incapable of serving—which would not help the women suffragists much. Not many years ago, indeed, some indications and half-articulate murmurings, on the part of a knot of "advanced women," were heard in a northern town in favour of forming a Female Volunteer Medical Staff Corps, the members of which it was apparently proposed to drill and arm. This initiative was followed up by a meeting held in London on 26th May 1894, under the patronage of Mrs Sarah Grand, Lady Florence Dixie, Miss Ethel Stokes, and others. At this meeting the new movement was explained as being intended "to supplement the work of the hospital nurses by providing a medical Staff Corps of women to deal with the wounded on the battle-field," &c., while it must be able to "*take care of itself in war*, and be prepared to march, encamp, and per-

¹ The Great Alternative: A Plea for a National Policy. By Spenser Wilkinson. Sonnenschein & Co., 1894.

² See Lord Russell of Killowen's admirable address to the U.S. Law Congress on 20th August last—'The Times,' 21st August 1896.

form all duties incident to a campaign. . . . The meetings for drill have already begun." Then, again, the Radical member for Caithness, Dr Clark, appears to have had peculiar views about the advantages of Amazonian or Dahomeyan regiments; and it is conceivable that if the way were led by such as he, abetted by the more adventurous and untrammelled of the female sex, a following of a few masculine women might even aspire to the rôle of soldier, *with modifications*. There would not be wanting the precedent of the Lacedæmonian women, who, we are assured, were required by law to be so exercised in the use of arms as to be qualified for battle among men.

Meanwhile, however, as they are precluded by their sex from fulfilling the primary duty of citizenship, women have no tenable claim to participate in the government or legislation of the Commonwealth. At least they do not *at present* propose to serve as soldiers, sailors, special constables, or policewomen. It is all very well for the Dean of Durham, late of Winchester, and those who take his views, to desire the weight of the female vote to be "thrown into the scale of peace, temperance, and morality," and to "repudiate the degrading doctrine that only those should vote who can fight for their vote." Degrading or not degrading, the world is backed up by physical power. And as for righteousness and peace, temperance and morality, which, we are told, will be promoted by

woman's advent to the franchise, are we then to infer that the male legislator and a male electorate have no sufficient concern in those virtues? The truth is, if ever by some evil fatuity we should come to be dominated by female politicians, and any great stress, such as of war, invasion, or civil strife, were to arise, the feminine element in the fabric of Government would simply be swept down like a house of cards, and we should hear no more of woman's suffrage.¹

But it is (sixth) the *ultimate* aims of the leaders of this woman's movement and its logical consequences which really underlie the whole matter. *Prima facie*, there is a show of justice in enfranchising those women who may be said to stand literally *in loco viri* in respect of payment of rates and headship of households. Certain qualified women are now entitled to vote in municipal, school board, parochial, and other elections of a purely local character. They can also sit on school boards, as well as on district and parish councils, and under certain restrictions act as guardians and overseers of the poor, which seems not unreasonable. They appear, further, to be eligible to fill the offices of churchwarden and sexton, though I never heard of a female acting in the latter capacity.² And, could we have an assurance that the present extent of the female municipal franchise represented the high-water mark of woman's demand for the parliamentary vote, there might be less to be said against it.

¹ Even Mr Stead, staunch ally of the woman movement, caustically admits that "it would be interesting to see how women's suffrage would work if it had to enforce prohibition on an adverse majority of toppers who carried shot-guns, and 'didn't hesitate to shoot'" ('Review of Reviews,' April 1894, p. 340).

² In the parish registers of Bramfield, Suffolk, there appears to be record of women having been elected churchwarden ('Athenæum,' 29th December 1894).

We might even go further, and admit that such demand might be rightly and safely conceded. What is certain, however, is, that if the Woman Suffrage Bills hitherto projected have been restricted to a limited number of ratepaying widows and spinsters, the concession, if granted, would never be allowed to stop there. The lodger franchise must follow;¹ and it would be at once recognised as intolerable that married women should be excluded, "who are not less reflective, intelligent, and virtuous than their unmarried sisters," and even "superior in another great element of fitness—namely, the lifelong habit of responsible action."² The result would be to read in the word "female" wherever "male" was signified for all purposes of the parliamentary electorate. There can be no sort of doubt about this. The next step is obvious. It is scarcely denied that the trend of Radical legislation must land us eventually in manhood suffrage—Sir George Trevelyan and the 'Daily News' have advocated as much; and so, *womanhood suffrage* would ensue. All adult women—according to Mr Herbert Burrows, an exponent of Fabian Socialism—as well as all adult men, must have a vote.³ It was made clear in the discussion on Sir Albert Rollit's bill in the session of 1894 that such a change

would be momentous. Even the circumscribed and partial admission of females to the vote proposed by that bill would have added at least a million women to the register; but it was shown that the ulterior result would be, speaking broadly, to raise the electorate from 6,000,000 males to 20,000,000 persons of both sexes, whereof the women would preponderate by something like 10 per cent over the men. Well might Mr Samuel Smith "ask the House to pause before taking this terrible leap in the dark, the most revolutionary proposal of our time."

Again, it is not a question of the *fittest* women being admitted to the vote. Doubtless there are females exceptionally equipped by training and intellect who might well be trusted with electoral privileges. But this is not a matter which concerns the few; its application would extend to the many. The real point is: Are women *collectively* as fit to exercise the franchise as men taken collectively? Can it be seriously contended that they are? We may allow that average woman is superior in many ways to average man. We may even be of Max O'Rell's opinion that there are very few men in the world good enough for women. But, as it has been well put, "it does not follow that woman is political any more than that man

¹ In a paper contributed to the 'New Review' (March 1894), mordant but containing much truth, Mrs Lynn Linton discusses certain dangers to be anticipated from the female lodger franchise.

² Mr Gladstone's letter (already quoted).

³ See 'The Woman's Signal,' 27th June 1895. On this point the conference (16th-17th April 1895) of the Independent Labour party at Newcastle, under Mr Keir-Hardie's presidency, may be usefully studied. Among a mass of advanced socialistic resolutions one was adopted defining the political attitude of the party as in favour of *every* proposal for extending electoral rights to both men and women, and democratising the system of Government ('Morning Post,' 17th April 1895).

is maternal or adapted for house-keeping." The difference of their spheres, the ineradicable diversities imposed by sex, as of temperament, function, and even habits of thought — these cannot be got over, though they imply no disparagement to either the man or the woman.

But we must, further, face squarely what is involved as consequential to female franchise. "The woman's vote carries with it the woman's seat." Capacity to sit in the Legislature practically means "capacity to fill every office in the State," executive and judicial. So says Mr Gladstone, and Mr Bryce tells us this contention is fully endorsed in the United States. "It is universally admitted that the gift of the suffrage must carry with it the right of obtaining any post in the service of the country for which votes are cast, up to and including the Presidency itself." Once or twice, he adds, women have been nominated as candidates for the Presidency. The present editress of 'The Humanitarian' (Mrs Martin) was, I believe, at one time a candidate for the Presidential Chair. As a case in point, we have only to turn to one of our own colonies. In New Zealand, some time back, women were admitted to the parliamentary franchise, with certain results to be noted presently. What has followed as the next step in the sex's claim? Why, that a resolution has been quite recently introduced into the Colonial Legislature praying that women should be allowed to sit in the House of Representatives—in other words, to be members of Parliament. This motion, it appears, was only lost in a House of 61 members by a majority of 9. Obviously, then, in this antipodal Arcadia of feminine emancipation,

woman, after driving in the suffrage wedge, has come within measurable distance of the legislator's seat. And now that goal seems to have been actually reached by another Australasian colony. For South Australia has not only conceded to its women electoral rights, but it has also made them eligible to sit in both Houses of Parliament, and to serve as Ministers of the Crown.

Here, then, we begin to see the strange and unprecedented possibilities opening out from female suffrage. It would be bad enough for the manhood of a country to feel itself outvoted by women, and to have what would literally be "skirt legislation" enforced upon it. But what should we think of the spectacle of women sitting side by side with men on the benches of St Stephen's, possibly under the presidency of a lady Speaker; or, it might be, bearing the seals of office as Secretary of State, Chancellor of the Exchequer, members of the Cabinet or of the Privy Council. They might clamour for a share in the prizes of the Bench, and indeed a bewigged male barrister pleading before a woman judge would not be much more startling than a Portia in silk gown haranguing a mixed jury of men and women!

These, let us remember, are not mere fanciful ideas. In America there are already female barristers, lawyers, doctors, ministers of the Gospel. In one State, Kansas, there is a city in which the mayor and many of the municipal council are, or were, women. In Wyoming women served as jurors; in the territory of Washington they had the same privilege, till the Legislature, recognising the grave evils of the practice, withdrew the qualification. In New Zealand we heard

lately of a lady mayor, who is also a justice of the peace.¹ Example is contagious, and the danger would be, not that the great mass of the delightful but impulsive sex would trouble themselves about filling civic or executive or judicial offices in place of the ordering of households, the cultivation of the graces, and the care of babies, but that a considerable leaven, made up of the restless, the unsatisfied, the ambitious among them, might by means of the female electorate clamber up into positions for which the sex, both by nature and prescription, is utterly unfit. For, say the "advanced" sisterhood, if a woman can fill the supreme position in a nation as queen or empress regnant, why should the sex be debarred from occupying other high State posts? They forget that such a plea defeats itself by forthwith suggesting the rejoinder—Show us a country or an era in which the sovereign lady paramount has ever selected women as her responsible Cabinet Ministers. There lies the *crux* of the whole political woman's question.

Can it be, then, that those who give a qualified encouragement to the female suffragists have really pondered these bearings of the case? Unquestionably many excellent people of moderate views have been drawn, by the mass of plausible literature disseminated on the subject, into a partial advocacy of woman suffrage, who, could they but descry even in the far distance the real terminus of the movement, would shrink from

it in dismay. Mr John Morley, addressing a Newcastle audience not long since, quoted an ancient maxim, "Look to the end." Will the wise among women, looking to the end, desire to give their sex the legislative vote?

I have already spoken of the danger of the party aspects of the question. It is doubtless a tremendous temptation to a political faction to bid for the support of a sectional clique by adopting its programme. When two rival hosts are encamped over against one another in about equal strength, each watching for its opponent's next move, every detached squadron of free-lances becomes valuable as a possible auxiliary who may decide the issue of the battle. Thus the *rôle* of each little new social and political "ism" which appears in the field has a position of vantage in bargaining with both sides, which it would never have attained by its intrinsic claims; and in this way it may succeed in bartering itself into a place under one or the other flag. We have had more than enough of that sort of object-lesson within recent years. There appears to be an idea current that the Conservative party are more favourable to woman suffrage than are their opponents; and the personal opinions of Lord Salisbury and Mr Arthur Balfour have been freely quoted by the pamphleteers of the movement as making for their side. We need not grudge to the female suffragists what capital they can make from the individual utterances of such eminent statesmen. But none the

¹ According to the 'Scotsman' of 19th June 1894, the executive of the Scottish Women's Liberal Federation "regrets that a special disability should be imposed upon women in disqualifying them for being justices of the peace if elected chairmen of parish councils." They are so disqualified by section 22 of the Local Government Act, 1894.

less may we hope and believe that it will be long ere the responsible leaders of either party will face the consequences of giving the parliamentary franchise to women. The great Constitutional party is not wont to adopt into its programme revolutionary changes, such as this would be, in the government of the country, without an irresistible body of public opinion at its back, which it certainly in this case, as far as we can judge, would not have, nor is ever likely to have. Indeed, among the multifarious political topics discussed by candidates during the last general election, that of woman suffrage was almost entirely absent.

And, even to regard the question from the lower standpoint of political interest, it may be worth the while of those who anticipate a mainly Conservative vote from women, to note what has taken place in New Zealand. Says Mr Osler, writing to the 'Spectator' from the colony in December 1893: "The election of a fresh House of Representatives is just concluded, and the women have polled heavily. The great outcome of the election has been the total disappearance, one might say, of what is called the *Tory party* here. . . . Lord Salisbury would probably rue the day he ever advocated the vote for women, if he lived here. . . . One thing seems certain, and that is, that the female vote has been Radical to the backbone."¹ This view seems borne out by the testimony of Mr Reeves, Agent-General to the colony, who is apparently in favour of female suffrage. Among the *satisfactory* results this gentleman enumerates as flowing from

the women's vote in New Zealand are specified "the unprecedented Liberal majority returned by the polls," and the women's acquiescence in "the national system of free, secular, and compulsory education."² Similarly, Mr Bakewell, a New Zealander, tells us (of the same election) that unfortunately a few Conservatives thought it would increase their party vote, and that the fanatical Prohibitionists worked for female suffrage with frantic energy. "The colony is now committed for three years to a course of extreme Radical legislation. . . . The men elected are nearly all, with only one or two exceptions, of the most uneducated class in the community—either the lowest *bourgeois* or mere carpet-baggers. They have displaced men of education and experience. Such are the results of the female franchise! It is to be hoped that it will be a warning to English Conservatives. We shall probably for some years to come be a dreadful object-lesson to the rest of the British empire."³ This, be it remembered, was written before the enfranchised New Zealand woman had had time to push her claim to stand for the parliamentary seat.

Then, again, how is the home, the Briton's castle, the centre of family life, likely to be affected by womanhood suffrage? At present the nation is made up of an aggregate of families, in which the husband and father takes the chief place. He is guardian and representative, in politics and public concerns, of the interests of each member of his household. This is a clear, rational, and work-

¹ 'Spectator,' 10th February 1894.

² "Five Years' Political and Social Reform in New Zealand," by the Hon. W. P. Reeves. 'National Review,' August 1896.

³ "New Zealand under Female Suffrage," article in 'Nineteenth Century,' February 1894, p. 275.

able arrangement, which is based upon the history and experience of mankind. The wife and mother has an ample sphere of duty; the sons pass out into the world; the daughters either become merged in new family centres, or, if unmarried, can generally find in these days of emancipation enough scope for their energies. There are many fair trees in the world's garden whence womankind may cull and eat with zest and profit; but the fruit of the tree of the knowledge and pursuit of politics they had for the most part best leave alone. To add women to the parliamentary electorate would sooner or later be to turn every household into an agglomeration of political "items," divided, it might be, against itself—wife opposed to husband, daughter to parent, sister to brother. Where there is now, in the main, harmony and affection, would arise discussion and discord; the authority of the father would be impaired. In a word, this agitation to incorporate women in the electorate is nothing more nor less than a revolt against the male headship of the family.

Even if—as is alleged to have been the case in the recent South Australian elections where women polled—the feminine suffragists should vote pretty much on the same side as their male kinsfolk, this would only mean another form of the plural vote so abhorrent to the Radical mind. For, say a man had three or four grown-up and unmarried daughters all swayed by his own political views and polling accordingly, surely this would be a plurality of voting power for him with a vengeance!

Lastly, in this question of giving woman direct political power, we have to consider the effect, for

good or evil, upon herself. Let it not be thought that we who strenuously oppose this woman's movement take a depreciatory view of woman's character and intellectual powers. We yield to none in estimation of the manifold rich gifts wherewith nature has dowered her. Of one thing we may be sure, that the influence of women largely depends upon their femininity. Will the turning of them into political units increase their happiness or improve their character? Like a highly distilled perfume, sweet, delicate, subtle, the sway of woman properly exercised in her legitimate *milieu* is not less potent than it is far-reaching, searching to the "finest fibres of our nature." He is but half a man who does not revere and cherish the charms and virtues of a good and sympathetic woman. There is, indeed, no price too high with which to prize her. But her lamp is not the lamp of strength, nor of push, nor publicity, nor political prominence. Its radiance is of a softer kind, by the hearth and in the home; a light not to be hung abroad in the streets or forum, but to shine in the social circle and by the fire-side. And the fear is "lest we should invite her unwittingly to trespass upon the delicacy, the purity, the refinement, the elevation of her own nature, which are the present sources of its power;"¹ and thus to part with something the loss of which she would come bitterly to regret.

"For it so falls out
That what we have we prize not to the
worth
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd
and lost,
Why, then we rack the value."

Not a few of us, indeed, will

¹ Mr Gladstone's letter (already quoted).

be inclined to endorse a quoted opinion of the United States "Independent" party, that "politics would do more harm to women than women could possibly do good to politics."

"Many reasons," says one of their own sex, "make the admission of women into the region of active politics a national danger and a national disgrace. As things are, by the mere fact of sex and its functions, women have already an overwhelming influence over men. . . . Everywhere their power is felt, everywhere their sex is predominant. . . . To add to this tremendous influence the direct power of a preponderating vote will be to shift the balance entirely to the feminine side."¹ Most true; or, as Samuel Johnson, I think it was, otherwise expressed it, "Nature has given women so much power, that the law very wisely gives them little."

Are we, then, with our eyes open and in our sane senses, going to allow ourselves to drivel and drift into possible political subjugation by women? Surely this new gospel of legislative emasculation only needs to be properly realised to be rejected. The most, and with few exceptions the best, of the feminine sex themselves repudiate it. It is high time for plain, sober, manful men, and plain, sober, womanly women, to bestir themselves, and discountenance this mischievous heresy.

Great Olympian Phœbus of ancient myth found it enough to do to guide the "fire-footed" steeds and chariot of the Sun along their diurnal course. The last part of the way, says the poet, is downhill, and wants sure steering:—

"Ultima prona via est, et eget moderamine certo."

The direction of States and peoples along the track of the ages has hitherto been controlled by men. With the fiery wild horses of the modern Socialistic Demos champ-ing the bit and straining at the traces of the imperial car, and already, as many of us think, on the downward grade, needing firmest of hands and strongest of brakes to prevent an upset, is it a time to call in woman to meddle with the driving? Let us be mindful of the fate of Phaethon, the rash and over-aspiring charioteer, who, when he had grasped the reins, grew affrighted, and neither knew how he was to handle them nor the way he was to go, nor yet, even should he steer right, how to keep the restive solar team in hand. And let us see to it in time, or, like that ill-fated son of Clymene, the woman we enfranchise is not unlikely to hurry us chaotically on through "pathless places," and finish by setting the world on fire!

T. P. W.

¹ "Nearing the Rapids," by Mrs Lynn Linton—'New Review,' March 1894.

KÁFIRISTÁN AND THE KÁFIRS.

THE tradition that there existed in some remote valleys of the Hindú Kúsh tribes who were descended from the warriors of Alexander the Great has always excited peculiar interest among our countrymen, who pictured to themselves kindred spirits preserving their liberty and making themselves respected amongst overwhelming numbers of Asiatics. This interest increased as we became better acquainted with the neighbouring country, for the mystery which enveloped these people seemed deeper by contrast, and attention became gradually focussed on that part of the map called Káfiristán, which recently has been more or less before the public in connection with the boundaries within which English or Russian influence is to prevail. The name means the land of unbelievers, and, whilst meant as a reproach, is a tribute to the obstinacy with which subjugation and conversion to Mahommedanism had for centuries been resisted.

Concerning the origin of the Káfirs various opinions are held. Sir Henry Rawlinson, whilst admitting that their appearance warranted the presumption of Greek descent, believed them to be an old Aryan tribe like their neighbours. Sir Henry Yule, who by study and by temperament was most capable of forming a trustworthy opinion, considered them to be the remains of a nation of the same race as the Hindus, which, as the Mahommedans advanced, had retired to remote valleys. He pointed out that the chiefs of the surrounding countries, Badakshán,

Wákhán, and others, claimed descent from Alexander, and that Marco Polo in 1272-73 had heard stories during his travels of a breed of horses descended from Bucephalus! Colonel Holdich, who has had much experience in frontier surveying, at the end of an ingenious paper published in the 'Geographical Journal' of January 1896, remarks: "At present I cannot but believe them to be the modern representatives of that very ancient Western race, the Nyseans—so ancient that the historians of Alexander refer to their origin as mythical." Major Raverty appears to hold this view, believing that Nishá'i (Νύσσον) "is the most probable site of 'Nysa' of Dionysus, or Bacchus; and the ivy and the grape are there to be found in great luxuriance."¹

It is perhaps safe to say that the country from Kashmir to Kábul, including both slopes of the Hindú Kúsh, was peopled by an ancient race which showed in various ways signs of Greek influence, and that these people have by degrees been subjected and converted to Mahommedanism, the Káfirs being the last remnant that held out. They were latterly restricted to a few difficult valleys on the southern slopes of the Hindú Kúsh, surrounded on the north, south, and west by Afghanistan or its dependencies, and on the east by Chitrál.

As may be expected, references in ancient history to the Káfirs or their progenitors are not numerous. One of the earliest is by the Chinese pilgrim Sungyun, who refers to the Yetha, a people said

¹ "Káfiristán and the Káfiri Tribes," 'Cal. Rev.,' July 1896.

to have been of Tibetan extraction, who in 518 A.D. were spread over a great extent of country, which probably included Káfiristán. He mentions the great snowy mountains, and the horned head-dress of the court ladies. But the first distinct notice of the Káfirs was, according to Sir H. Yule, in 1398, when the Great Timur invaded their country. He had to slide down the steep snow slopes in a basket, after the manner of a toboggan; and it is recorded that he slew many Káfirs, took some forts, but found the country so difficult that he had to retire.

Major Raverty describes how when the air was warm the horses sank in the snow, and that Timur therefore marched at night when the surface was hard, supporting the few horses he had on platforms of felt during the day:—

“As these infidels had taken up their quarters in the *darahs*, and as, from the mountain-range on which they then were, there was no road by which to descend and gain access to those places on account of the depth of snow, a number of the Amírs and troops of the right and left wings lowered themselves down from the mountains by means of ropes; while others, lying on their backs on the surface of the snow, slid down, until they conveyed themselves to the more level ground of the valley beneath.

“They made a sort of wooden sledge for Amír Tímúr, to which iron rings were attached, and to which ropes were fastened. . . . In this Tímúr was seated, and a party of troops lowered him down” by degrees. “An attempt was made to lower several horses . . . for his use. Their legs were first firmly tied together, and strong ropes were fastened

round their bodies and necks, and they were then lowered. Some, that they could not keep their hold of, fell from the mountain and perished, but two horses reached the bottom in safety, and Amír Tímúr mounted again, while his Amírs and troops accompanied him on foot.”¹

The next important notice is by the Jesuit Brother Benedict de Goes, a member of the third mission to Akbar the Great.² That emperor had desired a sub-deacon, by name Leo Grimon, “a person of great merit and good discourse,”³ to proceed to Goa and ask the Fathers to send some men of prudence and learning to his court, in order that they might instruct him in the faith of Jesus Christ, and dispute with his doctors, “whom we call Kázis.”³ Accordingly in 1591 Jerome Xavier, nephew of St Francis, Father Pinheiro, and Brother Benedict de Goes arrived at Agra. The Brother was the most distinguished of the party. He had been a soldier, and had led a wild life, but repented whilst still young. In 1603, accompanied by Leo Grimon (who returned from Kábul, being unequal to the fatigue of the journey), he set out from Agra to travel by Afghanistan, Yarkhand, and Tibet, to China. When between Pesháwar and Jalálábád he heard “of a country to the north called ‘Capperstam,’ in which there were a people very hostile to Mahomedans, who made and drank wine, had temples, and dressed in black garments; in fact in a few lines he gave substantially all the facts, with the exception of those relating to the language, which were known at the present day.”⁴

¹ “Káfiristán and the Káfirí Tribes,” ‘Cal. Rev.,’ July 1896.

² See paper by E. D. Maclagan, B.C.S., read before the As. Society of Bengal, April 1896.

³ Letter from Akbar to the Fathers of the Society at Goa.

⁴ Yule, ‘Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society,’ May 1881.

After this we come to comparatively modern history. Major Rennell referred to the Káfirs in his memoir (ed. 1794) on the map of Hindustan; and Mountstuart Elphinstone, that most valuable public servant, when on his mission to the court of Kábul (1808-10), inspired by the reference, instituted inquiry

"after our Macedonian neighbours. We were soon obliged to give up an opinion, derived from Abool Fuzl, that these colonists were a branch of the Eusofzyes; but we learned that the Caufirs, a people in the mountains north of Bajour, had many points in character in common with the Greeks. They were celebrated for their beauty and their European complexions, worshipped idols, drank wine in silver cups or vases, used chairs and tables, and spoke a language unknown to their neighbours."

An agent duly qualified to make inquiries on the spot was found in "Moola Nujeeb, a person admirably fitted for the task by his talents and curiosity. He left Peshawer in the middle of May, and penetrated into the country of the Caufirs by the way of Punj-coora." But he did not return when expected, and was given up as lost or murdered; nevertheless he arrived, unexpectedly, after several months' absence, at Elphinstone's camp at Delhi. "He had been as far as Caumdaish, a village within three stages of Budukshaun, had made himself master of everything relating to the Caufirs, had completed a vocabulary of their language, and brought full answers to a long list of queries with which he had been furnished at his departure." The information thus obtained, checked by Elphinstone (of whom the Afghans said that he could see on the other side of a hill), has proved to be remarkably trust-

worthy. After describing the country, its crops, roads, and wooden bridges, the villages are mentioned as

"built on the slopes of hills, so that the roof of one house forms the street leading to the one above it. . . . The people have no general name for the nation. Each tribe has its peculiar name, . . . each valley being held by a separate tribe. The Mussulmans confound them all under the name of Caufir or infidel, and call their country Caufristaun. They also call one division of them Seeaposh (black vested) or Tor Caufirs (black infidels), and another Speen Caufirs (white infidels). Both epithets are taken from their dress."

Their language and religion are noticed, and the Mulla was present at Kámdesh on the occasion of a sacrifice to Imra their god. His description is interesting, and bears the stamp of truth on every line.

"There is a stone set upright about four feet high, and in breadth about that of a stout man. This is the Imrtan or holy stone, and behind it to the north is a wall. This is all the temple. The stone represents God. They say 'this stands for him, but we know not his shape.' To the south of the Imrtan burns a fire of Kanchur, a species of pine which is thrown on green, purposely to give a great deal of smoke. A person whose proper name is Muleek, and his title Ota, stands before the fire, and behind him the worshippers in a row. First water is brought to him, with which he washes his hands, and taking some in his right hand, throws it three times through the smoke or flame on the Imrtan, saying every time Sooch, that is, pure; then he throws a handful of water on the sacrifice, usually a goat or a cow, and says Sooch. Then taking some water, and repeating some words (meaning 'do thou accept the sacrifice!' &c.), he pours it into the left ear of the sacrifice, which stands on his right [Moola Nujeeb saw two sacrifices, one to God and one

to an idol]. If the animal now turn up its head to heaven, it is reckoned a sign of acceptance, and gives great satisfaction."

Further ceremonies are described when the priest says, "He! and after him the worshippers and he say He Umuch! that is accept!" The various gestures are defined, and a prayer, "Ward off the fever from us! increase our stores! kill the Musulmans! after death admit us to Buré le bóola! or paradise, and three He Umuch are said." Then the "Pusha, or person possessed by a spirit," is mentioned, as are many minute details too long for insertion. The curious will find all in the appendix to Elphinstone's 'Caulbul,' in which the manners and customs of the Káfirs, "a harmless, affectionate, and kind-hearted people," are well described.

This information was gathered in 1809, and the next references that need be noticed are those of the eminent explorer, Captain John Wood, who, on his way to the source of the Oxus in the first days of 1838, was in Badakshán, and visited the lapis-lazuli mines immediately north of and close to Káfiristán. When there he mentions a raid of Káfirs "some time back" on the village in which he slept, and his satisfaction that the passes between his party and these barbarians were then closed with snow. However, he got safely back to Jirm, which he describes as the largest place in Badakshán, with a substantial fort, a governor, and perhaps fifteen hundred inhabitants. Among his acquaintance there none was more welcome than a Siyáh-posh Káfir whom he thus describes:—

"He was an uncommonly handsome man of about twenty-five years of age, with an open forehead, blue eyes, and bushy arched eyebrows, his hair

and whiskers black, and his figure well-set and active. He would sometimes bring us a present of a few partridges, and returning the Mahomedan salutation with which we greeted him, take his seat at the fire without further ceremony. Cross-legged he could not sit, for in this respect the Káfirs differ from all Eastern nations, and like Europeans prefer a chair or anything raised to a seat upon the ground. He gave us an animated account of his countrymen, and pressed us to visit them when the passes opened. As an inducement to do so, he promised us plenty of honey and oceans of wine. His sister was married to Mirza Suliman; but though thus connected with Mahomedans, he bore them the most deadly ill-will, and even in their presence would recount the numbers that had fallen by the bow or spear of his countrymen. 'The Mussulmans,' he said, 'were responsible for the blood thus spilt, for since they hunted down the Káfirs to make them slaves, the latter had retaliated; for the loss of liberty was worse than the loss of life.'

About forty precious years were now wasted, as far as addition to our knowledge of the Káfirs is concerned, in what its admirers call a policy of masterly inactivity, of which Russia did not fail to profit. By 1878, however, the Governments in India and at home awakened to the fact that under existing circumstances it was desirable to control the external affairs of certain tribes on our extreme frontiers, to secure command of their northern passes, and to keep watch over events which were happening beyond them. With these objects in view, an agency was established at Gilgit under Major Biddulph, who visited Chitrál, and there received deputations of Siyáh-posh Káfirs, who invited him to visit their country. He was unable to go, but he collected information about Káfiristán which is recorded in his

book 'Tribes of the Hindoo Koosh' (Calcutta, 1880). Briefly, whilst adding considerably to our knowledge of the Káfirs, his researches fairly corroborated what Elphinstone had written. The horned head-dress of the ladies, the dancing, and peculiar ceremonies, are specially mentioned. All went well till 1880, when there was a tribal disturbance near Gilgit which Biddulph failed to quell, and by which his safety was in a measure threatened. This was ample to induce the cold fit to which Mr Gladstone's second Ministry seemed specially subject, and the agency was withdrawn in 1881, inactivity again exercising its baneful influence till 1889, when Lord Lansdowne's Government showed good cause for the re-establishment of the mission.

Meanwhile Colonel H. C. Tanner in 1881, and Mr M'Nair in 1883 (whose "modest account of one of the most adventurous journeys that had ever been described before the Geographical Society" received the marked commendations of Lord Aberdare, Sir Henry Yule, and Sir Henry Rawlinson), had added to our store of knowledge. In 1885, Colonel, now Sir William, Lockhart with his party passed through that part of the country and entered Káfiristán, but owing to complications he soon left, returning by another route to Chitrál.

The Russians, too, had not been idle. Terentieff is mentioned by Biddulph as having promptly settled disputed points concerning the Káfirs, declaring that they were "incontestably of Slav origin and the natural subjects of the Czar"! In 1880 Mr Delmar Morgan, when travelling in Central Asia, met a Russian officer who had visited Badakshán and seen Siyáh-posh Káfirs, whom he des-

cribed as short but well-built men, and very warlike, constantly fighting with the Afghans or among themselves. Hunza Nagar had been visited by Grombtschevsky, the handsome giant who met Frank Younghusband with his escort of sturdy but diminutive Gurkhas in the neighbourhood of the Taghdumbash pamir. Younghusband tells how, when Grombtschevsky inspected the Gurkha guard, the non-commissioned officer, fearing that the tall Russian might be unfavourably impressed with their short stature, begged that he might be told that these Gurkhas present were unusually small, but that the rest of the regiment were much bigger than Captain G. himself! Then also the Russians had parties marching about the pamirs, and the name of Colonel Yonoff may be remembered, as he on one occasion took high-handed and unwarrantable action for which his Government apologised.

These and other considerations induced Lord Cross, who in 1889 was Secretary of State for India, to sanction Lord Lansdowne's proposals; the agency at Gilgit was reopened with Captain Durand in charge, and a person was wanted who could be deputed to visit certain tribes and prepare them for our intended policy. For such pioneering work medical officers are specially fitted. Possessed of considerable scientific attainments, they have educated power of observation and a knowledge of human nature—most valuable qualities—not to mention their professional skill, which at once commends them to the respect and protection even of savage tribes. There are plenty of instances. In ancient days (522 B.C.) Democedes, the physician of Crotona and son-in-law of Milo, was taken prisoner with Polycrates,

and sent to the Court of Darius; he cured the king and queen and received honours, but his companion was crucified! In recent times Dr Lord in Afghanistan, Sir John Login, in charge of Maharaja Duleep Singh, Dr Cayley at Leh, in political work, and Doctors Cleghorn and Stewart of the Forest Department in India, are instances in which medical officers have risen to distinction and filled highly paid offices beyond the limits of their proper profession. And it is well that these advantages should be borne in mind at a time when, we think mistakenly, some army doctors endeavour to rank as soldiers rather than as surgeons, and when we are told that there is a lack of candidates for the Army Medical Department.

Now, to resume the story: a pioneer was wanted, and in 1888 Dr Robertson was chosen. During his ten years of service he had seen war in Afghanistan, had been attached to a mountain battery, and had also experience as a civil surgeon. He visited Káfiristán on two occasions, and has recently published an interesting book¹ relating his experiences. Like other travellers, his curiosity was excited by the traditions about the Káfirs, and when he had met some of them his desire to see the country became insatiable. A preliminary visit was made in 1889, and Dr Robertson returned to India accompanied by a Káfir named Sher Malik. Next year they went back to Kámdesh, where Múlla Najíb had been, and were received by a deputation of the head men, who

recommended Robertson to marry a daughter of the land and settle down for some time. The proposal was embarrassing; but it was adroitly evaded by reference to the difference of national custom, and the visit commenced under favourable auspices.

The information collected may conveniently be divided into what is geographical, and that which concerns the people. As regards the former, the detail, though imperfect and covering but a small part of Káfiristán, is nevertheless a distinct addition to our scanty knowledge. The Bashgul² river and valley may be considered as fairly explored, for Robertson appears to have travelled to the top of it and crossed the Mandal pass into the Minjan Valley of Badakshán, at a place within twelve or fifteen miles from the lapis-lazuli mines visited by Captain Wood. It is a pity that the junction was not effected. The Presun or Viron valley was entered, and the course of the Chitrál river, to near Asmar, where the river from Dir joins, was followed. Unfortunately tribal jealousy and quarrels prevented distant excursions, and the valleys of the Ramgul, Kulam, Ashkun, and Wai tribes remain to be explored.

In respect to the Káfirs the new information, though necessarily much more detailed than the old, is chiefly remarkable as confirming the latter—a result greatly to the credit of the old travellers. Robertson considers the present dominant races to be descended from the ancient Indian population of Eastern Afghanistan who resisted con-

¹ The Káfirs of the Hindu-Kush. By Sir George S. Robertson. Lawrence & Bullen.

² So spelt by Robertson; it should probably be Báshgal, the second half of which word is most likely identical in meaning with the Sanscrit *gal* or *gala*, the French *col*, and the English *gullet* or *gully*.

version to Mahommedanism in the tenth century, and fled for refuge to their present abodes. When investigating this subject, he was supplied with some remarkable stories, of which the following is a sample:—

“The Kátirs in the Bashgul valley informed me that they came from the west, and were once part of a numerous tribe which divided into two parties. One division, consisting of all the wealthy and otherwise notable persons, went to London, while the other, comprising menials only, settled in Káfiristán. This depreciation of themselves is in the true spirit of oriental politeness. They warned me not to trust the Kám, or to believe them for an instant if they declared that they and I were descended from a common ancestor; for it was notorious that it was the Kátirs and not the Kám who were of my race, the Kám being really more akin to the Russians.”

An oriental version of “Codlin’s the friend, not Short.”

Of the people generally, it is said that they would be detestable were it not for their redeeming qualities of courage, domestic affection, and love of liberty. The men are of much the same height as ourselves, lightly built but powerful, and are remarkable pedestrians. The women are “shortish and of light build, with muscular limbs. Pretty faces are rare.” Both men and women seem to be very dirty. They are by no means simple in character, but can plot with the “secrecy and tenacity of the average Oriental.” They are avaricious, greedy, and quarrelsome beyond belief, whilst falsehood is cultivated as a fine art; yet they have the good qualities already mentioned, and in addition are hospitable to men and kind to animals.

“In the Káfir’s opinion, a really fine manly character, what he em-

phatically calls a ‘good’ man, must possess the following attributes: He must be a successful homicide, a good hillman, ever ready to quarrel, and of an amorous disposition. If he is also a good dancer, a good shot with bow and arrow or matchlock, and a good *abuts* or stone-quoit player, so much the better. These qualities constitute a fine man; but to be really influential in the tribe, an individual must be also rich.”

The family is the unit, and its head exercises complete authority over the members; so, in spite of violent quarrels, domestic affairs run with reasonable smoothness. The village is a collection of families, and varies according to locality, strength, and liability to attack. The tribes differ greatly one from another in language, dress, and customs; their sole bond being that they are not Mahommedan—a tie which perhaps no longer exists. The dress, dances (for a Káfir does nothing without dancing), effigies, and funeral rites are all minutely described. The chief temple is at the village Kstigrom in the Presun country, and is described as an imposing structure twenty feet high and from fifty to sixty feet square, furnished with eight huge wooden figures of Imrá. A short distance from the temple is the approach to the nether world in the form of a hole, down which if any one should look he dies forthwith. Robertson was shown the place, and says:—

“All that is to be seen is a patch of jungle-grass, limited in extent, and easily overlooked. The village Utah or priest particularly requested me not to approach the spot; he appeared gratified at my reply, that, as a guest of the tribe, I would not think of doing so. The place had already been examined by Afghan raiders, brought into the country by the Wai tribe, and the priests possibly thought that if other people went away unharmed after seeing

the sacred hole, their fables might be exposed. The sceptical Afghans, it was admitted, did not suffer in any way, so the revised legend about the hole now is that any Káfir looking down it dies at once, and that Christians are also Káfirs. . . . An old Káfir once assured me that he had seen with his own eyes a man killed in this way."

The country is said to be abundantly stocked with game, and the rivers to be full of fish, probably of the carp family, though unfortunately no detail is given. The people will not eat fish, regarding them as scavengers and foul feeders. Chikor partridges and the magnificent Monál pheasant are very numerous, and there are a few teal and wild-fowl. Bears, leopards, wild sheep, and markhor are found, the latter in wonderful numbers, for we read of a small party of Kashtán men who killed twenty-three in ten days.

"Our average was one or two a-day. . . . The Káfirs were delighted with the execution of my express rifle, and would rush forward in great glee, shouting 'tum-bah' in imitation of the sound of the rifle, to carry away a slain animal. In the spring large numbers of markhor are caught on the snow behind Kámdesh on their way up the valley; but the supply seems practically inexhaustible, though probably, in consequence of the harrying the animals get with dogs, and when they are blundering through deep snow, there are few large heavy animals. The biggest horns I saw were but forty inches in length."

The markhor are therefore inferior in size and in length of horn to those of the Káj Nág, Pír Panjál, or Astor in Kashmir, but in num-

ber they must be at least as ten to one.

And now the history of the Káfirs as a separate people is probably closed. Their valleys were included in the territories which fell within the sphere of Afghan influence, in contrast to Chitrál and others towards the East, which are more or less controlled by the Government of India in concert with Kashmir. Afghan authority has been asserted, we are assured, without unnecessary barbarity, roads are being made, and the people will no doubt soon completely resemble the Kohistán, Lughmán, and other neighbours, who in all probability belong to the same original stock.

The mention of Chitrál reminds us that the Government of India, too, in the exercise of its influence, was compelled to resort to force, and the recollection of the siege and relief of the fort are still fresh. Dr Robertson was British agent throughout the operations, and in recognition of his services was made K.C.S.I.

Káfiristán with its romantic valleys and picturesque hillsides will no doubt in course of time be surveyed and explored; but it is more than doubtful whether any considerable addition to our knowledge of its strange people will hereafter be made. Their traditions will probably be lost in the flood of Mahommedanism in which they are likely to be submerged; hence we would fain hope that this short summary, which indicates where information exists, may have a value not wholly ephemeral.

W. BROADFOOT.

DARIEL: A ROMANCE OF SURREY.¹

CHAPTER XXI.—VOICES OF THE VALLEY.

IN the calm air of the Sunday morning with the brook going gently by, I came to the entrance of the hoary ruins wherein I had first seen Dariel. A chapel with lines of gray flint only, to show where once the sacred walls had risen, and nothing but the soft sky for roof, and mortar and moss for pavement. Stepan, as big as a pulpit, but more mute, stood close by expecting me, and led me along a ferny path, and dusted a stone to sit upon, with a noble quietude. But when I asked him—"What am I to do?" he took it for our national salutation, and answered, "Like a house afire, sir." So I gave it up, and resolved to act according to the light of nature, and the behaviour of the others when they arrived. Only if there came a great procession of images, as I expected, nothing should make me depart from the proper demeanour of a Briton.

However I was not called upon to assert the great Reformation. A more simple, quiet, and impressive service I never witnessed anywhere; and although there was no roof overhead, and little enclosure on either side, the view of the sky, and the passing of the wind, and the sense of antiquity around us were in harmony, as it seemed to me, with the conditions of humility, and mortality, and hopefulness. The strictest Puritan could have found fault with little except the red crosses worn by all the congregation, and a few triangles and wreaths of white flowers. And the man who can find any fault with

these must consider himself too faultless to worship any other being.

First came the women, only seven or eight in number, veiled not very heavily, and cloaked in cheerful raiment. And the last of these was Dariel, looking as if she had never dreamed of anything uncelestial, while the loveliness of her figure gleamed through the folds of her flowing mantle; even as the flexure and the texture of an agate glisten through the cloudy pretext of their coat to hide them. "Who shall understand these things?" thought I, "there is no one on earth fit to approach her; yet the Lord cannot have meant her to be always by herself." And then I thought of Hafer—Prince indeed! Prince of darkness, and nothing else—and I looked about, with anything but religious peace inside me. However I could perceive no sign of any wickedness high or low; and every heart except my own sang a grateful and worshipful tune to the Lord.

Even to me it was a quiet and devout proceeding, when Imar (not as one who preaches to a crowd of animals below him, but like a man speaking to and on behalf of men—not abject, though beneath a cloud) began the simple offering of our love, and trust, and loyalty. To me it was grander than it might have been to those who could criticise it; for I could not object to anything, because I did not comprehend a word. Nevertheless it did me good, inasmuch as it did the others good;

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and if a man lives in himself alone, he will not find much good there, I fear. And when they began their final hymn of high thanksgiving, and hopeful trust that our Maker will not be as hard upon us as we are upon one another, the sound of great rejoicing—which our Christians never indulge in—filled the valley, and went up the heights, such as we are bidden to gaze at, while we stick to the dismal hollows. I knew that I was only of a dull prosaic order, but felt for the moment above myself, with the other fellows lifting me.

However absurd it may appear to those who are always at one level of self-made dignity and—something else—true it is we all were moved, as no formality can stir us. Stepan had a mighty voice, and more than his throat was in it; then Daniel cast by her veil, and her beautiful lips were trembling, like a wild-rose quivering with petals half-open over some melodious stream. I thought of the time when I had first beheld her, and my love was not of this earth alone.

When all were gone, and I was thinking still what prigs we are, and cowards too, who suppose that there is one way only of getting near our Father, that humble man, who had been our priest, came up to me, and spoke sadly. I saw that he was down at heart, and full of doubt about himself, and wanting higher comfort than a man like me could give him. But I could not guess, until he told his melancholy story, why he should be thus downcast, after doing his utmost for the benefit of others. I had not known what the service meant, but saw that it had been simple, solemn, and free from all rant and false excitement; and this I ventured to express.

"Come in, my friend, and have

some refreshment. On Sundays all the men dine together," he said as he led me inside the door, "and we will have something with them. I fear that you found it difficult to keep from laughing at the sight of such an astonishing set of hats, and scarcely any two alike. We copied them first, I sometimes think, from our highest and most fantastic peaks; but art has out-done nature. In truth they are a motley lot, but there is not a false heart among them."

I had seen nearly all of them before, on the day of the police invasion, but not as now in their best apparel, a strange and interesting sight. Some of them had wondrous coats, frogged and braided, and painted and patched, and ribboned and laced, and leathered, and I know not what, with coins, and baubles, and charms, and stars, and every kind of dangle; and two of them wore Russian uniforms far advanced in years, and captured perhaps in the days of Shamyl. But their faces, though covered with beards and freckles, could not be called savage or ignoble; and though one or two were of swarthy aspect, some were as fair as Englishmen. I could well believe that there might be truth in the tradition of their tribe, that they were a separate race, distinct among the myriad mountain strains, having the hot oriental blood refreshed and strengthened from the Western founts. They regarded their chief with patriarchal loyalty and deference, but no servility or cringing; it was his pleasant duty to maintain them, and theirs to work for him, to a rational extent. Whatever they had was his, so far as nature allows such partnership; while his property enjoyed the privilege of ministering to their welfare.

"They have done well," said the

Chief to me, while I was revolving these things slowly; and hoping that his daughter might appear at last to grace the feast; "they will go and wander in their gardens now, and have the pleasure of sitting in their native form."

"Which is something like that of a hare," I replied, without calling to mind that it might seem rude; but he smiled, for he never took offence unless it were intended, which is a most sagacious rule. And he proceeded with his inference.

"The fact that they are coming without much pain to the use of chairs and benches, when commended to them by a good dinner, tends to prove that they are of a high and naturally docile race. But come to my room, and have a glass of Kahiti; and then we will go forth into the wood, and you shall know all that has come to pass in the life of a man not so very old yet, but with all his best years behind him."

He smiled, and I looked at him still in his strength, still comely and sweet of temper, a man with almost every gift of nature, but not endowed with happiness. And his smile was not that of a jubilant heart, which has tried and can trust its own buoyancy; but rather of

the calm mind which flows in, to level all the tumult, and to cover all the ruin. I thought to myself that I must come to that, if Dariel went on, as she seemed to do, and kept out of sight without a word to me.

But after a bottle of the chief's light wine—a dozen of which would not have turned a British hair—I had the presence of mind to fill my pipe and pouch with some very fair tobacco of the mountains, and to follow him over a clever little bridge of his own construction into the heart of the grey old wood. There we sat upon a mossy log, and he poured out his story, while the sunshine came in slants sometimes, and I wished there had been more of it.

I cannot repeat Sûr Imar's tale with any of his self-commanding strength, much less convey the light and shade of a voice alive with memory of whatever the soul has suffered. However to the best of my belief, the import of his words is here. Feebly, but never falsely, have I set down his remembrances. Only his foreign turns of language have escaped my memory; and he must tell what he has to tell like an ordinary Englishman. Which means without long words, whenever short ones can be got for it.

CHAPTER XXII.—IMAR'S TALE—WAR.

"That which I have always admired in your nation, and that which has made you what you are, under the guidance of the Lord, is your natural gift of self-command. The race to which I belong has always been very scant of that great quality; and this fault has been from age to age the cause of misery and conflict. Not that we are by any means so turbulent and vindictive as other tribes around

us; for we almost alone are guided, when in our proper state of mind, by any sense of Christianity; most of the others who call themselves of that creed, such as the Ossets, Imeritians, and barbarous Suans, have made a strange jumble of the true faith with Mahomedanism, paganism, and even stark idolatry. But the Lesghians, with whom we have most to do, and who claim us as of their affinity, still are of Islam,

and mainly of that bigoted and aggressive form of it which is known as Muridism. Even so, they are nobler, braver, more patriotic, and loyal to their chiefs, as well as of finer presence, and greater activity and industry than most of their neighbours on the west and south, who suppose themselves to be Christians.

My father, Sûr Dadian, as hereditary chief of the Kheusurs—a tribe now dwindled from its former strength—commanded for many years their division in the army of the gallant Shamyl. Our people did not share of course that fury of Islam, and blaze of the crescent, which scorched the Russians by the thousand out of the dark ravines of Daghestan. Nevertheless we stood up for ourselves, with the muzzle of a gun at every elbow of the rocks; and if all the sons of Islam had been as faithful to their great Imaum, as the Cross was, the Russian flag would never have waved over Guinib, in Shamyl's lifetime.

The Russian plan was to press us hard, throughout the summer and autumnal months, with ten men perhaps to every one of ours; to encourage us most benevolently to sow our land and tend it, and then to rejoice and renew their strength with the pithy marrow of our corn, and the juicy fibre of our flocks and herds. A man loves his country on the very same principle on which he loves his mother; but if he can never taste what she is like, he might just as well have a step-mother. Neither was this the only loss of satisfaction year by year. Our men, as I have heard them tell, when I was old enough to join them, felt even worse than their own loss the rich gain of the enemy. To sit on a rock, just out of shot—as many a dauntless Avar told me—with glacier water for his drink,

and nothing but mast on his tattered lap, and to see a hundred fat round fellows, who had come into his land quite lean, laughing and joking at his own door, with the milk of his best cow at their lips, and the kids of his flock coming up to them in sniffs from the fires where they were roasting, this he assured me—and I could quite believe him—turned his empty digestion into bile, and the love of his native land into a hollow ache. And this very feeling, in a higher form, cost my dear father his valiant life, and left me and my sister orphans.

You may have heard of the defeat and slaughter of an entire Russian column, under the great Prince Dorougoff, which our gallant mountain forces, with my father second in command, accomplished most effectually. Everybody knows what glory and renown accrued to the stout Imaum through this; but all of our men who were present declared that my father deserved the main credit. The Emperor of Russia had grown impatient, and sent impetuous orders that his army should advance at once into the heart of the defiles, and crush the rebellion—as he dared to call it, though we never had been his subjects—at one mighty blow, and for ever. The Commander replied that he would march His Majesty's army in, but never would march it out again. And according to that answer, so it was. Our men became tired of slaughter, although they had many a long year of suffering to avenge.

As might have been expected, the mountaineers grew careless after this great victory, and left many of their passes open; for the stubborn foe had recoiled, and appeared unable to do anything more until the following season. My father went home to see to his affairs, and to secure a new supply

of rifles, for he had brought from Koorbashi a score of those skilled workmen of Genoese descent, who for accuracy and finish can hold their own with the best gunmakers in the world. All Shamyl's best troops were armed with weapons procured from these admirable artisans, and the clumsy muskets of the Russian force were quite unfit to cope with them. Stepan has one of those Koorbashi rifles, which you would find it hard to match in London, either for beauty of design or for excellence in shooting. But alas they were all muzzle-loaders, or the Caucasus might have been Caucasian still.

Karthlos Tower, where our family had dwelled for many generations, takes its name from that same descendant of Noah who founded Mischel; and standing on a mountain plateau, with chasms abrupt and vertical cleaving the land to immeasurable depths, it is safe against all hostile powers, except treachery and famine. Among the labyrinth of ravines no stranger could ever find his road; and if chance at last brought him to the winding access, discretion would hurry him shuddering away. For many a black muzzle would look down upon him, and if he escaped all those, a score of yellow ones would confront him at the final crest, and of tenfold size — brass artillery from Koorbashi.

It was growing dark in those cloven depths, though the sun was still hovering upon the upper world, when my father rode round the last sharp jag at the foot of the ascent to Karthlos. The survivors of his war-dwindled force were only a few yards behind him, lounging on their tired horses, and scarcely caring to keep up the burden of their homeward song. Then when their leader was round the point, they heard the roar of a heavy gun, swinging

like a wing-flap from wall to wall, and departing in the distance, like an echo climbing stairs. They spurred to know what it could mean, and they found Sûr Dadian dead on the neck of his horse.

I had not seen my father more than half a dozen times, so far as childish memory goes; but he was always kind and loving, and very gentle with us. We had lost our mother before we knew her; and Marva and myself, twin children, had been sent from home, we could not tell when, to be educated at Tiflis. There our father had some old friends, and being so seldom at home, by reason of this perpetual war, he had done the best he could for us. I was placed in the German town on the left bank of the Kur, and under the care of a learned man, famous even in the "City of many tongues" for his knowledge of all useful languages. He had several English pupils, and admiring Shakespeare as the Germans do, he made us almost as familiar with English as if we were born to it. But Marva, my sister, had her education in the school of a French convent on the other side of the river. Twins as we were, and pining long at this unnatural severance, the force of events, and the power of education, drove us further and further apart, until the early divergences of tastes and dispositions became so hardened and widened that our mutual love was weakened.

The murder of my father—for it could be nothing else—occurred in the autumn of 1852; but it was not known in Tiflis until three months later, for the city had long been in Russian hands, and Shamyl's victorious troops allowed very little communication. Even when known, it was kept from me, for some time longer, as I have reason to believe, by order of the College authorities.

At last I knew it by a letter from Shamyl himself, or written by his orders—for he dispensed very largely with literature—which it took me a long time to make out, for I had almost forgotten the Avar tongue. How he smuggled it to me, I know not; but at last I understood it to this effect.

“Young Imar, the son of Dadian. The Russians have slain thy father in cold blood. Thou art now the Chief of the Kheusurs. Thou art not of Islam; but if thou hast any blood in thy body, come without delay, and have thy just revenge upon the accursed heathen. Shamyl, the Imaum.”

What youth of spirit and health and strength could hesitate for an hour? I had many Russian friends at Tiflis, and all of the higher rank made light of the barbarian tumult, as they called it, among the distant mountains. They begged me at least to wait until the truth of the Muridist outlaw's words could be properly established; for they said that he could outlie a Greek, or even an Armenian. But I broke from them all, bade farewell to Marva, and in shorter time than space required, presented myself to Shamyl.

That Hannibal of the East was now at the acme of his fame and power. Though not of great stature, or winning aspect, or even exemplary cleanliness, he possessed and exercised that gift of forcing the wills of others into the channel of his own, which makes a man's course historical. He had piercing eyes, deeply set and overhung, and a swarthy complexion, and strong harsh features, enlivened sometimes with a smile conveying a boyish and rudimental sense of humour. But let any one rouse his temper, and the Demon of the Mountains, who haunts the crags of Kazbek, could not rave more furiously. It was

this, and not cold inhumanity—as strangers to our race imagined—which drove him into those brutal acts, which disgraced the name of Avar. Whether he believed in his Divine Mission to restore the glory of Islam, and extirpate the infidel, or whether he laughed in his sleeve at that most useful delusion, I never could decide. As a Christian, and a well educated youth, I thoroughly disdained such stuff; but while contemning the Muridist and the Imaum, I fell more than behoved me perhaps under the influence of the patriot. For I was but eighteen years of age, and as yet quite a child among men of action, though foremost of the students in philology at Tiflis, and even in bodily strength and activity equal to the best of them.

My presence at first was of service to the cause, only as securing the assistance of my tribe, who had no share in Islam, and would have deserted very promptly without my presence among them. But before long I proved myself a valuable recruit, and was advanced to a command among the scouts; upon whom in that war of surprises and sudden encounters much depended. Although I hated and scorned the religion of our chief, I shared his patriotism, and admired his valour and genius, while often wondering at the forbearance he showed to an “unbeliever.” This I owed to his sense of honour, as I learned long afterwards, inasmuch as he had promised my father, his old companion in arms, that he would never make any attempt to convert me, if I were allowed to join him. Then suddenly he fell in my esteem, for I found out that he had lied to me.

So zealous had I been in military matters, and so eager to qualify myself for command, that for two years I never went home to Karthlos Tower, the proper abode of our

race. I never cared for form and fuss, and the earthly division of God's children into two creations—the high-born and the low-born half—for perhaps there are more who knew their Father in humility, than in proud estate.

In my youth I never thought of such things, to which convention drives us, but simply divided the men around me into hearties who would fight, and poltroons who ran away; and of the latter there were but few. The Steward at the Tower had supplied me with all that I wanted in those rugged times; and in the hot vein of my patriotism, a crust and an icicle seemed enough for a soldier to subsist upon. But now I was compelled to return to Karthlos by a strange thing which had come to pass, while I was intent upon war alone.

Marva, twin-sister of mine, and in childhood dearer than my little self to me, had defied all authority; and when that did not avail, had outwitted it, and vanished from the Convent-school at Tiflis. And my first news of it was a strong demand for her portion of the patrimony, from the man who had run away with her. This was the Chief of an Osset tribe, who had never joined in the war, but waited for the final issue; in which even we who kept it up could have little confidence, unless the great Powers in the West, now at enmity with Russia, would send us speedy and effectual help. And I knew that this Osset Chief had been a hereditary foe to my father.

His name was Rakhan, which is I believe of Tartar origin; and he showed signs in character and in features too of kinship to that widespread race. But his father had been of pure Ossetian blood, and now he was acknowledged Chief of a certain wild, and semi-Christian tribe. We had never had much to

do with them, although their villages lay near us on the West; for the Russians kept a fortified post between us, where their main road crosses the mountain-chain, and we scarcely regarded them as brother Christians, though that did not prevent us from having plenty of private feuds with them. And now this man of an inferior race, and a poor one too—for they thrive principally upon goats—had dared to make up to my twin-sister, and marry her, and demand her heritage!

And this was not the worst of it, for as soon as I entered Karthlos, my good Steward, Kobaduk, a very faithful servant, told me that beyond any doubt Rakhan, the Osset, had compassed and probably with his own hand committed the murder of my father, Sîr Dadian. I replied that the Imaum himself had assured me that the Russians were guilty of that crime, and this had impelled me to quit all friends and hurry without going home to Bodlith. But he spat on the ground, as our peasants do, when they hear of a black deception, and soon proved to me that the Czar's troops were guiltless; and not only so, but that Shamyl the Tartar—as he was frequently called in contempt—knew as well as Kobaduk did, that there was not a Russian within miles of Karthlos, when that cowardly shot was fired. Moreover, the foremost of my father's men who had spurred along the defile, made oath that he saw a white globe whirl away where the crags broke apart in the distance, and he put his jaded horse to the utmost speed, all in vain among darkness and precipices. Now every one knows that no Russian soldier, and the Ossets alone in our part of the range, can be found with that hideous head-gear flapping, a sheepskin puffed out into a ball at the

top, like a great white onion at the end of a stick. And there was other evidence as well as this.

My twin-sister, my only near of kin, for my father had no other children—was I likely although she had acted thus, to rob her of a single copek? Nay rather would not every one of mine be at her service? At the same time, could any son endure that his good father should be robbed not only of life but also of a third part of his property by a scoundrel of inferior race, who had stolen his daughter for that very end. Thereupon I was compelled to believe—for charity is by St Paul described as the greatest of Christian virtues, but he does not appear (though a native of Cilicia) to have travelled in the Caucasus, as Peter did, otherwise never could he have retained enough of that virtue to describe it—young as I was, the conviction grew upon me that Prince Rakhan, the Osset, had murdered my father, Sûr Dadian, because he had refused him his daughter Marva. Instead of answering the letter therefore in which he demanded his portion, I set forth with a few troopers well armed to pay him a visit in his stronghold at Zacca, near the fountains of the Ardon river.

Some parts of our own land are desolate enough, but this country where the Ossets lived had scarcely a tree to make the world look living; and having had no war in their neglected places to civilise them with the passage of guns, they seemed to be quite outside all knowledge. Yet to my surprise, they looked down upon our race, which we for generations had been wont to do to them; and with better reason, as all others will admit. We rode very fine Kabarda steeds, which are the best of all the Caucasus, but we were obliged to leave them in the bed of a little

snow-river at last, and appear at the entrance on foot, as if we expected to be shot at.

Nobody shot at us, chiefly perhaps because few of them had learned the way to shoot; but there was not one of them who required any lessons in the art of staring. And to think that such people looked down upon us! All their houses had hideous towers, as if their lives were spent in looking out from the tops; and my heart went low, as I thought of my lively and lovely sister Marva, who had been brought up like a French girl almost, extinguished and deadened among such clods. And I had not even the chance of learning how she liked the lot she had cast for herself. Perhaps she may have seen me from some tower—for they have narrow loops instead of windows—but she never showed her face to me, nor sent me any message.

We shouted, and made noise enough to fling all the rocky echoes into a Babel of dispute with one another, and if we could have found the butt end of a tree, we would have made a rush for it and rammed the heavy gate. At last a surly fellow put his head out at a loophole, and rubbed his eyes as if we had broken his repose. I did not understand their language then, though I came to know it afterwards; but some of my men made out this delivery—"Sons of the Evil One, ye shall not rob us. The noble Prince Rakhan is far off; but we will fight until he returns. Ye will be slain by thundering guns, unless ye cease this uproar."

We could not believe that Osset robber; for the people of the village had told us that the Chief and his bride were both at home; but I tore a leaf out of my order-book, and wrote a letter upon it, and

handed it up on the point of a lance. It contained no insolence, though that was rumoured afterwards, but only these words which a man of honesty would have met according to their intention. "Sûr Imar to Prince Rakhan. If you will come to Karthlos, bringing with you the relics of St Anthony, and upon them swear that you have had no hand in the death of my dear father, I will deliver to you all the portion of my sister Marva, and add thereto my own present to her, and acknowledge you as a brother."

This I signed with some hope of better feeling; for I knew that they had in this savage place no small piece of St Anthony, and having three men who could make a cross, I secured all three as witnesses; and then we marched away from this inhospitable desert. But the worst of the business was not over yet, for when we returned to the spot where we had tethered our horses very carefully, not one of them was there except my own, and he was loose, but ran to me. Him alone those Ossets had not stolen, because he could bite as well as kick, and would let none but his master handle him. We ran back to the village, but there was not a soul there, except a few children yelling. All these we put into one hut far apart, and then set fire to all the rest. But being of stone they burned very unkindly, and having no time to make a good job of it, we shook the Ossetian dust from our feet, and made off in hope as well as fear of having all the mad savages after us.

How, among a people thus divided, could there be any chance of solid resistance to a mighty nation like Russia, acting in unity, and able to replace every man killed with a dozen just as good? There was not a tribe among us

that would join its neighbour, for any other purpose than the plunder of a third; and when this was carried off, the victorious pair were sure to have another fight about the booty, before they were half-way home again. A quarrel was now set up between my people and those of Prince Rakhan, which would probably last for generations; not so much about my father's murder—for that was a matter of suspicion only, and chiefly concerned his next of kin—but about the theft of those well-bred horses, and the firing of that worthless village. And when I received a letter of insult in the Georgian language, from the man who had so injured me, the only thing that surprised me was his ability to write it. For though he spent much of his time at Tiflis, whenever he could scrape up coin enough, it was not for the purpose of improving his mind, even if he had any to embellish. That problem however was speedily solved; for the writing was my sister's.

"Imar, son of Dadian. Twice hast thou wronged me, thy brother in the Lord. Thou hast robbed me of my portion of thy father's goods, and thou hast set fire to my wealthiest village, destroying men, women, and children. Though thou art now a great man of battle, and strong among the strongest, so that thy name is as that of Minghi Tau, yet shall that mighty head be fetched down, and those strong hands shall feed the dogs of Kektris. The only hope left thee of escaping this destruction is if thou sendest to the glacier of Gumaran, before the snows fill up the valley again, gold and cattle, and household goods, according to the number herein set down, which is far less than thou owest me, and will not make peace between us for the village thou hast destroyed. But

this if thou doest, I will pray for thy repentance, and thy sister whom thou hast robbed will permit thee to look upon her face again. Rakhan, Prince of the noble Ossets."

There was also another signature, broken and crooked, as if the hand had been seized in another, and compelled to shape the name of *Marva*. Then I hoped that my sister had not turned against me in her heart, though constrained by her fierce and wicked husband; and I ordered the messenger to wait, and fed him with dainties that he knew not how to handle, while I preserved my temper even against the insult of that address. For now I was entitled to be addressed as *Sár*, of which we think more than the common word *Prince*; for it is a designation of warlike rank, imported from the furthest Orient, and ascribed to none but a Chief who has led his tribe into battle with a foreign foe. Scorning to show anger, I wrote thus—

"Accursed murderer of my father, and serpent robber of my sister. Thou hast piled up a mountain of lies, so vast, and of such deadly blackness, that the snow of thy guile cannot cover them. A man of lower rank than mine may descend into the filth where thou grovellest, and strive to vie with thee in vermin. But I will leave thee to the Lord, who heedeth the smallest thing that He hath deigned

to make. Yet that my sister be not a widow, one thing I will say to thee. Let not the right bank of the Terek be tainted by thine evil-smelling body. Lest, for the sake of those whom the Heaven valueth, it be plunged into the bottomless bog. For verily there are foul reeks of Satan, sent by his malice to corrupt the air."

Now this was not intended as an offering of peace—though many people took it altogether in that light, not from the moderation of the language only, but because I sent not the wonted double dagger with it—but simply as an overture of justice, in language not too mealy, and an opening for reconciliation. For *Marva*, my sister, I felt many pangs, a hankering which I endeavoured to repress, a tenderness of the younger days, when neither could have the skin broken without a burst of tears from the other's eyes. But we have to get harder as we go on, and the hold of soft love on our little thumbs grows slacker; and even sweet twins (who have tumbled into one another's arms, and rolled over with rollicking, till no one could tell which was which of them) must begin to close palm, and even shut fist, to the kisses of each other. And with all this affection heavy on my mind, and a good guard left upon the steep of *Karthlos*, I returned for the summer to *Shamyl*.

CHAPTER XXIII.—IMAR'S TALE—LOVE.

"Perhaps you have gathered from my words already some idea of the character of *Shamyl*. An idea, and not a perception, was all that his dearest friends could have of him, because he had no dear friends at all. And yet he was a man of warm nature, and kept nobody at a distance from him;

neither was there any haughtiness, though abundance of rudeness, about him. Men put up with the latter, and even like it (when shown to their friends) and talk pleasantly about it; and the little ruffle passes over, every one expecting that his friend will be the next to get it. But cold universal

arrogance makes the greatest of mankind—if such can show it—universally detested.

I believe that Shamyl was by nature kind—though he did some abominably brutal things—and that if he had not taken into his head, or had it put there by flatterers, that Allah had breathed into him the breath of Mahommed, he would have been one of the noblest, as well as the purest perhaps of patriots. Peace be with him, for he was at least sincere, which cannot be said of all leading minds, and he understood other men at a glance, though he may not have looked very much into his own man.

I fear that it may be ungrateful on my part not to speak even more highly of him. For he took a great liking to me in his way, although I was not of his creed; neither did I pretend to any personal hatred of the Russians, who are generally very kind of nature—more so perhaps than we are—and only did their duty in shooting us straightforwardly. Neither did I pretend to any special love of him, but carried out his orders as a soldier should, unless they were worse than even war demands, in which case I told him to seek elsewhere. Therefore I was surprised, as much as any man acquainted with him could be surprised, when he took me aside one day and said—“Sûr Imar, I have an important mission for thee, which I would intrust to no other. Many of my officers are rough and wild, and have no command over themselves with women. My son is a prisoner with the Russians; and I have a noble scheme for recovering him, and perhaps a hundred thousand crowns to boot. But it is a dangerous enterprise, and must be carried out with proper delicacy to ladies.”

This was a very high compliment to me, being still a young man in the fervour of my days; but the Captain had heard of stern actions of mine, when some of his men had shown rudeness to those who could not take up arms to protect themselves.

“Thou hast the best horse in the army,” he continued, with his deep eyes fixed upon my glowing cheeks, as the spirit of adventure began to rise, “and there is not a stronger man among us, neither one to surpass thee in activity. All this will be needed, and boldness too, tempered with skill and discretion. I would go myself, for the work is worthy of me, but I cannot leave the camp just now. My design is to carry off from their summer encampment all the ladies of the Russian and the Georgian Court. Not a hair of their heads shall be harmed, and we will treat them as princesses, but hold them for the ransom of my dear son, and a good round sum for the military chest. The Powers of the West have been stingy to us, when we might have done them excellent service; but we will make the Russian bear supply a little grease for our bullets; for the ladies are of the highest rank. But the whole scheme fails if even one of them should be ill-treated.”

This was the only point about which I felt uneasiness; but he gave me permission, and even clear orders, to shoot on the spot any man who misbehaved. And when he allowed me to take fifty of my tribe, as well as fifty chosen men of his, my only anxiety was to start as soon as arrangements could be made, and before any rumour of our plans should get abroad. For I knew all those southern stretches of the mount^{ns} well, and that perhaps induced him to appoint me in command.

He told me that trusty friends

near the Georgian capital had informed him that the early summer heat had made the city in the deep hollow by the river almost unbearable for ladies of the north ; and therefore the wives and daughters of the principal Russian officers, together with the noblest of the Georgian women, had been sent to a cooler spot among the hills in the healthy district of Kahiti, celebrated for its vineyards. Little expecting any danger there so far from the Lesghian outposts, they were lodged in a pleasant place under canvas, guarded by a scanty detachment of Cossacks, most of whom had been invalided from the war. Pounce upon them suddenly, and what could they do but scream ? Even this they would not do very long, according to Shamyl's opinion, but soon be happy when they found themselves made much of, and enjoy the romance of the situation, and the high price put upon them. This prediction, to my surprise, proved wonderfully correct ; for many of the younger ladies permanently added to the beauty of our country and the quality of its inhabitants ; while those who preferred restoration declared that they would have no higgling about them—if their husbands attempted to cheapen their price, let them even remain among the gallant men who put them at a higher figure. But this is a later matter, and I only mention it to show the good feeling we created.

Litters, and light carts, and other conveyances were sent in advance of us over the worst places, with orders to wait in a valley we described ; and with all the best horses we could procure, we set forth at sunrise one summer morning, so as to traverse the most dangerous part of the journey in good daylight. We rode very leisurely to keep our horses fresh, until in

the afternoon of the second day we halted in a hollow of the lower mountains to make a good meal, and learn more exactly where the encampment of the ladies was. Here were a hundred of us, all good horsemen, and accustomed to despise the enemy ; not for want of courage, but for want of wit. In courage they were quite our equals, for they never seemed to care much about their lives ; but when briskness and readiness turned the issue, the vigour of the free man could upset the bulk of serfs. This we had proved a hundred times against the weight of numbers.

Being in command of this dainty enterprise, and having to prove that I was not too young, which always puts a youth upon his very finest mettle, I took all the precautions of an old commander. Ordering all the others to keep close, and having only Stepan and the best of our guides with me, I proceeded very carefully afoot along the course of a stream from the hills, which had worn a deep channel. We knew where the ladies ought to be ; and though a man must not rely too much on that, sure enough there they were by the dozen. Their encampment was pitched upon a very pretty knoll, not more than a long eyeshot from the nearest bend of the watercourse we crouched in. I put my red plume between my knees, and watched them, being surprised at the beauty of their dress, and the far greater beauty of their figures. The proudest radiance of the Russian Court was there, and the softer charms of Georgia ; and I was glad not to see those lovely faces, which it would be my duty to bedew with tears so soon.

Having counted their tents, three of which were royal, and made myself sure of their position, I left all those beauties at their tea outside, with the sunset casting their

shadows down the slope, and saying to myself, "Where will you have your suppers, Mesdames?" stole back with my two comrades, to make ready for this prize. Stepan, who was always full of strong ideas, and never confined them to himself, did his utmost to convince me that the wisest plan was to let all these houris go snugly to bed, and then catch them up as they were in their first slumber, and whirl them away on our saddles. But I could not bear to think of this outrage on their modesty; and one figure in a silver pink dress was in my mind, the youngest and the loveliest of all I had descried. Therefore I made ready to descend upon these ladies, before they should begin to retire for the night, which they would not do, until they had supped well and probably played their games of cards.

We had little fear of sentries, for there were not more than a dozen, and no sign of any horse-patrol about; and even of the few fellows lounging round the tents, and ordered to keep at a proper distance from them, we got rid by the old device of sending a boy on a donkey with a flagon of Vodka on either side. They showed their alacrity by robbing him of these, and then retiring to their hut, with the officer on duty to take first pull. When the moon was up, and we rode softly over the sod of alluvial ground, the only challenge we received was the screech of a Russian drinking-chorus round the corner of the trees. Without firing a shot, or disturbing a dog, we surrounded the camp of the fair ones, and called upon them to surrender. At the same time we entreated them to prepare in silence for their departure with us, if they valued the lives of their guardians.

This exhortation was of no effect. Amazement and terror quite over-

came their natural discretion, and we found it impossible to parley with them. So great was the outcry that we stood aghast, till those faithful Cossacks came running, or rather staggering to the rescue, which restored our power of action. We bound them in couples to convenient trees with some ropes we had brought for the purpose; and then as the ladies still declined to join us, we wrapped all the most important of them in their cloaks, and placed them on our horses. In this they assisted us to some extent, by kindly disclosing the rank of each other. Thus we obtained all who were of any value from a financial point of view, twenty-two of sterling substance; and at their entreaty and assurance of amendment we took a domestic for each of them, and turned our horses' heads towards the glen where the vehicles awaited us.

My instructions were to leave no room for doubt as to our possession of six Princesses, whose names I will not give, because most of them, I trust, are still alive, and none the worse for their captivity. Enough that they were of exalted rank, and in command—as the Russian ladies contrive to be—of the Commanders of the army opposed to us. Therefore, before we started, I stood upon the terrace in front of the tents, with our horses pawing the turf, which was almost a novel treat to them, and the white moon making a picture of us. And there with great deference and courtesy, I called over from the list provided me the names of their incomparable Highnesses, the Princess O——, and the Princess D——, &c.; and each of them made answer according to temperaments, and sense of resignation to the will of Heaven. Then I gave the word to start, and remained the last, to bring up the rear as in duty I was bound.

But suddenly a slender and timid figure came gliding, as if in the haste of despair, from the shadow of a tent, and stood close to me. It was the lovely maiden in the silver-pink attire, and she drew her veil partly aside, and glanced in the clear moonlight at my face, and then dropped her dark eyes, and then lifted them again with quivering tears like a suppliant—"Oh Captain, am I to be left behind?"

"Lady, have no fear," I said very gently, and half afraid to look again at her; "you shall not be left unguarded. But tell me who you are, the fairest and the youngest of so many."

"Alas, sir, I am not worth money now," she answered with her white hands clasped together; "there is none of my race to pay ransom now. There is not even a wealthy friend, to help, or to shelter Oria."

"The Princess Oria, the lily-bud of Kajori, the last of the Royal House of Georgia, to which the race of Rurik is a mushroom! Princess Oria, I do you homage."

As I made her a low salute, which I would not have offered to the Czar himself, she turned away as if she would not see it, and a soft sob made me feel afraid. This was not one of your haughty mesdames, who let the men fancy that they carry them by storm, while they laugh in their own proud breasts, with knowledge that they are the Masters, as soon as they like. I could hear the Princess D. in the distance, rating the man who carried her on the cushion provided in front of him, and I knew that he had a bad time of it.

"What are the commands of your Royal Highness?" I asked, with an emphasis on the title, which she alone of the proud bevy could claim. "Behold, I am proud to be your slave."

She rose to the remembrance of

her childhood, when she had been made much of, as the last descendant of Queen Tamara; and then her pride melted into a flood of tears, and the sense of helpless maidenhood. She tried to say something, but it only came to sobs.

"Trust yourself to me," I said, "I cannot leave you here at the mercy of drunken Cossacks. I am Sûr Imar of the Lesghians, not a Moslem, but a Christian. By the body of Christ, none shall harm you, while I live."

There was no time for further adjurations. She bowed her beautiful head, and drew down her long veil, and in a moment the love of my life was in my arms, and on the soft pillow in front of me, with my horse at full gallop, in the broad stretch of the moon. Like an image of marble she lay before me, and I touched her as if she were an image of glass. The troopers were astonished when we overtook them, but they knew better than to say a word, or down they would have gone, Russian Princess and all. For I was not in the cue to stand insolence. Having given my orders I kept in the rear, grudging even the moon between the bars of shadow a glimpse at the figure in my precious trust. But no man can think of such things, and then tell them. For, they only come once in the nightmare of life.

Shamyl was delighted, when we brought him his fair prisoners, and he did his very best in his peasant style to be courteous and polite to them. As the leader of the expedition I had the privilege of introducing them; and it was really a fine thing to see how they behaved to him, and he to them. He gave himself airs which made me smile; and before so much rank and beauty—infidel though

it might be—he forgot for the moment that he was the Prophet of the Lord. And as for the ladies, although they were bound in consistency to abhor him, not only did they forego the attempt, but all who had rank to make such a claim decent, insisted upon having a lock of his hair.

In a word, the Princesses were all so happy, when by means of a flag of truce they had received from their friends a large supply of raiment and other luxuries, that the hope of getting a first-rate figure for them was endangered. Instead of frantic adjurations, and despairing outcries, their letters now were full of bright descriptions and gay narratives; and proud as we were of their good opinions, we could not afford them to that extent. It became needful on this behalf to send the fair captives to a duller place, to some desolate spot, where even a woman could not contrive to see much of the world. Darghi, in the depths of Daghestan, and far away even from the echoes, was a place of so lofty a character that the fashions of the Ark were as valid as the latest announced from Paris; and thither I was ordered to conduct these ladies, for the creation of discontent among them, the scenery being beautiful, but sparsely populated. And if the love of Nature were by any means as potent in the Russian breast as the English ladies now declare it to have grown in theirs, perfect happiness should have been the lot of these fair Princesses. There was nothing to disturb them, beauty reigned on every side; and beauty should have reigned within.

But alas that human nature never, at least in its feminine state and form, finds satisfaction in the outward type! Among the rugged mountains, and with

frequent shift, and much discomfort, these fair creatures had been bright, and cheerful, and perilously amiable. A flag on a rock, or a drum at the corner, or the flash of a helmet in the hollow, was enough to send their active minds into fifty pleasant flutters. But here they had no stir of war, no delightful dreads to rouse them, only the depths of lonely peace, and the repose, for which they had so often sighed. For a day or two, they tried to enjoy it, and spoke of the pleasures of their childhood, and roved about in cotton jackets as if they were longing to be peasants. Our duty was to defend them only, and never interfere with them, so long as they kept within certain bounds; and we gave them no cause to complain of us, but endeavoured to do our duty well, as sentries of so many money-bags.

Strange as it must appear, there was nothing that irritated them more than this. They could not bear to be regarded in that light, and being too proud to come out of it themselves, what did they do but send their maids—they may not have meant it, but so it came to pass—to produce a flirtation among my men. Precautions had been taken (as we thought) against any process of that sort, by detailing for this custody only grizzled veterans, who had wives at home, and could not understand a single word of Russian. But this, though a step in the right direction, did not go quite far enough; and several of our villagers beyond the prime of life behaved in a manner more appropriate to their sons. So that I found myself compelled, in the proper discharge of my office, to use increasing diligence from day to day. For one of the Russian ladies, being the mother of two little girls, had obtained permission

to bring her favourite French governess, as lively a girl as ever lived, and acquainted with half-a-dozen languages. This Mademoiselle de J—,—for I will show her the same consideration as her wealthier comrades,—was perpetually forming little plots of the wildest and most romantic kind, for the escape of all the captive band. With a view to that, she took upon herself to inspect me closely, every time I came to a little gate, newly put across the pass, by my special orders, which had created much offence inside. There was no other way by which these ladies, who now placed every confidence in me, could manage to get away at all, without perpendicular motion; unless it were the narrow winding passage leading into a sombre wood, and there I had “Wolves!” painted up in great Russian capitals, so that few feminine eyes had the courage even to look at the signboard. And this is how it should be with them. For we do not wish them to be like us.

I was trying to get out of that condition of the mind, into which I had been cast by a very few words, and still fewer glances from that lovely Princess Oria; whom I remembered as a very little maiden leading some procession, when I was a lad at Tiflis. If ever any boy has any heart to lose, when it ought to be gone upon play and mischief, mine had taken a sally out of me at sight of that young darling, trying to walk in a stately manner as she had been instructed, and resolute to bring her soft innocent self to the stiffness of the great occasion. How I had longed to lift her up among them and shout—“This is your Queen, if you had a spark of courage. Behold the pink eagle on her shoulder!”

But now it was a very different

thing. The duty of an Officer in trust was laid upon me, and if the men of Georgia would not stand up for their race, what had any outer tribe to do with it? The main point before me was to conquer foolish yearnings, and behave as a figure made of steel and leather. And without the interference of that glittering little Governess, the rapture and the anguish of my life would not have been.

I came down the narrow pass one evening towards dusk, to see to the posting of the sentinels, and to receive any message from the ladies, concerning their welfare and their general ideas; for they were beginning to write very craving letters and entreaties that would move a heart of stone, to husbands and fathers who were made of money, to rescue them from this seclusion. All these we forwarded, and Shaml calculated that every letter would be worth to us a thousand roubles on the average. But money was not in my thoughts at all, and even the sense of duty fled, when I saw through the bars not the Frenchwoman only, but a figure very closely veiled, and endeavouring not to be seen in the twilight of a rock.

“Poor little soul! She will die, she will die;” said the lady from Paris, with a very light sigh, as if with the thought that we must all do that. “Those fat Princesses, what is it then? They are punishing her to the death. Poor little one! But why do I speak to Monsieur the Commander? Monsieur the Commander will rejoice in that occurrence, because the poor little one is not endowed with gold. Alas, it is so everywhere, except in France!”

“Young lady, allow me to enter. It is my place to see to the safety of you all. I have not entered after sundown hitherto. But

stand aside, lady, or you may be harmed."

She saw that I would break the gate open at a thrust—for we allowed them to lock themselves in at night. "Monsieur the Commander, how imperious he is!" she exclaimed with a wicked smile, as she turned the key. I thanked her, and then put my arm across the passage, as the other young lady seemed about to fly. "Pardon, fair Princess, but I cannot have it thus," I said, with an attempt to look official; "I am not your warder only, but your guardian. You trusted yourself to my care that night. A thousand Shamyls shall not take you from me. Can you not trust yourself to me again? Have I given you reason to regret it? I have longed to be with you every moment, but have I ever dared to approach you?" I spoke in her native language, which was very delightful to her ears after so much Russian.

"Speak then with good courage, thou silly child. Tell the brave Commander all the insults piled upon thee by the proud and fat Princesses. Alas, good Heaven, there they are calling me again! Who would not think that I was born to be their slave? Brave Commander, the time is now for thee." With these words away ran Mdle. de J——.

Then Oria spoke, without shrinking from me, and her voice was as clear as the melody of a river, when the Winter has released it, and the Spring is on its banks.

"Sûr Imar, thou hast been very good to me. If I placed no confidence in such a kind defender, never could I hope to be defended any more. But now I am safe among all these great ladies; I am not one of those who shriek at every shadow."

"To that I can bear witness," I

answered very softly, to remind her of the night when she lay upon my horse; "but what can I do, if the Princess will not trust me?"

At this gentle reproach all her generous nature sprang forth, like the sun in a tempest. She threw aside her veil, and came close to me, and was not afraid to fix her eyes on mine. "Sûr Imar, is that faith enough?" she asked, as she gave me her soft hand long enough to last for many an hour of dreaming. "It is all I can ask for the present," I replied, and she turned away her face, but not her form.

Fearing to bring her into contumely among her proud companions, whose voices we could hear not far away, I retired from the gate with the proper martial tread; but not before I had obtained her promise to meet me on the morrow at the foot of the winding passage into the black wood; but she was not to venture up the path until she saw me there, for truly there had been a wolf prowling near it, according to the children of the peasants. Therefore I had taken care to keep our golden ladies from risking ten thousand good crowns perhaps apiece to the cause of freedom (which they were ready to embrace, as soon as they knew both sides of it), by venturing into those gaunt and lonely shadows, where no man could hear them while being devoured.

In this assurance I had every hope of treating confidentially the position of the Princess Oria; and if that desirable wolf would only form number three at the interview, who could say what might come of it? But even his youngest cub, if he had any, might have regarded me with contempt, if he had seen the condition I was in, while waiting for the footstep of my love; for they look at such matters in a less submissive way.

Unworthy as I was of the joy I then attained, even the pleasure of remembering it would be justly taken from me, if I lowered it by any ordinary words. For any one else it seems enough to know that after some talk of affairs in general, and trifles we pretended to be full of, my beauty, my darling, my gift from heaven, my own and my only love confessed—that I was as much to her as she could be to me.”

At this point the Lesghian Prince became unable to proceed with his

narrative. I felt that I should have been ten times worse, if I had won and then lost his daughter. So I grasped his strong hand which was trembling not a little, and hoping that soft memories might subside to gentle sympathies, departed with my love for him increased, and my reverence not diminished. When I saw him next, he had gathered up his courage, and was a little ashamed of his own breakdown. And he tried to tell the rest of his sad story, as if it were the sorrow of a cousin or a comrade.

CHAPTER XXIV.—IMAR'S TALE—PEACE.

“Happiness appears to me to resemble the black eagle of the mountains more than the fair dove of the proverb. Restless and swift of wing, it flutters, scarcely long enough for a hover, over any home of ours, and even then too high for us to be sure that we have seen it. Not until it is gone, can we believe that it has ever been with us; and we know in our hearts that to look for it destroys the chance of seeing it.

Shamyl was in a rage that Oria dared to pledge her faith to me, without consulting the “Mountain-lion,” as his flatterers now called him. Whether he hoped to make money of her, or what other reason he may have had, I will not pretend to say. But when by means of my good service, and without the loss of a single man, he secured all those fair prizes, and thus recovered his favourite son, not to mention an excellent sum in cash, and good wives for some of his officers, the least he should have done in my opinion was to smile and pour his blessing upon the union of Oria and Imar. Instead of that, on the very day when the last of the Russian ladies left the lonely recesses of

Darghi, he sent a score of his body-guard, without even the courtesy of asking my consent, to escort the Princess Oria to his own headquarters.

Bad breeding here made a great mistake, as it usually does among gentlemen. For if he had sent his orders to me, as the officer to whom he had intrusted the captives, I should have felt myself bound to obey him, however much against my liking. But being treated in this rough manner, which the Avar Chief was too fond of employing, I threw off at once my allegiance to him, which was not that of a tribesman, and had been already encroached upon a little too uncouthly. For at present he was quite prosperous, and seemed well able to hold his own—though the enemy had begun already their new plan of campaign, by which they prevailed in the end against him—so that there could be no dishonour in leaving him with his glory. If the Russians had been pressing on him, I would not have left him; though nothing would have made me leave the Princess at his mercy. For when she confided herself to me, what things I said, and what

vows I made, and what contempt I truly felt for every human being who thought lightly of such loftiness! Those officers, who came with Shamyl's orders, were as faithful as could be to him; but ten times as many would not have availed to march my Oria eastwards.

"This lady goes with me," I said; "she will be my wife in three days' time, just when you rejoin the camp. I will give you a letter to that effect to the inspired Commander. My men also will come with me; and if as the General, he has any need of them hereafter, they will be at his service. You know that I do not speak in vain."

They all knew that, and many no doubt wished that they also were homeward bound. They went one way, and we the other; and the sons of gloomy Islam heard the songs of our rejoiceful faith borne back to them through the mountain passes, by the soft air from the west.

For three or four years after that I led a very peaceful life, happy in the perfect love of Oria, and the esteem of my faithful tribe. Being thoroughly versed in mountain war, we made ourselves respected by the badly armed and undisciplined races to the westward and the north of us. If they attempted an inroad, as their manner was, upon us, for their sakes we regretted it, but for our own were gratified. Because instead of plundering us of our honest crops and cattle, they always lost their thievish own; so that we grew very comfortable, and poverty was unknown among us. We sternly repressed all robbery, and to afford an abiding lesson to neighbours of lax principle, we deprived them of the means of outrage, placing these under our own control. At one time the numerous Osset tribes, far beyond Rakhan's rule,

promised to join him in the plunder of our prosperity. But before they could mature their contradictory ideas, we passed with a chosen band through their only fruitful places, obtaining many specimens of things we cannot cultivate, and leaving them so much to talk of that they fell with one accord upon one another. So that they were compelled to send a humble petition to us for seed, as soon as the sun came back again.

These little matters kept our arms from rusting, and our bodies from torpor. We injured no one who did not require it, and we taught them to abstain from injury. We encouraged literature in every village possessing two men who could read, and within ten miles of Karthlos Tower there were five or six poets growing. All this I mention not by way of vaunt, but to show how much can be accomplished, when the mind is easy.

But alas! before these great reforms had taken solid root with us the final advance of the Russian forces hurried us to the war again. Shamyl, the gallant patriot, who had for a generation baffled the power of a boundless empire, was at last being crushed by weight of numbers, and worn out by perpetual blows. By forcing his scanty troops together, and closing the defiles around them, the stubborn invaders now had him in a grip, like a wolf blocked in his own den to starve. He called upon all who had shared his successes to help him in this last resource; and loth as I was to leave my happy home and peaceful villages, honour and good faith must not be starved by our prosperity.

My sweet wife, who had never admired the great Captain as the Russian ladies did, prayed and wept and coaxed in vain; she brought my two children, the boy

and the girl, to show me that I ought to think of more than mere abstractions. Innocent flesh of my own flesh, and tender bone of my own bone, and eyes more bright than any star in all the distant sky of dreams, what had the "Wolf of the mountains" done to make me love him more than these? I stood at the gate with my arm around her trembling form; and my beautiful boy, just three years old, clung to my leg and kissed my knee, and the little baby always wise, who now has come to be Dariel, looked at me through her mother's hair, with the sparkle of the brighter world babes come from still unquenched by earth. What was pride to me, or glory, if I could not find them here? But love has never yet sufficed to keep a man contented. He grows ashamed of living in it; and his manhood argues that if he lets his darlings wrap it all in warmth and softness, it will soon cease to be worth their care. I put my wife and children by, with a prayer to the Lord to protect them, and went to do my duty.

How often I looked back, and thought—as all I loved grew further off—that a man's first duty is to those who cannot live without him. Moreover, that I should be punished for casting eyes upon and longing for stirring rather than steadfast life. Badly begun, and sadly ended, was to be the rule of it. At the outset thus our little band (familiar as they once had been with every twist of the mountain-chain and every tangle of the gorges) had managed, by living in peace so long, to get their memories confused. And even when they hit upon the way, they found it stopped by Cossack outposts at the very points that we used to guard. But after many a climb and crawl, we contrived to rejoin the brave Imaum.

I was admitted to him at once, and saw by the weariness of his eyes, and the looseness of his attitude, that he knew it was all over. He was sitting at a table with the lamp behind him, and his shaggy head thrown backward, so that the light played down the furrows of his heavy forehead, as from below one sees the moon glistening down a wrinkled steep. With his usual scorn of ceremony he did not rise, but grasped my hand.

"Imar, thou art a man," he said, with his guttural voice, such as all the Avars have, now a little tremulous. "If all had been as true as thou, I should not look like this to-night. It is Russian gold that has conquered us. To-morrow I surrender."

This was such a shock to me, that I could not reply immediately. Not that I cared for the cause of Islam, to which he had been devoted; neither did I detest the Russians, or dream that we, with so many races all at feud with one another, could ever form a nation. But I felt as any true man would feel, a reverence for this dauntless hero (who had held his own so long against resistless odds), and sorrow that such a grand career should end.

"I have fought a good fight. I have held the faith. I have not striven for my own glory, but in the cause of God most High. If it is His Holy will to forsake us, there is no more for man to do."

It was useless of course to argue with him. A man at all open to argument, would not have done much against Russia. And when I met my few surviving friends among his gallant Officers, they told me that his last defence was gone, his force reduced to four hundred men, and all his inaccessible retreats cut off. The enemy had blocked him in his last hole;

for his own life he cared little, as he had proved a thousand times; but the few who still were faithful to him, and were ready to die at his side, surely it would have been a mean requital to drive them like sheep into the butcher's yard. Therefore must he yield at last.

We were talking dismally about all this, and saying that the mountains would never again be fit for a gentleman to live in, when I received another call to Shamyl's room, and had another interview with him. He had spent some time in prayer, and been rewarded with a holy vision from on high, so that his eyes were full of fire, and his countenance shone with happiness. One would scarcely believe that gloom and ferocity so often darkened that wondrous face.

"I have received the word of the Lord, the holy voice of Allah, to whom be all praise and glory! Imar of the Kheusurs, it is not for thee to hear it, being but an outer infidel. It is commanded that thou shouldest depart from among the chosen warriors of heaven, that they who bear witness be of the true faith. If thou and thy men can escape, behold it is my duty to aid thee. And verily I rejoice, for thou hast been a faithful friend to us."

If he rejoiced, I could tell him of some one who rejoiced a hundred-fold to escape a Russian jail and exile from his wife and children, even if his life were spared; of which there was no certainty, after the many atrocities committed by my faithful friend. Perhaps it was not magnanimous on my part to decline—if good luck should allow it—the glory of being shot or starved for the sake of the beloved country. But a lot of cross tangles came into that question. Was it my country in the first place? If it was, should I help it by quitting

it so? And again, would that beloved land show equal love to me when gone, by attending to my belongings? No land I have heard of has ever done that. Therefore I showed my love of my country, by deciding to remain inside it.

"Commander of the Caucasus," I said, knowing that he liked that appellation, though he never commanded half of it; "a revelation such as thine is not to be disregarded. But how is it to be carried out? By many devices, and some fighting, we have made our way to thee. But the foe hath closed in at our heels. Our little band could never hope to pass the Russian lines again. Thrice hast thou come to life again, when the enemy proclaimed thee dead. But this is beyond even thy resources."

He smiled, with the pleasant smile of a man who feels himself under-rated. "Imar, it is not that I am beaten in the powers of the mind," he said, "but never was there mortal born, and filled with the breath of the Lord from birth, who could vanquish the love of gold in men. The son of Manoaah could not do it; neither even our Great Prophet. I, who have gifts from Heaven also, suited to a weaker age, am beaten by that accursed Power. It is gold alone that hath vanquished Shamyl."

Believing that this upon the whole was true, I left him to his sad reflections. But presently he raised his head again, and looked at me with his old grim smile. He spread out his woolly arms, and spoke with a large mouth quivering.

"Knowest thou that I could carry off every man of my four hundred left, and laugh at the Russian beleaguers? This night I would do it, and let them smell for us in the morning. But to what effect? To kill a Russian is no dinner. All the passes are closed

against us, and all our villages occupied. The winter is nigh; we should be no more than hungry wolves upon the mountains. But thou art young, thou hast a home to go to, and art not of our religion. Take thy faithful fifty, and go this night. My son will show thee how. No more."

That was the last I saw of Shamyl, and this much I will say for him. He never sent any man to face a peril which he himself would shrink from, neither did he fight for his own ambition, or hide in his turban one copek. The Russians behaved very generously and even nobly to him; and in the quiet evening of his days he may have looked back with sorrow upon his barbarities against them.

Our little band had never shared in any of those atrocities. Therefore it would be better for us, if we could not escape capture, to fall into the hands of the foe as a separate detachment, than to surrender with the General. And this was my reason for attempting an escape, rather than any fair prospect of success in such a situation. But, strange to

say, by means of a tunnel in the cliff unknown to the enemy, and then some most perilous scaling of rocks—such as Englishmen delight in, but a native of the mountains prefers to do by deputy—and then some midnight rushes through blockaded passes and defiles, we contrived with the loss of two men only to regain our own abodes. But more than a month had thus been spent after we quitted Shamyl, in wandering, fighting, and lying close, going out of our way for sustenance, and being driven out of it by enemies and tempests. With 50,000 men to stop them, not a horse to help them, no supplies to start with, and no village-folk to provide them, nothing but the fruit the bears had left, to keep body and soul together—even veterans of Shamyl's training might have been proud to force passage thus.

Alas that we ever achieved it! For my men's sake I am glad, of course; but for my own, I would that God had seen fit in His mercy to lay me dead by a Russian gun, or stretch me frozen on the mountain side!

SALADIN AND KING RICHARD.

THE EASTERN QUESTION IN THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

IT is not often that so complete a double account of a great struggle can be found in mediæval history as that which exists regarding the third crusade, of which the opposing heroes were Saladin and Richard Lion Heart. On the Frankish side Geoffrey de Vinsauf gives us a vivid description of the expedition in which he took part; and on the Moslem side Boha ed Dîn, Kâdy of Jerusalem, relates the life of his friend and patron, Salâh ed Dîn, the "honour of the Faith." Though tinged by admiration of their respective masters, these two works are so completely in accord as to the main facts that we are able to form an impartial estimate of events, while the details are in either case so full, and so easily understood by the light of recent exploration, that we can trace every movement on the ground, and are able to recognise the battle-fields of the hard-fought campaigns in which Palestine was lost to Christendom, and again recovered, in part, by English arms.

The personal characters of the chroniclers are unconsciously betrayed in an interesting manner by their incidental remarks. Geoffrey de Vinsauf was a monk to whom the grim facts of actual warfare were previously unknown. "Oh how different," he exclaims, "are the speculations of those who meditate amidst the columns of the cloister from the fearful exercise of war!" Boha ed Dîn was also a man of peace, unused to campaigning. He explains to us on each occasion why he was unable (through illness or other cause) to take part in the actual

fighting; how he was terrified by the stormy sea of winter, when he saw it first on the harbourless shores of Ascalon; and how he admired Saladin's determination to pursue the Franks over the waves "till not one unbeliever be left in the islands." He relates how he was unable to manage his mule, and dashed past Saladin on a rainy day of entry into Jerusalem, splashing the great Sultan with mud, and cannoning against him; and how Saladin only laughed good-naturedly at his awkward riding. The worthy scribe was respected for his intimate knowledge of Korân traditions, and Saladin had taken him into his service, after making his acquaintance during negotiations with the Khalif of Baghdad and the Atabek princes of Môsul on the Tigris. The charming picture which he draws of the champion of Islam is supported by the less partial accounts of Christian writers, and Saladin appears to have been distinguished by his sympathy, humility, and piety, not less than by his enormous energy, prudence, and daring. The chivalrous courtesy and valour of King Richard are equally admitted in the Moslem record, and the personal characters of these two great leaders took much from the bitterness of the struggle, and rendered possible a final agreement, which formed the *modus vivendi* in the East for nearly a century after.

The modern historian of European progress is apt to pass over the story of this English crusade with somewhat contemptuous curtness; and the general impression seems

to be that King Richard would have been better employed in minding the affairs of his own kingdom, and that he failed notably to do any good in the Holy Land. It should not, however, be forgotten that King Richard wrested half his conquests from his great adversary, and that the Eastern Question in the twelfth century was as important and harassing to Europe as it is in our own times. The great families of "Outre Mer" were intimately connected, by birth and intermarriage, with the kings and princes of the West. The Courtenays of Edessa, the Italian Normans from Sicily in Antioch, the Angevin and Lusignan houses in Jerusalem, had behind them strong family influences in France, England, and Italy; and an extensive trade with the East had been organised by Venice, Genoa, Pisa, and Marseilles during the ninety years in which the Holy Land was ruled by the Latin Christians. By his success in the East Richard became the hero of Christendom, and the most admired prince in Europe. He restored to the Templars and Hospitallers, and to the rulers of Lebanon, all their best lands in the shore plains, and to the great trading cities all their ports in the Levant. He added to the Latin possessions an island equal in area to the Syrian domains, by the conquest of Cyprus; and he made with Saladin a treaty which became the basis of many succeeding agreements. It was not merely from religious motives that the European princes spent their treasure on the Holy Land, for the spread of Moslem power was arrested, and ceased to menace the Mediterranean, while the commerce of the East continued to enrich the poorer lands of the West.

This episode of European history

is thus worthy of greater consideration than it usually obtains, while the picturesque and romantic character of the events is brought vividly before us in the chronicles mentioned. The five years which intervened between the disastrous battle of Hattin and the final treaty with Saladin were full of wonderful events, and the struggle between France, England, and Germany on the one side, and Egypt, Syria, and Mesopotamia on the other, was of far-reaching influence on the immediate future.

For more than sixty years the kingdom won by the Latins under Godfrey de Bouillon in 1099 A.D. had grown stronger and more prosperous. It included the whole of Western Palestine, and the regions east of Jordan excepting Bashan; and its frontiers were guarded by a line of mighty castles. On the north the whole Lebanon as far as the Orontes was ruled by the allied Princes of Antioch and Counts of Tripoli; but the great province of Edessa, stretching over the Euphrates almost to the Tigris, which had been occupied in 1098 by Baldwin, brother of Godfrey de Bouillon, had fallen before Zanghi, the first Atabek Sultan of Mosul, in 1144 A.D. The native subjects of the Latins were partly oriental Christians and partly Sunnee Moslems. Both alike appear to have been content under the strong and wise rule of the Franks; and Islam was still divided by the internecine hatred of the Sunnees, who acknowledged the supremacy of the Khalif of Baghdad as a religious head, and of the Shi'ah or "sectaries" of 'Ali, who followed the Fatimite Khalif of Egypt. We hear little during this period of any internal troubles in Syria; and the frontiers west of the Euphrates had, so far, been successfully maintained, and were

constantly strengthened by the building of new castles.

Yet there were already signs of danger on every side; and not only valour but wise statesmanship was greatly needed, to preserve the Latin supremacy. The Egyptians were weak, and the communication with Europe might easily be threatened by any strong Moslem Power able to hold the Nile mouths, and to employ the fleets of the Delta. On the east the two sons of Zanghi were united in determination to wrest Palestine from the Franks; and Nûr ed Dîn, who inherited his father's power in Aleppo and Damascus, was a formidable foe. On the north the Christian kingdom of Lesser Armenia (in Cilicia) bordered on Antioch, but the Armenians looked coldly on the Latins, and were threatened themselves on the west by the Sultans of Iconium—the last representatives of the Seljuks who had founded the Turkish empire in the eleventh century under Melek Shah. The Greek Emperor of Byzantium (Manuel Comnenos) was friendly to the kings of Jerusalem, but the enmity of the Greek clergy to the Latins, who had set up their own Patriarch and bishops in the place of the Greeks, had become more and more bitter as time passed by; and the Greek populace shared the opinions of their priests. In Europe the wars had so distracted the various kingdoms that no armies had come for fourteen years to help the Franks against the Turks, nor did any such help reach Syria until Europe was roused, too late, by the news of Saladin's surprising success. Such briefly was the condition of the East when the unfortunate Amaury, second son of Fulk of Anjou, succeeded his brother on the throne of Jerusalem in 1162 A.D. The former kings had been

distinguished for gallantry and justice, but Amaury was half Armenian by birth, and was neither loved nor trusted by his subjects. The policy which he adopted of attempting to conquer Egypt weakened his kingdom, and failed as all other Frankish attempts on Cairo failed both before and after his time. He received no help from Europe, nor was his alliance with Manuel Comnenos of any use. Nûr ed Dîn despatched successive expeditions under Shirkoh (Saladin's uncle) to help the Egyptians, and on the death of the vizir of the last Fatimite Khalif (El 'Adid) in 1169, Shirkoh became Sultan of Egypt, and was succeeded two months later by his nephew. In 1171 El 'Adid died, and three years later Amaury was succeeded by his leper son Baldwin IV. Nûr ed Dîn also died in 1174, and left only a boy as his heir. By this rapid series of important changes Saladin became suddenly the greatest power in the Moslem world, and having proclaimed the religious supremacy of the Khalif of Baghdad at Cairo, he united the forces of Islam in Egypt, and in Syria east of the Jordan and of the Orontes.

Yusef Ibn Eyûb Salâh ed Dîn was born in 1137 A.D., the son of a Kurdish governor at Tekrit on the Tigris, named Eyûb, who was much trusted by Sultan Zanghi. Eyûb followed Nûr ed Dîn to Syria, and became governor of Baalbek. He defended Damascus against Louis VII. of France in 1148; and his brother Shirkoh, in 1163, took with him to Egypt his young nephew, whose ambition was not yet awakened, and who, according to his own statement, was very unwilling to leave Damascus. Succeeding Shirkoh as Sultan at Cairo, and becoming

practically independent of his master Nûr ed Dîn, Saladin's reputation increased so rapidly that he was willingly received at Damascus in place of the youthful heir, Melek es Sâleh, who retreated to Aleppo in 1174. But the position of the popular usurper presented many difficulties, not only in Egypt, and in Yemen, which his brother Turan Shah subdued in the same year, but yet more on account of the jealousy of the earlier dynasties—the Seljuks of Iconium and the Atabeks of Môsul. The strong Castle of Kerak, on the cliffs east of the Dead Sea, was also held by Renaud of Châtillon, and barred the road from Damascus to Mecca and to Egypt. To attack the Christian kingdom was thus impossible until some arrangement had been made with the Atabek family, while the possession of Kerak—the great Eastern outpost of the Latins—was also one of the first objects of Saladin's campaigns. It is unnecessary to detail all the operations by which the great leader succeeded in securing his base, during more than twenty years of strenuous effort. He defeated the Atabeks, and finally entered into alliance with them. He attacked Kerak again and again, and he raided into the kingdom from the south and from the east, but he was defeated at Gezer in 1177, and near Tabor in 1183; and his assaults seemed to give little promise of the astonishing victory won four years later at Hattîn. In 1185 the leper King Baldwin IV. died, and was followed by his infant nephew Baldwin V. a year later, when the unfortunate Guy of Lusignan, second husband of Queen Sibyl—Amour's eldest daughter—was very unwillingly accepted by the Latin barons as king. The loss of Pales-

tine appears to have been mainly due to the weakness and incapacity of this last actual King of Jerusalem.

The character of Saladin, as depicted by Boha ed Dîn, was singularly noble and attractive. He was strict in all religious duties, and zealous in the collection of traditions concerning the Prophet. He was very temperate and abstemious, and his energy was such as to wear out his strength at the early age of fifty-three. His kindness to the poor, his modesty and simplicity, his justice and mercy, are attested by many anecdotes; and the advice which he gave to his son, Melek edh Dhâher, on sending him to rule in Aleppo, perhaps best summarises his character in his own words.

"I commend you," he said, "to the Most High, the giver of all good. Do thou His will, for that is the way of peace. Beware of bloodshed, for spilt blood never sleeps; and seek the hearts of thy people, and care for them, for thou art sent by God and by me for their good. Try to gain the hearts of the emirs, the rulers, and the nobles. I have become great as I am because I won men's hearts by gentleness and kindness. Nourish no hatred against any one, for death spares none. Be prudent in dealing with men, for God will not pardon if they do not forgive; but between Him and thee He will pardon, if thou dost repent, for He is most gracious."

Since the days of Omar no such Moslem as Saladin had arisen, nor after him was there any other such. The simple tomb in the courtyard of the great mosque at Damascus enshrines the memory of one of the noblest natures that Islam ever knew. Those who charge against the Moslem faith all the cruelties which disgraced warriors like Bibars and Timur—forgetful of the cruelties which have been

recorded against Christians also—should remember that Saladin's character was formed by the influence of the words of Muhammad, and on the example of Omar.

When Guy of Lusignan acceded, a truce had been made between Saladin and the Christians. It was broken by Renaud of Châtillon, lord of Kerak, who seized the pilgrims from Mecca and murdered them near Petra. A holy war was proclaimed, and forces from Mōsul were sent to aid Saladin, in consequence of this outrage. Renaud, who had come from France with Louis VII., was ambitious and unscrupulous, embittered by seventeen years of captivity at Aleppo, and hated by Moslems already for his daring attempt to capture Medina—the city sacred as the Prophet's home—in 1183 A.D. His stepson, the younger Humphrey of Toron, had married Isabel, the second daughter of King Amaury, in the following year, and the wedding-feast was being held in the grim Castle of Kerak, when Saladin advanced to besiege the place. Renaud sent out meat and wine to the enemy, and Saladin in return gave orders that the tower in which the bride and bridegroom lived was not to be attacked during the assault. Such were the courtesies of war in this strange age; but Saladin never forgave the murder of the pilgrims travelling in faith of the truce, and Renaud paid the penalty of his treachery soon after.

An army of 50,000 men gathered to King Guy at the Fountain of Sepphoris, north-west of Nazareth. All the fortresses were denuded of troops: the Templars and Hospitallers gathered to the camp at Sepphoris; and the Patriarch brought the true cross. The advance-guard of the Moslems, under Saladin's son Melek el Afdal, met

the Masters of the Temple and Hospital, who had only 150 knights, on the 1st May 1187 at Kefr Kenna, and defeated them. The Master of the Hospital and the Marshal of the Templars were slain; and on the 26th June the whole army of Saladin crossed the Jordan by the bridge south of the Sea of Galilee, and, turning north, sacked Tiberias and besieged the castle, also occupying the heights to the west, where the dark crags called "Horns of Hattin" look down on the quiet lake to the east, and over the open corn-plain to the west. A march of ten miles thus separated the two armies; and though there was plenty of water both at Sepphoris to the west and at Hattin to the east, between the two camps the country was dry and waterless. The position of Saladin was nevertheless one of great danger. On the south the basalt fortress of Belvoir, on the plateau south-west of Tiberias, threatened his line of retreat. On the north he could not cross the Jordan above the Sea of Galilee, for the only bridge was commanded by the recently built fort called Château Neuf. It would seem clear that if, while holding him in front, a strong force had been thrown into Belvoir and had attacked the southern bridges, all the Moslem army would have been cut off, and might have been driven into the lake; but this turning movement was for some reason never attempted.

On the 1st July a council was held at Sepphoris, and Raymond of Tripoli, whose wife was besieged in Tiberias, gave his opinion that it would be fatal to attempt an advance over the waterless plain. The Templars, furious at their defeat, advised an immediate attack; and in the night Gerard de Ridfort, the Grand Master, per-

suaded the vacillating king to sound his trumpets and call all his host to arms. In the early morning they set out on their fatal march, and crossed the plain harassed by the Moslem light horse, and surrounded by the smoke and flames of the burning stubble. In the afternoon they reached the village of Lûbieh, about a mile to the south-west of Hattin—a small village without water, standing on a low limestone ridge. Watching all night in their armour, without water and surrounded by fire, the Christian host was utterly exhausted and unfit to fight, long before they came within striking distance of the foe, which awaited them covering the springs. The foot-soldiers threw away their arms, and went over to the Moslems to beg for water. The Knights were exhausted by fruitless charges against horsemen who fled whenever they rode out; and the Christian army melted away before any counter-attack was made. Raymond of Tripoli cut his way through the Turks with a few Knights, and escaped to Tyre, while the little group, which rallied on the "Horns of Hattin" to protect the Cross, was gradually hemmed in and forced to surrender. Among them were King Guy and his brother, with Humphrey of Toron, Renaud of Châtillon, Odo of Gebal, and all the surviving Templars and Hospitallers. Thus, through the over-confidence of the Grand Master of the Templars and the weakness of Guy, and in spite of the wise advice of Raymond of Tripoli, a fatal defeat was inflicted on Christendom, and the kingdom so painfully built up during a century by the Latins was lost in a day.

Saladin sat before the tent which was being pitched near the village of Hattin, and the prisoners were

brought before him. Iced sherbet was offered to the king, who drank and passed it to Renaud of Châtillon. "Tell him," said Saladin to the interpreter, "that he, and not I, gives drink to that man." The customs of oriental hospitality were known to all, and the words sealed Renaud's fate. Saladin reproached him with his treachery and cruelty, and offered him the choice of infidels—the Korân or death. Renaud refused to abjure his faith, and Saladin with his own sword clove his shoulder. The guards cut off his head, and every Templar and every Hospitaller was likewise beheaded; but the rest were treated with courtesy and kindness, and sent prisoners to Damascus.

The news of this great victory sped fast to Moslem lands on every side, and the heavy tidings were carried over Europe, where a crusade was preached in haste. With overpowering energy Saladin swept over the whole of Syria and Palestine, denuded of its garrisons, and by the 3d May 1190 every city and castle had surrendered to, or had been taken by, Moslem assault, excepting only Antioch, Tripoli, and Tyre. Conrad of Montferrat—related to Philip II. of France—held Tyre, and caused a great picture to be painted, representing a Moslem horseman defiling the Holy Sepulchre. This was carried over the sea, and shown, amid tears and groans, in cities and markets of the West. All Europe armed for vengeance; but the German army, which was the first to set out, fell to pieces under the attacks of the Turks of Iconium; and Frederic Barbarossa the emperor was drowned in a small stream near Tarsus, on the borders of Lesser Armenia. Jerusalem surrendered on the 2d October 1189, when the Mosque was purified from the altars and

pictures of the Templars, and became once more a Moslem place of prayer, the great gold cross being dragged from its dome. King Guy was released on promising not to fight again; but the Latin clergy absolved him from his oath, and at Tyre he gathered a force of 9000 men, and marched south along the shore to attempt the reconquest of Acre.

The two years' struggle which followed was one of extraordinary obstinacy. Acre was held by a garrison of 6000 Moslems, and the whole army of Saladin, including not only his own subjects in Syria and Egypt but also forces sent by the Atabeks of Mōsul, advanced from upper Galilee to its support. The city, protected by double walls, stood on a promontory north of the broad shallow bay. To the south the Belus river ran through gardens to the sea; on the north were open plains under the rough Galilean hills; to the east and south-east were sand-dunes and marshes, where the Moslems camped in winter on the Tells, surrounded with mud and water. The Christian army thrust itself between the city and Saladin's army, holding a hill on which in later times Napoleon placed his batteries to bombard the town; and here they made a rampart and ditch surrounding Acre and shutting out the relieving force. Reinforced from time to time by Germans, Flemish, French, and English, they clung to this strange position, in spite of defeat, famine, and sickness, from the 30th August 1189 to the middle of May 1191, trusting to the much-delayed appearance of the French and English armies. Thus, when King Richard landed at Pentecost of the latter year, he found all Palestine in Saladin's hands, and only a square mile of sand held by the

Christians, between Acre and the Moslem host. The achievement of the Latins, in thus holding a landing-place in face of the united forces of Islam, was one of the most remarkable in the history of Crusades; but the final failure of their efforts was certain, if they had not been delivered by the large army brought to their assistance.

Richard was thirty-four years of age, tall, strong, and ruddy, famous already for his gallantry and daring, and respected among European Princes for his masterful character. On his way to the East he had wrung from Tancred of Sicily the dower due to his sister Joan, who came with him in charge of Berengaria of Navarre. He had conquered Cyprus where Berengaria was wedded and crowned Queen of England; and he brought a fleet of 120 English galleys to Palestine, to find the French vainly attempting to mine the walls of Acre. His appearance gave new hope and new energy to the Franks, but his popularity roused the jealousy of Philip of France. On the 12th July, however, Acre surrendered to the united forces, after its walls had been ruined and the great tower Maledictum, at the north-east angle of the outer wall, had fallen. Saladin saw with dismay the Christian banners on the walls, but refused to recognise the terms on which the garrison was promised life—namely, the surrender of all his captives, and of the true cross, which he also held to ransom. King Richard executed all the prisoners taken, when the time granted had expired; and Saladin, retreating to Caymont, east of Carmel, was so infuriated by this massacre that in future he put to death all Christians who fell into his hands.

The contest was, however, yet undecided, since no great battle in the open had yet occurred. On the 1st of August the French king went home, and the Frenchmen were very unwilling to follow Richard; for he supported the claims of King Guy, who had helped him in Cyprus; while Philip advocated the claims of Conrad of Montferrat, who had married Isabel, divorced by the clergy from Humphrey de Toron. An army of 100,000 men, however, marched with Richard along the sea plains to occupy Cæsarea, Jaffa, and Ascalon; and on this march the crowning victory of the campaign was won. The chronicles enable us to trace each day's advance, and to recognise every halting-place by the streams which flow through the plain of Sharon to the sea. It was but four days' march, yet so slow and cautious was the advance that three weeks elapsed before Jaffa was reached. The Moslem forces gathered in the low hills south of Carmel, and camped at 'Ain el Asâwîr. Richard followed the shore road west of Carmel, marching in five great divisions, with a flanking force to his east under Henry of Champagne, who (through his grandmother, Eleanor of Guienne) was Richard's half-nephew, and also half-nephew of Philip of France. The Templars led the van; the Bretons and Angevins followed; King Guy in the centre led the men of Poitou; the Normans and English followed round the standard, which was dragged on a heavy truck; and the Knights Hospitallers brought up the rear. Harassed by the arrows of Saladin's light horsemen, the army moved on under the burning sun, until on the 7th September they found themselves on the sandy hills above the low cliffs, five miles north of the small

fortress of Arsûf, in an open woodland of oaks called the Forest of Arsur.

It was here that the final contest was decided. Saladin is said to have had 300,000 men, but Richard's army was reduced by garrisons and desertions to about 50,000. The whole of Saladin's force burst upon him from the east, attacking the Hospitallers in rear. Troop after troop of the black-robed Knights charged inland, while Saladin's Guard, in yellow kaftans, strove to drive the Christians over the cliffs into the sea. King Richard, on his bay Cyprian steed, hewed a broad path through their ranks, and after an obstinate battle, lasting all day, the Moslems, already discouraged by their failure at Acre, fled to Mejd el Yaba on the way to Jerusalem, leaving King Guy to witness a victory yet greater than his defeat at Hattîn. Thus, by the winter of 1191 all the shore plains were recovered by the English, and Saladin, in utter dejection at Jerusalem, was daily expecting to see the Christians before its walls. Praying before the "Holy Rock" in the Mosque, he cast himself on the mercy of God, when suddenly the news came that the Franks had broken up their camp at Beit Nûba, within twelve miles of the Holy City, and had retreated to Ascalon and Jaffa.

This failure to push home the victory was due to many causes. The Templars wished to march to Egypt. The French refused to follow Richard unless he recognised Conrad of Montferrat. Richard himself was ill with fever; and bad news came from England; while no further funds could be raised to carry on the war. Saladin's resources were, however, equally exhausted, and intrigues

of the Atabeks with his own nephew weakened his cause. During the winter Richard strove to reunite the various factions, and arranged to give Cyprus to King Guy, and to recognise Conrad of Montferrat, who was, however, killed by the Assassins at Tyre immediately after, on the 28th April 1192. Henry of Champagne, who then married Isabel, was chosen as his successor, being well regarded by both French and English, as being related to both kings. When, however, after Easter, the English again marched to the foot of the Jerusalem hills, the same discord broke out once more. The Syrian Franks said that no water could be found near the city, and again advised an advance on Egypt. Ill and disgusted, King Richard retired to Acre, and prepared to sail home; and Saladin was encouraged to march on Jaffa, which he took by assault. King Richard returned in haste, and, while the garrison of the citadel were on the point of submitting, he leapt into the surf from his red galley, and fought his way on shore in his "sea-shoes." Aided by a few knights mounted on mules, he again drove Saladin to the hills, taking many important prisoners. The two champions thus confronted each other utterly

exhausted, and both were willing to make peace.

The famous truce which was signed on 2d September 1192 was equally distasteful to Christians and Moslems, but it practically settled the Eastern Question for many years after. All the plains remained to the Latins, and the mountains to the Moslems. Jerusalem was recognised as a place of Christian pilgrimage, and priests were allowed in its cathedral, and at Nazareth and Bethlehem. Richard's success was not complete, but Saladin never won a battle against him. He recovered more than 3000 square miles of Syria for Christendom, and added an equal area to the Latin dominions in Cyprus. He defeated the greatest Moslem of the age in three battles—at Acre, Arsûf, and Jaffa—and stayed the Moslem advance on Europe which Saladin threatened. He not only made a mighty name in Europe, which strengthened him at home, but he re-established European trade in all the ports of the Levant. Those who pass over lightly his achievements, and speak of his failure, seem hardly to do justice to his memory, or to be in sympathy with the strong feelings of medieval Europe concerning the Holy Land.

C. R. CONDER.

THE GOAT: HIS USEFUL QUALITIES, AND HOW HE CAME BY THEM.

ALTHOUGH the goat and the sheep are commonly classed together, and not unfrequently run in company, there is a great difference between them in habits and disposition. In the first place, the goat immediately regains the faculties which enable it to thrive as a wild animal whenever it escapes from human control. One finds goats which have run wild almost all the world over where there are mountains. The goat is distinctly a climber among the rocks, whereas the ancestor of the sheep, unless alarmed by a foe, grazed on the grassy slopes of the hillsides. Wild goats to this day prefer to live among precipices and broken crags, and to browse upon the leaves of scattered shrubs which find lodgment in the clefts and crannies. It is a more sure-footed animal than the sheep, and, moreover, adopts different methods of progression when among its native haunts; for where sheep prefer to jump, goats usually prefer to clamber. One can see by merely observing the outline of a goat that it is not so well adapted for jumping, and is better adapted for climbing, than a sheep. It is altogether more alert in its movements, and evidently bestows more thought on the process of locomotion. Its hinder quarters have not the swelling muscles which propel the wild sheep from rock to rock, but are rather lean and light. Hence the great difference (at times overlooked in Wales) between a leg of goat and a leg of mutton. The great difference shown between the two animals in character is probably owing to

the fact that, where the wild goats feed, it is necessary for the herd to become scattered and for each to find its own way. Hence, doubtless, the remarkable independence of the goat. Like his fellow-mountaineer, the ass, he has unshakable nerves, and will keep his presence of mind even when exposed to sudden and unaccustomed danger. How great a contrast is he in this respect to the sheep, which is always liable to sudden seizures of panic, and which, when frightened, invariably loses its head! This independence and *sang-froid* of the goat have proved of service to its masters on many occasions. It used to be the custom in almost all stables containing a number of valuable horses to keep a goat, which was allowed the free run of the building. The reason given was that, in the case of fire, when terrified horses will sometimes refuse to leave the stables and are therefore in great danger of perishing, such a goat will lead the way with the most perfect calmness, and, encouraged by this example, the bewildered horses will follow it and so escape destruction. I do not know personally of any instance where this has taken place, but the commonness of the custom asserts that it has probably been justified by experience. There seems to be something about a goat's imperturbable character which inspires confidence and respect in other animals. I have known instances of butchers who have kept goats in order to entice victims into their slaughter-yards. Usually as soon as an ox smells the taint of blood he becomes suspicious and

refuses to go farther, but if preceded by a goat he will follow quietly to the place of execution. In like manner specially trained goats are constantly used on the ships which bring sheep from abroad. At the unloading-places in the Thames these decoy-goats become very clever at their business. They will proceed to each part of the ship where sheep are penned and lead forth the huddled and frightened passengers with very little guidance from their masters; and they will continue in this way in the most methodical manner until the whole ship is cleared.

Not only does the goat show more initiative and greater independence than the sheep, but he also displays more versatility. This shows that, when free, he must have lived a kind of life involving frequent changes of habit, and must have been prepared to make shift to meet a great range of emergencies. Mr Romanes, in his book on 'Animal Intelligence,' quotes two "cases of an intelligent manœuvre performed by goats" which illustrate the expedients to which these animals occasionally have to resort:—

"On both occasions two goats met on a ridge of rock with a precipice on each side, and too narrow to admit of their passing one another. One of these cases occurred on the ramparts of Plymouth Citadel, and was witnessed by many persons; the other took place at Ardenglass, in Ireland. In both these instances the animals looked at each other for some time, as if they were considering their situation, and deliberating what was best to be done in the emergency. In each case one of the goats then knelt down with great caution, and crouched as close as it could lie, when the other walked over its back. This manœuvre on the part of goats has also been recorded by other writers, and it is not

so incredible as it may at first sight appear, if we remember that in their wild state these animals must not unfrequently find themselves in this predicament."

Intellectually as well as physically the goat is less specialised for mountain life than the sheep, and hence he finds it easier to adapt himself to the environment of the farm. That he is quick at learning anything new, when he can be induced to give his mind to it, has been shown by the achievements of a most interesting troop of performing goats which has been exhibited several times in London. Another peculiarity of the goat tribe which shows that they are less specialised than the sheep is the way in which certain varieties tend to resemble kindred animals which are not goats. Thus there has been a long controversy as to whether the "Rocky Mountain goat" is really a goat or an antelope; while some of the wild goats of Northern India seem to be akin to the sheep tribe, since they have, on all four feet, certain digital pits or glands, which were at one time supposed to characterise the genus *Ovis*.

Another point about the goat which we find very useful, and which can be accounted for by ancestral habits, is the liberal supply of milk which it gives. Primarily this is owing to the fact that often two or three kids have to be provided for at the same time; but to some extent the special utility of the goat as a milch animal is due to the same wild habit as that which gave rise to the peculiar usefulness of the cow. The udder of the ewe is small when compared with that of a nanny-goat, and contains but little milk at any one time. In this the ewe resembles the mare, and the cause is the

same in both instances. Each of these animals is in the habit of keeping its young by its side, whereas the cow and the goat put their tender offspring in hiding when they go to search for food, and only suckle them twice or thrice daily. The extreme liveliness, intelligence, and the early developed climbing powers of young kids seem to indicate that they were soon released from their nurseries in the clefts of the rocks, and were allowed to accompany their dams. Certainly when compared with a young calf a kid is a prodigy of intellect.

Almost every movement of a kid proves the mountain origin of its race. Its powers of climbing are extraordinary, and must be witnessed to be believed. I have seen them clamber on slippery roofs and up the almost perpendicular face of a quarry to places which seemed impossible to reach without the aid of a ladder, or the clinging power of claws or fingers. I remember once seeing a pair of kids running races up and down the shafts of a disused farm roller which were tilted up at an angle of about 45° . On the extreme ends of the shafts, high in the air, the little creatures would stand, one on each, and turn about as on a pivot, with the tips of all four hooflets close enough together to rest on a penny-piece.

Such feats on the part of the goat are far more artistic exhibitions of skill in climbing than anything that can be done by a cat or a monkey; for he does everything by calculating his distance with absolute exactitude, and by an infinitely delicate power of adjusting his weight so as to maintain his balance. What gives such finish to the performance is his sublime confidence in himself, and the extraordinary precision with which

every movement is executed. His judgment is so perfect that he scarcely ever makes a mistake. Necessity has been his grim schoolmaster; for it is of course easy to see that, when leaping from ledge to ledge along the face of a precipice, the least error in calculating either his distance or the amount of muscular force to be exercised would instantly prove fatal.

This is a branch of the study of natural history which has a peculiar fascination for me, and which, the more I think of it, fills me with admiration and amazement. What a mathematician the goat would make if he could only tell us the process by means of which he performs his feats! A Senior Wrangler or a Smith's Prizeman would be nowhere beside him. Let me endeavour, very briefly, to point out the nature of certain problems which he is in the habit of solving with absolute accuracy at a moment's notice. Supposing a goat, following a new path, has to take a leap so as to alight on a pinnacle or narrow crag overhanging some abyss. First of all he must estimate the distance to be traversed, and having got it, whether by trigonometry or by some *capricious* method of his own, he has next to compute, to the fraction of an ounce, how much propulsive force is required to project his body (the exact weight of which has to be taken into account) precisely that distance and not a quarter of an inch farther. Moreover, he must take into calculation whether the spot he wishes to reach is above or below his starting-point; and plainly his brain, when it sends forth motor impulses to the numerous muscles involved, must beforehand reckon and apportion to each its share in the task. At the same moment he must also estimate the exact

proportionate amount of muscular force which will be required in each of his limbs to stop and balance his body on his new and precarious foothold.

Of course one need scarcely say that the whole process goes on without reaching the consciousness of the goat, or anything that could, even by courtesy, be called his mind. But, nevertheless, it is obvious that, in some way or other, the calculation is made, and is completed in a time and with an unerring accuracy which completely puts to shame the mathematical triumphs of the human intellect.

One term habitually—and alliteratively—applied to goats appears, when we regard his feats as a mountaineer, to be peculiarly inappropriate. People speak of him as “giddy”; and as long as the word is applied exclusively to his morals (which, judged by our standard, I admit to be something worse than negative), I have not a word to say against it. But if any one ventures to impute physical giddiness to a goat, he lays himself open to a charge of false and malicious libel—false, because it must be obvious to everybody who has seen goats perched aloft in their native haunts, that they can never experience any such feeling; and malicious, because, the goat being above all things one whose distinct calling it is to climb in perilous places, the charge is one involving professional incapacity.

In spite of the goat's splendid qualities as a mountaineer, and the toughness and vigour which he evidently possesses, man has made little or no use of him as a beast of burden. Doubtless his small size largely accounts for this; and he has been, in almost every hilly country where he could have been

of use, cut out by the superior muscular capabilities of the donkey and the mule. Had we been unable to make use of larger and more robust animals, the goat might have come to our aid in this particular kind of service, just as did the llama among the ancient Peruvians. Moreover, I see no reason why, under the influence of domestication and proper selection, his size and strength should not have been doubled or trebled. We find, however, in investigating the growth of civilisation among primitive races, that as soon as their affairs are complex enough to require pack-animals, they find it profitable to disregard the claims of the goat and to take into their service some more sturdy creature, such as the yak, the donkey, or the mule. There are several reasons for thinking that the goat was one of the first animals domesticated by man. We find, from the numerous records of prehistoric races yielded by the mud on the shores of the Swiss lakes, that the bones of goats are associated with human remains belonging to a period long anterior to that of the advent of the domestic sheep in Central Europe.

Probably in nearly all cases where savages have habitually tamed wild animals the custom has arisen in the following way. The hunter, having killed the dam and captured the little ones, carried the latter home, very likely as playthings for his children. If the little orphans were pretty and playful, they would be cherished by the “squaws” and “papooses,” and would become, as it were, members of the family circle. Now young kids have very engaging manners, and are to this day universal favourites with children; hence they would be very likely to

be kept and brought up in some such manner. Goats, again, require very little looking after; they can get a living almost anywhere, and will remain in the vicinity of their owners without much herding. Hence they would suit the indolent disposition of savages far better than would animals which require constant attention. Many of the African races seem to show little or no faculty for keeping domestic animals, but one finds that most of them have a few tame goats about their villages.

Another reason why it seems likely that goats have been domesticated for a very long time is the great number of varieties which now exist. Some of these have certain remarkable peculiarities which could only be produced by many generations of careful breeding. Thus the ears of one kind are so enormously developed as to be 19 inches in length and $4\frac{3}{4}$ inches in breadth. Others have an extra pair of horns; and it is stated by one French writer that in Nubia they have actually developed a breed which has no goat-like odour. It seems likely that the milking qualities of the goat would be appreciated by primitive people, who would be quite unable to turn the wool of the sheep to practical account; and since sheep, when removed from their mountain home, require very much more care than do goats, I should be inclined to give the latter the prior place in the history of domestication.

Attention has been drawn by naturalists to the love of thistles displayed by the donkey, and the hint it gives us as to his desert origin. The goat has some peculiarities of taste of an equally extraordinary character, which may be interpreted by studying the kind of vegetation which thrives

in his ancestral habitat. A goat will cheerfully munch up strong cavendish tobacco, cigar-ends, wormwood, red chillies, or almost any vegetable substance the pungency or nauseousness of which deters other animals. Now we find that among the Southern rocks nearly every herb and shrub has a markedly bitter or aromatic character, partly induced, doubtless, by the abundant sunshine, and partly as a defence from the depredations of animal life. That the goat is indifferent to some of the most deterrent flavours is probably due to the fact that for many generations he has been obliged to exist upon highly spiced pabulum of this kind.

One peculiarity of the goat I only venture to mention (not that he is reticent on the subject himself), because it illustrates by what diverse means nature attains like ends. Now among animals and plants, as well as in the commercial world, the business of life cannot be done without advertisement. The wild ass uses his sonorous voice in proclaiming his presence to all whom it may concern within the radius of half a mile. The goat has a comparatively feeble voice, and yet he also has occasion to make himself known to any friends or rivals who may be in his neighbourhood. He does it silently—but in this instance silence is wholly unconnected with modesty. He so arranges matters as to make it abundantly evident to the nostrils of every living thing within an area quite equal to that dominated by the voice of the ass, that he is at home.

Professor Lloyd Morgan, in one of his delightful books about animals, indulges in what Louis Stevenson describes as "a romantic evasion," when he speaks of

the "natural patchouli" of the billy-goat. Whether the use of this somewhat strained euphemism be due to respect for a national emblem of the Welsh, or whether the learned and gentle Professor desires to lessen the inevitable shock to our feelings which must ensue from his further assertion that that most worthy and respectable female, the nanny-goat, takes a gross pleasure in the effluvium, I cannot say. Professor Lloyd Morgan's statements are worthy of all respect; but, if I have any choice in the matter, I would much rather believe that feminine taste, however capricious, could never sink to such abysmal depravity. Needless to say, this wild trait in the goat is not one which man has studiously cultivated. There may have been circumstances under which it took its place among the virtues—where, in fact, it contributed to that "odour of sanctity" demanded by hircine moral ideals. But we will avoid the risk of mental overstrain by not striving to explain or imagine how such could ever have been the case.

The goat being a mountain animal is well protected against the cold, and we find that in some varieties there is a most abundant fleece of soft, silk-like wool. But the wool of the goat differs materially from that of the sheep, and the reason is not difficult to explain. Goats, from their habit of browsing among shrubs, need to be able to force their way through thickets without injury either to their coats or to their skin; whereas the sheep, living on the open hillside, is enveloped in a covering which is merely calculated for warmth, and is not fitted to stand much tear and wear. Hence we find that the wool of the goat does not "felt" and become tangled together in

a mass like that of the sheep. Microscopically the fibres are much smoother and more compact, and lack the saw-like edges of true wool. In fact the silky fleece of the Angora goat reminds one of the soft locks which grow on the head and beneath the coarser hair of the Skye terrier. Man has found that this special adaptation of the goat's natural covering to bear friction among rocks and thorns is a most opportune fact when he uses the wool for his own purposes. Some of the very toughest and most durable fabrics we have (such as that now largely used for umbrellas) are made of goat's hair. For long ages the Cashmere goat has been shorn to make the beautiful materials woven by natives of that country. The history of the introduction of mohair (which is the wool of the Angora goat) is one of the well-known romances of the history of commerce. It is now used in enormous quantities in the manufacture of soft wear-resisting fabrics.

A comparison of the horns of the sheep with those of the goat also reveals to us the difference of habit which has so affected the fleece in the two animals. The spiral horns of the wild sheep are exceedingly ill adapted for passing through thickets, because it is obvious that they would constantly become entangled and hinder the progress of the animal. Among some very ancient records of human affairs we find an example of this—for did not Abraham find "a ram caught in a thicket by his horns" when he was about to sacrifice Isaac? The very fact that a sheep usually is unable to disentangle himself if hung up in the bushes proves that the position is an unaccustomed one; although it does seem rather odd that fight-

ing rams, whose horns have become hooked together, and who, one would think, would be well used to such an accident, seldom have the sense to make the half turn of their corkscrew-like weapons which would suffice to set both prisoners of war at liberty. Instances have been known of sheep having perished, head to head, because they had not sufficient wit—or possibly too much obstinacy—to detach themselves from one another.

Now the horns of the goat are never curled so as to make it dangerous for him to pass through tangled briars or closely set under-wood. He has merely to lift his nose and his horns lie back on each side of his spine or curve down his shoulders and serve as a protection for his body when he is forcing his way among the thorny scrub of the hillside.

As regards the future of the goat one can now speak rather more cheerfully than would have been possible before the hidden excellences of his fleece were discovered. Until comparatively lately the general tendency has been for the goat to act merely as a kind of temporary stop-gap among domestic animals, for we find that advancing civilisation has almost always replaced him by others whose serviceable qualities have proved better adapted to human needs. In fact, his fate has been that of the "jack-of-all-trades" who is "master of none" all the world over. But there are some regions of the earth where his star is decidedly in the ascendant, and where it is

not likely to decline for a very long time. On the exposed and parched tablelands of South Africa, where at one time antelopes innumerable found sustenance, goats, probably because of their kinship to the antelope family, thrive far better than do any other domestic animals. The thorny shrubs and brown shrivelled herbage of the Karroo, which seems to the European traveller to be of the most unpromising character as fodder, afford him abundant nourishment.

Not long ago, it may be remembered, a well-known South African statesman went on a mysterious visit to the Sultan of Turkey. As this gentleman is popularly supposed to be always engaged in some deep and dreadful plot, sundry disquieting rumours got afloat as to the purport of his mission. At last some keen-witted journalist wormed out the awful secret. It was this: His Highness the Padishah happened to possess some particularly fine Angora goats, and the statesman in question was desirous of "doing a deal" with him, so as to improve the output of Cape mohair.

Although, when this Machiavelian piece of statecraft was laid bare, some people laughed and said that the newspaper men had found another mare's nest, the future will probably show that this patriarchal piece of traffic has done more for the permanent prosperity of South Africa than "all the gold of the Rand."

LOUIS ROBINSON.

RECENT NAVAL BIOGRAPHY AND CRITICISM.

THE most significant thing about this batch of books is that they should exist at all. Ten years ago their appearance would have been a portent; they could never have appeared at all. Here, published within six months of each other, are five volumes, all of them dealing more or less directly with our maritime defence. Among their authors are representatives of navy, army, and marines, along with two male civilians and a woman. The books and their authors are of themselves an indisputable testimony to the existence in this country of some degree of public knowledge and a vast deal of public interest in naval affairs, which certainly did not exist as late as 1887. That, to begin with, is matter for sincere national self-gratulation. If our Navy is not yet all it ought to be, at least ignorance no longer affords any valid excuse for apathy. The nation is to-day more widely awake to its fundamental interest than it has ever been without the harsh admonition of actual war.

Of this strange, but wholly commendable, direction of public attention towards the Navy, the most striking evidence, no doubt, is furnished by the two biographies which we here place at the head of our list. In the adventures of fighting men, so long as they are fighting, a persistently unregener-

ate world never ceases to interest itself. But until a very few years ago there was no spark of interest in admirals as such. It would have been hopeless to ask people to concern themselves with a dead admiral merely because in time of peace he did good work for the service. It is true that Hornby and Tryon, each in his day, was the real, if not the nominal, leader of the Navy. But Tryon never saw powder burned in earnest after the Crimean War, when he was under twenty-four, while Hornby's one experience of active service was the operations in Syria against Ibrahim Pasha when he was a midshipman of fourteen. Later, each became in turn the foremost tactician of his day—but who cared about naval tactics? Each became the idol, almost the infallible Pope, of the service—but who cared what naval officers thought of their leaders? To-day, most happily, we have changed all that. The Navy is healthier, and so is the popular attitude towards it. And the sole interest of the two books—which interest, we are assured, will be wide and deep—is that the two men here pictured did more, probably, to promote this healthier habit than any others of their time. Because we are beginning to appreciate the Navy, we are also able to appreciate its makers.

Admiral of the Fleet Sir Geoffrey Phipps Hornby, G.C.B. A Biography. By Mrs Fred. Egerton. Edinburgh and London: Wm. Blackwood & Sons.

The Life of Admiral Sir George Tryon. By Rear-Admiral C. C. Penrose Fitzgerald. Edinburgh and London: Wm. Blackwood & Sons.

Naval Policy. By G. W. Steevens. London: Methuen & Co.

The Effect of Maritime Command on Land Campaigns since Waterloo. By Major C. E. Callwell, R.A. Edinburgh and London: Wm. Blackwood & Sons.

The Navy and the Nation. By James R. Thursfield and Lieut.-Col. Sir George Sydenham Clarke, K.C.M.G. London: John Murray.

To attempt a nice comparison between the biographies would be rather difficult and quite profitless. As the presentation of a man Mrs Egerton's life of her father is not unnaturally the more successful; as an estimate of work done for the Navy Admiral Fitzgerald's book as naturally displays the more mastery. But this does not mean that either is deficient on the side where it is excelled by the other. Quite the contrary. Nothing, for example, could be much better than the portrait of Tryon which Admiral Fitzgerald draws in his introductory chapter: in the terse dignity and rhythm of its language it rather recalls North's Plutarch than the weaker biographies of today:—

"Sir George Tryon was a man of tall stature and of a commanding presence; latterly he was also broad and stout—in fact, a portly figure: but it was significantly remarked of him that his heart was big enough for his body. Some thought his manners brusque; some said they were imperious; but none ever denied the kindness of his heart, or his great generosity, in the most universal and best sense of the word. . . . There was generally a merry twinkle in Tryon's eye, and he was very fond of a joke, but he never allowed his love of fun to interfere with the strict performance of his duty. He was of a restless and energetic disposition, but although he never spared himself he showed great consideration for the comfort of others. . . . He was undoubtedly ambitious, with the worthy ambition of genius: he knew he was clever—most clever men do—and he was not only content, but proud, to devote his talents entirely to the development, the organisation, and the improvement of every detail of his beloved profession. . . . By his contemporaries he was almost universally beloved, and he was 'dear old George' to them; and if perhaps his brilliant qualities, and the devotion with which he was generally regarded, excited in the breasts of

any of them some faint twinges of jealousy, it was but the usual tribute which mediocrity pays to exceptional ability."

Mrs Egerton's book contains no such formal appreciation of its subject; but the great number of private and public letters leaves a very distinct impression of "Uncle Geoff's" character. Modest, though without that affected self-depreciation which is immodesty under a mask; buoyant yet cautious; keen but always considerate; in dead earnest about his work, but genial and charitable even to First Lords of the Admiralty; knowing his own mind, but always remembering that other people had minds too; passionately loving the sea and the service, but loving his home and trees, his horses and dogs, hardly less,—we may say confidently that biography has hardly revealed a more completely lovable temperament. Mrs Egerton has drawn the portrait with a due tempering of tenderness and dignity, which it is the happiness of few biographers to attain.

This said, we may leave the personal traits of both men to the appreciation of those who love loyalty, duty, and kindness, whether it be found in admiral or peasant. On the professional side the one was the direct successor of the other. Hornby bridged the gulf between sails and steam, wooden frigates and compound-armoured barquette ships. Tryon entered in the flower of his life into the age of ironclad steamers; he was the first commander of the Warrior, the first British sea-going ironclad. Hornby stands for the transition; Tryon for the development. In Hornby you find the gracious regret for the days of sails and spars; in Tryon the frank, clear-sighted ac-

ceptance of the new conditions, and the vigorous grapple with the new problems. Yet in Hornby you detect no trace of the passive, half-sulky obstruction with which some of the older officers of our own, and still more of foreign services, have chosen to meet the growing domination of the inventor in naval warfare. Indeed it says more than any volume could say for the candour and elasticity of his mind that the man who clung to sail to the last, and never ceased to lament its disappearance, became none the less the prime master of steam tactics in his later days. "Being obliged to resort to steam, which always goes against the grain with me;" "All I can say is, 'More's the pity that it should be so rare a thing to see a ship come into harbour under sail'"—such passages as these follow each other punctually. Yet as early as 1863—only four years after the laying down of the *Warrior*—we hear the note of sturdy common-sense. "When these men sit down to plan a warship propelled by steam," he writes, after a visit to Glasgow, "they make a steamship of her, and don't go puddling on drawing large sailing-ships to put engines into." Three years before he had written from the Mediterranean, where Sir William Martin was making the first experiments in steam tactics: "It is no use fancying that steamships can only form as sailing-ships used to do; and by adhering to those ideas, instead of following the new systems, which have been shown to be possible under most circumstances, we are throwing away the advantages that steam has given us." Probably the men of this generation can never appreciate the degree of robust honesty, even of self-abnegation, which a sailor

of Hornby's traditions needed thus to bridge the past and the future.

Sir Geoffrey Hornby's life was not, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, an eventful one. After his one brief glimpse of active service in the Mediterranean he served on the Cape station, and afterwards as flag-lieutenant to his father in the Pacific. He was captain of the *Tribune* at Vancouver Island in 1889 when the San Juan boundary question arose with the United States, and it was due largely to his happy combination of dignity and tact that war was averted on that occasion. After a commission in the Mediterranean, he was Commodore on the West African station. While there he strongly advocated the combination of all the African stations into one command, so as to give the crews a change of climate. Seeing that he lost twenty-two men by yellow fever in less than a month, it is perhaps less wonderful that Hornby advocated the reform than that it was afterwards carried out. He next commanded the *Flying Squadron* on an eighteen months' voyage round the world. The mention of this suggests the question whether it would not be advisable to resuscitate this squadron, and thus to train our officers and sailors in the best possible school by sending them round the world in the best ships under the best superior officers we can find. The present system of using for the so-called Training Squadron old ships and old guns, which are fit for no other service in the world, is rather like teaching a soldier his business by casing him in plate armour and exercising him with a bow and arrow. A squadron of our newest cruisers steaming round the world would train men in the sort of ships and machines they may some day

be called on to fight. It would inure them to every kind of climate and weather. Further, it would display the flag all over the world, and do away with one excuse for keeping some of our best men in obsolete tubs on distant stations, when the first days of war would hand them over helpless to the first modern enemy they might encounter.

From the Flying Squadron Hornby went to command in the Channel, and thence to the Mediterranean. How much his blended discretion and firmness did to keep Russia out of Constantinople and Britain out of war, readers of Mrs Egerton's book may see for themselves. But the dominant impression of this chapter is not an agreeable one. To Hornby more than to any one Englishman it fell at this crisis to steer the country between war and dishonour. Yet the Government at home appears to have kept him systematically ignorant of its intentions. It may be, of course, that it was ignorant of them itself. Yet it is difficult not to blush in reading the correspondence between the Admiral and the First Lord. "The further," writes Hornby to the late W. H. Smith, "I can be informed of your views, consistently with State secrets, the more I believe I should be able to prepare to carry them out." They appear to have consistently ignored his representations as to the fortification of the lines of Bulair, above Gallipoli. It might have been indiscreet to take his advice; but it was surely a worse indiscretion to keep him in the dark as to the actual policy of the country—to order him to keep the Straits open, while neglecting the only means by which it was possible to keep them open. They suddenly ordered him off from Malta

without giving him any coal to drive his ships. They ordered him up the Dardanelles, and then sent a despatch to meet him half-way and counter-order him down again. "I am sick of it," he writes most naturally, "and only look forward to returning to Malta."

It will probably surprise British readers to learn that their foremost admiral, in command of their greatest fleet, at a time of urgent crisis, is shifted to and fro like a chess-man by the superior wisdom of Whitehall. It probably did not surprise Hornby, for he had been a Lord of the Admiralty himself. This was in 1875 and 1876, when he was Second Sea Lord, under Ward Hunt. His first task was to determine how twenty-three ironclads could be kept in commission, with one for every four of them in reserve or building, when at the end of three years there would only be twenty-four ironclads altogether. He asked two millions and a half to bring the fleet up to its proper strength, and did not get it. What wonder that he began his Mediterranean journal with the words, "I left the Admiralty with less regret and more pleasure than any work with which I have been so long connected." Here are some of the delights in the life of a naval lord:—

"As if for the purpose of preventing him from turning his attention to any of the important subjects of the day, he has to direct such minutiae as whether a man recommended for a truss shall be allowed one. . . . With a hundred such ridiculous occupations his time is engrossed, and he has to scramble through important papers without sufficient time to consider them, and to leave most reports and experiments unread. The second great fault is want of unity of plan. . . . Of course there is no feeling of connection between the permanent

officials and the service, and therefore . . . no care how the work succeeds afloat. The office is looked on as a department of the Civil Service. . . . It is not to be wondered at that a naval man, who comes there to work for the benefit of that service in which he takes pride, should be disappointed and disgusted to find himself in company with those who have great powers of obstruction, and no desire to advance the service."

Of course the Admiralty—like the Government of Turkey—is always reforming, and doubtless this sketch of its workings is long since obsolete. It does not, however, appear to have been altogether out of date six years later, when Tryon was Permanent Secretary. At that time no lord ever saw the letter written from his minute, and a Secretary who knew something about the Navy was found very useful in correcting the miscellaneous blunders which arise from the system. In his tenure of the office, as at all other times, Tryon proved himself, what Admiral Fitzgerald calls him, a type of the true reformers of the Navy. The impulse to reform may, and often has, come from without; but the execution of it must be left to the man who understands the business. While at the Admiralty Tryon laid the foundations of the Intelligence Department. As Admiral Fitzgerald well says, this is like a good many other modern institutions: "we wonder how on earth we ever got on without them." It seems incredible that fifteen years ago it was nobody's business to gather the information necessary for the rational prosecution of war. If we had had to fight in those days, our officers would have been expected to find out the strength and nature of the enemy's force afloat and his defences ashore, by any sudden inspiration which Heaven

might have vouchsafed them on the moment. And the Admiralty would have been as utterly at a loss as to the expedient organisation of their own resources as they would have been ignorant of the enemy's. Admiral Fitzgerald may well say that if Sir George Tryon had never done anything in his life but give the impetus to the institution of this Department, he would by this alone have sufficiently merited the nation's gratitude.

But, as he significantly says, "Sir George Tryon was always preparing for war." So far as actual fighting goes, he saw little more of it than did Admiral Hornby. After the Crimea he was transport officer at Annesley Bay—"the hottest place on earth"—during the Abyssinian War; and in 1881 he represented British interests through the French bombardment of Sfax and the subsequent Commission. His colleague at Annesley Bay was Lord Roberts, and it was stated that these two were the hardest worked men in the expedition. Both services demanded tact beyond the common endowment. Yet, masterful as he was reputed to be, Tryon won nothing but praise and gratitude from everybody concerned in both affairs. Perhaps it was rather because of his masterfulness than in spite of it; and in days when Britain has almost forgotten the diplomatic value of this quality, it is worth while to point back to the eulogies which Tryon won from the French in the Sfax affair. After this Tryon saw no more of warfare. But after this, and even before, there was no intermission in his life's task of "preparing for war." Wherever he went he was always picking up information, making or suggesting reforms in discipline and organisation, trying

experiments, exercising his men, instructing his officers and himself. It would hardly be possible to find a life more single-heartedly devoted to one great purpose. "He was not one of those," says his biographer, "who preach the pusillanimous and delusive doctrine that the greatest of all British interests is peace. He knew full well, and he acted on the knowledge, that the greatest of all British interests is the defence of the British empire, and the maintenance of its honour and integrity." With this knowledge he was yet alive, as his letters show, to the value of preparation as a deterrent against attack. He realised also with a clearness very far from common in his day that the one and only barrier between the empire and ruin was its Navy. Fortune called him, in the war-scare of 1885, to make suggestions for local defence to the Australian colonies, but he never gave way to the pernicious fallacy that forts can take the place of ships in defending a coast. On the contrary, he advised the colonies to restrain their fortifying zeal within reasonable bounds. What was needed was a mobile defence on land, where a body of resolute men could defeat any likely landing party, and a mobile defence at sea. How great a part he played in the formation of the special Australian squadron Admiral Fitzgerald plainly shows. Here again the work was trying, and called for almost endless tact. That he succeeded in reconciling the widely divergent views of the various colonies, and bringing the squadron into an accomplished fact, is one more contradiction of the new theory that a strong man cannot be a diplomatist.

With the subsequent work of Sir George Tryon, Admiral Fitzgerald, being master of his subject, is able

to deal in several chapters of the highest interest and instructiveness. One of these—upon the Naval Manœuvres in which he played so brilliant a part—we are able to consider side by side with a very luminous criticism from the last book of our five, 'The Navy and the Nation.' The manœuvres of 1888 and 1889 are especially worthy of a brief account, since they may be said to sum up almost in themselves the chief strategic principles which should govern the defence of these islands. In 1888 Tryon represented the enemy. He was blockaded in Bantry Bay, and his second-in-command in Lough Swilly. The blockading squadrons were in each case superior in force to the blockaded, though Tryon's two squadrons united were superior to either blockader singly. The result was held to demonstrate the impossibility of a close blockade under modern conditions. In these days of steam a blockaded enemy might attempt to break out at any moment, fair wind or not, and it is significant that in the case of these manœuvres the blockaders, on their own showing, were already exhausted almost to the point of raising the blockade before the very first day allowed by the Admiralty for an attempt to break through. When that day came, Tryon easily broke the blockade with his fastest ships under cover of a brilliant diversion; his coadjutor did the same, and a division from each squadron united in a raid upon the unprotected coasts of Scotland and England. Tryon's opponent fell back, to coal and to guard the mouth of the Thames; no doubt, too, the necessity of rest was a potent advocate of a passive defence. Tryon, meanwhile, took Liverpool, while his raiding squadron did great damage. Thus he was absolutely successful in gain-

ing all his objects. But it is well pointed out by Mr Thursfield that his opponent would not have been thrown back on the rather futile strategy of watching the Thames had the country at that time possessed any organised system for collecting information of an enemy's movements along the coast and transmitting it to an admiral at sea. In default of such a system and of numerous fast cruisers, Tryon disappeared from the moment the blockade was raised, and there was nothing for it but to wait for him at what seemed his most likely objective. Avoiding this objective, Tryon was enabled to do vast damage to ports, towns, and shipping, although there was actually an unbeaten British fleet in being, of greatly superior strength to his own.

Next year the Admiralty profited by both the lessons learned in 1888. It had been shown that the close blockade of a hostile fleet was difficult, if not impossible, without a greater preponderance of force than Tryon's opponent then possessed—greater also than Britain could then expect to possess in dealing with France alone, to say nothing of a combination of Powers. Therefore another system of blockade was adopted. The British squadrons, this year commanded by Tryon, were to lie in port, observing the enemy's squadrons by means of fast cruisers. This year, also, there had been created a system of coast signal-stations connected by telegraph with headquarters. Tryon's business, then, was not to prevent his inferior enemy from putting to sea, but to prevent him from doing damage on the British coasts. He was once more brilliantly successful. His opponent tried to evade him, to send fast ships up the Channel, and to raid the Thames.

Tryon disposed his fleet to cover the entrance to the Channel in such masterly fashion that not a single vessel got through. Three were taken; the others returned to their base at Queenstown. Thence they set off raiding round Scotland. Tryon shut up the enemy's slower ships in Queenstown, and sent a strong detachment after the raiders. Thanks to the new signal system, two out of the enemy's three battleships were captured, and the operations closed with the British fleet supreme at every point.

The lesson of 1889 was thus as consoling to the tax-payer as that of 1888 was disquieting. Certainly both might be pressed too far. It is no disparagement to Tryon's able opponent to say that superior tactical skill may in each case have been a factor in the result. But the general conclusion from the 1889 manœuvres was that with a superior British fleet in being, well provided with fast scouts and backed by an efficient system of coast intelligence, an enemy will never be able to attempt any serious enterprise against our islands. Mr Thursfield puts the point admirably. The plan of sending fast ships to evade Tryon and raid London did not, perhaps, deserve to fail; but "its failure was a better illustration of sound strategic principle than its success could possibly have been." As it was, the raid resulted in grave loss to the assailants. But even if they had got past Tryon, they could never have undertaken serious operations with his superior and unbroken fleet behind them. Admiral Fitzgerald quotes a valuable criticism of the German Admiral Batsch to the same effect. So with the subsequent raid. It happened that the raiders were all but annihi-

lated. If they had not been, the damage they could have done would never have borne comparison with the damage they actually suffered by the capture of two out of three of them. In other words, the advantage to an enemy of raiding our coasts while we have an unbroken and superior fleet is not worth the risk of disaster to the raider. What we need, then, to ensure immunity for our coasts is a superior fleet of battleships and sufficient means of intelligence, both by cruisers and coast-stations, to keep touch with the enemy. As long as this is done he cannot hurt us. If he recognises our superior force, we have the command of the sea. If he does not, he will fight for the command; and it is our own fault if he does not recognise our superiority after that.

As Tryon was largely instrumental in the experimental enforcement of these theories, so he was unwearied in his efforts to bring the fleet into a condition to act on them advantageously. Many branches of such effort, admirably presented as they are by the biographer, are perhaps too technical to be here discussed with confidence or profit. Tryon's system of manœuvres without signals, for example, ought to be left to the expert judgment of sailors, though any landsman can see that in the naval actions of the future signalling may easily become impossible, and some such system therefore imperative. To the general reader the subject will perhaps be of most interest as leading up to the awful tragedy of the Admiral's end. This is of course discussed by Admiral Fitzgerald. But let it be said to the infinite credit both of his feeling and his good sense, that this part of his story is far from being the

most insisted on. It is not Tryon's death but Tryon's life that Admiral Fitzgerald has professed to set before us. This is only decent justice to a man whose country was prosperous in him in all things up to his death; and it is also only judicious towards the reader, since he can learn nothing from Tryon's death, but very much that is of great profit from his life. For the rest, the account of the final catastrophe is clear, succinct, and sensible. To the frequent questions why somebody did not do something other than was done, and so avert the disaster, Admiral Fitzgerald gives the only rational reply. "The whole British nation," he reminds us, "admired and rejoiced in the fine display of discipline manifested by the officers and ship's company of the Victoria. . . . The foundation of that discipline, the spirit which gave it life, was precisely the same spirit which forbade Captain Bourke to give the order for the closing of water-tight doors in the presence of Sir George Tryon. We may regret it; but at the same time it is not logical to expect to have the discipline just when we want it, and to dispense with it, or to have it over-ridden, when we do not want it." As for the reason of the Admiral's fatal order, our author is equally sensible. This was the position. The two columns, headed respectively by Victoria and Camperdown, were six cables apart. Tryon wanted to bring them to two cables, preparatory to anchoring. The turning circle of the squadron he always estimated at four cables. To bring the columns from the cruising to the anchoring distance, therefore, it was enough for one column to circle inwards, thus reducing the interval by four cables. Tryon ordered both to turn, thus halving the necessary

distance, or, more correctly, as Admiral Fitzgerald explains, failing to double it on account of both columns turning inwards one towards the other. There are two circumstances, he adds, "which are apt to act as traps and snares to our memory and our mental arithmetic" in estimating the space required for ships to turn. One is confusion between diameter and radius of turning circles; the other, confusion between cables and distances of one hundred yards. Each is double the other. No doubt Tryon fell into some such snare. The most infallible of us, as our author says, have done the same again and again in matters with which we are perfectly familiar. This, the most simple explanation of the tragedy, is also the most plausible. All men may err so. But it is not given to all men to do what Tryon did for the Navy and for the country. In his death he lost us a battleship. In his life he gave us an example and a tradition worth a squadron.

The three remaining books of our five deal rather with the theory than the practice of naval war. We said at the beginning that it is a significant phenomenon that five books dealing with naval affairs should be published and read within six months. It is still more significant that these three should all be informed and inspired by the same strategical ideas. We find throughout the three of them what may now be called the authorised version of British naval policy. Its fundamental principles were discerned, as Sir George Clarke and Mr Thursfield repeatedly point out, by the great seamen and thinkers of the Elizabethan age. But only in very recent times has the doctrine of the command of the sea been at

all understood by the plain Englishman. Probably it is hardly understood even now; but with instructors like those before us it is the plain Englishman's own fault if he still dwells in error. For this enlightenment we are indebted perhaps in equal measure to Captain Mahan and to Admiral Colomb—to the first for showing us the overmastering influence of sea-power on all warfare, and to the second for explaining how this influence is exerted. The theory has been briefly hinted at in considering Admiral Tryon's connection with naval manœuvres. It is briefly this. The sea is commanded—not, as was once curiously believed, by land positions in or upon it, but—by a dominant fleet upon it. This fleet may either have defeated and crushed its enemy or its enemy may have recognised his inferiority. In the latter case, he shuts himself up in some friendly port, and it is the business of the commanding fleet to keep him there. He may get out; but if he is watched and followed he will be powerless to injure the party which commands the sea. Either he must be driven to an action or he must be driven ingloriously into port again. Meanwhile his enemy, possessing the sea as an occupying army possesses territory, possesses therewith the resources of the sea—its commerce—and can also deliver attacks over sea at any point desired. The application of this theory to our own country is simple. We need a force to gain command of the sea if an enemy disputes it, to enforce it if he does not. This force, therefore, must in the first place be superior in fighting ability to any enemy that may assail us. Secondly, it must be able to keep touch with the enemy, so that he may never attempt any enterprise without bringing a superior fleet

upon his back. So long as we have this, our trade and our coasts are secure against any but isolated raids, which can never fatally hurt us. Our territory is secure from invasion unless our enemy should be so mad as to plant a force on our shores without the ability to maintain communication with it. And in that case invasion would inevitably turn to his greater disadvantage.

This view is vigorously pressed from different sides by Mr Steevens, Major Callwell, and the joint authors of 'The Navy and the Nation.' Mr Steevens's book is in essence a pamphlet, devoting itself to the consideration of the navies of the world at the present moment and the policy which this country should follow having respect to these. He is plainly the least expert of our authors, and yet, perhaps from this very reason, he will probably be the most useful. 'Naval Policy,' in short, as its author freely admits, is an attempt to popularise its subject, and we think that in some measure it will be successful. It is not at all free from blunders. Port Darwin, to take an example, is not in Queensland; while the attribution to Sir George Clarke of a desire to evacuate the Mediterranean is especially unhappy in view of the fact that he has republished in 'The Navy and the Nation' an essay which severely condemns that project. It must also be said that the book—though perhaps for the same reason that makes some of us talk nineteen to the dozen when we are especially shy—somewhat belies its bashful preface by a very confident tone throughout. On the other hand, Mr Steevens writes always with ease and point, sometimes with humour. He is able to make his subject interesting, which cannot always be said

of some really better qualified to deal with it. Moreover, whether he be right or wrong, he is always candid. He puts his facts before the reader so clearly that it is perfectly possible for him, if he dislikes Mr Steevens's conclusions, to draw others of his own. He begins at the very beginning of the subject, and ends with a useful catalogue of the chief navies. One very ingenious feature of the book is a chapter on "Relative Strength," wherein the author gives a series of tables comparing the principal navies in respect of various degrees in the several elements of force—gun-power, protection, speed, and coal-capacity. It would be easy to pick holes in the figures—indeed their compiler admits that these must needs be somewhat arbitrary; but the presentation is not only exceedingly effective, but also less misleading, because more fully explained and reasoned, than most of its kind. For the rest, Mr Steevens is an uncompromising advocate of additions to the Navy, both in ships and men, together with a certain limited amount of fortification and garrison for our stations abroad. At one point he reduces us to numb horror by the suggestion that we need sixty-seven new battleships to be fit for war on this year's figures and ninety by 1899. Presently, however, he relents, and lets us off with fourteen. This he claims as a moderate figure, and so, indeed, we think it. At any rate, the reasoning which leads up to it is very plain, and its basis is indicated at each step. In his final chapter Mr Steevens seems to touch the heart of the matter when he asks, "Are we ready for war?" The answer, of course, is that we are most unready. And though at times he seems to overstate his case, it is difficult to dis-

sent from his final conclusions. We are, no doubt, unready, and this book may be of considerable use in conveying the fact to the citizen, on whose initiative most of the recent increases in our naval preparations have been made.

Major Callwell's rather cumbrously entitled book is in essence a continuation of Captain Mahan. That eminent historian carries his narrative to the battle of Waterloo; Major Callwell takes up the story at that period and brings it down to the year before last. The campaigns he considers are for the most part less attractive to the imagination than the great struggle which ended in 1815; but to the student of modern military history they are sometimes even more instructive. The introduction of steam, to take only one case, has enormously altered the conditions attaching to the transport of troops by sea. The advance in the destructiveness of weapons has modified these conditions almost to an equal extent. Major Callwell takes in these and all other conditions of strategy with rich knowledge and a thorough grasp of the principles of his subject. The necessary historical retrospects are marked by discretion and the rare power of omitting all but the essential. As for the principles laid down they are now widely recognised, and may in time attain to the Nirvana of the commonplace. Every leader-writer can explain to you how the defeat of Balmaceda during the last Chilian war was directly traceable to the maritime power exerted by the Congressionals. Even in wars from which unthinking criticism eliminates naval influence altogether, Major Callwell has no difficulty in pointing out and estimating its weight. The most interesting and pointed of these is found, perhaps, in the

two struggles between Germany and Denmark for the possession of Schleswig and Holstein. In the war of 1848 Denmark possessed maritime command and used it. The German Confederation was prodigiously superior on land. The Danes were decisively beaten at the battle of Schleswig. But when they retired to their islands, or to the lines of Düppel, where they rested on the sea, they were not only invulnerable, but were able to concentrate sudden attacks on the weak points of the enemy. The most brilliant example of this was the relief of Fredericia. A large German army was besieging this coast-fortress. The Danes landed troops both north and south of them, and then, with the garrison, executed a sudden and combined attack. The Germans lost all their siege-guns and 3000 men, whereon they abandoned the war. In the war of 1864 the story is very different. During the early part of the campaign the Danes made little use of their superiority at sea; during the later the advent of Tegethoff's Austrian squadron put that superiority in doubt. Instead of using sea-command to deliver bold attacks at critical points, the Danes wasted it in what the modern French writers call a *guerre des côtes et de course*—attacking coast-towns and merchantmen, whose loss was not felt by Prussia. Their firmest stands they chose to make in positions where sea-power could not help them; they had neglected the strategic points of the former war where it could. Therefore they were defeated. The contrast between the two wars—in one of which maritime command neutralised an enormous inferiority on land; in the other of which it was not put into effect, and then disappeared altogether—could hardly

be bettered as an example of the value of sea-power if it had been invented for the purpose.

On this point Major Callwell's essay finds a parallel in a similar deduction from the first Danish war, to be found in Mr Spenser Wilkinson's 'The Command of the Sea.' In another of his examples—the Crimea—he unconsciously doubles an interesting passage of Mr Thursfield's from 'The Navy and the Nation.' These coincidences are of interest, not as suggesting any hint of plagiarism on one side or the other, but because—if we may quote what the joint-authors of 'The Navy and the Nation' say of themselves—"the lack of co-operation emphasises the essential unity of purpose which pervades them." The theory of the command of the sea has become, as we said above, a kind of authorised version. Its vital influence on the Crimean campaign is well brought out by both Major Callwell and Mr Thursfield. This war, says the latter, has been paradoxically taken by some not unintelligent people "as a convincing proof that the days of naval warfare are over. What did the Navy do for us, they ask, in the Black Sea or in the Baltic? It could not destroy Cronstadt, and it could not take Sebastopol." Yet, as both authors urge, it was the British and French fleets, and they alone, which made the expedition to the Crimea possible at all. It was the fleets, and they alone, which made the reduction of Sebastopol possible. Had the Sea of Azov been occupied earlier, Major Callwell acutely suggests, so much the earlier would the place have fallen. The Baltic fleet, which has been taken as an especial indication of naval impotence, did inestimable service. By the threat of a new Allied inva-

sion in that quarter it paralysed many legions whose influence might have turned the fortune of war in the Crimea. In the very Franco-German war, where nobody could pretend that sea-power had much weight—where the French fleet only kept a German corps in the maritime provinces during the time there was not transport to send them to the front—even here Major Callwell can still award its due influence to maritime command. For if France made little use of the supremacy in the North Sea, she enjoyed that of the Mediterranean to the full. She was able to bring over seasoned troops from Algiers and Rome, and these played no inconsiderable part in stiffening the desperate resistance which the Germans had to break down after Sedan. Briefly, we may say that Major Callwell demonstrates with cogency that naval power has exerted its influence in nearly all the wars of the century, and that in many of them that influence has been decisive.

There is one point of controversy upon which this author embarks, which, as it is also emphatically argued in 'The Navy and the Nation,' will perhaps repay a short examination. This is the doctrine of "the fleet in being." The phrase is taken from Torrington's defence of himself after his defeat at Beachy Head in 1690. Admiral Colomb has taken it up and elevated it into a technical term, and Mr Thursfield follows him. We quote his succinct statement of the theory which underlies the phrase: "A fleet in being, too large to be treated as a negligible quantity by an adversary opposed to it, is an absolute bar to all serious enterprise, maritime or territorial, on the part of that adversary." "Command of the sea," he says elsewhere, "and a

fleet in being are mutually exclusive terms." Certainly it so proved in Torrington's case. After his defeat he withdrew his fleet, which, though beaten, was far from being shattered, into the mouth of the Thames. Thereon De Tourville, the French admiral, not daring to risk any important operations while this fleet still threatened him, made a wholly unimportant raid on the coast of Devonshire, and so bore away for France. It is true that this one instance hardly constitutes a rule of strategy, and Major Callwell does not believe in the rule. He points out that on two occasions during the present century—the descent of Ibrahim Pasha on the Morea in 1825 and the invasion of the Crimea—this rule was neglected. On both occasions there was a fleet in being, yet both enterprises were carried to a successful issue. In the first case the Greek admiral, Miaulis, had a general command of the sea, but he loitered inactive in the Cyclades while Ibrahim's transports were at sea. In the second, the Allies invaded the Crimea while the Russian fleet was still unbroken. The French and Turkish warships were used as transports, leaving only the British to convoy them, and the Russians had in Sebastopol a squadron equal in strength to the convoying force. However, they made no move, and, in spite of the fleet in being, the landing was successfully accomplished. Major Callwell adduces a third instance in the recent invasion of Korea by the Japanese, although the Chinese fleet was still unbeaten and at large.

Mr Thursfield, who takes the other side, is able to bring to bear an equal, indeed a greater, number of instances, in which the fleet in being has succeeded in preventing serious enterprise. The example

of Torrington may be called a negative one. Tourville was deterred from his purpose of invading England, and there was an end of it. A good case, when the fleet in being was neglected with disastrous results, he quotes from the First Punic War. In 249 B.C. the Romans attacked the fortress of Lilybæum although the Carthaginians had a fleet in being: they sustained a smashing defeat, and only thirty ships were saved out of over two hundred. Another case was Napoleon's invasion of Egypt, hard on the top of which Nelson's fleet in being asserted itself at the Nile, and the expeditionary army was ruined. The instance from the Chino-Japanese war Mr Thursfield meets with the reply that had Admiral Ting been a Nelson the Japanese invaders must have been ruined. No doubt. Only we are not all Nelsons; indeed, Nelsons are very rare. But Mr Thursfield is not really begging the question, though he seems to be. He appears to us to put the matter on its right footing when he says that "a temporary evasion of the fleet in being is always possible—perhaps in some rare and exceptional cases it may be justified . . . by a sound estimate of the relative forces engaged." And he points out with great force that the battle of the Yalu and Ting's subsequent retreat prove that Admiral Ito had rightly estimated the value of the Chinese fleet in being. The truth is that the difference between Major Callwell and Mr Thursfield is much less than it appears. It is a difference rather in statement than in principle. The former takes the maxim to be absolute and unconditioned, that a fleet in being must in all cases debar operations while it remains in being. So stated, no doubt it can be proved incorrect. Mr Thursfield takes the maxim to

mean that the fleet in being, when properly handled or when there is an expectation that it will be properly handled, must debar operations. No doubt there are opponents in dealing with whom it may be safe to neglect any rule of strategy ever formulated. The true leader reckons up his opponent, and according to that reckoning he takes risks or he does not. But whether the risks turn out well or ill, the principles of strategy remain as true as ever.

In a masterly introduction the joint authors of 'The Navy and the Nation' explain the purport of their book. What that is the references we have already made to its teaching will have explained. The vital dependence of our country and our empire on the command of the sea; the truth that this can only be exerted by a superior fleet at sea; the certainty that, so long as we possess that, no mortal hurt can befall us at the hands of any assailant,—these supreme principles of true British policy are insisted upon again and again, variously and in various contexts, but always with convincing lucidity and force. To some readers the iteration may appear superfluous, especially as the two writers have wittingly allowed their views, and almost their expressions, to overlap. But to the reader who thinks the repetitions superfluous, we should advise half an hour with this book whenever he feels disposed to reflect on questions of defensive policy and of strategy. He will then perceive that though it is comparatively easy to state the principles which underlie these essays, and perfectly easy to see their cogency when they are stated for him, it is yet a matter of some difficulty to get them so clearly and deeply into his head that they shall colour his whole habit of thought on such

questions. We see it every day. Men who have read the great works of Captain Mahan and Admiral Colomb with the immediate acceptance that they cannot fail to command, who, it may be, will remember these very essays in the form of their original publication—these same men, when they are left to themselves to speak or write of national defence, are constantly found forgetting their lesson and reverting to the fallacious theories on which they were brought up. They will catch themselves thinking of Malta as "commanding" the central Mediterranean, of a squadron in the Channel as necessary to defend our southern coasts and our sea-borne trade. But if he will take down the 'The Navy and the Nation,' here is an ever-present reminder of the real facts. Without a fleet Malta commands nothing, not even itself. The Channel Squadron may easily be defending our coasts and our merchantmen off Toulon far more effectively than it could do at Portland; and the only defensive influence it exerts at Portland lies in the knowledge that it may, and, if need be, will, go somewhere else. Perhaps the best corrective of such persistent misapprehensions will be found in a brilliant essay by Sir George Clarke, entitled, "The German Strategist at Sea." The German strategist is at sea indeed, though not perhaps worse than many a Briton. But it is safe to say that nobody who has read Sir George Clarke's caustic and witty commentary on him will ever be quite so hopelessly at sea again.

Space is coming to an end, so that we are constrained to leave this altogether admirable volume with a less detailed examination than it deserves. If we have selected one essay as peculiarly instructive, it is only because

error is more effectively refuted in a concrete instance than by the mere exposition of the true doctrine. But of the chapters of 'The Navy and the Nation' we may say that, whether they discuss the naval history of the past or the naval conditions of the future, whether they deal with the central problem of defence or with such side-issues as national insurance, the training of naval officers, or the proper function of submarine mines, they are always sound and always enlightening. The whole book is knit together by the firm grasp of both its authors upon the unalterable first principles of naval war.

One of the most interesting passages in the book explains the increased validity—if we may use a paradox: perhaps it is better to say, the wider and fuller application—which these principles have derived from the modern technical conditions. Courage and coolness remain a potent factor, as ever; tactics strive, though by new means, towards the same end—an advantage in the use of the gun. But the telegraph and steam increase the swiftness with which naval command can assert itself, and the area over which it takes effect. The time required for such operations as an inferior fleet might venture against our islands—landing of troops or bombardments—has not been reduced in proportion to the time which will bring a superior fleet upon the landing or bombarding force. Trading steamers are far less vulnerable than sailing-ships; they can separate if attacked, while even a single ship lost sight of at night can change her course in any direction, and is virtually safe. So that, as our authors remind us, "the command of the sea has now a significance which neither Raleigh nor Nelson could have divined."

We can find but one contention in this book which, as it is stated, appears to us open to some question. In the domain of national policy, our authors argue,—

"The necessity of maintaining naval supremacy—vital to us alone among the Powers of the world—ought to dominate every other consideration. Did the inevitable advance of Russia from the Caspian to the frontier of India imperil our naval supremacy? If not, of what use were the flood of declamation and the protracted diplomatic warfare, each alike undignified and futile, of which the sole result was the estrangement of two nations, which have no real cause of disagreement. Is the military occupation of Egypt essential to the command of the sea? Would a Russian occupation of Constantinople, some twenty-six hours' steam from Sebastopol, compromise our naval position?"

These arguments appear to us to raise the question, Was the Navy made for the nation, or the nation for the Navy? No doubt we could give up Egypt and India, and almost our whole empire, and still maintain our naval supremacy. The only difference would be that in that case naval supremacy would find less work to do, although, of course, still essential to the inviolability of the British Isles. No doubt it is a strong argument against any foreign policy that it is antagonistic to naval supremacy, or increases the burden laid upon it. But we do not think maritime command can be made out the one end—hardly even the "basis"—of all British policy. That it is the indispensable condition of British policy, that we can do nothing without it, is the indisputable and invaluable principle of the book. Assuredly we should regulate our imperial expansion by our Navy. But should we not also fit our Navy to our imperial expansion?

TRAVELLING JOE.

It was Sunday: the mill was silent, and the water pressed idly against the big dam, opposite which stood old Zam Tapp's cottage. Zam was seated in the dark kitchen, a bucket of water between his knees, peeling potatoes; and lying in a truckle-bed was his grandson Travelling Joe, a boy of about nine years old, small, wizen, and partly paralysed. The tall clock in the corner of the room had struck twelve, and groups of people passed the cottage on their return from church and chapel. Zam, who did not "howld wi' zich things," eyed them with indifference, not unmixed with contempt. He "reckoned," he said, "thet ha didn't want no praicher to teach him tha way tu 'eaven; zalvation wez a kooris thing, and, like cream, let it alone and twid come to 'ee: meddle and praying widn't fetch it."

To the boy lying there, his heart full of the spirit of adventure, and his life bounded by the truckle-bed and the four walls of the small kitchen, the thought of heaven was of piercing interest; it haunted his dreams sleeping and waking, it was his New America, the land which he would one day explore. To him it never ceased to be a matter of regret that the Crystal Sea lay in front of the throne of God; he would have wished it might have been in what he called the "*dimmet*¹ part o' 'eaven"; a far border-land unknown to the angels, and where even the eye of God fell seldom. And now as he lay and watched Zam peeling the potatoes, he longed

unconsciously to hear the "loosing of the mill," for the sound of the great waters leaping forth was to him as the rushing of the River of Life.

Zam's mind was occupied by the thought of his dead wife. "Eh! eh!" he exclaimed, suddenly, "hur wez a windervul 'and at biling a tetty, wez my owld wuman, and when it coomed tu tha last hur mind dwelt on it painvul. 'Vather,' hur zed, 'I reckon I've cooked 'ee my last tetty.' 'I reckon 'ee 'ave, moather,' I answered. Hur wez zilent a bit, then all-ta-wance hur zot up in bed and ketched howldt o' me by tha weskit. 'Tull Jane'—thic wez yer pore moather—'tull Jane,' hur zed, 'twez tha zalt thet did it; twez all along o' tha zalt.' But, law bless 'ee, zalt or no zalt, Jane's tetties wez niver a patch on hurn. I reckon hur hand wull ba moast out o' biling tetties by tha time I jines hur; but law, I doant complain, moast like tez zweet stuff they lives on up ther: I niver cud stomach zich stuff mezulf; but bless 'ee, glory hez tu be paid for the zame ez tha rest."

A vision of his grandmother's portly form arose in the child's mind as he lay and listened. "Grandfer," he said, "do 'ee reckon thet grandmoather took tu wings natrel fust along?"

Zam stopped peeling the potatoes. "Many's tha time I've thought on thic, Joe," he answered, sorrowfully, "and I ba moast a-feardt hur didn't; tha noo-fangled wez alwiz contrary tu hur, and if ther wez wan thing more than a

¹ *Dimmet*, dusky, dim, full of shadows.

tother hur cudn't abide twez a loose veather in hur bed. Eh! eh! I wid dearly o' liked tu o' gone along fust and put hur in tha way o' things a bit; but ther, if yer doant lave things tu tha Almighty, who shall 'ee lave 'em to?"

"Tha Laurd ba turribul mindful o' poor folk," the boy said, questioningly.

"Ay, ay, lad," the old man answered, "ther ba a deal o' tha wuman about tha Almighty. Ha wull promise 'ee an ill tarn if yer doant mend; but Ha ba zlow tu lay it on—zlow tu lay it on."

Joe was silent a moment, and Zam began once more to peel the potatoes. At last the boy spoke. "Sposing grandmoather wez to break hur wing," he cried, excitedly, "what then, grandfer—what then?"

The old man flushed. "Angels baint for doing zich things ez thic, Joe," he answered; "ther's nort promiscuous in 'eaven. I reckon thet they thet ba noo tu tha trade flies mortal zlow fust along—zommat like owld Varmer Rod's payhen; no hitting o' theirselves agin a tray. Yer grandmoather kind o' thought o' thic hurzulf, and jest avor hur turned over in hur bed for the last time, hur looked up in me vace kind o' trustzome, 'I'll take it aisy, vather,' hur zed, 'and tha Laurd wull do tha rast.' 'Eh! eh! moather,' I zed, 'Ha woant forzake 'ee. Ha's bin a pore man Hizzulf, an' knaws what tiz not tu ba larned.' Hur zmiled, but I zaw tha tears in hur eyes. 'I shall miss yer hand, vather,' hur zed, 'tha valley o' tha shader ba turribul dark.' 'Tha Laurd wull walk wi' 'ee, moather,' I zed, 'Hiz hand ba more restful than mine.' 'Eh, but vust along,' hur mur-

mured, 'vust 'long'; then hur claused hur eyes and died quietvul. Hur wez mortal murch a duman, pore zoul. Conzarvitive to tha end—conzarvitive to tha end."

Later, when the frugal dinner had been cooked and eaten, Zam drew his big arm-chair up to the fire and fell asleep. The boy closed his eyes too, but only that he might the more easily dwell in an imaginary world. He wondered what the far confines of heaven looked like, and whether he should find volcanoes there, and as he pictured the scene he suddenly startled the old man out of his sleep. "Grandfer, grandfer," he cried excitedly, "sposing 'eaven shid blow up!"

"Bless tha boy," Zam answered, looking anxiously at the small fire, "I thought vor zure tha kettle wez biling auver."

"Naw, grandfer," said Joe, "I wez ony a-wondering what tha dimmet parts o' 'eaven might be arter when God wez kind o' thinking o' zômmat ulse."

Zam's deep-set eyes twinkled. "A bit contrary may ba," he said, "but nort lightzome, Joe—nort lightzome."

"Folk ba turribul spiritless up tu 'eaven," the boy answered, sadly. "They baistesses now that stand avor tha throne—do 'ee reckon thet they iver roar?"

"Wull," his grandfather answered after a moment, "I widn't reckon on it, if I wez you, Joe—I widn't reckon on it; but," he added, as his eyes fell upon the boy's disappointed face, "who can tull wât the talking o' zich critters as thic wull be like—fearzome, no doubt."

"And, grandfer," Joe exclaimed, with rising colour, "if lame Tom wez ther wi' hiz crutch now, and jest stepped on tha taw o' wan o'

they baistesses, then ha wid talk mortal spiritty, grandfer, widn't ha?"

"Eh, for zure, for zure, mortal spiritty, I'll be bound," Zam answered.

The flush of excitement died out from the boy's face. "Moast like 'twull niver happen," he said, in a sorrowful voice; "up tu 'eaven things ba painful riglar."

"Ba 'ee tired, lad?" Zam asked, as he rose from his chair and lifted the child tenderly in his arms. "Shall I carry 'ee tu and fraw a bit."

Joe pressed his thin white face against the old man's breast."

"Tull me about things avor I wez born, grandfer," he said. "Tull me about vather; wez ha vine and upstanding?"¹

"Ay, ay, lad, ha wez pleasant tu look upon upon," Zam answered, "but ha brauk yer pore moather's heart for all o' thic. Ha wez turribul wild, wez Jim; good-hearted anuff, but turribul wild; ha wezn't built for marrying; ha cudn't stay pauking about in a little vullage zich ez this ba; ha zed thet tha wordel wez zmall anuff, but ez vor tha village, ha cudn't breathe in it; and yer pore moather hur cudn't get tu understand thet nohow—hur reckoned thet if ha loved hur, ha wud stay; but, law bless 'ee, lad, vor men zich ez Jim ther ba zômmat ulse in the wordel beside tha love o' wimen-folk, tho' they, pore zouls, cant gaw for tu zee it. But ha wez turribul fond o' hur vor all thic, and I cud zee thet it jest went tu hiz heart tu act contrary; but ha cudn't help it, pore lad—twez the nater thet wez in him fosed him on. Eh, but they made a windervul handzome couple tha

day they wez merrid; the vullage riglar tarned out tu look on 'em, and I thort tu mezulf thet twid o' bin a proud day vor my pore owld wuman if tha Almighty had spared hur; but twez better ez it twez—better ez it twez. Wull, they hadn't a-bin merrid a skaur o' wiks avore Jim wez riglar pinning tu ba off: ha didn't zay nort, but wid gaw and wander about in tha wids for haur, and wan day ha didn't coome 'ome; ha wrote from Liverpool tu zay ha wez starting vor Merikey. But tha ship wez lost wi' all 'ands; ay, ay, pore lad, I reckon ha zlapes zound anuff now wi' tha zay a-rolling a-tap o' him: ha cud niver o' breathed iv it had bin airth. But yer moather, hur niver forgave him vor it—niver: twez a Zunday thet tha noos coomed, and Martha Snykes and zome o' tha naybours rinned up yhere ez fast ez they cud, pore zouls, reckoning thet yer moather wid like to cry all-together comfortabul, tha zame ez it iz uyshil wi' wimen; but, law bless 'ee, when hur zaw they well-maining dumans cooming droo tha door, hur tarned hur back *quat*² on 'em and marched up-stairs. Arter a bit hur coomed down wi' a bonnet all auver pink roses atap o' hur 'ead, and Martha Snykes wez thet tooked aback thet hur fell down wi' tha recurring spasams and drank ivery drap o' brandy ther wez in tha 'ause avor hur wez brought to. Yer moather didn't throw a look at hur, but went off down tha strait tu charch wi' all tha naybours standing at ther doors and crying shame; but, law bless 'ee, hur didn't heed 'em any more then tha geese on tha green. Ay, ay, pore zoul, hur wez alwiz wan for howldng hur head high;

¹ *Upstanding*, well-built.

² *Quat*, plump.

hur niver cud stomach tha contrary. Wull, wull, wimen's wimen, mortal strong in tha affections, but managing tu tha last—managing tu tha last. Them wez turribul days, and yer moather's vace grew that hard I wez moast afeardt tu look at it. I thort mayba thet when yer coomed things might o' bin diffurrent; I tooked 'ee in tu hur. 'Jane,' I zed, 'ha wull want 'ee alwiz,' and when I zed thic hur *kained*¹ acress at 'ee, and hur vace changed back intu a wuman's vace agin; then all-ta-wance zômmat coomed auver hur and hur tarned hur vace round agin tha wall. 'Take 'im away,' hur zed, 'ha ba nort tu me.' Hur niver spoke arter thic; ther wez ony wan pusson in tha wordel thet hur iver loved, and thet wez Jim, and when ha died, hur wi' all hur pride wez foced tu valler."

Later, when Zam laid the boy in the old truckle-bed, Joe looked up in his face. "Vather wez mortal understandabul," he murmured sleepily.

"But not tu wimen-folk," Zam answered, "not tu wimen-folk. Wull, wull," he continued to himself, "tha lad hez hiz vather's spirut, ivery bit o' it; but ha wull niver break no wuman's heart wi' wandering,—tha Lord hez minded otherwise."

It was about a week after the conversation recorded had taken place that Joe's uncle, Ben Tapp, came to Zam's cottage; but the old man was not at home, and Ben, who, after many years spent in America, had arrived in England only to find that most of his relations were dead and he himself forgotten, sat down on Travelling Joe's bed in an exceedingly bad

humour with himself and the world in general.

"Wall, Travelling Joe," he said, "thet be a darned queer start o' a name yer have fixed to yer-self anyhow. They pins o' yars ain't extra spry at covering the ground, I shud think from the look o' 'em."

"But things wull ba mortal diffurent up ta 'eaven, uncle Ben," the boy answered. "Ther woant ba no diffurence 'twixt me and tother folk then, 'cept mayba I shall ba more rasted. I shall do a sight o' travelling when I gets up ther; you zee, uncle Ben, tha Almighty ba powerful understand-zome, zo I ain't got no cause tu ba feardt when I gaws up avore tha throne, and I shall jest ax Him tu let me vind noo ways droo tha dimmet parts o' 'eaven. 'Dear Laurd,' I shall zay, 'I knaws wât rasting ba like, and now I wid dearly like tu ba doing.'"

Just as Ben Tapp would have tortured any helpless animal that fell into his power, so now, as he looked down on the boy's eager, pathetic face, a desire came into his heart to crush out its happiness.

"Thar ain't no such place as 'eaven, Joe," he said, leaning forward and placing his great hand on the child's cripple form; "'tis all darned rot—bunkum, as us says out in the States. And as for the Almighty that yer talk so slick about, tha bally old 'oss has kicked his last kick. Nater hez played low down on yer, Joe, and tied yer up to yar darned bed; but when Death gits hould of yer, ha wull tie yer a tarnation sight tighter, yer can bet yer bottom dollar on thet, Joker;" and the man burst into a laugh of coarse

¹ *Kained*, to look intensely.

enjoyment. "Thar, young shaver," he added, as he rose from the bed, "thet's the opinion o' wan thet has covered a darned sight more miles in his life than yer have minutes, so stow it in yar pipe and *smoke* it": so saying, he left the child alone. But from that moment a change came over Travelling Joe—he began to pine away, and the villagers said he was "marked for death"; but Zam, as he walked to and fro with the dying boy in his arms, muttered, "Better death than thet tha Union shid 'ave him; better thet than thic—better thet than thic."

One day, when it was plain that Joe was more than usually ill, Martha Snykes came to the cottage. "I jest drapped in, Zam Tapp," she said, sinking her stout form in the nearest chair, "to tull 'ee o' a remedy, a mortal efficumcasious remedy, tho' I zay it ez shudn't, baing, zo tu spake, the inventor o' tha zame. But, law, I've suffered thet turribul bad mezulf; what wi' tha recurring spasams, and a percussion in the head that jest drones on continuel for all the wordel like the passon o' praiching o' Zundays, thet I can't a-bear tu think of the pore child wi' death rampaging auver him, and tha cure, zo tu spake, at hiz vury door; tha zame baing nort ulse but a tayspoonful o' tha brownest o' sugar, togither wi' a tayspoonful o' tha strongest o' brandies, and let it be tooked zitting, Natur liking a smoothness at zich times. I have alwiz reckoned mezulf thet if thet child's moather had vallered my advice and tooked thickey remedy, hur wid niver 'ave bin lying in tha charchyard at this yhere blessid minet; tho' I won't gaw for tu deny thet hur made a vine corpse,

straight vaychers favouring the zame. The which I have alwiz allowed, and many's the time I've zed ez much. 'Jane Vaggis,' I've zed, 'may have acted a bit contrary in hur life, zich ez tha wearing o' roses at mistaken moments, but taken ez a corpse, hur did hur dooty, hur looked hur part.' Not thet I would ever act contrary tu them ez Natur hed less vavoured at zich times; and when my pore moather came tu the last, and what wi' dropsy and wan thing and tother, hur wez moast tha size o' tha feather-bed that hur layed on, 'Moather,' I zed, 'if yer 'ave a fancy in coffins, zay the wud and I woant go for tu deny 'ee.' 'Martha,' hur answered, 'ony colour but black, and let the handels ba shiny;' and I guved hur *halum*¹ picked out wi' brass, and ther ain't a corpse in tha parish ez wez burried more comfortabul. But ther," she added as she rose from her seat, "I must be gettin' along 'ome; law bless us!" she exclaimed, looking down on Joe, "how turribul bad the pore chil does look; but there ha iz gwaying tu a home o' light, tho' I alwiz reckoned mezulf thet 'eaven must ba trying tu tha eyes. Wull, I wish 'ee good day, Zam Tapp," she added, "and doan't forget a tayspoonful o' the brownest o' sugars togither wi' a tayspoonful o' tha strongest o' brandies, and let tha zame ba tooked zitting."

"Grandfer," said the boy when the door closed on Martha Snykes's fat, comfortable form, "carry me tu and fraw a bit and tull me zômmat; tull me what the wordel ba like out ther,—ba it mortal wide?"

"Ay, ay, lad," Zam answered, raising the dying child in his arms,

¹ *Halum*, elm.

"wide and lonzome, wide and lonzome."

"But windervul full o' ditches," Joe said; "do 'ee jump they ditches, grandfer, when yer gaws tu and fraw tu wark?"

"Naw, lad, I ba getting owld," Zam answered; "I moastly walks 'longzide."

There was silence for a moment, and then Joe spoke. "Grandfer," he said, "do 'ee reckon thet they knaws more about 'eaven auver tu Merikey than they does yhere?"

"Tiz tha tother zide o' tha wor-del," the old man answered; "may-be they zees clearer ther."

"I ba mortal *wangery*,¹ grandfer," Travelling Joe answered, sighing; "I reckon I cud zlape."

Zam laid the dying boy back in the old truckle-bed. "Shall I tull 'ee zômmat from the Buk, lad?" he asked.

The child shivered. "Naw, grandfer," he answered, "I wid liefer bide quiet." He sank into a broken slumber, suddenly to awake with a start.

"Tiz turribul dimmet," he exclaimed; "but," and his face brightened, "I zees things like ditches:" so saying, he died.

ZACK.

¹ *Wangery*, tired.

DISRAELI VINDICATED.

I.

THE persistent vigour of Lord Beaconsfield's popularity is almost as much of a surprise to his friends as to his enemies; though of course they feel it most who like it least. According to precedent, the statesman who died in 1881 should have been forgotten by this time, so speedily do they vanish from the memory of the world who figure most proudly in it while they live. Earl Russell, a true statesman, a great power, and extremely popular, had so little hold upon remembrance that he was forgotten years before he died: on this side of the grave he completely passed away. Lord Palmerston was still more popular, and men whose recollection is as long as mine can attest that his name was rarely heard five years after his masterful activities had ceased. True, both these statesmen were English in a sense which, since their time, English statesmanship has been assiduous to unlearn; and it may be said that their memory suffered the particular misfortune of eclipse in the rising brilliancy of Mr Gladstone's genius. Besides, they were remnants of an expiring age—an age condemned by its successor as politically bad and foolish; though in truth no word was ever more apt than Renan's when he told Mr Cobden that he admired him very much, "*mais vous marquez la fin de la grande politique d'Angleterre.*" It may be, then, that these things do account in some degree for the oblivion that fell so speedily upon the statesmen of that age; but considering that, one by one, their dead successors, save Disraeli, were

all lost in the same darkness before their friends were out of mourning, there seems small reason to admit the operation of exceptional circumstances. Unless their names are closely associated with great and striking historical events—as those of Fox and Pitt with the French revolution and its first prodigious consequences—the most eminent statesmen must not look to be remembered for many days after they have doffed the ministerial uniform.

Yet after a great defeat, after a year of rayless seclusion, and fourteen years of absence altogether from this changing world, Lord Beaconsfield retains a hold upon the popular mind which has scarcely relaxed since its unsuspected strength was revealed at his death. To some that may appear an exaggerated statement, but I believe it would bear any test that could be applied to it. Test is difficult—the dead do not return; but let us imagine a pageant in the Queen's honour—20th June of this royal year—in which the greater of her old departed servants should rise and take part with these others of to-day—all in their robes of State. It is not pretended that Lord Beaconsfield would make the first figure in that noble procession—the Great Duke! what in these days would the sight be worth of that "good grey head" moving with the rest under the dome of St Paul's!—but who believes that he would pass with less acclaim or less regret than attended his last days with us? There is no such

person; or if there be, his imagination is either jaundiced or uninformed. Yet when we ask ourselves how it was that the Mystery Man and Mountebank of the middle of the century (a period unmatched for political error) achieved at last the rare distinction of a lasting fame, there is no complete answer—unless, indeed, it be the one that is recalled by Renan's remark to Mr Cobden. Is it because the common-sense of the country is forced to acknowledge "*la fin de la grande politique d'Angleterre*," found out some years before Disraeli died that his worst and most persistent fault was a desire to arrest that consummation, and perceives in this great year of the Queen's reign a rapid accumulation of proof that he was not wrong but right? That, we may believe, is the explanation, though its announcement must not be expected yet awhile in the party prints of either side. Yet it does peep out there too; for the Radicals, who loathed Disraeli, and the Conservatives, who are beginning to find his history a reproach to them, agree in proclaiming one high doctrine pertaining to "*la grande politique d'Angleterre*." This is the doctrine of Imperialism; and we know who it was that succeeded, after many years, in re-establishing respect for it.

At the moment, however, Lord Beaconsfield's reputation with the public is exposed to an assault which, for one reason or another, has surprised everybody. The Eastern Question being again opened up, and going from bad to worse, it is announced that in his later days, and at a critical period, Lord Beaconsfield was the victim of a totally mistaken scheme of foreign policy; an error

for which England must expect to suffer. That is not an exact verbal repetition of what has been said, but it is the precise sense of two or three plain expressions of opinion from an authoritative quarter. Now this has been the bitterest accusation of Disraeli's enemies since 1876. Dropped for a little while for lack of occasion, they revived it more than a year ago as an accusation proved by events; and they boast of being able to say that the best Conservative knowledge and intellect agree to-day in condemning Lord Beaconsfield's Eastern policy as a grievous mistake.

How far the public mind will give way to that account of the matter it is impossible to say as yet. Not very far, I hope, before a sufficient number of fair-minded instructors of the people makes known what may be said to the contrary—which I believe is a great deal. To those who are inclined by good nature to do as much as that for an absent comrade or a disabled opponent, the following considerations are submitted.

To begin with, one forgotten fact should be recalled and pinned down for reference as every point in the debate is touched. It is that an embarrassed or even a lamed and impotent diplomacy is no impeachment of the policy which underlies it. That is an obvious general truth which should be well kept in mind, for there was never more need to remember it than when Lord Beaconsfield's policy in relation to the Russo-Turkish war is arraigned. To show in detail why it should be particularly remembered in that relation would make too long a story of these notes for the defence; and, indeed, it is enough

for present purposes to adduce the proposition in harmless generality. We have only to do with Disraeli's Eastern policy in the seventies, which is accused as the plan of a general might be by his own captains; though, for that matter, no one has the execution of it on his conscience.

The next thing to recall and bear in mind is yet more to the purpose, perhaps. As Lord Salisbury has said, Disraeli's Eastern policy was not the contrivance of his own mind. He did not invent it, as the millions of a new reading public are invited or allowed to believe by their newspapers. Indeed, it was no invented policy at all, but a spontaneous product: hardly more so is the common desire to remain on the inside of a boat at sea, or the preference of a tiled to an untiled roof. For many years before Disraeli had any responsibility for public affairs it was the national policy, firmly held as a national necessity. The statesmen of the one political party were no less convinced than the statesmen of the other that it had become an imperative policy; and the affairs of the country were carried on in those days by men who, by any test or by any measure, equalled the statesmanship of later generations. It might even be said that, less cultured, they lived nearer to the heart and root of things than their successors in Downing Street. There is certainly no reason to think them less capable of tracing out necessary lines of conduct.

If, indeed, there is any considerable difference between them and the Ministers of a later day, it is that they were more habituated to the idea that statesmanship is like generalship, — which thinks and plans with a view to action as well as to inaction.

This policy, then, which Lord Beaconsfield is condemned for, was really no invention of his, but sprang from the natural suggestions of self-defence against the encroachments of a dangerous rivalry; and coming that way into existence, had the sanction of all British statesmanship for generations, backed by the consenting instinct of the whole British people. It may have been wrong, of course, for all that; but not because it was Disraelian in the first place.

Nor was it a pro-Turkish policy, which is the second charge. In truth, there has always been an anti-Turkish feeling in British statesmanship, of exactly the kind which, later, was aroused in the country; though for official or politic reasons more often hidden than publicly displayed. Yet it was allowed to come out pretty strongly at times, and, contrary to current teaching on the subject, it had no particular association with Liberal officials or the Liberal idea.¹ Lord Stratford de Redcliffe may be said with little exaggeration to have had command at the Porte for many years; and who would call the Great Eltchi a pro-Turk? Yet what more willing or effective Minister of the Beacons-

¹ On these points a quotation from a very good authority may be interesting. Writing about the Cretan insurrection of 1866, and his endeavours to arouse a sympathetic interest in it, the Duke of Argyll says: "I found Liberalism as dead in conscience and as apathetic on our duties in the East as the most fossil Toryism. It was not till eight years later, when an outbreak of Turkish atrocities in Bulgaria awoke for the first time a strong wave of public sentiment — and not till this was found of value in opposing Lord Beaconsfield's Government — that the Liberal leaders took up a cause which —" &c., &c.

field policy (so called) ever lived? Neither was it an anti-Russian policy, as they say who wish to prove it foolish, any more than it was the pro-Turkish policy which they denounce it for who would make it out inhuman. Both descriptions are wrong, and only useful for self-deception or to deceive. We had here a national policy in every sense, in every article, and at every point: a pro-Turkish or an anti-Russian policy only as it became so in being pro-British. That is to say, it was so in being what it ought to be. So I submit on behalf of the last English Minister, who, being challenged to carry on this policy, was not afraid of the attempt.

Disraeli needs more than this to absolve him, no doubt. Courage is as much a statesman's quality as the soldier's—a quality indispensable, without which all the rest is in effect a snare and an imposture. But it should not be unrighteous, and it should be justified by wisdom or necessity at all times—certainly when war on the grand scale is contemplated. That being said, we may go on to ask if it was for a small matter that the traditional Eastern policy was established, or if it was wrongly imagined, falsely weighed, badly calculated. It does not appear so. As a policy, it was suggested by solicitude for England's greatness and safety, which was the righteousness of it; and it was upheld by an accurate comprehension of what was in train for her very great damage, which completes its justification. The statesman by whom it was established saw in Russia a power which, unless firmly kept within bounds, would dominate Europe; and more particularly that it would undermine and supersede British authority in the East. And without nicely con-

sidering the desire of Russia to expand to the Mediterranean, the Pacific, and the other seas (so much must be confessed), these guardians and trustees of England refused the prospect. They thought it a matter of the first importance to maintain our Eastern empire; or, to put it another way, that we should be subject to Russian ascendancy (if ever) at the remotest period allowed by Destiny. Such were their ideas, and thus were they grounded; and though, as we all know, a rising breed of Britons has adopted the Moslem's fatalism without his pluck, no one has ventured to utter an open word of dissent from them to this day.

So far, then, it does not seem that Lord Beaconsfield was much to blame in taking up the traditional policy which on these grounds and for these reasons he did adopt. His acceptance of it is beyond denial; and it is true that he did his utmost, from 1876 onward—when a great and last occasion arose—to maintain it in the spirit and by the means which his predecessors considered the only effective ones when hard comes to hard. That is to say, being challenged by the Russian invasion of Turkey, he would have sustained England's Eastern policy in the field and on the seas. Not to bolster up the Turkish empire, but to bolster up the British empire, he would have fought the Russians in alliance with the Turks. There were occasions during that war when unisolated England's soldiers and ships, her wealth and her leadership, added to the valour of the Turkish rank and file, could have been counted on to bring the invasion to ruin: and the public will learn some day, I have no doubt, that, in Lord Beaconsfield's belief, not to throw

back the Russian advance then was to lose England's last chance of postponing to a far future the dictatorship of a great rival Power. That was Disraeli's motive for his policy of twenty years ago, which is now described as blind, malign, and so complete a failure, as proved by recent events, that his chief colleague in the execution of it is compelled by its consequences to denounce it.

But there is a mistake here which is not Lord Beaconsfield's. A man cannot be said to have failed in what he was never permitted to attempt. Surely that is clear; and it was Lord Beaconsfield's case, to his own profound regret at the time, and, as I may try to show, to no reasonable satisfaction now, when we are much nearer the upshot of what happened then. First, however, it is necessary to mark this particular point in Lord Beaconsfield's defence, for it is of capital importance. The policy which is accused of awful failure, if by his policy is meant his chosen line of conduct in the Eastern troubles of 1876-78, was never set in operation. More favourable to it when the Russo-Turkish war began, increasingly hostile to it or afraid of it month by month, his colleagues in the Cabinet forbade it at its last opportunities by all but one voice. Consequently, to say that it failed is no more true than it would be to boast that it succeeded. The nondescript course of action which came to an end at Berlin was not of his direction. It only marked at various stages the thwarting and suppression of the policy which Lord Beaconsfield is charged with imposing on the country, to the immeasurable discredit of his heart and intellect and to our everlasting humiliation. Lasting humiliation there may be,

perhaps, but of a sort not contemplated in the accusation.

Yet that Lord Beaconsfield would have carried out very thoroughly the traditional policy of our Foreign Office had he been allowed to do so is certain; and this we have acknowledged. Therefore it becomes us further to admit that his judgment, if not his action, must be condemned if it be true that the present state of things proves his policy wrong as a policy, and even abominably wicked. Very strangely, it is here that Disraeli's unfriends feel most secure, and here that they are most explicit in the denunciation they so much enjoy. His judgment is condemned and his policy proved wrong by the present state of things. The groundwork of that assertion—the present state of things—seems to prove the exact contrary. As we have seen, the aim of that inherited policy of his was to hinder the Russian design—or, if you prefer to have it so, put off the Russian destiny—of becoming the predominant Power over Europe and the East: in other words, the discrowning of the British empire. This was the ultimate purpose of the national Eastern policy as long as it was permitted to last; the supremacy of British influence at Constantinople being maintained as contributory to it, even as essential. Well, the policy with this end in view being first disallowed and then definitely abandoned (it is a complete mistake to suppose that it was not finally abandoned till the other day), the present state of things ensues. The least civilised Power in Europe, the most obnoxious to its system of government, the most sedulously repulsive of its ideas, dominates it altogether, and does so by admission and submis-

sion of every nation in it. So as to the one part of what Disraeli would have fought to prevent. As to the other, even within the space of a few months Russia has employed her ascendancy with enormous success to undermine English authority throughout the whole of the East. The present state of things! Everything in it is dwarfed to nothing by these probably unalterable facts, the magnitude of which seems to be quite too much for ordinary comprehension. Vision narrows, or has become too tender to dwell upon unpleasant things long enough to take them in.

From these events, then, it appears that if Lord Beaconsfield's policy impugns his judgment, it is not because it was inspired by false readings of the books that statesmen have to go by. That was the error of his political opponents, and of his numerous political friends who preferred to take "short views." Accurate in prevision, and addressed to consequences of the last importance, Disraeli's policy must have been wrong, if wrong at all, for some reason not yet touched upon. Looking to the long-run of events, can it have been *injudicious* to fend off a universal reign of Russian autocracy? Was it *bad* to retard the subversion of our prosperity in the East and the shrinking of our sovereignty there? When Englishmen reply to these questions, a very large measure of justification is needed for an affirmative answer; for it means nothing less than their consent, on grounds of either expediency or morality or both, to the dethroning of Britain and her ruin by degrees more or less slow or speedy. Why, then, was it wrong—(we know that some spectral idea of this kind haunts the minds

of a "good few" Englishmen when those minds are otherwise empty)—why, then, was it wrong to think of opposing the march of Russian domination? The most natural answer is, I suppose, that war is a very dreadful thing, and that it would have been worse than folly to incur its tremendous risk and cost for the sake of appeasing dubious apprehensions. It is so bad an answer that I wish I could make it a better one; but it is difficult to improve it in the presence of accomplished events. Answer to this effect was one thing in the mouths of Lord Beaconsfield's colleagues in 1877, quite another in the mouths of his accusers in 1897. Those others could say, as some of them did, "After all, may not these antique fears of a Cossack-ridden Europe, of a Russian repetition of Alexander's Eastern conquests, be really a bit of a bogey? Or if history is fated to record the spectacle, how long is it likely to be before the page is prepared for the scribe? Mayn't you be right too soon for action? Is there no danger of repeating the profitless excursions and alarms of the Crimean war? And may nothing be left to the course of events and the chapter of accidents?" This and a great deal more might have been urged with confidence twenty years ago, to put that complexion of fatuity and guilt upon Lord Beaconsfield's Eastern policy which some pretend to be affrighted at more than ever. But no. His detractors stand in the face of events which come into existence by sweeping away the whole of these arguments; and in this attitude they aver that the present state of things proves him a bad Minister and a bad man because he would have fought to prevent it,—I mean, prevent the present state of things.

Then perhaps it is the fighting—the wish to strike (in obedience to calculations of his own, such as a general makes in the field)—that procures his condemnation? But if so, does this mean that he would still have been bad man and Minister if he had excellent chances of waging a victorious war? Apparently that is the meaning; for the question of his chance of success is never raised. That he would have failed is no part of the objection. Indeed it would appear, in reading the Duke of Argyll and other hostile commentators, that success against Russia would have sunk Lord Beaconsfield to a lower deep of infamy than that to which he is at present consigned. It is clear, at any rate, that the terrible accusation of striving to plunge his country into war with small hope of success is not one that his defenders are expected to meet.

Yet his fighting policy may be called wrong upon a wider consideration of a similar kind. Very conceivably the case is this. It is thought that a properly civilised Lord Beaconsfield would have known that it is wiser to accept with a quiet mind the consequences of Russian domination than to incur, with whatever results, the tremendous charges in blood and money of another Crimean war. “It is not worth it”: to put into colloquial form a feeling which is at least comprehensible. Comprehensible, I say, believing all the time that it has a very effective though a very obscure existence. Observation has given me a suspicion, which is never long allowed the sleep in which it is most welcome to perish, that the Crimean war has made a deeper mark upon governing minds in England than is ever avowed or is ever likely to be. So far as our

history goes as yet, it was our last great European war; and whenever the prospect of another appears, on no matter what occasion or what provocation, the memory of that far from exhilarating conflict—the very glories of which are attended by reproach—parades its admonitions with more than due effect. Splendid for the display of patience, coolness, discipline, and valour amongst our fighting-men, the remembrance of it rises to official minds with so much warning that they take the lesson in a cold fright. With abounding cause of pride, there was a deal about the Crimean war that was unfortunate to ghastliness; yet it may be doubted, I think, whether the least of its misfortunes is that it sits to this day like an incubus upon Responsibility. That it should warn we might pray for, and must wish that it should withhold; but it terrorises.

Very conceivably, then, as we have said, it is thought wiser to accept with a quiet mind the consequences of Russian domination than to incur, with whatever result, the enormous charges in blood and money of another Crimean war; and Lord Beaconsfield's reproach is that he held a different opinion so firmly that he would have gone to war on the strength of it. But which of these two views is the sounder depends upon a just calculation of what the consequences would be, or will be, of Britain's deposition from the first place in the world, and the accession of Russia to that place. What, let us ask, is the usual cost to a great empire of being forced from the front rank? What usually happens to a State like ours after such a thrust? Though none so great, there have been other great empires before our own, and they all supply an answer to the question

more or less distinctly. We have even seen in recent times—for in this connection the time of England's Elizabeth and Philip of Spain is not long ago—what the usual thing is of which we ask the name. Averting our faces from the future, or from so much of it as immediately concerns ourselves, and looking only to the dead past of other nations, it may be possible to return a true and unembarrassed answer. It is downfall. To make a true word which is necessary for my argument more acceptable, I would add, if I could, that what seems to be an invariable sequitur in the past may not be repeated in the future; but reversal of experience in this matter is so unlikely that no reasonable calculation could be built upon the chance of it in Disraeli's time, or can now. What may be said, however, is, that the downfall of empires is not necessarily sudden. It may be a slow process, outlasting three lives or the long remnant of a ninety-nine years' lease. But—it is downfall.

As the spendthrift, engaged for once in looking into his affairs, spies insolvency stalking in the figures before him and immediately shuts the book, so some bold Briton who reads these lines may start from the last word in resolute incredulity. Downfall, however, is the answer to the question, What is the cost to a great empire of being forced from the front rank? And, making that out, the old-school statesmen of whom Lord Beaconsfield was the last thought it an intolerable cost: as indeed it still appears, for it includes everything for which heroic nations strive—honour, pride, independence, riches, safety; and more besides which shall be considered presently. Intolerable to them and not to be thought of was this price of a troubled and unenduring peace.

Then what do the politicians of to-day think about it who call the abandoned policy wicked and insensate? With their vague fond notion that the foundations have been laid for a new heaven and a new earth, they may think that we have passed into conditions which have their own laws of cause and consequence, unlike those that governed the world in more barbarous times. Therefore they also think, perchance, that in these days and in our case, the old fate of a deposed empire need not be feared; so that it would have been mere blind waste to go to war for the purpose of avoiding it. But Disraeli's reputation for statesmanship still stands untouched if that be the idea. We have heard a good deal lately about outworn political superstitions—this is one that has had no wear at all. It is an untested fancy; yet even as such not unappreciable. For it is obviously akin to the theory of trade as war-extinguisher which some years ago confounded every rational view of international relations, and balked every just provision for the future course of events. And it was this sort of idea which decided that Russian ascendancy was a boggy, a bugbear, a dream-creation of what the Duke of Argyll superbly but erroneously called Mervousness. Well, here stands the dream, a full-grown fact; showing that Lord Beaconsfield was perfectly right in the premisses of his policy at any rate, while they who derided them were perfectly wrong. Nevertheless they now assume a right of judgment against him for an extravagant and incendiary belief that one consequence of the Russian triumph would be Britain's decadence. Is he condemnable for that, then? By authority of their keener prevision? Although all historic pre-

cedent and all evidential likelihood bore him out? Or because, as a known and acknowledged matter of fact, England is already playing second fiddle in the orchestra where Russia wields the baton and calls the tunes? These questions answer themselves.

I suppose it may still be said, however (and here the Crimean ghost walks), that the war which Lord Beaconsfield would have waged in 1877 would most likely have been mere useless carnage; because, after all, there was no guarantee in fighting it that Russian domination would have been retarded for more than a dozen years. There would have been one more bloody war to our account, and, for aught that we know to the contrary, that would be about all the difference ten years hence. Perhaps. The would-have-beens of history are most uncertain matters of debate; and if you insist upon it, my would-have-been and your would-have-been must consent to make a drawn game of it. But grant me a successful war against Russia in 1878, and only that ten years of postponement of the recovery of her strength, and I will show you an altered state of things both in Europe and the East for the last twenty years, and especially for the last ten, that would throw Russian ascendancy far into the distance. Nations advance not by wisdom and courage alone, but also by opportunity. Now Russian opportunity at Constantinople, which we evacuated in 1878, in Continental Europe, in the Far East (an affair of the last three years), would all have been mightily changed or even lost by a ten years' drive backward; and an encouraged instead of a disheartened British diplomacy, at work meanwhile, would have enlarged the difference by much, we

may assume. It was just this difference (in character and scope, I mean—I don't mean that Disraeli's anticipations included the Japanese war and its opportunities)—it was just this difference that Lord Beaconsfield's fighting policy aimed at. This was to have been its justification; and I leave the candid reader to judge, after a step-by-step survey of affairs from the time of his retirement, whether that justification was well or ill calculated. One thing at any rate the candid reader sees already, and it is "the tottle of the whole." England's decline from the commanding place which she held in the world dates from about the time of Lord Beaconsfield's Cabinet defeats. Coincidence, perhaps, but it is permissible to doubt whether it is altogether that. Certainly he made no contribution, unless under constraint, to this momentous change in Britain's fortunes; and even if that were the most that could be said for him in relation to England's foreign affairs, that little would raise him to distinction.

However, I was about to remark upon the assumption that the defeat of Disraeli's Eastern policy in the seventies is to this extent at least a matter of rejoicing: it saves the country from the horrors and distresses of one great war, with no certain disadvantage to set off against that enormous gain. The question of the disadvantage we have left in the misty marches of the Might-have-been; where, however, I fancy it figures very largely and very distinctly. But as to the saving of a war: it is quite true that, through the defeat of Lord Beaconsfield's vituperated policy, we have one war the less behind us; but it is by no means certain that through the same contrivance and

its results we have not got a far more troublesome one before us. That remains to be seen. Meanwhile we are placed in this position, that whether we are or are not to go through the postponed conflict depends entirely on the will of others. The country being in isolation—splendid because unique—Lord Salisbury's colleagues have no contrivances with which they could further postpone a war which Disraeli never for a moment believed a war averted. The truth is that there is an oversight in that idea of one great war the less. It would be quite correct on the assumption (which seems to be present here) that when a nation, promptly obedient to the finger of Destiny, yields the cake to another without fighting for it, the transaction passes without bloodshed. It has its afflictions for the surrendering party, but war with its horrors is not one of them. But what, then, is the security for that? Nothing but the convenience of the conquering party; which, if it happen to be a young empire newly risen from barbarism, is unlikely to sacrifice expediency to scruple. Growing nations are like growing lads, who do all sorts of hardy unfeeling things, which we who have come to the fulness of maturity shrink from. When such a Power is conscious of the upper hand, it uses the victorious member either to strike or to squeeze with no compunction whatever, and with no choice between the two modes of action except as expediency dictates. In brief, and to come to the point, willingness to submit and give place affords no security from war if it suits the rising Power to hasten and complete a rival's downfall. Whenever the convenience of that course appears, an opening is made for a

well-contrived attack (such as our land and sea-forces are being prepared for), which, being meant to finish off the declining Power, is naturally severe. The declining Power does not go to war now: the "averted" war which might have been fought upon far more favourable conditions comes to it, in the shape of an enforced and final struggle for existence.

Tried, then, by the test of bloodshed, there is no such ground for inveighing against Lord Beaconsfield's Eastern policy as the enemies of his reputation pretend. The above considerations were not peculiar to him, nor to the statesmen his predecessors in office who settled the British policy called anti-Russian. They have always and everywhere existed in the determination to maintain national safety and independence, and their correlatives are to be found in every great struggle for freedom. It is not as if, even in these new times, we could compound with a rival victorious for an exclusive application of the squeeze—immunity from the sword guaranteed. No doubt that also was understood by Lord Beaconsfield, though in his day the syndicate-and-squeeze system of enlarging the boundaries of empire had scarcely developed from the idea that it is the safest and cheapest use to which enormous armaments can be put. But the practice was known in principle, and, being known, was liked no better than brute conquest by the original designers of the policy which Disraeli did not invent. We can tell by their spirit, and by their dutiful habit of taking long views, that if the country had to give way they had no preference for its extinction by pressure, squeeze, *peine forte et dur*. The slowness and obscurity of the process (we

have had several touches of it lately, and nobody notices) is a great recommendation to many minds, no doubt. It is found soothing and reconciling; but what is the advantage if, as is very likely, the squeeze will not be carried far before summary execution is attempted? In that case, impoverishment and humiliation first, and the fight after all.

These considerations being fairly weighed, and, above all, note being taken of those grave changes of recent development which put so much out of controversy, what reasonable ground remains for the vilification of Lord Beaconsfield's Eastern policy which has lately broken out in greater confidence than ever? The assertion is that what is now going on in Europe and the East is its final condemnation as vilely conceived and wickedly futile;—that it was not carried out seeming to be considered no abatement of its harmfulness. The mildest expression of hostility or contempt that I have encountered puts it down as an antiquated policy, unsuited to modern requirements. Yet to me it seems that what is now going on in Europe and the East is its perfect vindication, speaking by facts of

the most profound and permanent significance; while as to the antiquation, it can only be understood as meaning that the direction, the action, which sends the machine to the top of the hill, must be abandoned when the time comes for letting it comfortably run down again. In Lord Beaconsfield's day that time was not supposed to have arrived. The difficulties which the Foreign Office had then to meet were no new delivery from a political box of Pandora, but of a common and a constant sort. With hardly a change of shape, they were the same which for ever arise from the contention of races and nations for commerce and empire; and Disraeli's way of dealing with those difficulties had no more of singularity than themselves, and is as little likely to become antiquated. It may drop or die out in places, as even the nations do; but that is another thing. The foresight, the unrelaxing grasp on essentials, the eye for occasion, the understanding that Government is an active force as well as a meditative function—these things which determined Disraeli's policy must live in British statesmanship to-day; or if not, it must be because British statesmanship itself is dead.

II.

Of course I understand that *Maga's* readers have not gone so far into this article without wondering whether it is to be taken as a defence of Disraeli with the main charge excluded from the argument. Again and again they have said to themselves, and in myself I have heard them—"This is all very well, but you do not meet, nor even state, the more particular objections to Lord Beaconsfield's policy. Besides the express assumption in what you say, that

the domination of Russia signifies the subjection of England, there appears to be an implied assumption that England's defensive policy against that event may be continued without regard to certain very dreadful consequences of upholding the Turkish empire, as that policy requires. Here, however, are the two great objections to it—the one political, the other moral. A newer, fresher, more cultured and generous discernment is unable to see that

'the discrowning of England' is to be feared from Russian ascendancy, and even doubts whether the discrowning would be a matter of much consequence if it happened. At the same time, a purer morality denies that England has a right to sustain her empire by means which indirectly but no less certainly lead to the oppression and wholesale massacre of Christian peoples. The two objections are seen more clearly when stated in combination. A doubtfully wise, doubtfully moral, and perhaps impossible opposition to Russian encroachment entails the bolstering of Turkey. The bolstering of Turkey for that purpose is, and was in Lord Beaconsfield's time, participation in the guilt of massacre,—participation for selfish ends. And not that only. The Christian populations of Turkey are oppressed when they are not being murdered; and the repelling of the Russian advance is the exclusion of a saviour. Of all this your defence of Lord Beaconsfield takes no account whatever."

So far it does not; but, of course, with no intention of evading the unevadeable. Nor is there the least desire to do so. Intention, however, there is, and I am in good hope that it will be approved. Not merely for the purposes of this paper, I insist that the standing duty of every British Government to the country (which, of course, includes the faithful observance of national engagements and treaty obligations) should be kept apart from whatever obligations of right and generous feeling towards other countries may at any time arise. There should be no mix-up of them; no risk should be run of confounding them. The duties of a Government—most certainly of a constitutional Government—are ex-

actly those of a trustee, with these differences: All trusts are sacred, but the trust which the Government of a great historic people undertakes is of higher sanctity than any known to the courts of law—as may be measured by the acknowledged duty of a man to sacrifice his life at need for his country's good. Therefore it is a trust that should be executed with unscrupulous fidelity; with no less of that, at any rate, than honest and careful men observe in the business of private life. This should be done because of another and far more notable difference—which is, that the Government of a country is trustee not only for an existing generation or two, but for all that may come hereafter; and looking forward, let us say, to the fourth or fifth generation yet unborn, the trust of a Government is as much for that as for the one which is on the road to extinction to-day.

If, as I contend, every British statesman should be bound by these rules of conduct, especially in foreign affairs, then Lord Beaconsfield was bound by them. You might say, perhaps, that he had no heart, and things of that kind (most trustees are accounted inhuman), but I doubt the possibility of condemning him for his foreign policy in 1876-78 should it appear to have been governed by those rules. At any rate, the fairer course in judging him is first to try his policy by the obligations of his trust—positive and negative, active and passive—and then to see what moral responsibilities he would have thrown or did throw upon his country by allowing no sacrifice of England's welfare at the demand of outraged humanity. This is the course I have taken; and having shown, I think, that Lord Beaconsfield ac-

curately judged the situation, met it with no lack of wisdom or courage on the lines of an established policy since proved right by events—is unassailable, in short, within the duties and obligations of his trust—we have now to see how much he is to blame for not departing from them at the call of alien peoples under barbarous rule.

Although Lord Beaconsfield can, I think, be positively justified against the attacks that are made upon him on this score, he need not lose the benefit of good and reasonable excuse when that minor means of absolution is available. Since none are so unintelligent as not to know that the Turks were guilty of frightful excesses in 1895 and 1896, it is assumed that anybody might have foreseen in 1878 a repetition of the Bulgarian atrocities before long. Therefore Lord Beaconsfield should have foreseen their recurrence, and should have abandoned forthwith a policy of safeguarding British interests by maintaining the existence of an incurably barbarous Government. This was imperatively due to the honour of England, and would have prevented the long series of Armenian horrors. It seems to me, however, that Lord Beaconsfield may be excused if he did not believingly foresee a repetition of misdeeds which were instantly punished with signal and irremediable severity. He could but think their recurrence possible, but surely it was no obvious defect of wit if he thought a keenly deterrent recollection of their punishment far more likely. In the third quarter of the nineteenth century, it was more reasonable to look for better measures as a consequence of the penalty than for a headlong provoking repeti-

tion of the crime. This has often been urged in Lord Beaconsfield's excuse, and should be allowed. And there is a particular reason for doing so which has been overlooked. By universal agreement all that is atrocious in these dealings with the Armenians is the work of the Sultan, and his alone. The work of an individual, that is; and of one who began his reign so well that to change a rooted system of policy upon a forecast of his falling away could not have been avowed with safety.

This brings us to another point, and one of substantial importance. The politicians of our day who say that Lord Beaconsfield should have changed England's Eastern policy after the Bulgarian massacres, are of those who would have driven Lord Salisbury to attack Turkey after the Armenian massacres. Other Englishmen of similar temperament—in fact, the rest of the Disraeli-haunted party—have no doubt that both things ought to have been done upon every consideration of honour and humanity, but that Lord Salisbury was absolved by a necessary regard for certain restraints. And so, indeed, he was; but it is hard to see why Lord Beaconsfield should not be equally excused—if he needs excuse—for he also was under control of the practically impossible.

What is it that he ought to have done, and is condemned for not doing? It is obvious that his accusers could not have been satisfied with a change of heart or a revolution of opinion. If they examine themselves they will find that what they demand of him is not only that, and not only a complete change of policy, but also an *immediate* change of conduct, publicly displayed. A gradual change of policy is not in question. Clearly,

it could have had no effective application to the case. Lord Beaconsfield was to decide at once, on a forecast of Abdul Hamid's turning out not the reforming Sultan he seemed but a murdering despot, upon a complete and proclaimed reversal of England's Eastern policy. It was to be proclaimed, and it was to be acted upon. If now Disraeli's unfriends will turn from ascertaining their demands upon him, and look to the conditions in which he was placed, they will understand their own unreasonableness. Everything that stood between their hearts' desire and its fulfilment when they would have had Lord Salisbury "sweep aside the Powers" and attack Turkey single-handed—treaty obligations, the concert, the partition-spectre—would have confronted England at once had Disraeli proposed that sudden change. But more remains to be said. The country would have forbidden the transaction. That is positive. The Bulgarian agitation was strong—at its zenith irresistible; and it was maintained at a pitch otherwise untenable by a supposed discovery that the invasion of Turkey by Russia had none but the most divinely humane and self-sacrificing motives. But yet the Czar was quite right when he said, amidst these excitements, that there still existed in England "an inveterate suspicion of Russian policy, and a continual fear of Russian aggression and conquest." True. These just suspicions and that provident fear existed all the while, rising almost to violence as the war went on. A transaction between the British and Russian Governments like that so much commended last year would have sent the people into the streets.

But surely, it has been said, some agreement might have been

come to at the beginning of the trouble which would have satisfied the benevolent desires of the Russian Foreign Office, and secured some measure of self-government for the Christian populations of Turkey. It remains a plausible objection, but it was much more so before Prince Lobanoff removed the mask of Christian sympathy and self-sacrifice from the face of Russian policy. "Some agreement" on behalf of oppressed Christians was attempted lately, in very appealing circumstances. It was rejected because it did not suit the programme of Russian advancement. Any attempt of the same character which obstructed the fulfilment of that scheme—to which the independence of the Turkish Christians has ever been offensive—would have certainly failed in 1876. If, then, Lord Beaconsfield is blamed for holding a contrary view, and for taking no pains to act on that contrary view, his case should be re-tried. The only witnesses against him on that score were Imposture, Credulity, and Illusion—agents and allies of the Russian Government till the year before last, when they were slaughtered in the sight of all men as no longer needed. It was on a chill November day, and Prince Lobanoff was the memorable executioner.

That famous despatch of his finished them, quite completely but much too late. As long as they flourished, Lord Beaconsfield's Eastern policy was exposed to a double fire, from both the moral and the intellectual side. As a policy which bolstered up an unspeakable Government for the sake of Britain's material interests, it was a wicked policy, and it was the more wicked because it was foolish. Its justification and sustenance were jeal-

ousy of Russia and fear of the hostile designs of that Government upon our empire in the East. But the jealousy was unworthy, the fear insensate. The abominable Turkish Government was bolstered up to keep out a "bogy"; making a perfect combination of the atrocious and the absurd. And morality was doubly outraged at the bidding of the bugbear; for the bolstering up of Turkey was the repulse of a noble pity and a willing self-sacrifice, mistaken for the mere greed of conquest, which was the bogy. It was generosity and enlightenment to hold that view of the matter, stupidity and inhumanity to abide by the other. Disraeli held by the other. He had no faith in the divine unselfishness of the Russian operations in Turkish territory, no belief in the explanation of them as a simple-hearted endeavour to liberate down-trodden peoples. This which his opponents did believe passionately he coldly denied. The belief was more beautiful than the denial, but it was an illusion. The denial had a bad look of cynicism, but it was only the cynical look of it that was to disappear. That the belief was moral as well as beautiful I do not take upon myself to contradict, nor even that the morality remains with them who entertained it so handsomely. But if the denial was right it can hardly be immoral, and since statesmanship must be guided by facts, and not by illusions, I do not see what immorality was brought into our Eastern policy by rejecting the Russian imposture. And that it was an imposture, a deceit, crowning evidence is supplied by the Russian Government itself. Its conduct in the case of the Armenians is proof so clear that it need not be dwelt upon for a moment. And it is to be re-

marked that while the character of the evidence is peculiarly decisive on this point, it shows in the same most striking way how substantial the bogy is. But just when these justifications of Lord Beaconsfield come out, and *because* of them, his opinions and policy are said to have been quite unexpectedly erroneous and improper.

Disraeli's unadmirers believe, however, that there is a particular and sufficient warrant for their blame in the Armenian massacres themselves; and they would say—do say—that if the Czar would not help them out of their trouble, Lord Beaconsfield got them into it. He got them into it by insisting on replacing them under the Turkish dominion when he revised the Treaty of San Stefano.

All sorts of absurd and ignorant things have been said about that revision, which I would gladly notice, had I space enough at command, on behalf of an English Minister who could at any rate handle his Lobanoffs to considerable effect. The revision of the San Stefano Treaty was, in fact, all he could do in the spirit and to the purpose of his own unpermitted policy. It is often spoken of as if insisted upon for the gratification of one man's perverted mind; but they who talk in this way cannot know, for one thing, what a tremendous burst of anger the publication of the San Stefano Treaty evoked in England. Such a cry would be called in these days an irresistible mandate to get the treaty mended or ended. More to the purpose is the fact that the treaty was revised not by one Government, but by all the great Powers in congress; and that the object of the Congress in relaxing the hold upon Turkey which that instrument gave to Russia was a common

object, which is agreed upon as necessary to this day. Thus the Duke of Argyll, one of the most copious and vehement abhorers of "pro-Turkish" practices, holds that to ward off the Russian domination in Turkey is a cardinal policy for England and the rest of Europe. In a little book published last summer, he suspects that Prince Lobanoff has betrayed in a certain despatch "the worst indication of Russia's real intentions: 'She must mean, then, to stand alone in dealing with Turkey as she pleases,'" which would be unlawful and intolerable. Yes; and the Treaty of San Stefano was not only an indication of the same intention, but a most powerful means of fulfilling it. Therefore something was done at Berlin by the Powers in congress to protect a cardinal policy for England and the rest of Europe.¹

Yet it may be truly said that it was at Lord Beaconsfield's instance specially that tens of thousands of Armenian families who were taken under Russian government by the San Stefano Treaty were handed back again to the Turk—which is the head and front of Disraeli's offending. Thus, and by the utter neglect and failure of the Cyprus Convention (an insincere business), he and his policy are responsible for those awful Armenian massacres. The answer to this I am obliged to state with the utmost brevity, asking 'Maga's' readers to spend a minute or two in making the best of them: the worst, too, if they please, but the worst also. Left

in possession of the great Armenian fortresses of which Kars is the most renowned, the command of Russia in and beyond what is called Armenia would have been complete but for some check; especially, it would have given that Power an easy mastery of the Euphrates Valley. That was a grave consideration with the then trustees of the British empire, and their main reason for insisting that the Russian Armenian frontier, as defined in the San Stefano Treaty, should be pushed back a little. At the same time it was acknowledged that England's duty to herself here was accompanied by a duty to the Christian people restored to Turkish rule. The Cyprus Convention was entered into for the better performance of the one duty and the redemption of the other. England was to defend Turkey from Russian dispossession in her Asiatic provinces; Turkey engaged "to introduce necessary reforms into the Government, and for the protection of the Christian and other subjects of the Porte in their territories," and the English obligation depended on the fulfilment of the Turkish obligation. "Yes; but, in short, the good government and safety of those Christian peoples were risked upon the worthless security of a Turkish promise." No; but on consideration of the valuable security, to the Turks, of the *quid pro quo*. "Upon that? Upon something hardly more substantial, then, than Turkish vows. The whole business was hollow and fantastic. It was a show; the

¹ The Duke of Argyll, one of the two last surviving members of the Cabinet which waged the Crimean war, defends that war on the same ground—by arguments that go to justify the revision of the San Stefano Treaty, which he ridicules and condemns. It is pretty to notice, by the way, that in defending the Crimean war the Duke can write—"Antagonism to Russia on account of her exclusive claims was the inspiring motive of the war. The contest took of necessity the form of supporting Turkey." Why, certainly. But as to other contests of the same character which the Duke of Argyll did not wage—!

parade of a grandiose scheme doomed to disappear almost as soon as seen—which it did, with the massacres to follow.”

As to them, we have already considered whether it was unreasonable *not* to look for a recurrence of Bulgarian atrocities. For the rest, protection of the Christian Armenians under the Cyprus Convention was sincerely meant. If Lord Beaconsfield was weak enough to take promises of reform from Turkey, all Europe has not proved strong enough, up to the middle of this month of February 1897, in obtaining anything else. But he was not content with the promises. We have heard that he immediately appointed special consuls to watch over the treatment of the Christian population, and had he time to do much more? How many months after the Convention was signed did he remain in office? Not very many; and soon after he went out of office, as we have also heard, his consuls were withdrawn by his successors, and the plan failed because it was dropped: just as his whole policy failed because it was first crippled and then cast off. The collapse of the Cyprus Convention must not be laid to Disraeli. Pertaining to a policy which it was meant to re-establish and confirm, it went with the abandonment of that policy, and the substitution of nothing in its place—I call particular attention to this—which might either have protected Armenians from the Turks or the British Government from Russian domination.

Let that be well considered in all its bearings. Disraeli's critics should ask themselves this question: If the old policy had been re-established and confirmed, to the restoration of England's predominant influence at the Porte,

must that influence have been used badly? Does not the Cyprus Convention imply an intention of using it for good, or is there any reason why it should not have been a humane influence in the hands of Disraeli's successors? Suppose England as powerful at the Porte as she used to be, in what way would Lord Salisbury and Lord Rosebery have used her authority? Would the Armenians have been any worse off than they are now, and would not England's position be a prouder one, if not a stronger one, than it is today? I believe I have already given the answer to these questions. By the continuance and honest use of her lost influence and power, England would have forestalled the Russian dictatorship under which the Armenians perished and the Sultan was shielded.

And now how is it, while the ill turn which Lord Beaconsfield is supposed to have brought upon the Armenians is used against him so violently here and so ingeniously there—how is it that there is no recollection of his services to the Christians of the Balkans? Nobody marks the good that Dizzy did at Berlin toward ensuring the independence of the liberated Balkan States; and yet it should be remembered. Those States (one may say it now without fear of being stoned) were not liberated at San Stefano, but detached from the Turkish empire and arranged in the most convenient manner first for Russian use and then for Russian assimilation. There are people who still believe that a happier fate could not befall them. But assimilation is not liberation; and when the freedom, the independence, the self-confidence and prosperity of these States are celebrated, it should be remembered that they were really liberated at Berlin, and that Lord Beaconsfield

was the most earnest and determined of their liberators. Much more from jealousy of the Russians than from love of the Bulgarians, much more as attorney and trustee for the British empire than as a Divine Figure of any description—that must be owned. But when we think of the intrigues, and dragoonings, and kidnappings that the Bulgarians had immediately to fight through, we find the trustee's morality as good as any in that affair. And at the same time we mark, in a possible confederation of free States against Russian absolutism, an appreciable service to what in the time of that trustee was still the greatest as well as the freest empire in the world.

What I should like to dwell upon most, however, I must be content to put in a few words for the reader's own meditation. It all comes into two or three questions. The first is, Whether the policy we have been discussing was dropped because it was bad, or whether it is called bad because it was dropped? The second, Supposing that the policy was dropped because it was bad, was the country left with no policy to succeed it? or if it was followed by a different one, what is the witness to its operation and effects? The old policy was given up many years ago; no Government has acted upon it since Lord Beaconsfield went out of office, or has ever thought of acting on it: that is certain. Can it be said, then,

that the failures, humiliations, and misfortunes which have lately overtaken Britain's prestige and authority are due to the bad abandoned policy? Can this be said fairly if, being found out to be bad seventeen years ago, this policy has never been replaced by a better? In that case, would not the blame lie with those who failed to employ a part of the long interval in devising a safer course, preventive of these very grave failures, humiliations, and misfortunes? If another course has been adopted, these results ensuing, is the blame still Lord Beaconsfield's? If we look only to moral results, is the influence of Russia at Constantinople—which either the no-policy or the new policy has let in—a finer moral spectacle than a Turkish Government under a dominant British influence was, and would be?—would have been lately, for example? And was not British influence paramount at the Porte the main point and centre of the Beaconsfield policy?

Other questions related to these, and equally to the purpose, immediately occur to mind. I conclude with a question of a different sort. Upon any answer to the above, can Lord Beaconsfield be righteously condemned by the Radical party, or be handsomely left for condemnation by the other? For both have to answer the interrogations in the preceding paragraph.

FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

THE POLITICAL PROSPECT.

WHEN Parliament was opened on the 19th of January the political horizon was singularly free from clouds. Since that time it has been crossed by several, which, though they may be trusted to disappear without any serious atmospheric disturbance, do nevertheless detract somewhat from the general satisfaction with which Unionists six weeks ago regarded the political outlook. Then the Arbitration Treaty with America seemed on the point of being concluded. Affairs in South Africa had calmed down. It had come to be generally understood that Lord Salisbury's management of the Turkish question had completely restored the prestige of Great Britain in Europe, and that he had succeeded in bringing round all the other Powers to his own views. The last murmur against our policy in Egypt had almost died away before the brilliant success which had attended it. The Venezuelan boundary question had been settled in a suitable manner. At home it is true that some uneasiness prevailed among Churchmen with regard to the coming Education Bill. But it was not supposed that it would survive the introduction of it. On the question of our military defences and increase of the army the Government had public opinion unmistakably on their side. An Employers' Liability Bill, one of the leading measures of the session, was expected to satisfy all but the most ultra-members of the Labour party. An Agricultural Relief Bill satisfactory to the landed interest in general was already on the Statute-Book. The question of old-age pensions had been intrusted to a small Committee of experts, and the work-

ing classes could be assured that the matter was in train for settlement. Everything looked peaceful and promising. But "the unexpected" was soon to play its usual part in the evolution of human affairs.

Mr Chamberlain's speech in the House of Commons on Friday, January the 29th, was the first thing which jarred on the general sense of security which had hitherto prevailed. From this it appeared that our relations with the Transvaal were by no means such as to warrant us in believing that no causes for immediate anxiety still existed. If laws have been passed by the Transvaal Government contrary to the terms of the Convention of London, and should there be any intention of enforcing them, a situation will arise, we are told, "requiring all our prudence, all our impartiality, and all our patience." Statesmen do not use such words as these for nothing; while the suggestion, emanating from some irresponsible foreign wiseacre, that the question should be submitted to arbitration, though it may be thought too ridiculous for serious notice, is not to be dismissed as wholly free from dangerous or inconvenient consequences.

Mr Chamberlain's speech was followed almost immediately by the news that the Anglo-American Arbitration Treaty was in danger of rejection, or at least that its acceptance depended on our consent to such amendments as robbed it of all its value. The Cretan rebellion has assumed such serious proportions during the current month that it must be ranked among the events which have cast a shadow on the scene; though in its present phase and in the atti-

tude of the other Powers we have an additional testimony to the continued success of our diplomacy.

In Parliament the very first week of the session witnessed an eruption of spleen in the Conservative ranks, which showed for the thousandth time that political loyalty is not proof against personal disappointment. Sir Henry Howorth has been trying for some time, without much success, to induce the world to take him at his own valuation,—an object not so very difficult of attainment if the aspirant will only avoid being a bore. This precaution the hon. member for Salford has neglected to observe; the consequence being that nobody except himself has ever dreamed of him in connection with Ministerial office, for which, in his own estimation, he is eminently qualified. Sir Henry bided his time, and watched for his opportunity; and on the 22d of January he supposed it to have arrived. But he only furnished another example of the man who goes out to gather wool and comes back shorn. He insinuated that the release of the dynamiters by the Home Secretary was the result of a corrupt bargain by which was purchased the support of the Irish members for the Land Bill of last session. Mr Balfour flayed him alive. And then the unhappy man only made matters worse by saying that he meant nothing!

“For Michael Cassio—

I dare be sworn I think that he is honest.”

If it is true that none smart so little as the foolish, the culprit on this occasion was a decided exception. For he felt his punishment keenly; and when, on the Monday following, the Ministerial statement completely satisfied the House, everybody saw how well he

had deserved it. But though the principal offender on this occasion came out of his enterprise in such a sorry plight, the mere fact that he snarled at his master, and found others sitting near him to hound him on, indicates the existence of a spirit in the Unionist ranks which, though confined at present to a few comparatively insignificant members, requires watching, as any real or serious mistake on the part of the Government might cause it to become troublesome—a possibility which received some illustration from the effect of Mr Balfour's speech on the 1st of February in introducing the Financial Resolution preliminary to the Education Bill. In this case the mistake was a real one; but it is only on very rare occasions that the mistake of a Minister can excuse mutiny in a party.

During the whole autumn and winter it had been fully understood that the bill was to be passed in time for the voluntary schools to reap the benefit of it during the present year. Mr Balfour had many opportunities of correcting this impression, and of moderating expectations based upon the language of himself and his colleagues, if he had thought it necessary to do so. But he never uttered a word of caution, or dropped the slightest hint that the Government had not made up their minds to pass the bill by that date. When, therefore, he was heard to say that he doubted whether it would be possible to do so, something like consternation was felt in the ranks of the party, not very much alleviated by his subsequent expression of “a hope” that the bill might pass by that time, or by his assurance that Government would make an effort to accomplish that object. It seems at present

doubtful whether that effort will be successful; and if the bill is not to be carried by the end of the financial year, the *raison d'être* of a short and simple measure confined to voluntary schools falls to the ground. It seems idle to say that they will be no losers by the postponement of the promised relief for another twelve months. But there are more reasons than one for making the despatch of this measure a matter of the gravest urgency. The loss of money to the schools is perhaps the least among them. It is in the loss of reputation by the Government that we see the greatest cause for anxiety. Failure to pass the bill by the appointed date must necessarily be imputed either to mismanagement or indifference, for Ministers had the whole autumn in which to make their calculations, and could have called Parliament together when they pleased; nor can Mr Balfour plead a second time that he was unprepared for the kind of opposition which the bill encountered. The retirement of the Government from the ground which they were universally understood to have taken up will everywhere be interpreted as a sign of weakness. In connection with the collapse of last session, we cannot help being afraid that it will produce a most unfavourable impression on the public mind. Its influence is to be traced at Romford and Walthamstow. And though Bridgeton is reassuring, the behaviour of two English constituencies on which the Unionists confidently relied is even still more significant. The result no doubt was due to a combination of causes. But that this was one of the most influential seems to be generally acknowledged.

The foreign policy of the Government will stand any test that

may be applied to it; but it is only every now and then that it attracts the attention of the constituencies, and their eyes are more generally fixed on the conduct of business in the House of Commons. It is by this that the great body of the public form their estimate of Ministerial capacity; and if a notion once gets abroad that the Government of the day is deficient in the practical energy required for this purpose, it takes a series of extraordinary successes to eradicate it, far less likely to follow than a series of disasters. Without ripping up old sores, we may fairly say that the Government are now on their trial, and that unless some qualities are displayed which were thought to be wanting last year, and have not yet been exhibited this year, more seats will be lost, and the prestige of the Ministry seriously impaired before the next prorogation. We hope with other Unionists that the lost ground may be regained. But it is an awkward thing when the stroke-oar catches a crab at starting.

We forbear for the present to comment on the scheme for the increase of the Army explained by Lord Lansdowne to the House of Lords on February 5. It is enough to say that it is among the minor disappointments which have dimmed the prospect since the opening of the session. However, if we turn to the brighter side of the picture, we have plenty to reassure us. The clouds still darken the sky in one direction, but there is sunshine in another. England is first in the concert of Europe. There is corn in Egypt.

From the side of their foreign policy, the right wing of their position, the Government are unassailable. That is now fortified against all attack, and the battle of the session must be fought at

some other point. The Turkish papers now published and laid before Parliament last month exhibit the six Powers in agreement on the necessity for coercion—a policy which Russia for a time resisted, but ultimately recognised, though only to be used in the last resort by all the Powers combined, and in such a manner as to preserve the integrity of the Ottoman empire. Whether this policy is in the abstract the wisest that could be adopted may be thought an open question. But coercion by all the six Powers combined, and coercion by one alone, are two very different things; and it seems to be believed that when once the Sultan is convinced that the Allies are in earnest there will be no necessity to resort to force. At all events, the line taken, and firmly adhered to, by Lord Salisbury is thoroughly in accordance with British public opinion, and closes the door against all serious attacks from the Liberal or Radical party. The commanding position occupied by the Government on the greatest public question of the day may compensate us for the effect of some other mistakes, which we have no intention of minimising, and are all the more at liberty to criticise, after doing full justice to their statesmanship in foreign affairs.

We cannot indeed say that we go the whole length with Mr Chamberlain as to the comparative value of foreign and domestic questions. National institutions and national character act and react upon each other; and nothing that affects the last can ever occupy a secondary position in the eye of a true statesman. And, what is more, it seems to us that our position in the world is mainly dependent on the preservation of that national character to which our domestic institutions, and therefore our do-

mestic policy, have so largely contributed.

The debate on Egypt, which ended in a majority of just three to one for the Government on February 5, brought no new arguments into the field, for there were none to bring. But both Mr Morley and Sir W. Harcourt have enriched our political experience with another choice specimen of what an Opposition too weak to be responsible can stoop to in the way of faction. Rather than lose the opportunity of a passing hit, they did not hesitate to make an effort to set England and France, and England and Russia, by the ears, and to represent to both these Powers, with whom we are acting in concert, that her Majesty's Government had insulted them! The Chancellor of the Exchequer made a simple statement of facts which have been patent to the whole world for the last ten years, and which neither France nor Russia has ever called in question. France deliberately withdrew from the joint occupation of Egypt when she might have continued it with great advantage both to herself and others, and left England alone to do the necessary work. Is the mention of this fact an insult? Or if it is, why does Mr Morley himself reproach France with her folly in not accepting Lord Salisbury's offer in 1887, which would have terminated the English occupation? If allusion to the one fact is an insult, allusion to the other is surely a much greater one! It is all very well for dog-fighters to set two dogs at each other by pinching their tails, but it is hardly becoming in a British statesman to seek to embroil his country with a foreign Power by the adoption of a similar device.

But this sort of thing is "all the

fun of the fair" in the eyes of the Opposition. The attempt made on the 16th of last month to drag the Government into a premature and therefore most dangerous discussion on the Cretan question was another example of their recklessness. Sir William Harcourt professed the greatest anxiety to say nothing that might embarrass the Government. He only thought Lord Salisbury's words would be taken to mean that England was "actuated by a spirit of hostility to the Greek nation and Greek population wherever situated." The last thing Sir William thinks of is embarrassing the Government,—he would not do it for worlds; and then he calmly delivers himself of a sentence eminently well calculated to make Greece turn a deaf ear to all the representations of this country, and to sow discord among the Powers who are now in close concert.

With regard to the repayment by England of the money contributed by the Caisse, and the object for which it was required—the latter being in reality the main topic of the Opposition—the subject has been so fully discussed already in the columns of 'Maga' that we need not reopen it at present, even if such an inquiry came within the scope of the present paper. But neither on this nor on the Turkish question was it our intention to do more than merely indicate its position in the political view opened out before us. The less familiar point raised in the debate was the legal system now established at Cairo by means of which a decision adverse to this country was ultimately obtained. It is sufficient to observe at present that if the judgment of a court on which the Powers are fully represented can be set aside by a tribunal on which they are only partially represented,

there must be something rotten in such an arrangement which requires prompt examination. This is the common-sense view of the question; and all the well-feigned horror of Sir William Harcourt at the idea of questioning the decision of a court of law will not suffice to overshadow it. We say "well-feigned," because we can hardly suppose Sir William Harcourt to be really ignorant of the history of the mixed tribunals, which are liable to revision every five years, and were only adopted as a remedy for a state of affairs which has now entirely passed away. To claim for the judgment of a provisional institution, established for a temporary purpose and regarded only as an experiment, the sanctity due to a venerable constitutional authority to which nations have bowed for centuries, is—well, what is it? If necessity has no law, desperation has no conscience. Our occupation of Egypt, as Mr Morley himself was obliged to admit, is mainly France's own doing; and she cannot be permitted out of pure vanity to render nugatory the exertions of others in carrying out a necessary work which she refused to undertake herself.

But the most satisfactory feature of the whole debate, if not indeed of the whole session, as far as it has gone, was the manly and straightforward speech of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. He knew what he meant, and he said it. It is time we left off playing with the Egyptian question. And though we cannot fairly charge the Government with not knowing their own minds upon the subject, since here, at least, they have shown no signs of indecision, yet the country at large will be all the better for the few strong words spoken by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, which ought to set all

doubts at rest if any still exist upon the question.

Next to this in "order of merit" comes the loyal alacrity with which the whole Conservative party answered to the call made upon them by Mr Balfour when it became necessary to close the debate on the Financial Resolution. This should surely give him the courage which he seems to want for resolving to show the firmness that is necessary on all occasions, and so to fulfil the promise which was certainly given in the spirit if not in the letter.

We have now noticed both the clouds which have darkened and the promise which still brightens the political prospect. We must therefore pass on, so to speak, to the order of the day—the question which at the present moment is the absorbing one—the Education Question.

The bill itself consists of five clauses. It provides an additional grant of five shillings a-head for the whole number of children in voluntary schools, and abolishes what is known as the seventeen-and-sixpenny limit for all schools. As the working of this last-mentioned arrangement may not be familiar to everybody, we may as well explain that the parliamentary grant of seventeen and sixpence a-head was supposed to represent half the cost of each child's education; the principle adopted by the Newcastle Commission in 1858—namely, that the parliamentary grant should equal half the cost of education—having been always in theory adhered to. When in 1876, to meet the increased cost, the grant was raised to the amount at which it now stands, it was calculated that the cost was thirty-five shillings a-head; and it was further provided that whatever the school might earn by proficiency over

and above that limit, should not be recognised by the Department unless the local subscriptions should be raised to the same extent. After the seventeen-and-sixpenny limit had been reached, the parliamentary grant and the local income were to balance each other, but not before. The grant to the voluntary schools is now to be increased by 5s. a-head, which, however, will do little more than represent the increased cost of education since 1876, now amounting to 40s. a-head. But there will be nothing to prevent the school from receiving all which it can earn in excess of this amount. By the third clause of the bill the voluntary schools are exempted from rates. This provision was most ably defended in the debate by Sir Robert Finlay, who observed that while a great boon to the schools, the loss to the rates would be only a feather in the scale compared with what would be lost by exempting board schools. But the most contentious part of the bill is the proposed association or federation of schools, the object of which is to ensure the best possible distribution of the grant. The managers of each association will form a board, whose business it will be to advise the Department on this subject. Sir John Gorst explained the working of the proposed arrangement at some length. The extra grant will not be given to all voluntary schools, but only to such as stand in need of it; and the managers of each association will, it is thought, be better judges of such matters than the Education Department. We believe the idea is distasteful to some, at all events, of the Government supporters; and as for another board, we have too many boards already. But if the plan is adopted, we trust it will be an understood

thing that the word "necessitous" refers to every kind of expenditure which is forced upon voluntary schools by the authorities in Whitehall. If the word is restricted exclusively to the cost of teaching, and managers are forbidden to use any part of the money in aid of other compulsory expenses, it is feared in many quarters that the relief so afforded will be illusory.

It will be observed that, in spite of all the Government assurances—in spite of what they know to be the truth—the whole Radical party both in and out of Parliament have persisted in representing the new Education Bill as a final measure. What a shame not to relieve necessitous board schools, while the working man is taxed for the relief of voluntary schools! What a shame to leave out Scotland! And more to the same effect. Statements of this kind are simple, wilful, and unqualified falsehoods. The working man will not be taxed for the benefit of the voluntary schools. Scarce a halfpenny of the additional grant will come out of *his* pocket, and nobody reminds him of what a very much heavier school-rate he would have to pay if voluntary schools were allowed to perish. Necessitous board schools are not left out. Scotland is not left out. The Government have a large scheme in hand which includes both. Last year they tried to do everything at once, and the Opposition prevented them. This year they are doing one thing at a time, and the same Opposition are equally obstructive. We do implore the working men of Scotland and England not to be led astray by such gross untruths as were palmed off on the electors of Walthamstow, and to some extent on the electors of Bridgeton. Necessitous board schools, and

Scotch schools as well, will both be attended to in their turn. Their claims are recognised, and are likely to be much more speedily satisfied if taken one by one than if all thrown together into a single bill, as we may learn from the history of last session. It would be no real kindness to either to hurry legislation on the subject. Such an attempt could only defeat itself. If two men ride on a horse, one must ride behind; and if there are three, only one can be in front.

People write and talk as if, after the present session, parliamentary government were coming to an end. But let them consider what would have been the position of necessitous board schools now if a limited measure like the present one had been carried last year. Their turn would have arrived, and they would be now about to receive that equitable consideration to which no doubt they are entitled. Then let them look to this time next year, or perhaps to an earlier date, and ask themselves what their position will be then, if the present bill is not passed. It is a very disheartening, not to say sickening task, to be constantly engaged in exposing such impudent falsehoods as are dangled before the eyes of the working classes. It is impossible to demolish them as fast as the fabricator can spin them.

(GRASSHOPPER)

"Destroy his fib or sophistry! in vain:
The creature's at his dirty work again."

The creature is a rapid workman. But unless Conservatives and Unionists will stoop to the labour of sweeping away his flimsy fictions, unless they will dog his tracks, and follow him from street to street and from house to house, with written exposures of his calumnies, such as every man can

understand, he will continue to do irreparable mischief.

We observe, however, that on the first night of the debate the Opposition felt itself compelled to abandon this particular attack in favour of another in which Mr Morley took the lead. They now say that the Government never intended at first to do anything for the necessitous board schools, but have been driven to promise it by the action of their opponents. Why, on the very first night when the subject was introduced—i.e., February 1—Mr Balfour, in moving the financial resolution, stated that the relief of necessitous board schools was an object to be dealt with at an early date, and that if the Opposition allowed the present bill to pass without any unreasonable delay there would be no difficulty in introducing a further measure this session. If such a measure is not introduced, it will be the fault of the Opposition and not of the Government. They may make it impossible, and then taunt the Government with the consequences. That would be quite of a piece with their usual methods. But it is almost incredible that such tactics should impose on the public after the experience of last session.

There is also another kind of misrepresentation to which the secularists are equally addicted. There is a very small minority of board schools which are necessitous, and a very small minority of voluntary schools which are not. These two minorities are studiously selected for contrast, the great majority on either side being kept carefully in the background. Then it is said, How infamous to relieve the one and neglect the other! This ingenuous artifice has been highly successful, and Sir William Harcourt made great play with it last session.

It naturally reappeared on the second reading of this year's bill, and was virtually embodied in Mr M'Kenna's amendment, on which the main battle was fought. This was defeated after three nights' debate by a majority of 205, when the bill was read a second time without a division. But the Opposition were clearly reserving their strength for Committee, and when Mr Balfour rose to wind up the debate he found that he had very little to reply to. As we have had occasion to point out before, the sessional debates are now so largely anticipated by the platform oratory of the autumn that it was hardly possible for any one speaking on the principle of the bill to say anything which has not been said already in October, November, or December.

What lies at the bottom of the Opposition argument, stripped of all circumlocution, seems to be the assumption that what the rates are to the board schools the denominational purse ought to be to the voluntary schools. Even supposing that it ought, the fact remains that they are not equally bottomless. Private subscriptions can never be an equivalent for the rate to which there is practically no limit; nor can any possible amount of private liberality ever make them so in the vast majority of rural districts, if indeed in any. The argument, therefore, involves the further assumption that voluntary schools are to remain permanently inferior to board schools. But such was certainly not the intention of the Act of 1870; nor is it in accordance with the public opinion of the present day. It is believed by the majority of the British nation to be a matter of public concern that schools in which real religious teaching is given should be maintained at such a level of efficiency as to prevent

them from being supplanted by others in which it is not given. If this standard cannot be sustained without a further State grant, over and above that which is assigned to the board schools, such grant must be allotted, and if the present grant now proposed is not enough, it must be increased. This is what the country says. This is the voice of that religious sentiment which has been so generally evoked throughout the kingdom by the education controversy, and it is one of which the Government should rather do everything to stimulate the growth than in any way dishearten or repulse. They have now the opportunity. Let them only place themselves at the head of the religious movement, and they will never have reason to repent it.

The board schools have nothing whatever to complain of in the Government proposals. They have got all they want. They have an unlimited fund to draw upon without troubling the Exchequer; and they have no earthly right to interpose between the Government and the voluntary schools and declare that the latter, which are in urgent need of pecuniary assistance, shall receive none unless others which are in no want of it receive it also. Yet this is what is called equality. If of two given individuals one possesses £5 and the other £6, we do not make their riches equal by giving each of them £1 more. It would obviously be no advantage to the voluntary schools to be treated in an analogous fashion. Their absolute strength might be increased, but their relative weakness would remain. Both board schools and voluntary schools might be raised to a higher level, but the distance between them would be just the same.

The survival of the voluntary schools depends on their ability to cope with a competition conducted on unfair conditions, and directed to an ulterior object wholly alien from the original purpose of the Legislature. It is from this attempt, in which lies the root of the so-called disturbance of the settlement of 1870, but which is in reality a return to it, that the voluntary schools desire to be relieved, and the board school Radicals refuse to relieve them. It matters comparatively little what are the respective incomes of the rival schools. What does matter is, that both should be equally adequate to the demands made upon them. It is less the augmentation of their own resources which is essential to the security of the voluntary schools than the diminution of the pressure put upon them by the board schools and the ever-increasing requisitions of the Education Department. The other side are doing everything in their power to conceal the real issue from the public by scattering broadcast those well-worn commonplaces which have done good service in their day, but are now only empty anachronisms. They, however, are the true offenders against these time-honoured watchwords, who are using false weights, and under cover of resisting the form of inequality are seeking to perpetuate the substance.

The ultimate goal at which they aim is, however, only too plain. If they can prevent the voluntary schools from being placed on a more efficient footing, they hope to drive them back upon rate aid and popular control, from which it will be an easy step to convert them into board schools. Their success, however, would only be a Pyrrhic victory, and that for two reasons. In the first place, it is calculated

that to substitute board schools for voluntary schools would cost the public nearly five millions, instead of two and a half, annually. In the second place, universal board schools would mean the negation of religious teaching as understood by the people at large. And such a system the people of this country would never consent to support. With the disappearance of the voluntary schools would commence the agitation against board schools, which in a very short time would follow their victims to the grave. What would come after it is impossible to say. The country, as Mr Balfour said, might possibly tolerate, though he did not think it would, either the Scotch or the Irish system; but in default of these there was no other plan possible than to keep up voluntary schools and board schools together, and no other way of doing it than the one laid down in the bill.

The friends of voluntary schools who are in favour of rate aid seem never to have considered how it is to be levied. It must be given by some local body—either the school board, as originally proposed in Mr Forster's bill, or by the town or parish council, or by some kindred authority.¹ Is the local body to be compelled to give this aid, or is it to be at its own discretion? If the former, that would be taxation without representation; if the latter, then the rate might be granted at one time and refused at another. It must be either compulsory or capricious,—the one leading directly to popular control, the other placing the schools in a position in which they would never know their own incomes from year to year, and after incurring liabilities in reliance on the rate, might suddenly find themselves deprived

of it. It would be in vain for them then to try to regain subscribers who had naturally retired when rate aid was adopted.

There is yet another point to be considered ere we can admit that any parallel at all exists between voluntary schools and board schools, whether necessitous or not. When it was supposed twenty - seven years ago that voluntary schools would be able to hold their own, primary education was something very different from what it has become since. What the voluntary schools undertook to do was to give elementary education as it was then understood, without any further State aid. As this elementary education has gradually expanded, the board schools have met the growing cost by an increasing rate. The one has risen in proportion to the other. They have been authorised to pay their additional expenses out of public money. Thus if they were now to receive an additional grant because one was given to the voluntary schools, they would be paid twice over for the same thing, a result which seems likewise to have escaped the notice of a good many writers on education.

Now that the bill is in Committee, no time must be lost. Mr Balfour cannot be too strongly urged to use all the means at his disposal for ensuring its being placed on the Statute-book by the date originally suggested. We hope that it is not yet too late to fulfil those expectations for which the Government themselves are responsible. In an article published in 'Maga' last July, under the title of "The Closure and Common-Sense," we pointed out that no false delicacy need

¹ See speech of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach at Bristol, October 29, 1896.

now deter any Government from making use of the instrument which Parliament has placed in their hands. "Old times are changed, old manners gone." An entirely new mode of opposition has superseded the system known to Peel, Russell, and Tiernay. To meet the new method of attack we must employ a new method of defence. The tactics of Frederick the Great were found useless against Napoleon. The closure, as we said last year, must now be accepted as one of the regular organs of parliamentary procedure. We sympathise with the reluctance of Conservatives to have recourse to a system so little consistent with their own principles and traditions. But they need neither be ashamed nor afraid of exercising a power which has now become absolutely essential to freedom of legislation, and which their opponents are certain to employ without any constitutional scruples if ever their turn comes round again. Mr Balfour has to choose between two alternatives which are both extremes. He may either let legislation take its chance, thinking it enough that the people know the reason why; or he may secure the efficiency of parliamentary government by curtailing some of that liberty which members seem determined to abuse. He may either abdicate his functions, or uphold them by main force. The great party which he leads must decide between these alternatives, and let him know which they prefer, not only for the Education Bill, but for all Bills—not only for this session, but for all sessions. Which will they have? Will they con-

sent to be contemptible for fear of being called tyrannical; or will they exert that authority which is vested in all Governments for their own protection, and throw themselves on the support of the public, who desire nothing more than to see an end to vacillation and indecision in the conduct of public affairs, and are ripe for almost any measures which may have the desired effect.

Seasons may arise when the departure from those maxims and principles which guide our conduct on ordinary occasions becomes a sacred duty, in obedience to a higher law. Such a situation creates grave responsibilities, from which, however, no statesman, no honest and courageous citizen, ought to shrink. At the present moment every man is bound to consider by what means the efficiency of the Queen's Government, and the usefulness of the House of Commons, can be most successfully maintained. We must not sacrifice the end to the means. If, owing to such changes as we have just referred to, the action of the party system threatens to impede instead of assisting the progress of legislation, the maxims which held good at a previous period may no longer have any claim upon us. Freedom of debate is a privilege of great price. But it may be necessary to contract its limits in order to preserve its life; and statesmen who recognise this truth, and have the courage to act upon it, are the real friends of parliamentary institutions, and not those who would earn a little cheap popularity by denying or deriding it.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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RECENT BOOKS—FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

THERE could scarcely be a more curious literary sensation than to open a book by a French roman-cist, bearing all the appearance of a novel, and find in it, instead of those wearisome intrigues, enlivened more or less by sparks of wit, degraded more or less by noisome details of uncleanness, to which we are accustomed in that kind of production, a Pilgrim's Progress, neither less nor more,—the struggle of a soul, disgusted with vicious life and all its accompaniments, to find an opening into purer air, into faith and hope. That this should come to us under the name of a writer whose command of the varieties of circumstance in vice, and its favourite sentiments and descriptions, the dreadful lore of the so-called Realist, is well known, and certifies its popularity by a stamp

of *seizième édition* on its title-page, makes the wonder still more remarkable. Has France begun to disgust herself with her own special form of literature, and to learn that the obscene and impure are as dull as they are loathsome subjects of study, and that nothing is more monotonous than the record of vice in which she has so long tried to find entertainment? We think there are signs to this effect even in general literature; but so singular a work as the one¹ before us could not be other than individual, and we cannot suppose that it marks any common movement, or is anything but the strange story of a soul satiated, disgusted, sickened by a life which at the same time does not seem to have been any worse than that of the ordinary hero of a French novel. The effect pro-

¹ *En Route*. By J. P. Huysmans.

duced by a *jeunesse orageuse* upon a man in the maturity of forty, attracted by better things, but unable to drag himself out of the evil habits which cling to him like the limbs of Victor Hugo's devil-fish—haunted by horrible imaginations, even more when alone than when in the worst company, yet all the while straining and struggling to escape from the dreadful *impasse* in which he finds himself,—makes a very strange and novel picture, almost too sombre and terrible for the common eye. It is perhaps fortunate that such a struggle could scarcely ever find utterance in the natural reticence of English speech, and we do not know how the translator (for the book has been translated into English) can have managed to adapt it for ordinary reading; but the history of the recovery and conversion of Durtal is very novel and remarkable, and, as coming out of the centre of Parisian life and realistic literature, the most astonishing and impossible thing, though with every sign of truth, even fact, that could be conceived. "Oh wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" would be a more appropriate motto than the sentence from St Bonaventura which appears on the title-page; but it need scarcely be said that among the crowd of saints quoted in the book St Paul has no place, and that the methods adopted for the saving of the sinful soul are scarcely his.

It is, however, of this subject that the book is full. Durtal, the hero, a man of letters and of the world, is suddenly presented to us in the last place in which we should expect to find the type of the cultured and unmoral Parisian, in the Church of Saint Sulpice, in which, indeed, his primary object

is to listen to the music for which it is famous, yet where he has wandered in his forlorn and painful search after some influence which can save him from himself and the world. The reader will at once perceive that this personage, so much unlike the many other members of his class whom we have known, must have been introduced first in some preliminary work: but we do not advise him to search for M. Durtal's antecedents in the book entitled *La-bas*, which represents him as still in the midst of the usual adventures which are supposed to be the commonplace of a young Frenchman's life, although already moved by the disgust with vice which is about to throw him into the arms of the Church as the only possible way of deliverance. This disgust is in full possession of his being; but his case is not one to be reached by the ordinary means, by the sermon which he hears going on in the distance of the great scarcely lighted church while he takes his seat in the darkness behind the altar to await the music. He hears the ordinary but indistinguishable voice of the preacher, which he recognises, "*à la vaseline de son débit, à la graisse de son accent,*" to be that of "*un prêtre solidement nourri,*" giving forth the usual commonplaces of "*ces gargotiers d'âmes*" to his little congregation. Our sick and sorry sinner has nothing to do with these habitual discourses. He has been more or less interested in the mysteries of occultism, and even in the mysteries deeper still of some foul travesty of religion known as "*Satanism,*" in which an apostate priest, with a small secret number of depraved followers, carries on awful rites, to the great curiosity at least, if no more, of Durtal and his friends. Indeed, in *La-bas* Durtal himself is

drawn into a particularly loathsome intrigue in order to penetrate the secret of this horrible sect, and succeeds in being present at a *Messe Noire* in honour of the Devil, which, however, the writer has failed to invest with any intellectual horrors, so that we are left wholly unmoved, except by disgust, by the narrative with which he evidently hoped to shock and stun us.

The occult and the Satanic have, however, both failed in exercising any influence over Durtal, and he is now obliged to confess that only in the Church can he find relief. The difficulty with which a highly educated Frenchman of his class acknowledges this conclusion, half in despair, half in shame, is, however, very powerfully shown. The first point is made by the music which he loves, and we have a lengthened but brilliant description of the effect of the "De Profundis" and the "Dies Iræ" sung by the choir of Saint Sulpice: and afterwards amid the strange mystic old-world charm of the little ancient church of Saint Severin, neglected and beautiful, where he attends the Sunday Mass, taking refuge in a dark corner, hiding himself and his strange emotions—for the fear of being taken for a fool was still strong upon him; "the idea of being seen on his knees in a church filled him with horror; the thought, if ever he communicated, of rising, meeting everybody's gaze as he went forward to the altar, was intolerable to him."

Strange adventures, however, befell him as he roamed from one church to another, always enveloped in his own thoughts. Once he found himself by hazard in the chapel of a convent buried in the depths of shabby streets, a shabby little chapel full of nuns in their long veils, of a whole

pensionnat of girls, and a dim background of other women, himself the only man visible.

"The atmosphere became extraordinary; this furnace of souls warmed the ice of the little building. These were no longer the wealthy vespers of St Sulpice; they were the vespers of the poor, the vespers of a family, in the plain-song of the fields, followed by the faithful worshippers with a prodigious fervour, in an abstraction of inconceivable silence. Durtal felt himself transported into the depths of a village, of a convent; his heart melted, his soul rocked as in a cradle by the monotonous breadth of the singing. He felt a real impulse, a dumb necessity, to pray also to the Incomprehensible: surrounded by these breathings, penetrated by the influences of the place in which he found himself, it seemed to him that his being dissolved, that he could even participate far off in the tender unity of these simple souls. He tried to remember a prayer, but recalled only that which St Paphnucius taught to Thaïs when he said to her, 'Thou art not worthy to name God, thou canst only pray thus: *Qui plasmasti me, miserere mei*. Thou who hast created me, have mercy upon me.' He faltered this humble phrase, praying not for love or for contrition, but in disgust of himself, in the powerlessness of getting free of himself, in regret that he could not love. Then he thought of saying the *Pater*, but stopped short in the idea that this prayer was the most difficult of all when the weight of its words is fully considered. Do not we declare to God in fact that we have forgiven the sins of our neighbour? But among those who address these words to God, how many have pardoned their neighbours?"

From this strange mixture of sentiments Durtal is roused by seeing the priest and the beadle looking at him, and presently the latter approaches him, as he supposes with the intention of bidding him leave the church, as the only man in such an assemblage

of women. But the official's mission is of a very different kind. It is to inform Durtal that it is the custom in the procession of the Sacrament, which is about to take place, that the men present should take the lead, walking at the head of the women. Startled, not able to escape, the astonished *flâneur* finds himself with a candle in his hands, which he can ill manage, circling round the little chapel with all the white community behind him! not beautiful nuns of romance but working Sisters of the Poor, with homely weather-beaten faces, and hands rough and red with labour. Nothing could have been easier than to turn such a scene into ridicule. But though we see the puzzled confusion of the fine gentleman, his fastidious disgust at those homely figures, his horror at his own position, even the difficulty of kneeling, when he is placed, still more to his horror, on the steps of the altar while the service is brought to a conclusion—*il n'avait pas l'habitude de cette posture*—yet we are by this time too much interested in Durtal's difficulties to be tempted even to a smile. He reviews these difficulties, going on with a continual reverie which, however, never loses its interest through all the impossibilities as they appear to him of reconciling his new-born faith with his life. How, he asks himself, has he become once more a Catholic—how has he reached to that point?

"And Durtal replied to himself. 'I know not; all that I know is that, after having been for years an unbeliever, now I believe. Let us see, however [he added to himself], the reason of it, if in the obscurity of such a subject good sense may still hold its place.'

"My surprise arises from preconceived ideas on the subject of conversions. People talk of a sudden and

violent convulsion of the soul, a thunder-stroke, or else of the Faith making at the end an explosion in ground already carefully mined. It is very evident that conversions can be brought about either in one or the other of these ways, for God acts according to His pleasure; but there must be a third way, which is no doubt the most ordinary, that which the Saviour has employed with me. There has been no road to Damascus, no events leading to a great crisis; all that has happened is that, waking one fine morning, without knowing how or why, the thing is done."

But this conviction, which has come upon him so suddenly, is as yet of little potency to heal the troubles of his soul.

"Like all unbelievers he had said to himself before his conversion, 'If I once believed that Jesus was God, and that eternal life was not an illusion, I should not hesitate to change all my habits, to follow as much as possible the rules of religion, to make my life at all events chaste.' And he wondered much that people whom he had known, under the same conditions as himself, should not hold an attitude superior to his. He who had for long been so indulgent to himself became singularly intolerant as soon as a believer was in question.

"He perceived now the ignorance of his judgments, and began to understand the abyss which lay between belief and action; and though he had no desire to discuss this question with himself, yet it returned upon him and overcame him, notwithstanding his reluctance, obliging him to confess the folly of his arguments and the contemptible nature of his resistance. He was frank enough to say to himself, 'I am no longer a child; if I believe, if I admit the Catholic faith, I cannot conceive it as lukewarm and floating, continually renewed by the fumes of a false zeal. I desire neither compromises nor truce, alternations of debauch and of holy communion, now libertine and now pious. No, all or nothing: a change from the foundation, or no change at all.'

"But the next moment he drew back terrified, attempting to fly before the decision which it was his duty to make, exhausting himself in efforts to excuse himself, with arguments that lasted for hours, invoking the most miserable reasons for remaining as he was.

"What shall I do? If I obey the command which becomes more and more imperious in me, I am preparing myself a life of remorse and revolts: for I know very well that I ought not to pause for ever on the threshold, but enter into the sanctuary and remain there. And if I decide—ah no, how can I?—for then I should have to bind myself to a mass of observances, submit to a succession of exercises, go to Mass on Sunday, fast on Friday, live like a bigot, look like a fool."

These reflections are embittered by his recollections of people who follow these rules—*des gens assidus dans les églises*; the *pécores pieuses*, whom he holds in contempt; and the priests, mediocre and lukewarm, who form the common stock of the servants of the Church. "I see myself telling all this to the priests!" he cried.

"They will tell me that it is not my business to occupy myself with questions of mysticism, and in exchange they will present me with a little religion, *une religionette*, fit for a sick woman: they will endeavour to mix themselves up in my life, to press me concerning my soul, and insinuate their tastes; they will try to convince me that Art is a danger; they will force imbecile books upon me; they will feed me with their veal-broth of piety. And I know myself: at the end of two interviews I will revolt, and return to my former fare."

While he is thus painfully engaged in discovering what he must do to reach the higher life, Durtal—who had completed in the earlier part of his history the life of a certain Maréchal des Rais, a monster of iniquity, who illustrat-

ed the fifteenth century and was an adept in the black mysteries of the worshippers of the Devil—now turns to the opposite extreme, and determines to devote himself to the elucidation of the life and writings of the Blessed Lidwine, a Dutch saint and mystic of still earlier date. In searching for information on this subject he encounters in a bookseller's shop the Abbé Gévresin, with whom he has many walks and talks upon the subject of this saint and others, and finally on the whole mystic world of the cloister, and on the Reparation to which many converts dedicate themselves—"that law of the substitution, that marvel of absolute Charity, that superhuman victory of Mysticism." It is to this priest that Durtal addresses himself when his troubles prove too great to be borne, and in whom he finds the most gentle and tolerant of guides. At one bitter moment, when the penitent is almost overwhelmed by fierce temptations, chiefly of the well-known ancient kind which drove to frenzy the fathers in the desert,—the dancing *nudités* and carnal fascinations which not only the French mind, but the Catholic Church in general, reckons as the great and continually repeated ordeal through which the saints have to pass,—the Abbé, when everything else fails, delivers Durtal by transmitting his case to some of the communities of the Reparation, who suffer, do penance, and pray for him, till he is for the time delivered from these terrible obsessions.

Finally, the Abbé sends his penitent to a monastery of La Trappe, whither the Parisian, with all his hesitations and revolts of intelligence, goes unwillingly and with much alarm, lest the stern *régime* should crush his agitated mind

and body altogether. The picture of the monastery thus placed before us from within is very curious. It is divided into a small band of fathers, in the white robes of their Cistercian order, men of culture and intelligence as well as of the most absorbed devotion, and a larger body of *frères converses*, who do the hard work of the farm and household, silent figures filling the body of the chapel in kneeling lines, half distinguishable in its dimness, through the dark hours of the night from two o'clock in the morning, when these heroic worshippers begin their day of prayer and toil. Nevertheless, though the lay brothers are without privilege or enlightenment, it is among them that the highest examples of devotion, and the most touching pity, are found by the stranger. His first night in his cell is a terrible one, defiled and tortured by the images most foreign to such a house of purity and prayer. Waking from his troubled sleep before the hour (four o'clock) which is granted to the unaccustomed penitents, he makes his way to the chapel in the middle of the wintry night:—

"It was quite dark; high up in the wall a round window (*œil-de-bœuf*) broke through the darkness like a red moon.

"He made a step in advance, then crossed himself and drew back, for his foot had struck a human body. He looked down at his feet; he was entering upon a battlefield. Human forms lay on the floor in the attitude of combatants swept down by artillery, some lying flat, some on their knees, some with their hands on the ground as if struck in the back, others with their fingers crossed on the breast, holding their head in their hands, or stretching out their arms; but from this group of sufferers there arose no groan, no cry.

"Durtal gazed stupefied at this

massacre of monks. A ray of light now fell from a lamp which the sacristan had placed in the choir, and, traversing the building, lighted up a monk on his knees before the altar dedicated to the Virgin.

"He was an old man above eighty, immovable as a statue, his eyes fixed, leaning forward in such a rapture of adoration as eclipsed all the pictured saints of the Old Masters, who near him would have seemed cold and pale.

"Yet the head was common and unrefined: close shaven, without even the circle of hair round the tonsure, weatherbeaten by sun and rain, to the colour of brick: the eye veiled by the mist of age: the face wrinkled, furrowed like an old tree, half-buried in an underground of white hairs: the nose broad, completing the insignificance of the features. Yet there issued forth—not from the eyes, not from the lips, yet everywhere, and from no special part—a sort of angelic sentiment which diffused itself upon that head, which enveloped all the lowly form. The soul in this case did not even give itself the trouble of reforming and ennobling the physiognomy, but contented itself with annihilating the outward part as with a radiance of heaven: it was as if the nimbus of the ancient saints, dwelling no longer round the head, but extending over every line, bathed his whole being in a pale, almost invisible glory."

This old man turns out to be the swineherd of the house, at the same time the only one among them who, when an instance of Satanic possession (not reckoned extraordinary at La Trappe) occurred, was able to cast out the demon. Durtal, coming suddenly into this atmosphere of prayer from the horrors of his troubled night, falls upon the floor amid all these rapt and noiseless worshippers, and for the first time feels himself capable of opening his heart to God.

The other lay brother who glides through this extraordinary scene, silent, not a word in his mouth,

comes and goes like a spirit in the very skilful, very tender picture. Durtal has strayed out into the woods, still rent and torn with his temptations, and unable to raise his thoughts from the earth.

"He strayed slowly along till he came to the little pond, and then pausing, raised supplicating eyes to the cross. When he withdrew his gaze he suddenly met a look so full of emotion, so full of pity and sweetness, that he stopped short, and the look disappeared with the silent salutation of the lay brother who passed him by.

"He has read my soul," said Durtal to himself, "and oh, how much reason has the charitable monk to pity me!" He remembered to have remarked in the morning this tall youth praying in the chapel with great fervour."

Later, he perceives again in this chapel

"the young man whose look of pity had strengthened him. He was about twenty, robust and tall, his face a little worn, but at once masculine and tender, with emaciated features, and a fair beard which descended on his breast."

The eyes of this gentle young brother console the penitent, his look of pity and interest seem to shine upon us from the dark background. When Durtal is taking his leave at the end of his retreat, departing as unwillingly as he came, he sees at the bottom of the court "two eyes gazing at him, the eyes of Brother Anoclet, which bade him from afar, without a gesture, adieu." We confess that this suggestion of humble and natural liking, full of human feeling, touches us more than the suave and gentlemanly monks, always ready with an answer to every difficulty, never startled by the struggles which convulse their penitent, sure of conquering in one way or other the devil who

assails him. There are a number of them, one more resourceful than the other, ministering to the mind diseased, with the certainty of surgeons performing operations in which they have all the force of experience as well as knowledge. They are all somewhat too great and good for human nature's daily food, of which, by the way, they have so little that it scarcely counts. Durtal too has very little, but yet noble fare beside that of the professed—a greasy little mess of vegetables cooked *à l'huile*, being their only provisions, and these at certain seasons only once a-day; while Durtal has an egg, a little cheese, a little wine. He is offered milk for his breakfast, but very injudiciously prefers wine, which shows he has not profited much by his friendship with the doctor who appears in the first part of his life. However, the more than frugal *menu* and the terrible spiritual sufferings to which he has been subjected at La Trappe notwithstanding, he leaves the monastery almost in despair, feeling that there alone can he be sure of maintaining the devotion without which his soul will lose again all the elevation, the peace, the occasional impulses of joy which he had attained to in that abode of prayer.

This is a sufficiently discouraging end to all the struggles of the soul, since if every penitent were to bury himself in a cloister, that would be a sad interruption of all the traditions of Christianity. However, the existence of this book is more remarkable than its conclusions. Here is a lengthy and close-printed volume in the well-known form of French romance, in which the sole theme, never dropped for a moment, is, in the terms of an older generation, the saving of a soul: and we avow that the saving of Durtal's soul

has held our interest as strongly as any breathless narrative of adventure or story of love. It is a sign of the times which we do not know how to interpret, or whether to consider it accidental, depending merely upon the genius or popularity of the writer who sets it before us. But M. Huysmans is not, so far as we know, more popular or more remarkable than many others, while his book is, so far as we are aware, unique. We know no English writer who would dare to produce a corresponding work. There used to be, forty or fifty years ago, pious biographies which were, perhaps, as completely occupied with the process of religion in the soul; but, as they were authentic lives, they were naturally reticent, and kept the secrets of their heroes or heroines. Nothing in English that we know of since Bunyan has been so open as this. And even in Bunyan there are bursts of story which soften the strain. Perhaps a severe critic would say that the perverse mind might pick out a certain thread of evil suggestion even from the records of Durtal's temptations: but this certainly would not tell with any worthy reader, while the unworthy would find the thread much too slender to support their interest.

On the other hand, the curious machinery of penitence in which the sufferer is placed as in a strait-jacket, the prescribed routine through which he has to go,—the *Petit Office de la Sainte Vierge* which he is recommended to say before her altar when there is nothing else going on; the tormenting question whether it is ten *chapelets*, or only ten beads of the *chapelet*, which his confessor

directed him to say (but that was a false debate created by Satan himself to confuse the sinner's soul), are all very strange to us. To do him justice, however, Durtal is more confused than edified by the *chapelet*: and the occasional bursts of personal address to God and the Redeemer which come from his lips are very unconventional, full of that simplicity of appeal from one intelligent being (be it said with reverence) to another infinitely above him, which all the organisations of prayer tend to suppress, but which on the whole seem to indicate the most close *rapprochement* possible between God and man. On the whole, the book is very remarkable and well worthy of consideration. We hope it may be received at least as an indication that French writers are beginning to discern that there are things in heaven and earth more interesting as well as more important than the records of illicit and filthy *amours*. We use the French word in preference, not to sully the divine name of love with any such suggestions. Durtal's possession, in the midst of the new life struggling in his heart, by the hideous recollections and images of vice which he abhors yet cannot banish from his imagination, conveys a shuddering idea of the weight which a licentious man binds upon his own shoulders, and some conception of the condition of those in whom the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched.

M. Anatole France¹ may almost be said to abuse the franchise of this new impulse (if there is anything so general as a new impulse) in his last work. It is true that his previous books have contained

¹ L'Orme du Mail. Par Anatole France, de l'Académie Française. Calman Levy, éditeur.

much more thought and speculation than romance or story; but even *Les Opinions de M. Jerome Coignard* have a strong thread of character which keeps up an interest less severe than that of philosophy and discussion of general questions. *L'Orme du Mail* is, as it calls itself, a chapter of *Histoire Contemporaine*, but it is one in which every suggestion of human interest is confined to the contrast of character in the talk of the notables of a small town,—from the skilful and suave Cardinal Archbishop to the bookseller in whose shop several of these worthies find a place of meeting, besides that of the bench under the great elm in the Mall, or public promenade, which gives the book its title. Not a female figure—except for a page or two, those inevitable to a dinner-party—crosses the busy street or airy terrace upon which *ces Messieurs* discuss their different interests: which perhaps is a not unnatural reaction against the reign of women, generally improper, in previous French fiction; or perhaps the reaction is specially strong in M. Anatole France himself after his late profound descent into the boiling mud of the 'Lys Rouge.'

In the little town of Three Stars, which we are not sufficiently acquainted with French towns to identify, though there are many exactly like it, there is a kind of intrigue going on between two priests, both of the Seminary,—the Abbé Lantaigne, who is at its head, and an Abbé Giutral, who is one of the professors,—each striving to secure the appointment of bishop to a neighbouring see; but this is the sole thread of story, and it is a feeble one, breaking off fantastically at the end without any attempt to satisfy our natural curiosity as to which won in the struggle. The fat and unctuous

skill of the Cardinal Archbishop in foiling all attempts on the part of one of the candidates to secure an opinion from him, is very amusingly told; and each of the interlocutors, though some are dragged in by the head and shoulders to contribute their (often) quite irrelevant contributions to the talk, is as distinct to the reader as if he himself had been in the habit of meeting them day by day in *le coin des bouquins*, the corner of Paillet's bookshop in which he keeps a collection of old books, among which a treasure is sometimes discovered by the keen eyes of M. de Terremondre, the squire of the district, so to speak, who is a great collector and antiquary. The other habitual frequenters of this spot are M. Bergeret, a professor at the college, a sad but philosophical scholar, and the doctor, always full of stories of his patients, which give a momentary digression to the talk, as when he announces the birth which he has just accomplished of a baby with the mark of a strawberry on its breast, when they all immediately discuss the true origin of birth-marks. To show the twists and turns of this conversation, an old gentleman passing is brought in, on another occasion, to save him from the pressure of a crowd outside, and immediately, *à propos des bottes*, tells a story of his old experiences as an advocate, nobody listening to him the while, so far as the reader can perceive. Nothing more like the ordinary course of conversation, with its careless interruptions and quite fantastic succession of ideas, could well be.

The post under the Orme du Mail is the special meeting-place of the Abbé Lantaigne and Bergeret, whose conversation is better regulated but not so amusing. Here, however, is the professor's opinion

of the Republic, which is interesting. "I was bred under the Empire in the love of the Republic," he says. "'The Republic is justice,' said my father, who was professor of rhetoric at the Lycée of Saint Omer. He did not know it."

"The Republic is not justice; but it is the most easy way (*la facilité*). Monsieur l'Abbé, if you had a mind less elevated, less grave and more open to gaiety, I would confide to you that the actual Republic—the Republic of 1896—pleases and touches me by its modesty. It consents to be not admired. It requires little respect, and even relinquishes esteem. It is enough for it to live—in that lies its desire, and it is a legitimate wish. The most humble creatures desire to live. Like the woodman of the fabulist, like the apothecary of Mantua who so much surprises that young idiot Romeo, it fears death, and that is its sole fear. It holds princes and soldiers at arm's length. If it ran risk of extinction, it might become dangerous. Fear would change its nature and make it ferocious, which would be a great pity. But as long as nothing touches its life, and it is only its honour that is in danger, it is full of good humour. A Government such as this suits me, and makes me feel secure. So many other Governments were made merciless by their self-esteem (*amour propre*); so many others by cruelty assured their rights, their greatness, and their prosperity; so many others have shed blood for their prerogative, for their majesty! But the Republic has neither self-esteem nor majesty—happy defects which keep it innocent! Let it but continue to exist and it is content. It governs little, and I am tempted to approve it more for this than for all the rest. And since it governs little, I excuse it for governing ill."

We suspect that this philosophic view is a true one. The flutter of busy life in Paris at the Quai

D'Orsay and other places would almost seem to be as local as a fire or an inundation. The rest of France goes on quietly minding its own business, caring very little for the Government. *Elle gouverne peu*, as M. Bergeret says; and questions of this or that method of government have for the moment fallen into abeyance in the country. They shout for the Czar, but for their own account neither King nor Emperor makes any strong diversion in the popular mind. There is not even a General Boulanger on the horizon. An occasional gleam of ardour on the colonial question excites the lighter spirits, but otherwise nobody cares much. It is scarcely a state of things that could have been thought possible thirty years ago.

The third volume of Messrs Henley and Henderson's Centenary edition of Burns¹ is occupied with the songs, and comes before the world with a very grave, not to say solemn, aspect. This does not seem on the face of it very suitable to the contents of the volume, but it is perfectly justified from the editors' point of view. They are so much concerned, indeed, and so conscious of having performed a painful duty, that our best sympathies are due to them in the meantime, as martyrs to that stern sense of duty which is no doubt one of the most noble of inspirations. What these gentlemen are painfully conscious of is that, much against their will, and in spite of every reverential and admiring sentiment, they have altered the position of Burns as a lyric poet, and indeed almost shattered his pretensions to be considered in that light. Their

¹ The Centenary Burns. By W. E. Henley and T. F. Henderson. Messrs T. C. & E. C. Jack: Edinburgh.

trouble is so genuine, and they regard their iconoclastic work with so much real alarm, that they have even allowed themselves to be interviewed by an enterprising newspaper in deprecation of the universal outcry which they believe their book about to produce. We do not, however, hear of any such outcry, outside of Messrs Henley and Henderson's troubled apprehension: and we can only imagine that the dust of their pulling-down operations, though imaginary, has got into their eyes and confused their faculties more or less. The sorrowful statement of their discoveries, which they make with so much feeling, shows that to them these discoveries were unexpected and distressing in the highest degree. Explorers of this description generally express themselves with a certain triumph when they show us the altar pulled down and the idol prostrate: but if there is any triumph here it is of a rueful description, and nobody can be so sensible of the disaster as the poet who is, alas! the unhappy cause of its occurrence.

What can we say to comfort Mr Henley? We much doubt whether it will be consolatory to him to be told that he has done no such harm as he fears; that these discoveries were all made before he was born—nay, that there can be no discoveries where there never was any concealment. The present writer has probably been acquainted with Burns for a longer period than is possible to Mr Henley, and was aware of the correspondence in 'Johnson's Musical Museum' and 'Thomson's Scottish Airs' from the beginning of time: for which reason probably it is that he receives the shock of Mr Henley's spear without even a quiver of his *vieux moustache*, much less any sensation

of being unhorsed or unsettled in his saddle. These correspondences show, we think, very clearly that Burns's primary position in respect to both these works was that of a devoted lover of Scots song, really more interested in raising up and putting forth to advantage the ancient music and poetry of his native district, the pastoral airs to which he was cradled, the snatches of verse which were like the natural breath of the countryside, than to find a medium of utterance specially for himself. He took up the old chorus lightly, without an *arrière pensée*, the broken lines of the old songs danced through his brain, more occupied with them than with himself, and it was more delightful to him to retain them for their own sake than to throw them away for his. We think this idea is very clearly traceable throughout the whole series of his letters, especially to Johnson: though we have not seen these letters for years, yet our understanding of them remains so assured that Mr Henley's distress strikes us with a surprise which is not devoid of amusement. Dear poet! we say involuntarily, all this we were very well aware of before you had ever laid a hand on Burns, or regarded with dismay a single broadsheet from the collections of Herd or Lord Rosebery. Take courage! if you have altered the position of a poet greater than yourself, it must simply be with the new generation, which, we grant you, is singularly ignorant of many things very simple to its fathers, though no doubt immensely learned in many other things which its fathers did not know. Burns, so far as we were aware, never concealed nor attempted to conceal the origin of many of his songs. *Je prends mon bien où je le trouve,*

said Molière, and what was ever the property of a poet more than those wild fragments which floated on every breeze, broken, incomplete, imperfect, like the fragrance from the hawthorn bushes, or the honey of the gorse, articulate only in a word or two, suggestions, recollections which formed the very atmosphere of the rural mind?

We wonder whether the first student who found Macbeth and a great deal more in Holinshed, felt himself in the same tremendous position in which Mr Henley is now conscious of standing. Did he feel that the position of Shakespeare was likely to be painfully affected by his discovery? He had certainly a great deal more reason than our too sensitive critic and poet. But we doubt whether he was afflicted by this delicate sentiment. And we think we can assure Mr Henley that he has told us very little if anything that we did not know before. We know it probably as Burns himself knew it, which was not as Mr Henley knows it. For Burns was no student, and if ever anything was certain in this world, it is (in our humble opinion) certain that the young Ayrshire farmer, who had indeed too much time for "daffin'," and enough for poetry, had but few spare hours left to employ in the study of Herd's manuscripts in order to find material for his work. If he had done so determinedly and with conscious effort, as Mr Henley thinks, we do not know that our opinion would have been different. We hope he had as good a right to take possession of his *biens*, wherever he found them, as Molière or Shakespeare.

And with what beautiful unconscious art he put in those floating fragments, as pleased and

proud, who can doubt, to set the little jewel in a lovely place, and deck it with his own bright springing fancies, as ever man was! At the same time, it is curious and interesting to ponder the proof of his assertions which Mr Henley produces, and which he so frankly and loyally permits us to test in every instance. We feel disposed to adopt that double plea of law which permits a defendant to plead at the same time never indebted, and that the debt is paid. Burns himself tells us in the most genial manner that he does owe the debt; but Mr Henley's evidence tends to establish that both Burns and his critic were mistaken. The book opens upon a characteristic specimen of this disagreement.

"'I remember,' Burns writes to Thomson, 'two ending lines of a verse in some of the old songs of "Logan Water" (for I know a good many different ones) which I think pretty—

'Now my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.'"

"It may be," says Mr Henley with an implied doubt, "that these lines exist in an old song; but in any case they were used as a refrain in the 'Logan Water' of John Mayne, author of the 'Siller Gun,' and joint editor with Peter Stuart of 'The London Star,' which was popular at Whitehall some years before Burns wrote."

Does Mr Henley mean to imply that Burns knew what was going on at Whitehall, and plagiarised wilfully from the recent play instead of simply adopting the o'erword of the old song? We do not object to his theory, but we think that his mode of proving it is very futile. Let us follow him through the history of some other individual songs. We may as well add that in the great majority of cases the most insignificant of

the songs are those which fit Mr Henley's conclusions best. Does any one consider the authenticity of "The Captain's Lady" of great importance?—

"Oh mount and go,
Mount and make you ready;
Oh mount and go,
And be the Captain's lady!"

Mr Henley devotes a whole page to the elucidation of the older songs that made up this jingle or suggested it. Does he really think that will alter Burns's position as a lyric poet?

Here is another instance. "Musing on the Roaring Ocean" is a song of which our childhood, which knew Burns by heart, has left us wholly ignorant, as will probably be the case with most readers. It is a copy of correct English verses, in which Burns was never very happy. Mr Henley tells us they are "reminiscent of divers Jacobitisms."

"Stanza ii. line 4. Compare the Jacobite song 'Lewie Gordon'—

Altho' his back be at the wa',
Here's to him that's far awa'."

This is Stanza ii.—

"Hope and Fear's alternate billow,
Yielding late to Nature's law,
Whispering spirits round my pillow
Talk of him that's far awa'."

If that was modelled on anything, Mr Henley might as well have adduced a host of other songs as well as "Lewie Gordon," indeed the greater part of the songs of Scotland, in which there occur a multitude of lads who are far awa'. "'Lewie Gordon,'" he adds, "is, however, itself borrowed from an older 'Song on the Birthday of King James the Eighth, 10th June 1709.'" He might have gone a great deal further, and quoted a whole page full of references. Is this a likely thing

to alter among us the reputation of Burns?

It touches us, however, more than these, which are of the least possible consequence, to find one of Burns's most impassioned lyrics treated with the same curious and niggling criticism.

"Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae farewell, and that for ever."

"The germ of 'Ae Fond Kiss,'" says Mr Henley, "is found in 'The Parting Kiss,' by Robert Dodsley (1703-1764), which was set by Oswald:—

'One fond kiss before we part,
Drop a tear, and bid adieu;
Though we sever, my fond heart
Till we meet shall pant for you.'

Can any man in his senses imagine that the noble verses of Burns's song, including that which is perhaps the profoundest note of the lover's despair—

"Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
Never met and never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted"—

derived anything, much less found their germ, from a doggerel verse, the first three words of which corresponded more or less with the first three words of the poem? This is to insult the ordinary intelligence. We opine that Mr Henley had no share in these pedantic follies. A poet surely could scarcely ever, even in his aberrations, be of so shallow a wit.

We began by freely admitting, to a great measure, the point which Mr Henley fears he is the first to disclose: but as we go on to consider his evidence our mind changes. Burns indeed was the first to disclose the pseudo-fact, and did so cordially in almost every one of the letters which accompany these songs. The ancient songs inspired him, sang themselves in his ears,

drew forth his slumbering genius. It was his pride to save the verse, or half-verse, or poetical phrase, or lilting chorus. But to tell us that Burns's position among the poets is changed by this fact is a solemn piece of absurdity. Burns's greatest songs are not even affected at all. The editors are obliged to imagine that, in the case of "Mary Morison," he took his measure from a poem published by Allan Ramsay in the 'Evergreen,' though it is the commonest and most universal of stanzas. "Ye Banks and Braes" has not even so much as this to weigh it down, nor "O' a' the airts the wind can blaw," nor "She's fair and fause," nor many of the finest productions in this volume. And, by the way, where is "My Nannie, O"? We have hunted through the book without being able to find anywhere that delightful song.

"A country lad is my degree,
And few there be that ken me, O;
But what care I how few they be,
I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O."

Has this been proved to be not Burns's?—though he stands there looking at us through the cheerful honest verse—

"Our auld guidman delights to view
His sheep and kye thrive bonnie, O;
But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
And has nae care but Nannie, O."

We beg Mr Henley's pardon, we have mistaken. The third volume is confined to the 'Thomson's Museum' and Johnson's 'Scottish Songs' series. "My Nannie, O" is in vol. i. of the Centenary Burns, but printed in exactly the same spirit as the other, showing that the editor's convictions were already formed.

"Perhaps suggested by a poor thing of Ramsay's," says the note:—

"While some for pleasure pawn their health
'Twixt Lais and the bagnio,
I'll save myself and without stealth
Kiss and caress my Nanny, O."

If there is but one man with a candid mind left in the world we would ask him, "Wherein lies the most distant possibility that this rubbish suggested the fine and free strains of Burns's song?" And he would answer "Fudge!" like Mr Burchell.

No; it is no doubt Mr Henderson who is guilty. We have not the faintest objection to sacrifice Mr Henderson to the manes of our poet. A poet like Mr Henley never could have believed for a moment that Dodsley's "One Fond Kiss" diminished the originality of Burns's fine song. We would not believe him did he swear it. The words are not so uncommon. Many people have uttered and many listened to them, without reference to any ballad. Burns himself must have said them oftener than was good for him, at moments when he was thinking of anything but Dodsley. If he had thought of Dodsley on many occasions instead of occupying himself with more melodious names, it might have been a good thing for him. These references are taken at hazard as the book opened: there are many more just as unconvincing. Where any real instance is given of what it would be absurd to call plagiarism, it is distinctly stated at first hand by Burns himself. Thus, in the song called "The Silver Tassie," "The first half-stanza," says Burns,

"Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
And fill it in a silver tassie,
That I may drink before I go
A service to my bonnie lassie,"

is old; the rest is mine."

"Nevertheless," adds Mr Henley,

"on 17th December 1788 he wrote to Mrs Dunlop thus: 'Now I am on my hobby-horse, I cannot help inserting two other old stanzas which please me mightily.'"

What does Mr Henley mean by that "nevertheless"? We confess that we are absolutely incapable of divining.

And we are much surprised, though with the comfortable conviction that it is Mr Henderson again, to find how vehemently the pretty episode of Highland Mary is assailed in this book. To show the very worst side of these commentaries, we quote the passage on this subject, which really is a subject concerning nobody but Burns, who himself has given a circumstantial account of certain passages in her career, to which our present editors give the lie direct as nearly as words allow:—

"*The Highland Lassie* was Mary Campbell, daughter of one Archibald Campbell, a Clyde sailor. The year of her birth is uncertain, its place is not beyond dispute; the date of her death is matter of debate; there is room for conjecture as to the place of her burial; little or no independent testimony exists as to her person and character, unless she be identified with a certain Mary Campbell of indifferent repute; there is scarcely material for the barest outline of her biography. But on the strength of sporadic allusions by Burns, meant, as it seems, to dissemble more than they reveal, and especially of certain ecstatic expressions in the song, *Thou lingring Star*, and in a letter to Mrs Dunlop, Mary Campbell has come to be regarded less as an average Scots peasant, to whom a merry-begot was then, if not a necessary of life, at all events the commonest effect of luck, than as a bare-legged Beatrice, a Spiritualised Ideal of Peasant Womanhood."

Could anything be more absolutely uncalled for, more vindictive (though what had poor Mary

done to those English gentlemen?), petty, and malignant, than this assault? If Burns chose to make a pretty story of his parting from his Highland lass, is that a reason for saying it was all a fable, and that there was no Mary at all, "unless she be identified with a certain Mary Campbell of indifferent repute"? Perhaps Burns told a lie; but Messrs Henley and Henderson have no knowledge that he did so, no proof against him, not the faintest indication of evidence one way or other. Mr Henley is no doubt aware that Beatrice is believed by superior persons in Italy to be no actual woman at all, but a mere abstraction, to whom Dante gave the name of a certain noble lady, his relations to whom were entirely imaginary, though related with much pathetic circumstance by the poet himself. But we conceive that no man, not even a poet, has a right to be accused of telling a circumstantial lie without evidence, and something to found the accusation upon. We know no cult, "for cult it is," these gentlemen say, of Mary Campbell. There is a cult of another Mary which has led Scotland into a good deal of absurdity. Could there be a confusion in the mind of the writer on this point?

We must also protest against the use of words which have had no place hitherto in English literature of a decent, not to say of the highest, kind. "Merry-begot" is not a pretty word, still less is another which is used on several occasions in this book, but never that we remember in any such book before. It is to be found in Shakespeare, no doubt, but many things are to be found in Shakespeare which do not suit the habits of this day. A master of vigorous English has less need

than most to seek to add to the strength of his phrases by foul words. The interposition of that which we have quoted in a simile which ends with Beatrice, is a downright offence both to the language and us, and nothing but the bitterest insinuated scorn for the subject could excuse it.

We are quite willing to allow that there is something in the uproarious "cult" of Burns carried on by the lower classes of Scots, to account for at least the often suppressed and *sourd* but always existent distaste for him in the minds of his latter-day critics. Mr Robert Louis Stevenson was not free from it, nor yet is Mr Andrew Lang, both Scotsmen, so that it cannot be entirely a point of national prejudice. It is curiously evident, however, through the most of the works which count, in a matter which has of late been so often handled. But the shouts of a hundred noisy parties of rough Scotsmen in town and village, though they may irritate delicate nerves, have really nothing to do with the question; and it is very illogical, as well as undignified, to allow that roar to affect the mind of a man of letters. There is something like spite in the bitterness with which the poet is discussed—a feeling which we cannot but, though much against our will, suspect in the awed and expectant position held by the editors of the Centenary Burns, in the fear (is it perhaps the hope?) that their revelations will change his place in the estimation of the world. If they fear it, we entreat these gentlemen to take courage. They will not attain that object, nor is there any reason why they should, seeing that everything worth consideration which they have said has been familiar to the world

precisely since the moment when Burns himself said it over and over again. The Centenary Burns is a fine edition of the poet. It has, we have no doubt, been most carefully collated, and every means taken, as is said, to secure the purity of the text, though there are some occasional departures from tradition which are not agreeable to our own ears. But the editors in some cases, at least, have been led away by the impulse of opposition, and that rage to deduce everything they can from something that went before, no matter how faint the connection, which is the soul of the New Criticism. It has seldom, we think, been less successful than in this attempt to alter the position of a great lyric poet.

We are not sure that we are in a general way very fond of the literature produced by newspaper correspondents. To be sure, there have been admirable writers among them—Laurence Oliphant, for example, one of our own band. But the last new figure stepping out into the world from that busy crowd has many qualities to prepossess the critic. He has the delightful spontaneity and absence of any *parti pris* or deliberate intention, which give animation and sparkle to the style, and often the charm of the unexpected to the most hackneyed subject. America is not the freshest of themes, and no doubt the fortunate, and in this case very lucky, editor who sent out Mr George Steevens to report upon the Presidential election, probably expected, as did most people, a number of clever political letters to make that contest comprehensible. But nobody knew that we were to receive one of the most vivid, nay, brilliant, sketches of America that have been made in

recent times,¹ all warm from the heart of the country, living, moving, full of colour, an almost dazzling reproduction of life. The 'Daily Mail,' we understand, unlike other efforts which seemed just as likely to succeed, was doing well before; but these letters gave it a literary position to which it previously had no pretensions; and here we have in a volume the collected result. 'The Land of the Dollar' is a book which we almost feel ought to march by itself, like Donatello's statue. It is so crisp with young energy and force that it is curious to see it rest quiet on an ordinary table. When one opens it, which is it that runs, that strides with a wind of going which blows us all about, we the reader, or the book? We are there, we are not here, hurrying along with a delight in the pace, in the sense of movement, in the rapid succession of scenes, which is almost like that of a performer in them. Was it you and we or Mr Steevens who saw that blazing procession in Chicago—who looked down upon that amazing town with the sea air in our nostrils yet the smoke in our throat? We protest we are not sure. We think it must have been ourselves, in the body or out of the body, who was there.

It has been the fate of most of us, one time or another, to read a great deal about America. In a great many cases we know exactly what is going to be said upon the chief subjects. But this, the result of long suffering and experience, does not help us with Mr Steevens's book. We had not in the least divined it: it is too fresh, too real, to be anything but a kind of revelation, even though we may

have known the facts before. And I doubt whether any number of us knew the facts. This about the air, for instance—who ever told us anything before about the air?

"I am not a chameleon—I cannot live on air. Neither am I a Napoleon, to go without my rightful sleep. Yet the air of America would make a chapoleon [the pun is boyish, but never mind], as one might say, of anybody.

"Never was there such a stimulating, bracing air—meat and intoxicating drink together. You would not call it a kindly, perhaps not even a wholesome, air. I have found it drop from 94° to 47° in two days. I am told it will not uncommonly sink from 75° to zero in a night. An air like this will find out the weak spot and finish you before you have found it out yourself. Yet it is made of tone and vigour, and in the strength of it you can go for days and nights eating little and sleeping less, and feel like a lion at the end."

This should almost neutralise the effects of the ice water, of which Mr Steevens speaks so feelingly, and which he believes is working away the morals and the interiors of the most dyspeptic of nations; nor does he seem to have been impressed by the food, the "awesome squab on toast," the mutton and beef "coarse in grain, insipid in flavour, usually tough and invariably half raw";—but the sweets! these indeed seem to be the triumph of an American feast. Despising them at first, "like all male Britons over twenty," he found in the end that "briefly, they tempt a man to forget his manhood." If there remains in Great Britain, therefore, any man who has what used to be called a sweet tooth, it is clearly his best policy to go to America.

But these are trifles. New

¹ The Land of the Dollar. By G. W. Steevens. W. Blackwood & Sons: Edinburgh and London.

York, Chicago, Washington, Leadville, Niagara, are the bigger points in the landscape—the last of these wonders, so hackneyed and worn out as it is, looking actually, for once in a way, as if some one were seeing it for the first time. Chicago, we think, is the central point of all. It seems to have impressed Mr Steevens's imagination with its mingled grandeur and foulness: its beautiful great lake like a sea, the immense buildings like the Alps, "mountains of buildings, serried ranks of heaven-scaling peaks." The homes of the great merchants line the Lake shore, built of "great blocks of rough-hewn granite, red or grey. Their massive weight is relieved by wide round arches for doors and windows, by porches and porticoes, loggias and galleries, over the whole face of the building from top to bottom. The effect is almost prehistoric in its massive simplicity, something like the cyclopean ruins of Mycenæ or Tiryns." But behind backs is "a vast wilderness of shabby houses—a larger and more desolate Whitechapel that can hardly have a parallel for sordid dreariness in the world."

"This is the home of labour, and of nothing else. The evening's vacancy brings relief from toil, the morning's toil relief from vacancy. Little shops compete frantically for what poor trade there is with tawdry advertisements. Street stretches beyond street of little houses, mostly wooden, begrimed with soot, rotting, falling to pieces. The pathways are of rickety and worm-eaten planks, such as we should not tolerate for a day in London as a temporary gangway where a house is being built. Here the boarding is flush with the street; there it drops to it in a two-foot precipice, over which you might easily break your leg. The streets are quagmires of black mud, and no attempt is made to repair them. They are miserably lighted, and no-

body thinks of illuminating them. The police force is so weak that men and women are held up and robbed almost nightly within the city limits; nobody thinks of strengthening it. Here and there is a pit or a dark cellar left wholly unguarded for the unwary passenger to break his neck in. All these miles of unkempt slum and wilderness betray a disregard for human life which is more than half barbarous. If you come to your death by misadventure among these pitfalls, all the consolation your friends will get from Chicago is to be told that you ought to have taken better care of yourself. You were unfit; you did not survive. There is no more to be said about it."

Within reach of these slums Mr Steevens then shows us the Field Columbian Museum, which is situated in the Art Building, now the only part remaining of the World's Fair, and which, as he says with enthusiasm almost American, is "as divinely proportioned a building as ever filled and satisfied the eye of man." It was endowed by its founder with "a cool million of dollars." It has received since from various citizens nearly twelve million dollars more. "Think of it, depressed Oxford and Cambridge—a university endowed at the rate of half a million sterling a-year!"

"Two other prominent Chicago men found themselves in Paris a while ago, when a collection of pictures was being sold: promptly they bought up a hundred and eighty thousand dollars' worth for the gallery of their city. There is hardly a leading name in the business of the place but is to be found beneath a picture given or lent to this gallery."

Mr Steevens, however, does not tell us what kind of pictures these are, and we feel a little distrust of the millionaire's judgment generally, though it is to be hoped he was guided by more cultivated taste than his own. But the description of all this magnificence

awakens in our mind a whimsical recollection. When Chicago was burned ('tis, Mr Steevens tells us, twenty-five years ago) there was a little benevolent movement inaugurated by some of those amiable busybodies who have been so eager that we should show our goodwill to America on every possible occasion—to send the ruined city a few books to amuse itself withal in the moment of deepest depression. These good people went round to all the authors to beg a few of their works, immortal and otherwise, and, I believe, obtained a few boxfuls of novels, and probably other works, to establish the nucleus of another library, and show how England loved America! One wonders if those kind, too kind, friends feel a little ashamed of their exertions when they read of the splendours of the new University and its income of half a million a-year. The English writers, half-pleased, half-puzzled, who gave a few superfluous copies of their works to found the new library, most of them, let us hope, with a secret sense of the absurdity, will doubtless laugh now shamefacedly at their contribution. Were they cast to the pigs, we wonder, these humble benefactions? Let us hope that nobody will be tempted to promote goodwill by any such amiable folly again.

The reader must, however, turn for himself to the "Biggest Parade on Earth," which was not the procession in New York of which we read in all the papers, but a corresponding one in Chicago, only much more brilliant in colour and decoration, where there were badges, medals, ensigns, and other glittering things—among others, capes apparently made of cloth-of-gold but really of gilt paper, which, along with many other ornamental garments in red and blue and all

the colours of the rainbow, testified to M'Kinley for one thing, but more specially to the glory of Chicago in the twenty-fifth anniversary of her renewed being. It lasted for five hours, and seems to have completely overwhelmed the spectator, who describes himself as staggering back to his hotel stunned and blinded by the extraordinary sight,—“A hundred thousand men, more than thirteen miles of procession!”

“There was more colour and more noise and more men than you could conceive were in the whole world—a world of brilliant bunting and brass and horses, and moving men, men, men, till you gave up and let it sweep over you and conquer you and absorb you.”

Mr Steevens is of opinion that this is the American method of spreading an opinion. “They have discovered in this country,” he says, “the effects of the spectacular and the auricular. You can disregard argument; you can forget country; you can even refuse a bribe. But you cannot fail to see and hear and to be struck well-nigh resistless by so imperious and masterful an appeal to the senses.”

We wonder what the effect would be if we adopted the American method, and the men of London in this year of celebration were invited to parade for the Queen. But the men of London are not simple-minded enough; they are too civilised, perhaps, too shamefaced, not willing to expose themselves to possible ridicule. What good would that do her? they would ask. They have not the histrionic impulse, the instinct of self-display. They would laugh at themselves, and the bystanders would laugh, especially if they had gilt capes and carried scarlet umbrellas, and wore parti-coloured sashes and

white gauntlets and gold cords round their hats; and how the *gamins* would jeer! Even the *gamins* seem to be impressed in America: but we fear that in Fleet Street this is more than could be expected. Imagine the establishments of Messrs Shoolbred and of Messrs Whiteley turning out to march through Oxford Street and Tottenham Court Road for the Queen! "The great drapery establishment of Marshall Field & Company led the way—six partners of the firm riding abreast, and after them shop-walkers, salesmen, cashiers, porters, office-boys!" I am afraid that London would be convulsed with laughter instead of taking the spectacle seriously.

There is something very piquant in stepping back from the extremely lively To-day of Mr Steevens into Yesterday, mysterious and picturesque, full of intrigue and bewildering ups and downs, and such perpetual doublings and disguises as confuse the eyesight. Mr Andrew Lang a few years ago was chiefly known as an admirable writer, without anything very definite to say: we do not know what action of circumstances or impulse of grace has turned him into a historical student, as learned and industrious as he was once light-minded and elegant; but it is a good thing for us all that he has retained the graces of the earlier epoch to add charm to the researches of the new. His present subject is not so purely romantic, so inspiring and noble, as that study of Joan of Arc and her times which produced the 'Monk of Fife.' It is indeed a terrible chapter of history which he unfolds in the revelation of the Spy,¹ a story of human baseness and

dishonour, of the downfall of high hopes and character, the worsening of everything and everybody concerned in what was at first, whatever its consequences and even motives might be, a high chivalrous enterprise, which wounds the sympathetic spectator, however little of a Jacobite he may be. Some critics have indeed attributed to Mr Lang a deliberate intention to break the charm of Jacobitism altogether by showing how poor a thing it was, much as Messrs Henley and Henderson are afraid they have done with Burns. And we doubt that a good many old-fashioned people in Scotland may object to Mr Lang's exposure of Pickle the Spy. Were we a Macdonald we should resent it warmly, especially as the evidence Mr Lang gives, though very plausible, contains no element of certainty, and is purely circumstantial, not enough to hang a man upon, we think, therefore scarcely enough to shatter his character. In all probability Mr Lang is right; but had we any special interest in the question we think we should claim, at least, a verdict of Not Proven, which, by the bye, for all practical purposes, is worse than guilty.

Pickle, a wretch of literary tendencies, since he took his nickname from Smollett's 'Peregrine Pickle,' was a Jacobite conspirator for James III. and his son, in the days when there was still some hope for the Stuarts, in his true name: and a servile spy reporting all their conspiracies to George II. under the other. The existence of this personage has been very well known for a long time, but no one had tracked him to his lair till Mr Andrew Lang found the scent and followed him remorselessly to the earth up to this time honoured

¹ Pickle, the Spy. By Andrew Lang. Longmans & Co.

and consecrated, where the paltry villain lies as if he were, like the rest of his race, a true man. It had been supposed for this century back that he was another man, a man already well weighted with infamy, and to whom a little more shame or a little less did not matter. But, alas, Mr Lang has found no difficulty in proving that Pickle was not James Mohr Macgregor. Was it really Glengarry, "the young Glengarry," chief of the most important of the clans, the handsome, accomplished young Celtic aristocrat, supposed to risk everything, his head included, for his romantic master? Mr Lang thinks Sir Walter knew it, but would not tell; and we do not think, though we are neither Jacobite nor Highlander, that we should have liked to tell: but still that is an absurdity, and we already know that the whole age, though affording remarkable instances of the most romantic fidelity, was at the same time soaked in falsehood, treachery, and lies of every description. It is perhaps natural to conspirators, when once introduced to that labyrinth of intrigue, secrecy, and subtlety, where he who can best deceive his neighbour is the best man, to be led away by the very instinct which fits them for it. A man who is bursting with secrets has probably much greater temptation to betray them than one used to the common ways of honest life, when he finds himself suddenly burdened with too much knowledge. The labyrinth has an attraction which it is hard to escape, and no doubt there is a perverse pleasure in working out the double plot, framed on one side, and betrayed on the other, by the same impulse of mystification, chicanery, and deceit.

Pickle's letters in themselves are not exciting. It was no doubt ex-

citing to hunt him up through print and manuscript, finding traces of him in unlooked-for corners, and fully realising the surprise of the discovery that a picturesque Highland chief should fulfil such an office; but the traitorous gossip of a betrayer is not more entertaining than innocent gossip. Indeed it is curious to note how little all the accessories, in themselves so romantic,—the wandering Prince appearing now here, now there, like a Will-o'-the-wisp, the handsome and splendid traitor, familiar in all fine society, though writing like an old woman,—succeed in moving our interest, and how little entertaining are the revelations which ought to have kept us breathless with excitement. Here is a more than usually interesting paragraph. It was written when "Lord Elibank's plot," which we hope the reader remembers, was on the point of execution—which it never was, however, for reasons which will be discovered in Mr Lang's volume:—

"The Young Chevalier has been in close correspondence with England for a year and a half past. Mr Cade, the historian, has carried frequent messages. *They never commit anything to writing.* Elderman Hathcot is a principal manager. The very words the young Pretender told me was that all this scheme was laid and transacted by Whiggers, that no Roman Catholic was concerned, and obliged me to give my word and honour that I would write nothing concerning him or his plan to Rome. After what I said last night this is all that occurs to me for the present. I will lose no time in my transactions, and I will take care they will allways be conform to your directions; and as I have thrown myself completely upon you, I am determined to run all hazards upon this occasion, which I hope will entitle me to your favour and his Majesty's protection."

A little later Mr Lang points

out that, notwithstanding this noble person's word and honour, he is found obsequiously communicating to his other Majesty in Rome the secret of his son's proceedings. This consists with our opinion that one plot leads to another, since there was nothing to hope for from James. Mr Lang indeed gives us to understand that Pickle was never paid at all, no more from London than from Rome—which it gives us pleasure to hear.

This is enough of Pickle. It is not the Spy but the unfortunate figure of the Young Chevalier, the noble youth, the broken man, victim of his birth, of his circumstances, of all that went before him, which is the chief and most interesting thing in this book. The picture is at once spirited and pathetic. The curious episode of his life so often passed over, between the great romance of the '45 and the squalid tragedy of the end; his wanderings on the Continent, seen here and there in alarmed glimpses by his friends, pursued blindly everywhere by his enemies of the English and other Governments, struggling against the inhospitality of one country after another which refused to receive him, and preferring to lead the most precarious roving life rather than be driven to the dull and spy-haunted refuge at Rome,—is put before us with great vividness and originality, no one, we think, having done it before. Mr Lang has but little of the natural foible of a Scotsman for poor Prince Charlie, and is not a partial witness, feeling no doubt that even the vagaries of a man so doomed can but increase the tragic interest of his story. That

long fight against fate which this narrative shows, is full of all the elements of pity and terror. Charles would not yield till every hope had forsaken him. From one refuge and one assumed name to another he battled on, occasionally disappearing under the waves, but always raising his head again, till nature could no more, and, exhausted, discouraged, hopeless, he could resist his fate no longer. There is much that is affecting in the picture, as well as much that is painful, and it is new to us at least. Even Miss Walkinshaw is made excusable by Mr Lang's story. We feel that it is a thousand pities there was not some one among that party of gentlemen who gave the Royal Wanderer so poor a reception at Father Crackenthorpe's on Solway-side, when even the devotion of Redgauntlet could not save him—to say it was Pickle and not Miss Walkinshaw who betrayed the movements of her Prince. And did Sir Walter know and hold his peace not to betray Glen-garry? But he might have said it was Pickle all the same.

Here is a book¹ of again the most immediate matters of to-day, which comes blazing into our records,—blazing, but yet groaning and spitting like a damp torch in an excess of wrath beyond knowledge, or rather beyond power of expressing it. Yet it is strange to attribute to Mrs Olive Schreiner any want of power to express what she means. It is her distinction that she has known so well how to describe at least what she sees or imagines she sees, that she has managed to make almost into a classic a work as full of absurdity

¹ Trooper Peter Halket of Mashonaland. By Olive Schreiner. London: Fisher Unwin.

and hysterical passion as ever was taken for a great work by the amazed public before, and that is saying a great deal. The present work is a political pamphlet of great bitterness, linked on to the very smallest thread of story that ever carried red-hot opinions and personal abuse of the fiercest kind into the world. So far as this little thread of story goes, Trooper Peter Halket is a remarkable study, and probably gives as clear an idea of one of the wild soldiers on the borders of savagery, without principle or moral guidance or any kind of education, except a determination to grow rich, as fiction could convey. Yet we cannot but doubt whether intelligence so rudimentary could grasp the idea of floating Gold Mines Companies, and gaining money by fabricating shares and then selling them, after the process which he describes, and declares to have been followed by Messrs Barnato, Beit, and Rhodes. He is himself the son of a pious washerwoman, and remembers her with great affection and kindness; but he sees all kinds of atrocities go on without any compunction, though he allows that to see niggers flogged or hanged does not please him. "Some fellows think it the best fun out to see the niggers kick; but it turns my stomach," he says; "if it's shooting or fighting I'm there. I've potted as many niggers as any man in our troop, I bet." But we should scarcely have expected this savage youth to run on, as he sat on the lonely veldt under the stars, all alone in the desert, in peril of his life, with thoughts like the following:—

"All men made money when they came to South Africa: they all made money out of the country—eight millions, twelve millions, twenty-six mil-

lions, forty millions—why should not he? Peter Halket started suddenly and listened. But it was only the wind coming up the koppje, like a great wheezy beast creeping upwards; and he looked back into the fire.

"He considered his business prospects. When he had served his time as volunteer he would have a large piece of land given him, and the Mashonas and Matebele would have all their land taken away from them in time, and the Chartered Company would pass a law that they had to work for the white men, and he, Peter Halket, would make them work for him. He would make money. Then he reflected on what he should do with the land if it were no good and he could not make anything out of it. He should have to start a Syndicate, called the Peter Halket Iron-mining, or some such name, Syndicate. Peter Halket was not very clear as to how it ought to be started, but he felt certain that he and some other men would have to take shares. They would not have to pay for them. And then they would get some big man in London to take shares. He need not pay for them; they would give them to him, and then the company would be floated. No one would have to pay anything; it was just the name, "The Peter Halket Gold-mining Company, Limited." It would float in London; and people there who didn't know the country would buy shares. They would have to give ready money for them, of course—perhaps fifteen pounds a-share when they were up. Peter Halket's eyes blinked as he looked into the fire. And then when the market was up he, Peter Halket, would sell out all his shares. If he gave himself only six thousand, and sold them each for ten pounds, then he, Peter Halket, would have sixty thousand pounds! And then he would start another company and another. Peter Halket struck his knee softly with his hand. That was the great thing, 'Always sell out at the right time.'

While this African Alnaschar was thus gloating over his basket

of eggs, he suddenly hears in the great stillness of the veldt a sound—the sound of footsteps ascending:—

"The hair on Trooper Peter Halket's head slowly stiffened itself. He had no thought of escaping; he was paralysed with dread. He took up his gun. A deadly coldness crept from his feet to his head. He had worked a Maxim gun in a fight when some hundred natives fell, and only one white man had been wounded, and he had never known fear; but to-night his fingers were stiff on the lock of his gun. He knelt low, tending a little to one side of the fire, with his gun ready."

He is relieved, however, by the sight of a man with bare feet, wearing a linen tunic, and without arms, who answers the trooper's challenge in English. And then there ensues a long conversation, held over the fire. The story of Peter has taken up forty pages (very small ones); the talk over the fire occupies a hundred and forty-six. It goes over a great many subjects—the question between the Armenians and the Turks; the question What is a Christian? to which naturally the trooper is unprepared with an answer; the question of Cecil Rhodes, and the right of England to give or take in Africa. Then the stranger gives Peter a very long report of the sermon of a little (his size is very specially noted) clergyman which offended his churchwardens, of the remonstrances of his wife afterwards, of a second sermon, and of how he walked up the street in a drizzling rain and all his people crossed to the other side. After this the stranger claims to be one of a large company known by a sign, which is the New Testament precept to love one another; and he tells how this great company began, apparently in these

same savage wilds, "when these hills were young, and these lichens had hardly shown their stains upon the rocks," &c., by the action of a woman who suddenly be-thought herself, "as she picked the flesh from a human skull," that she did not like the taste of man-flesh: "Men are too like me; I cannot eat them," she cried: and she immediately let loose a captive who was intended for the next meal, and got killed herself in consequence. This was the origin, the traveller tells Peter, of the great company to which he belongs. He has old wounds in his hands and feet. He is indeed no less a personage than—Jesus Christ.

It is wonderful to imagine how it is that so many writers in the present day have taken upon them to introduce into their not very sublime histories this extraordinary Interlocutor. To put their own diffuse and wandering words into such a mouth is bad enough; to express their own hot and hasty opinions through the supposed interposition of Him, whom this very introduction of Him proves some dim apprehension of, as at least the first and greatest of men if no more, is little less than blasphemy. Rash would be the man who would introduce Shakespeare into his scene, and make the great poet talk like any common man. How much greater is the offence not only to every feeling of reverence, but, from the merest human point of view, to every rule of art, and every sentiment of nature. Curiously enough it has been done chiefly by women, and it is one of the greatest evidences we know of that almost criminal recklessness, and disregard of consequences, of which women generally are accused. Great authority would we all get, no doubt, for our own

sentiments, could we convince even all the noble army of fools that we had the sanction of the Saviour of mankind. Therefore, quick! let us put His figure on our canvas, let us put our babble in His lips, and the thing is done! Mrs Lynn Linton gave us His fictitious human story. Miss Phelps (who ought to have known better) introduced Him as an actor in a novel. Miss Corelli (oh, bathos!) gave Him the honours of her facile pen. Are these ladies God that they can divine and express what would be the words of our Lord on any subject, or His opinion? The daring, the presumption, the folly, are too obvious for words. It is not given to mortals to express thoughts and feelings which are above the level of their own intellect and power of grasping. A poet may create a being purer and more noble than himself, but cannot go further in wisdom, in insight, or in love than is within his own possibilities at least; and what man can venture to think that he is himself on the mental or the moral level of Him who spoke upon the mount, who considered the lilies as they grew, and of whom even His enemies reported that never man spake like this man. Alas! many men of indifferent authority enough, preachers, platform orators, and others, have spoken quite as well as the stranger who talked with Peter Halket over the fire—who, indeed, speaks very much as Miss Schreiner speaks, only not half so well and forcibly as she does when she is on her own ground and knows what she is about.

This terrible mistake comes to a climax at the end of the address, when the stranger wishes to intrust Peter Halket—whose capacities in every way that honest trooper has very naïvely exhibited, so that even

without special insight no man in his senses could have thought him a suitable messenger—with a message to England, in which Government, Queen, women, working men, &c., are all specially addressed; then with a message to the Dutch in Africa; and then, which is the point of the whole, to Mr Rhodes. Peter has a great deal more sense than his mysterious visitor. He declines all these high missions, and is finally left with a commission to "Love his enemies," which precept he is made to carry out tragically shortly after, in a manner which, if supported by evidence, would do more to enlighten the reader on South African methods than any amount of impassioned sermonising; for the second part of the story introduces us to a camp in the wilderness, where a number of troopers are assembled, Peter Halket in the background marching up and down as sentinel, for punishment, in the heat of the day. The other men are grumbling over their cooking. "Here are we," they say, "with our half-teaspoonful of Dop [bad brandy] given us at night, while he [the captain] has ten empty champagne bottles lying behind his tent. We have to live on the mealies we're convoying for the horses, while he has pati and beef, and lives like a lord!" It appears from their talk that this captain is one of those "who are sent out from England to boss it over us," yet not "a real English officer," though likely to "be a colonel or general before we're done with him."

Now we should like explanations about this—still more about the incident which brings the story to a close. A poor negro has been found in a hole in the bank of the river, wounded, with two bullet-wounds in the thigh,

who evidently had lain in his cave painfully mending of his wounds till he could walk a little. "It's evident he was just waiting till we are gone to clear off after his people," says one of the troopers; "he'd got that beastly scurvy look a nigger gets when he hasn't had anything to eat for a long time." This poor wretch is fastened up to a tree with leather thongs, by the legs, waist, and neck, waiting the possibility of a superior officer and party joining the camp to decide what is to be done with him. If this does not happen, the man is to be shot next morning. Needless to say Peter Halket cuts his bonds during the night: he is thereafter shot dead by the captain under the tree.

Now, of course, any horrible single accident may happen in war—but this is not given as an isolated instance. The writer of a book like this, who has already a large audience secured and may do infinite mischief, ought not to be let off with the remarks of a critic. Is this the kind of thing which the troopers in South Africa do? Do they torture wounded and helpless prisoners? Do they consider every wandering negro trying "to clear off to his own people" as an active belligerent? Is their whole aim and object nothing but murder and robbery? Are our young men who go there, in troops, from English houses full of the love of God and pity for suffering men, so callous to such proceedings as to look on, thinking it fun? Every family which has a son in South Africa has an interest in knowing whether this is a horrible truth, or a still more horrible and vicious invention. The captain, with his ten bottles of champagne and his handy revolver, is like an apparition out of the fifteenth century—

though neither his wine nor his weapon existed then. Is all this true? We decline to believe it, except on evidence. Stray utterances, even isolated facts worked up in the white-heat of a woman's passion, we might painfully understand; but this, as the rule of the campaign, quite an ordinary and everyday matter, we refuse to give credit to, unless supported by undeniable proof, which the author should be compelled to produce. We have already seen what vague pretence at evidence sometimes satisfies a literary operator. What has Mrs Schreiner to produce in support of her horrible assertion? Without evidence we refuse to believe.

Mr Rhodes, however, is the chief subject of the attack. He no doubt might bring half-a-dozen actions if he chose against his daring assailant—who probably, however, is very well aware that he is not at all likely to do so. Mr Rhodes is not our affair. He is abundantly well able to take care of himself. But if our sons are trained in South Africa to be like *that*, we are bound to know it—and by proof that cannot be disputed. A writer of fiction has great licence—but not such licence as this. The ravings against an individual, which she has the extraordinary rashness and folly to put into the lips of Christ, are bad enough. They are, besides, so violent and unmeasured as to defeat any possible object she could have had in uttering them, and give us good hope that the rest, too, is but venomous spume and foam. But it ought not to stop here.

We feel as Coleridge must have done, when out of his ghastly ship and all its weird crew he passed

in one step into the halcyon regions of poetry—

“A noise like of a hidden brook

In the leafy month of June,

That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune”—

when we suddenly pass out of all the horrors of Mrs Schreiner's political pamphlet into the lovely poetic region of the book now before us. It seems indeed almost profane to discuss among other books, unless without drawing a ring round it to keep off their common touch, the wonderful and unique little volume which Mr Barrie has consecrated to his mother.¹ Some captious critics have caught at the only thing that could possibly be said in its disfavour, that the subject was too sacred and the details too intimate to be given to the public; but we should have been sorry indeed if any such scruple had withheld Mr Barrie from setting before us the most beautiful description of a little Scots village household ever drawn, a picture in which every line is ideal yet every touch absolutely true,—such a description as is, according to Professor Wilson's criticism of Galt, a Fact; but full of many tender refinements which Galt knew not, and which were beyond his sphere. The homely woman in no way above her sphere, yet above all spheres, who is the ideal of her children, their most favourite and admired companion, whose little foibles they adore almost more than the generous perfection of all her gifts and graces, the fountain of thought, the source of mirth, the Rosalind and the Naomi of her family, is not a common figure nowadays in literature. Our

young authors prefer the mother who is jealous of her daughters, and continually struggling to keep the rights which are slipping from her hands; or the Mrs Nickleby, who is perhaps still more typical of the modern methods, though Dickens has gone out of fashion. We are bound to admit that we thought Mr Barrie's wonderful portrait would be caviare to the general—i.e., to most people out of Scotland, to whom the idea of discussing everything in heaven and earth with an old woman in a mutch, and finding inspiration in her talk, and suggestion, and absolute sympathy with the highest dreams and wishes, might appear an absurd one. But I am happy to find that this is not the case, and that the fact of having a man of genius for her son explains to the stranger the possibility of such a mother. There are such mothers, however, who are not so fortunate as Margaret Ogilvy, and whose clear and sparkling stream of imagination and intellectual life seems spilt upon the ground, and leaves no health-giving influence behind. Yet one can never regret, even should this be the case, the existence of these wonderful little unknown celestial lights glimmering in chimney-corners, or looking out upon the whole breathing world of poetry and meaning from the narrow panes of a window in Thrums.

It is almost impossible to quote from such a book, which imperiously demands to be quoted entire, that the proportions of it may not be broken, and which no worthy reader will do less than read again and again and get by heart, especially if he himself has had such a mother. It is at length the full

¹ Margaret Ogilvy. By J. M. Barrie. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

answer to one of the fantastic questions that used to be current some years ago, why the mother in fiction was generally so unsatisfactory an image? which we opine was, because the man had not yet arisen who could do her full justice. This is not fiction, but it is as good, since it is the introduction of a new and most living human creature of the noblest mould, and as true as the Bible or Shakespeare, to nature and life—and all the better that it is fact as well, and already dwells in many a heart. We must quote one little touch, however, not of motherhood, but of the strange ideal atmosphere which may be breathed in a Scotch village, or at least still could be breathed when Mr Barrie was a boy. He describes an old tailor, homeliest of figures, "one of the fullest men I have known, and quite the best talker":—

"This man had heard of my set of photographs of the poets, and asked for a sight of them, which led to our first meeting. I remember how he spread them out on his board, and after looking long at them, turned his gaze on me and said solemnly—

'What can I do to be for ever known,
And make the age to come my own?'

"These lines of Cowley's were new to me, but the sentiment was not new, and I marvelled how the old tailor could see me so well. So it was strange to me to discover presently that he had not been thinking of me at all, but of his own young days, when that couplet rang in his head, and he too had thirsted to set out for Grub Street, but was afraid, and while he hesitated old age came, and then Death, and found him grasping a box-iron.

"I hurried home with the mouthful, but neighbours had dropped in, and this was for her ears only, so I drew her to the stair and said imperiously—

'What can I do to be for ever known,
And make the age to come my own?'

It was an odd request for which to draw her from a tea-table, and she must have been surprised, but I think she did not laugh, and in after years she would repeat the lines fondly, with a flush on her soft face. 'That is the kind you would like to be yourself,' we would say in jest to her, and she would reply almost passionately, 'No; but I would be windy of being his mother.'

That was in Thrums, and not imaginary but Fact as well as true. We well remember another youngster further back than Mr Barrie, and in circumstances much less poetical, who was wont to walk about, between the ages of eight and ten, saying over with glowing eyes a scrap which never has been found in any poem, but which we should much like to discover the source of. It began abruptly—

"From which the child of fancy oft
resolves
To frame he knows not what excelling
thing,
And wins he knows not what sublime
reward
Of praise and honour."

Well! the child of fancy does not win any sublime reward, not even Mr Barrie, who is at present on the top of his wave, but "has long given up" (*he says*) "the dream of being for ever known"; but he would have been none the worse for having dreamed it, even if he had died a tailor, and Margaret Ogilvy, no doubt, in heavenly triumph of being "his mother," never doubted of the end obtained.

The one thing in which we disagree with Mr Barrie is in his optimistic thought that Thrums will remain as original as ever under the influence of "the roar of 'power'" which has replaced the "click of the shuttle," and though "the nest of weavers" has become to-day "a town of girls." The old

weaver in the long meditative silences, busy at one of the most primitive of implements, is always a poetical possibility: but the floods of girls, or boys either, carried along in the pitiless whirl of youth unguided and without experience, are millions of leagues apart from poetry; and it is very difficult to believe that such a woman as Margaret Ogilvy should flourish among the workers in a mill. "Home life is not so beautiful as it was," he confesses. How can home life exist at all with the mother in the factory and the children in the gutter? It is too horrible a problem to be tacked on to this beautiful book.

One thing, however, we desire to point out to Mr Barrie for his special consideration. He it is, alas! who has invented the present craze for Scots dialect, so largely followed up by his disciples. Will he please to observe that in 'Margaret Ogilvy,' the most true of records, there is very little, if any, dialect? The Scots is not here a disjointed string of English words absurdly spelt. Margaret Ogilvy no doubt talked like the books she read, with noble Scots words interspersed, and an idiom here and there, into which the kailyard has no insight. We convict him out of his own mouth, and we hope he will not forget the lesson to be learned.

Mr Street's story¹ is one of those which has been called into being by the new form of publication in fiction. This young writer would not, we think, have ever attempted the old three-volume form. He and the class of which he is one of the foremost are perhaps a little afraid of trouble. They are certainly very much afraid of

ennui, even when of their own manufacture. They would rather kill you outright than bore you, which is a greater crime; and as they avoid boring themselves with still more affectionate concern, they have confined themselves first to the short story, and now to just as much as will go into a 6s. volume. We think it is a pity, and have always thought so; but the thing is done, and past remedy. The briefer book requires a different kind of art. It is no longer the large, even careless, canvas into which all the varieties of the world came in. The object of the tale has to be kept constantly before them, and no discursive proclivity permitted. All these, indeed, are canons of art to the new writer, and the consequence is that we have our tale served to us dry, without any lightening of the single issue. Mr Street is a young man who has found it so easy to make a very considerable reputation that the after-steps of building it up will naturally be more hard to him than if he had not gained so immediate a success. The 'Autobiography of a Boy' was excellent, humorous and delicate and true—with that whimsical truth of apparent self-complacency which veiled a most amusing insight into the life and manners of his kind. The present work has all the charm of writing which was in his first production; but it fails in interesting the reader in the same way, for the excellent reason, to begin with, that we attached ourselves immediately to his hero with all his delightful follies, in the first book, and that we do not care a straw for any of his characters in the second. Some episodes in their career are told with spirit and force, as the

¹ The Wise and the Wayward. By G. S. Street. John Lane.

manner in which Skiffington, an old admirer, is summoned by the young wife Nelly, after her first serious quarrel with her husband, to "take her away," to the innocent astonishment and horror of the young man, who has no notion whatever of running away with his neighbour's wife, besides having one of his own. Neither, we are sure, had Nelly the slightest intention of running away, and the manner in which both are got out of the dilemma is excellent in its way.

But Mr Street has been led away by the famous and often-repeated aphorism that marriage is not the end but the beginning of life, and that the course of true love leading up to that event is not half so exciting as the troubles that follow, before the pair sail into a safe harbour of love and content, or make shipwreck. Needless at this time of day to say that it is the making shipwreck which is most attractive to the young writer of his period; and the story is occupied accordingly with the process of rending asunder those whom, if not God, yet the

clerical functionaries in St George's, Hanover Square, have put together. We think indeed that they would not have gone so far had not Mr Street compelled them to do so, and that he leaves these young people far too little freedom to follow their own inclinations and impulses, which also is the fashion of the age. It is sinful to write a novel, thus incurring the responsibility of bringing human creatures with wills of their own into the world, and then to bind them down so that they shall have no power to exercise these wills; but that, we are aware, is an old-fashioned view. The plot is complicated by an exceedingly wicked and cruel woman who is "the wise," and who is regarded with the highest approbation by almost all the actors in the little drama. As for the others, they are wayward enough in all conscience, and most truly worthy of their name: yet we remain convinced that this is very much Mr Street's fault, and that they would not have done it if he had allowed them to take their own way.

A CITY OF MANY WATERS.

STRICTLY speaking, a city of one water only; but so ingeniously has this compliant river been dammed here, sluiced there, coaxed into a new channel on that side and wheedled into a dozen conduits on this, that one cannot go far in the streets without hearing a gurgle or a rush, and, peering over the brick parapet beside the way, beholding a limpid current, wherein great, pale trout lie fanning themselves among the waving water-weeds the livelong summer day. It is well for Winchester that the Itchen has its reservoirs so deep in the chalk ridges that the rain falling on them one winter does not find its way into the channel till the next. That is the plan on which nearly all rivers were laid down originally. The destructive floods which scarify the land and scare the dwellers in it only come after reckless, greedy man has stripped the uplands of wood, placed there to arrest the sudden glut of water. The mighty porges of the chalk he cannot spoil—only nibble them into pits here and there, or scratch them with railway cuttings. So the Itchen flows on now with much the same current, liberal through all summer drought and committing no excesses in winter, as it did when the Roman galleys first warmed into its estuary.

Advancing up the river, the practised eye of the general of the region fixed on a bare chalk down, marking the verge of the Andresweald—the primeval forest, stretching eastward 120 miles—the best strategic position in the valley. This down men now speak of as St Catherine's Hill; at the intrenchments thereon

were known to their Celtic garrison as *Caer Gwent*—the white stronghold—and the invaders appropriated both the fortress and its name. Thus Winchester owes its present name to its native chalk, for when the Romans marked out a fresh camp in the vale below the hill, they found, as so many explorers have done, that it was much easier to keep the old name than invent a new one, and on their lips *Gwent* naturally became *Venta*—*Venta Belgarum*. Then, when these had run their day, came the Saxons, who transformed it into *Winte-caester*—the camp of *Venta*—Winchester.

It is a curious reflection that this quiet little cathedral town, nestled so snugly in its leafy valley, was within an ace, or two two's, or whatsoever most forcibly expresses "all but," becoming the capital of all England. It was the royal city of Wessex: here Alfred the Great held his Court; though of his palace of Wolvesey hardly any traces remain at this day, for it was dismantled in 1155 by Henry II., when he set himself to humble the pride and cripple the power of Henry de Blois, brother of King Stephen and Bishop of Winchester. But it was in Wolvesey that the 'Liber de Winton' was compiled by Alfred's order—the origin of Domesday Book, remaining the official statistical record till, as is said, it was destroyed as useless on being superseded by the Conqueror's more comprehensive survey.

Of Alfred's doings at Winchester the records are tolerably ample, from the annals which he caused the monks of St Swithun's to compile. Of these, the original man-

uscript, now in the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, was chained to a desk in Wolvesey Castle: tradition affirms that the great king himself used to write in it down to the year 891; and the book ever lay open, so that all men who could read might trace therein the annual register as it grew. This warrior king had a great reverence for letters, and the fame of Winchester as a seat of learning was heard afar. The Christian communities of Ireland had got a long start in literature over those in Britain; they were not slow to take notice of the favour shown to scholars by Alfred. The voyage across St George's Channel was hazardous, by reason of the northern pirates who swarmed there; nevertheless, in 891 came three Scots—*i.e.*, Irish—in a boat “made of two skins and a half,” with provisions for a week, who, landing in Cornwall, made their way to Alfred's Court at Winchester. Their names—good Gaelic ones, to wit—stand in the chronicle to this day—Dubslane, Macbetha, and Maelinnun.

Doubts have been thrown on the story of King Alfred and the burnt cakes, but it is as well authenticated as anything in his reign, and Asser, the king's intimate friend, is the chief authority for it. He adds (and both Florence of Worcester and William of Malmesbury confirm the strange story) that the swineherd Denulf, in whose house the incident happened, was remembered by the king after his restoration. Alfred having been struck by the fellow's intelligence, directed that he should be educated for the priesthood, and in the end appointed him Bishop of Winchester. But none of the deponents mention how it fared with Denulf's wife, the chief personage in the burnt-

cake episode. It is to be hoped she shared her husband's elevation—for the Church had not departed in those early days from the Pauline precept, that “a bishop be the husband of one wife.”

Alfred was a puissant soldier as well as a scribe, and a good sailor to boot, as it behoved one who should hold Wessex against the amphibious Dane. His crowning victory over Guthorm or Godrun at Chippenham in 878 resulted in the treaty of Waedmor, which established him as King of Wessex, and of as much of Mercia as lay to the west of the Danelaw—namely, Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridgeshire, Essex, Herts, and parts of the shires of Bedford and Huntingdon. And thus was the kingdom of England founded, with Winchester as the capital. In that city the Witenagemot continued to assemble; thence Alfred issued the Domboc, or code of Wessex law; and thither, in 897, were brought to him the prisoners captured from the fleet of the Danish usurper Hasting, to be hanged on the walls of Wolvesey Castle. In this union of Wessex and Mercia, London, the chief town of the latter realm, was too busy a seaport to be overlooked, but the day of London did not dawn till long afterwards.

The bones of the founder of the English monarchy have been lost. They laid Alfred the Great in the Old Minster of St Swithun, where the cathedral now stands; but the monks vowed that his ghost walked and gave them no rest, so the remains were moved to the half-finished New Minster, which had been founded just behind the old one. As time went on, the proximity of these two minsters was found to be too great a strain on the Christian love of the

brethren; so the monks of the newer foundation migrated in 1110 to a spot outside the city walls, where they built Hyde Abbey and Monastery. Alfred's bones they carried with them, and laid in a new tomb; but it is our mournful part to record, with what patience God may grant us, that towards the close of last century the corporation of Winchester—Alfred's own city—being fired with the modern craze for improvement, caused the ruins of Hyde Abbey to be swept away, and used the material thereof for building a new jail. Worst of all, they suffered a wayfaring antiquary to carry off a certain stone of memory to Corby Castle in Cumberland, where it may still be seen, and the inscription thereon read—

ALFRED REX: DCCCCLXXXI.

Thus the ashes of the great king were scattered, as well as those of his doughty son Edward. But he still lives in his writings, and space may be found to quote one of the numerous interpolations he made in his translation of Boethius; for albeit it contains no more than a well-worn reflection on a trite subject, such as thoughtful men have ejaculated through all the ages, it throws some light on the intellectual degree of the first King of England:—

"True friends! I say that this is the most precious of all the riches of the world. They are not even to be reckoned among the goods of the world, but as divine ones; because false fortune can neither bring them nor take them away. Nature attracts and limes men together with inseparable love. But with the riches of this world, and by our present prosperity, men more often make an enemy than friend."

endured for a century and a half, and owed its destruction to one of the first acts in the long struggle for civil supremacy between Church and State. Winchester was then, as it remained for centuries afterwards, the richest see in England; so that in later years, when William of Edington was made to exchange it for the metropolitan dignity of Canterbury, he murmured with a sigh, "Though Canterbury is the higher rack, Winchester is the richer manger." Yet Dunstan, the leader of the monastic reformation of the tenth century, proudly refused to become Bishop of Winchester, having a far loftier ambition to serve when King Edred died. Edwy, his successor, was but a lad of sixteen when he ascended the throne, and Dunstan did not lose a day in asserting his authority over the new king. Edwy had made a love-match with his beautiful cousin Elgiva; but the churchmen would not recognise their marriage, which was within the forbidden degrees. No terms are too harsh for the monkish chronicler Osberne to pour on the girl—*mulieris animum instigat Diabolus*. On the day of his coronation at Winchester, the poor young king, wearied with the long ceremony, refused to sit and drink all night with the nobles and clergy, and, thinking it high time to "join the ladies," withdrew to his wife's apartments in Wolvesey Castle. Now a king that would not get royally drunk at his own coronation was no king for the Saxons; the guests were furious at this affront to their *leta convivium*. Odo, Archbishop of Canterbury, was present, and ordered Dunstan and Bishop Cynesius to bring their monarch back to the board. These, hurrying off, burst into the room where Edwy was sitting with his

queen and mother-in-law, his golden crown lying on the ground at Elgiva's feet. Dunstan delivered his summons, with which the king flatly refused to comply; whereupon Dunstan, who probably had drunk already quite as much as he could conveniently carry, made a most offensive harangue to the ladies, seized hold on the king, rammed the crown on his head, and, assisted by Cynesius, forcibly carried him back into the banqueting-hall. Edwy had plenty of spirit; he chastised Dunstan for this outrage by stripping him of his abbacy, and sent him into banishment. But he was not strong enough to fight the Church: all his kingdom north of the Thames slipped from his grasp, and the virulent Odo pronounced a divorce between him and his queen.

Unhappy Elgiva! not content with thus ruining her fame, Odo caused her to be seized in her palace of Wolvesey, branded in her beautiful face, and banished to Ireland. Worse was in store for her. "After a while," as Osberne, with redundancy of vituperation, ungallantly describes, "her wounds being healed, but with the deformity of her shameless mind still gaping, she left Ireland and came to Gloucester, steeped in the obstinacy of a black heart." *Homo homini lupus*: the vengeance of the Church which she had incurred was wreaked with devilish atrocity. Elgiva was seized *ab hominibus servis Dei*—by men in the service of God—acting, that is, under orders from Odo and Dunstan—and the sinews of her legs were severed, so that she might wander no more. Incredible as it might seem, were it not testified by the writings of Osberne, who was briefed by the clerical party, the

young queen was actually hamstrung by these fiends. Of course, to palliate such severity, Elgiva is made to appear a dissolute, unworthy female; but the testimony of men who could carry out such abominations as their own annalist describes is not worth much against the character of their victim. She died under her torments; and Edwy himself—*pro suis criminibus eliminato et misera morte damnato*—perished in a mysterious way, doubtless by assassination, near Gloucester, where he had gone to meet his beloved wife. It is a singular illustration of the prejudice which besets ecclesiastical historians in dealing with affairs involving the reputation of churchmen, that Dr Milner, Vicar Apostolic of the Midland District, an able, and, in lay matters, an impartial chronicler, writing in 1798, described Elgiva as "a wicked woman, of great beauty and high birth"; repeated (though he did not dare to translate) the abominable gossip about the scene in Elgiva's room, and vehemently vindicated the actions of Odo and St Dunstan.¹ The whole passage is one of lamentable insincerity, suppressing Osberne's statement that the final punishment of the Queen was inflicted by "men in the service of God," and throwing the blame on the thanes, "then in arms against Edwy."

Dunstan, after holding the sees of Worcester and London simultaneously, became Archbishop of Canterbury in 960, and died in 988, having seen five kings on the throne of England, and assisted at least one of them to leave it. One of the most formidable and unscrupulous characters connected with the history of Winchester, he was, with all his dark faults,

¹ History of Winchester, pp. 115, 116, and notes.

a courageous and powerful statesman—powerful because courageous. Had he lived a few years longer, he might have averted or deferred the ruin of the Anglo-Saxon monarchy; for it is certain he never would have allowed Æthelred the Unready to enter in 991 on the fatal policy of buying off Danish invasions, which ended in the surrender of sixteen counties in 1010.

The last vivid picture which we may present of Anglo-Saxon Winchester shows the straits to which statecraft may be reduced under feeble rulers. Good Bishop Ælfeah, scandalised by the nightly orgies of his liege lord, and trembling for the disasters which such debauchery was bringing on his country, used to steal out of the palace of Wolvesey on winter nights, creep past the sentries, and, plunging into the icy Itchen, stand up to his middle singing penitential psalms till sunrise.

It availed not. The kingdom passed to lords of a sterner race, and Canute, or, as we are taught to write his name now, Cnut, ruled the whole Danish dominions from the ancient Saxon capital. It is said that he returned thither after the famous wave-compelling experiment on the sea-shore, and, bowing never again to wear an earthly crown, hung it on the cross above the high altar in the cathedral, where it remained till the great cross itself, a marvel of silver work, disappeared in the convulsions of the Reformation. Cnut was a good friend to Winchester, "having decorated," says Roger of Wendover, "the Old Minster with such munificence that the minds of strangers were confounded at the sight of the gold and silver and the splendour of the jewels."

The coming of the Norman Con-

queror found Winchester divided against itself, and the two minsters took opposite sides, with very important results on their subsequent fortunes. Queen Emma, having vindicated her character against the charges of immorality in general and complicity in the murder of her son Alfred in particular, by walking unscathed over nine red-hot ploughshares laid in a row on the pavement of the Cathedral, died in 1052 in her own house at the top of the High Street. She was the widow of two kings, Æthelred and Cnut, and the mother of two more, Harthacnut and Edward the Confessor. The benefactions of that clever woman to the Old Minster of St Swithun had secured the goodwill of many of the clergy to her Norman kinsfolk; though Bishop Stigand, the friend of Earl Godwin, remained stoutly English. King Edward, too, though he hated his mother, and avoided Winchester as much as possible during her lifetime, had encouraged the Norman idea consistently, and had hospitably received Duke William, entertaining him in his chief castles. There was, besides, a strong feeling among the clerics of Winchester in favour of the race whose culture, as shown by their literature and architecture, was far ahead of anything hitherto attained in Anglo-Saxon England.

But the New Minster espoused the national cause against the foreigner. Under their stout abbot Ælfwig, uncle of the new King Harold, twelve monks and twenty men-at-arms, well armed, well drilled, and with suitable attendants, marched across the downs to join their king at Hastings. After the decisive battle there, when the victors came to strip the slain, they recognised the monks of the

New Minster by their Benedictine dress under the mail—a circumstance by no means overlooked by William of Normandy when, amid the plaudits of the brethren of St Swithun, he set up his Court at “Guinestre.” Not only did he cause his new palace to be built within the precincts of the New Minster, but he deprived the monastery of 20,000 acres of good land.

The next act of the Conqueror, however, put a severe strain on the loyalty of his adherents in the capital. This was the order for a severe inquisition into the extent and value of all lands within the kingdom, to be engrossed in the ‘*Rotulus Wintoniæ*’—the Winchester Roll. “So narrowly was it spied out,” whines the chronicler Ingulph, “as it is shameful to say, though the king thought it no shame to do—that never a hide nor a rood of land escaped mention, nor ox, nor cow, nor swine; all was set down in writing and laid before him.” So odious and inconvenient was this proceeding to the commonalty, by reason of the facility it afforded for purposes of taxation, that the register was never referred to under its official title, but men nicknamed it the “Domesday Book.”

Brave Stigand was deprived of his bishopric in 1072, and imprisoned in Winchester Castle, where he died. Walkelin, a relative of King William, was appointed in his place, and, seven years later, began to build a new cathedral—for the Normans despised the homely Romanesque of the Saxon architects. In 1086, the great structure being ready for the roof, the bishop besought his royal kinsman to supply him with timber from the forest of Hempage, which then flourished about three miles from Winchester on the

Alresford road. The king gave him leave to take as many oaks as his carpenters could cut in four days; whereupon the wily bishop enlisted a whole army of carpenters, who, working day and night, hewed down every oak in the forest. Now King William set great store by his woods, and, riding that way not long after, exclaimed, “Am I bewitched? am I out of my senses? had I not once a most delectable wood here?” When he heard of the trick played on him by the bishop, straightway he fell into a great rage, such as it took all Walkelin’s tact and courage to assuage. The original timbers of the oaks so craftily obtained without payment still remain above the stone groining added to the roof at a later day.

In 1093 the new cathedral was finished, being the longest in England except St Albans, and the relics of St Swithun and a host of other saints were stored within it. William of Malmesbury describes how, in the year 1100, some countrymen were seen coming from the west, driving a frail cart towards the new church; and ever as they went blood dripped from it by the way, for it held the body of the slaughtered King of England. Him the monks huddled into the earth below Walkelin’s great tower, with much shame and little sorrow, for William Rufus had died unshriven of his violence, profanity, and sensuality. The horror of him was so great that nobody greatly marvelled when, seven years later, the tower fell in with a crash upon the tyrant’s tomb. The beautiful grey tower—the same that gives Winchester at this day its crown of glory—was built immediately, with greatly strengthened piers, of which the foundations are no longer endangered by the ashes of the Re-

King. One of the earliest things to catch the eye of one visiting the cathedral for the first time is a row of large painted chests, set on the top of the screen built round the presbytery in the sixteenth century. These contain the bones of many kings, queens, saints, and distinguished persons. In one of them repose in strange companionship the remains of Cnut and his Queen Emma, of William Rufus and the Bishops Wina and Alwin. So the inscription on one side of the chest informs us; on the other side is the explanation of such a curious arrangement—namely, that “sacrilegious barbarism” having mingled the dust of princes and prelates in the year 1642, all that could be collected was put promiscuously into a common repository.

The hand of the Norman Government had lain heavily from the first on the monks of the New Minster, because of the part they played at the battle of Hastings. Indeed, what between the millers in the Soke and the king’s engineers making moats for the castle, they had been nearly drowned out of their quarters, and, as mentioned above, they sought out a fresh site for their monastery in 1110. William Giffard was then bishop, and, as behoved any one who held that office in the royal capital, was a discreet courtier. But the necessities of Henry I. were frequent and exorbitant: to keep pace with his exactions, Bishop William had to tax his episcopal tenants so sorely that at last even the docile monks of the Old Minster rebelled. For years they continued on the worst of terms with their spiritual head; but in 1124, the king having exerted himself to bring it about, reconciliation was effected in a scene worthy of the brush of

Mr Calderon. The bishop sat enthroned in the chapter-house; two by two the monks, stripped to the waist as if for flagellation, filed before him and besought his forgiveness.

Bishop Giffard came to find his Court duties irksome with increasing years, so he turned monk in 1128, and was succeeded in the see by Henry of Blois, brother of Stephen of Boulogne, who was afterwards King of England. An astute, worldly prelate, he headed the party of Stephen against that of Empress Maud, and in the civil war which ensued most of Winchester, including twenty-two churches, was reduced to ashes. The luckless monks of the New Minster, having again espoused the losing side, had their new monastery of Hyde burnt about their ears, and their great cross, the gift of Cnut, was melted to a shapeless alloy of gold and silver. But Henry of Blois befriended the Old Minster. A great collector of works of art, he laid up vast treasure in the cathedral, and richly enshrined there the relics of many saints. But all these are scattered now, save the great font of black stone, carved with figures illustrating the miracles of St Nicholas, still to be seen in the nave, and a gold ring set with a sapphire, found when his tomb was opened not many years ago. A nobler and more enduring monument he founded—the Hospital of St Cross—over the meadows to the south of the town, where to this day the brethren refuse to no wayfarer a dole of bread and a draught of ale.

With the death of Henry I. in 1135 the sun of Winchester turned towards setting. Hitherto it had remained the practical capital of the realm, the favourite abode of

the Court, the repository of the public records, the chief seat of justice and learning. Also it could boast of the chief State prison, and no less than eight *carnifices* or executioners—a large percentage in a town of some 10,000 or 12,000 inhabitants. Yet these officials never enjoyed a sinecure; and the bishop had his separate prison also, with its appropriate staff. In spite of this there came a time when no free Wintonian could be found to do an act of bloody justice. Winchester was ever faithful to her kings, no matter how bad they might be; so it came to pass that her citizens warmly supported the cause of Edward II., even through the evil days of his imprisonment and death. Queen Isabella and Mortimer, therefore, resolved to strike terror into their hearts. Edmund of Woodstock, Earl of Kent, the king's own uncle, lay a prisoner in Winchester Castle: him they condemned to death. Early one morning he was led upon the scaffold outside his prison, but not one of the eight executioners could be induced to raise a hand against a person so deeply beloved. All day the earl stood there waiting till some one should release him from his misery, till at last, in the evening (*ad horam vespertinam*), they found a wretch in the Marshalsea who, to save his own neck, struck off the head of the condemned man.

But this is anticipating. In the meanwhile Winchester, though still a royal residence, fell steadily behind in the struggle for supremacy with the Mercian capital. In importance, she had to own herself surpassed by London, but in precedence of dignity, not just yet. As late as 1269 her citizens vindicated that, though in rather an ambiguous way. Henry III. was

to wear his crown at a State banquet in Westminster; the men of Winchester claimed their ancient office as cupbearers, which the men of London disputed. The easy-going king, to avoid worry, decided to dispense with the ceremony of cup-bearing altogether, on which the Londoners withdrew in dudgeon, leaving the Wintonians to enjoy their dinner.

But that was the last spark. A few years later and the position to which Winchester had receded was accentuated by an ignoble squabble for the second place. When David, the brother of Llewellyn of Wales, was executed at Shrewsbury in 1283, his head and quarters were assigned for exposure in the principal towns of the realm. To London, as matter of course, went the head, but the portion of next highest honour was the right upper quarter. For this there was sharp competition between Winchester and York. Edward I. decided the question in favour of the southern town, whither accordingly the grisly token was conveyed.

It was hard on the old town to yield her pre-eminence, even though her double allegiance to Crown and Mitre had sometimes brought the burgesses into dilemma. For example, in 1243, when Henry III. was quarrelling with Bishop Raley, he ordered the mayor to shut the town gates in his face. The mayor obeyed, and afterwards was heavily fined by the angry prelate for resistance to his spiritual lord. Winchester long continued the favourite residence of the Court. The greatest of the Plantagenets had set out thence on his crusade in 1270, and revisited it immediately on his return in 1276, and was constantly there until the year before his death. In February of that year, 1306, he was hunting

at Itchen Stoke, a few miles up the river. His mind was well at ease, for the dream of his ambition—the unification of Great Britain under one crown—had been satisfactorily accomplished. John Balliol was giving no trouble; Wallace had been disposed of the previous summer; Edward himself had just held a council in Westminster and assigned their posts to the various Scottish magnates, including Robert de Brus, all duly and doubly sworn to fealty; the old king was well entitled to take his pleasure in the chase. But messengers brought startling news to him at Itchen Stoke. Robert de Brus had slain John Comyn in the church of Dumfries, and Scotland was arming. From that moment Edward never knew another hour of tranquillity. He never saw his beloved Hampshire valley again.

In the thirteenth century pilgrims flocked in such hordes to St Swithun's shrine that Bishop Lucy, to protect the regular worshippers in the cathedral from annoyance, and even contagion, from the malodorous throng, enlarged the church by an addition, with a separate entrance from the north transept, and closed on the south side by the fine gates of wrought iron, supposed to be the oldest specimens of that craft in England. Against William de Wykeham, the greatest of Winchester's prelates, who shall breathe a word of disparagement? Had he done no more than found and endow St Mary's College of Winchester, he had earned the blessing of us all, for on that model have been moulded all our other great public schools. William surely has proved not the least among the prophets, else what inspired him

to choose the simple motto—*Manners maketh Man*—as if he had foreseen how the gentle ordeal of the public school was to prove the hall-mark of courtliness, even in days when rapid money-making raises many above their birth level. Yet is one sorely tempted to irritation because of the disastrous activity of this excellent man. Would that in his ardour for designing new buildings he had been content to leave the old ones alone! Then had Winchester Cathedral remained in the south what Kirkwall is in the far north—a magnificent and perfect example of Norman architecture at its best. But William of Wykeham had begun his career as Chief Commissioner of Works to Edward III., and, being an ambitious ædile, must needs cut and slash at the Old Minster, obliterating Walkelin's noble triforium, and ripping out the round-headed clerestory windows to make way for broad, shallow lights in the modish Perpendicular style. It is true that Bishop Edington had begun the mischief; for he had pulled down the massive west front, and left ample funds, which he directed his successor to apply to "perfecting the nave." But the heartless transformation is indelibly associated with the name of Wykeham, and it is ours to deplore the thoroughness with which he carried it out. Luckily the transepts remain undeformed, with their fine ashlar-work and massive piers, although those supporting the central tower have been cut away to an alarming extent.

It is cold comfort to read Dr Kitchin's opinion that "the result is that the nave is the finest, and perhaps the most simple, specimen of Perpendicular work extant."¹

¹ Winchester. By G. W. Kitchin, D.D. Longmans, Green, & Co., 1893.

The Perpendicular style, of all the phases through which Gothic building passed in its decline, is the most monotonous, and, so Mr Ruskin has declared, the most vicious. It is unknown except in England, or as copied from England; for Scottish architects, save in the instance of Melrose, followed the French Flamboyant design, and the effect of these great stone gratings thrust in the place of the grave, round-headed Norman arches, must have been excruciating when they were new and glaring white. Now we suffer them gladly, in their silvery, time-worn tones, and even Edington's paltry west front, viewed down the paved avenue of lofty limes, looms solemn and grand. But still we sigh for the craze for novelty that altered the older and nobler design.

Sadly as the Old Minster was marred by Wykeham, it was to suffer far worse things under Bishop Horne in the sixteenth century. Not that he meddled with the architecture: he was not going to spend more than would keep the fabric weather-tight; indeed to avoid the expense of repairs he barbarously pulled down the fine Norman cloister and chapter-house. But the day of doom had come for images and relics and all pleasant pictures. What was not of costly material was burnt, and what was precious (and there was very much of that) was turned to money. Even the great silvern cross over the high altar, perhaps with Cnut's crown still on it, was torn down, and to this day you may see the space it once covered, bare and cold amid the rich tracery and carving of the reredos.

Perhaps on no town in the realm was a greater outward change effected by the suppression of the monasteries in 1547 than on Winchester, because no other town could show such a large proportion of ecclesiastics in her population. The Priory of St Swithun, perhaps the most ancient in England, the Abbey of Hyde, the houses of the Grey Friars and Black Friars within the walls, and those of the White Friars and Augustinians outside them in the Soke, all were swept away, together with St Mary's Abbey of Benedictine nuns. And the spoliation went on briskly after Henry VIII. had gone to rest, for Winchester was still far the richest see in England. Innumerable mortuary chapels in the cathedral and other churches in the town¹ were disendowed, and their revenues either appropriated to the Crown or bestowed on laymen. But Winchester was loyal first and Catholic afterwards; she remained faithful to the hand that smote her so sorely, and her people thought that their reward had come when in their cathedral Queen Mary was wedded, with splendid pageant, to Philip of Spain. The days of Winchester's glory surely would return with the old religion. They even went so far as to burn a single poor heretic, one Bembridge, as became the citizens of a courtly town, just to show Philip that he had not come to a barbarous, unfashionable land. But the restoration went no further, and the only relic remaining of Queen Mary's sombre presence is the carved chair in which she sat at her wedding, still preserved in the Lady Chapel.

Crafty, silly King Jamie proved

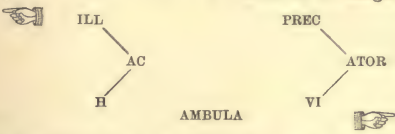
¹ Dr Milner enumerates ninety-two churches and separate chapels existing in Winchester and its suburbs in the fourteenth century.

too much for the Wintonian conception of royalty. Feeling nervous about the plague in London, James had moved his Court to Winchester in 1603, and the eleven prisoners implicated in the "Main" and "Bye" conspiracies were brought hither for trial. They were condemned to die—among them the gentle Raleigh—and one by one they were led out for execution in front of Winchester Castle. Brooke, as head of the "Bye" plot, actually was decapitated; then on the following days came the Lords Cobham and Grey, Sir Griffin Markham and Sir Walter Raleigh. The king had arranged a scandalous farce. He hoped to extract confession from them under fear of death, and as each one was about to lay his head on the scaffold, the groom of the bedchamber stopped the proceeding in name of the king. Raleigh's poem, the "Pilgrimage," was written at Winchester on this occasion, when he was preparing for what he believed to be certain death. It is as remarkable for the beauty of the first stanza as for the mediocrity of the other two:—

"Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon,
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
My bottle of salvation.
My gown of glory (hope's true gage!)
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage."

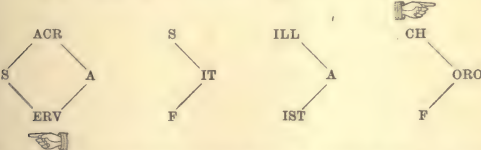
The shabby transparency of the stratagem was a rude shock to the reverence of Winchester towards royalty, nor had she in later years much opportunity of reviving it.

In 1632 Bishop Curle resolved to put a stop to the custom which had established a thoroughfare through the cathedral between the northern and southern parts of the town. But he did so in a dignified and scholarly fashion, not without some antique pedantry. Instead of putting up a rude notice, "No thoroughfare: trespassers will be prosecuted," he caused the huge buttress on the south side of the church to be perforated by a footway giving access through the close from one part of the town to the other, and two curious Latin inscriptions to be carved near its entrance. And, as if Latin should not be puzzling enough to the townspeople, he cast the inscriptions in the form of anagrams, thus:—



—that is, "Worshipper, walk this way; traveller, that": and again—

CESSIT COMMUNE PROPRIUM: JAM PURGITE QUA FAS



—that is, "Public right ceases: now go the proper way: let this way be consecrated to the choir; let that one lead to the market."

In 1644, when King Charles's cause in the south was broken at the battle of Cheriton, near Alresford, Waller drove the fugitives right up to the walls of Winchester. Six months later Oliver Cromwell battered the town and took it, and his troopers wrought irreparable havoc among the archives and other manuscripts in the cathedral library. Four years later, in 1648, the city magnates assembled to receive their king, when, on his melancholy journey from Hurst Castle to Windsor, he arrived, as a prisoner, to spend the night in the old town. The neighbouring squires, too, rode in from the country, and the people assembled in crowds, but the officer commanding the escort sternly repressed the warm expressions of loyal welcome they were burning to make.

The sun shone on Winchester once more at the Restoration, and its forfeited bishopric was restored to it, for Charles II. was often there, and his sinister brother, the Duke of York, to boot. Livelier company, too, he brought with him, and such as vastly helped to revive the local trade. Men still show the spot in the garden behind the canons' house where unflinching Prebendary Ken spoke his mind about Nell Gwynne. Charles loved the quiet town well, with its grey buildings and green alleys, and gave command to Sir Christopher Wren to build him a fine palace, after the fashion of Versailles. But he never lived to see it finished, the works were stopped at his death in 1685, and there stands to this day the "King's House"—monument of the last act of royal favour to Winchester.

Two years before the king's death, in December 1683, there passed away in Dr Hawkins's house at Winchester the gentle

spirit of one who has done far more than many writers of loftier pretensions to throw a charm over the scenes he knew and loved so well. Izaak Walton, Royalist in sympathy, had yet managed to wend a peaceful course through the manifold troubles he had witnessed, and dying, as he wrote in his will, "in the neintyeth year of my age, and in perfect memory, for which praised be God," was laid to rest in the cathedral, where his grave is not the least revered among the company of kings and spiritual rulers housed in that ancient fane.

With Charles II. and Izaak Walton let us bring this rambling survey of the story of Winchester to a close. It were impossible within reasonable limits to do more than touch here and there a salient point in it, to call over more than a handful of the great names which crowd the record, to mention more than a few of the buildings which have resisted time and fire and—most destructive of all—improvement. In this last respect Winchester may not have suffered more in proportion than other ancient towns, but then she had infinitely more to lose than most others. Of her two castles and ninety-two churches, her bishop's palace, her walls and gates, how comparatively little is left to us! The municipality has been as conspicuously active of late times as they were negligent in the years when their streets afforded a favourite playground for pestilence; when "dyvers Stretes and Lanes of the sayd cyty, by castynge of donge, duste and other filthy thynges, are very filthy and noyfull to all such as shall passe by the same." The black death in the fourteenth century and the plague in 1666 raged with appalling malignity, as is testified to

this day by sundry green mounds over the grave-pits on the downs. Indubitably there were heavy arrears in the matter of sanitation, and the town council set about wiping them off with a will. But also they wiped away a great deal that would be reckoned priceless now. Besides the wreck of Hyde Abbey above mentioned, and the loss of King Alfred's gravestone, we have to lament the destruction in 1778 of the Hospital of St Mary Magdalene on Morne Hill, because vagrants used to harbour there. Then the ruins of Norman Wolvesey, where Saxon landowners used to deliver their annual tale of wolves' heads, were broken up for road-metal, and these hard-hearted reformers spared not even the city gates, of which three out of five were demolished between 1789 and 1791. By good luck two of them escaped,—the Westgate, dating from 1266, at the instance of some citizens whose houses had been built against it; and Kingsgate, because it bears over its archway the little church of St Swithun. One other monument was in even greater peril—the Butter Cross, namely,—a fine example of fifteenth-century work, and a conspicuous ornament of the High Street, adorned with a small statue of St Laurence. This had actually been sold by the commissioners; but popular feeling was in arms against the removal of such a familiar landmark, and the bargain was cancelled. It is equally difficult to understand the callousness which prevailed a hundred years ago in respect of the preservation of historic monuments, and to reflect without impatience on the vast number that were needlessly swept away.

Still, heavily as Winchester has been plundered, sorely as war has wasted her buildings, and not less

sorely the acts of ambitious prelates and energetic councilmen, much—very much—remains. English holiday-makers, trooping off to Continental towns, find no slum too foul to be ransacked in search of architectural remains. That is very well; but it is also well to bear in mind that there is a great deal to explore at home. Winchester perhaps is less changed internally and in her surroundings from the city that used to be the "morning gift" of the kings of England to their brides, than any other English town in a similar time. No manufactures have sprung up to sully her bright air or soil her brighter stream; even the South-Western Railway approaches her reverently under screen of deep cuttings in the chalk, and passes, scarcely seen, outside her ancient walls.

Standing in the old Roman roadway at the Westgate, and looking down the High Street across the Soke to St Giles's Hill, one sees few things, except the dress of the citizens, that would have startled the understanding of Philip of Spain's grandees, or Sir William Waller's Ironsides. Some of the shops have sported plate-glass, and nearly all the roofs, alas! are covered with Welsh slate, that provokingly cheap and excellent material which is swiftly ruining so many landscapes by superseding red tiles; but besides these novel features, the old town basks in the summer haze with much the same aspect of leisurely occupation and decorous quiet as it must have worn, but for exceptional episodes, for centuries. The eight executioners provide no spectacle now, so people stroll up to the station to watch the passengers in the London train; the bishop's proclamations are no longer of pressing moment,

but there are the evening papers to con over and discuss; and the old military feeling is kept astir, as befits a city built on the lines of a former Roman camp, by the blare of bugles from the barracks, and the measured tramp of troops passing to the drill-ground.

It has been shown how nearly the old capital of Wessex became that of all England, and how it certainly would have continued the capital if the Anglo-Saxon monarchy had endured. Professor Skeat has indulged in some curious speculations as to one result, at least, which certainly would have followed had Winchester not yielded the first place to London.¹ "English as she is spoke" would have been but a dialect, and the literary language imposed by the capital would have been the speech of Wessex, instead of, as now, that of Mercia with a dash of Northumbrian. John of Trevisa, who wrote good Southern English in 1387, had a poor opinion of Mercian and Northern English.

"Also Englishmen," runs one passage, rendered into modern English, "though they had from the beginning three manners of speech, Southern, Northern, and Middle speech (in the middle of the land), as they came of three manners of people of Germany—none the less, by commixture, first with Danes and afterward with Normans, in many of them the country language is impaired; and some use strange babbling, chattering, growling, snarling, and gnashing of teeth. . . . All the language of the Northumbrians, and especially at York, is so sharp, slitting, grating, and unshapen, that we Southerners can scarcely understand that language. I believe it is because they are nigh to strangers and aliens that speak strangely, and also because the kings of England always dwell far from that country. For they turn rather

towards the south country; and if they go northwards, go with a great army. The reasons why they live more in the south than the north may be, that there is better corn-land there, and more people; also nobler cities and more profitable havens."

One effect on our language, had the capital of England been fixed on the southern instead of the northern side of the Thames, would have been that we should have had a much more elaborate system of grammatical inflexions than at present, and instead of boasting of ourselves as "fine fellows who dwell in their island," we should have said "vine vel-lows that woneth in her iland." Chaucer, as a Londoner, had much to do with establishing the Midland or Mercian dialect as literary English; but even his influence has not expunged all the Southern forms: thus, though we say "fox" instead of "vox," the female fox is still known as "vixen," not "fixen."

Would you view Winchester aright? go visit it in May or early June. It is a fair city at all seasons, and the wells of Itchen keep its valley green and fresh right through the hottest summer. But it is in the early season, before the uplands are parched, or the wealth of blossom faded from wayside hedge and meadow, that it is fairest. If you bicycle, it is well; the roads generally are admirable, though those who keep their delight in spreading an excruciating coating of sharp flints over the ways across the downs, such as no tyre yet devised by man can resist. Almost better to hie to one of those excellent hostelries the Royal or the George (Winchester has never been with-

¹ Principles of English Etymology, 1887, p. 29 *et seq.*

out its "George" tavern for five hundred years) and hire a hack ; for if the down roads are harsh, the turf beside them is free and velvety. Rise early, when the birds are singing in the cathedral gardens and the swifts are wheeling in endless circles round the grey towers, and ride out, before the dew is off, along the Alresford road, between masses of lilac and laburnum tossed over the wayside walls, past Headbourne Worthy, King's Worthy, Martyr's Worthy, Easton, Itchen Abbas, and so to Stoke Charity and Bishop's Sutton. Each of these little villages has its interesting church : St Martin's of Headbourne Worthy contains some rude work of Edward the Confessor's reign ; Martyr's Worthy and Easton have some good Norman details, and so had Itchen Abbas till the hand of the restorer overtook it.

And ever, as you ride, the sweet river will approach and retire from the roadside, reminding you, if you are an angler, that of all the trout that do swim in English waters, those of Itchen are the most difficult to catch and among the fairest when caught. But you can postpone consideration of these till your return to the old shop behind the Butter Cross, where Gossip Holland will display such delicate duns, such cunning quills, such irresistible iron-blues as may hardly be matched by other tyers, tie they never so wisely, and discuss with you the season and sky most suitable for each. But while you are in the saddle let your thoughts wander through the long story of the past, for the name of each hamlet in your way may be found far back in the chronicle of the making of England.

HERBERT MAXWELL.

THE PRISONS OF SIBERIA.

I.

ON THE MARCH.

It is a bright morning towards the end of June. As our horses climb the rising ground to the north-east of Tomsk where lies the Peresilni or Forwarding Prison, a heavy haze enshrouds the lower quarter of the town. Soon we have left the last houses behind; but in front of us we can now see the grim palisade, typical of most Siberian prisons. It is commonly, as here, some fifteen feet in height, while the individual stakes composing it preserve their natural appearance, and are pointed or rounded according to the whim of the constructor. Above it, as seen from a distance, peer the dull red roofs of the low barracks that comprise the prison proper; but as we approach nearer they gradually drop within, till there only remain visible the church tower, and the goodly edifice of brick—the *natchalnik's*¹ house—that bursts through the palisade at the centre of what is thus constituted the front exposure. Soldiers in white linen tunics, cloth caps covered with a similar material, and dark-green pantaloons tucked into tall boots, are standing about with bayonets fixed. A dozen loafers have gathered at the spot, and chatter to one another, or critically examine the *telyegas* or shallow four-wheeled springless carts that are employed for the transport of political prisoners, the sick and aged, and the belongings of a convict gang. The hum of suppressed excitement is audible; even the stolid soldiers

are not unaffected by it. A large iron-bound gate discloses itself in the stockade at that point where it becomes continuous with the wall of the governor's house; in one of the wings is a wicket, guarded by a sentry. As we drive up, a sound of voices, accompanied by the rattling of chains, proceeds from the other side of the wall. But all at once the tumult ceases, and a stentorian voice raises itself above the faint murmurs.

"*Gotovo?*" (Ready?), "*Otkroi*" (Open). A fumbling of keys ensues; the lumbering bolt turns noisily within the lock, and the wings of the heavy wooden gate swing open upon the first of the convict band. They step out briskly in Indian file to the harsh music of their iron fetters. Dressed in the summer garb of unbleached linen, over which some choose to wear their grey frieze *khalat*,² while others have it slung round their backs, they march forward a few paces and then lounge about till the whole of the party has passed out. You notice that each man bears upon his shoulder a sack or bundle, of dimensions apparently varying with the amount of his personal property. In his hand he carries a pan and tea-kettle, or has them suspended from his waist-belt. The soldiers spring to "Attention" and surround the gang at intervals, facing them. The prisoners busy themselves adjusting their iron anklets or their

¹ A general term for a superior or commander of any description: here, the governor of the prison.

² Literally a morning-gown, but used of the summer overcoat to which the name *kaftan* is also sometimes applied.

culinary utensils. The idlers walk round and round the group, now talking a few words, now lending a helping hand—nothing more, and that only from a morbid curiosity. At length the convicts deposit their burdens on the *telyegas*, and the appearance of a dozen men, mostly young, in blouses of different shades and breeches of varied pattern, following slowly in the wake of a larger waggon laden with small trunks and boxes, shows that the procession is almost at an end; these were the "politicals." The gates close again on the last of them.

Political prisoners, together with the women and all children under fifteen years of age, have the right to be conveyed by *telyega*: this arrangement also holds for any of the ordinary criminals who may fall ill on the march. "Politicals" may even go by themselves in *tantass* if they have sufficient means; but they must pay the expenses of their convoy not only *en route*, but also back to the point whence it came. It does not often happen that they can afford this luxury; once only did I see advantage taken of it.

The party numbered about three hundred and fifty, of whom fourteen were political. The captain of the convoy, a bronzed-looking individual with a grey beard, was the last to appear. Under him were some twenty soldiers, the number sent being usually in the proportion of one to about every twenty prisoners. Quickly he gave his orders. Some three or four soldiers marched off at ease, then the convicts followed in an attenuated body flanked on either side by an occasional soldier, then came another handful of guards at the rear. The women and children who were voluntarily accompanying certain of the prisoners formed the next body: they walked,

or were ensconced in the *telyegas*, while one or two soldiers marched beside them. Shortly after the others had moved off the political prisoners set out, tramping, of their own accord, behind their special cart. They had more soldiers to look after them in proportion to their numbers. Such was the start on the 2000-mile march which lay before the majority of the band to the silver-mines of Nertchinsk.

"When will the party reach Irkutsk, say?" we ask the commandant. "In three months." Three months later, as I was visiting the little local prison at Nijni-Udinsk, which is four hundred and eighty-four versts west of Irkutsk, the *natchalnik*, who was personally conducting me over it, was suddenly accosted by one of his soldiers, who intimated that an expected gang had just arrived. We got round into the open square in time to see the gates unbarred, and the same party that I saw set out from Tomsk tramped into the prison-yard. Some of the convicts sank down on the ground exhausted. The political prisoners, at once distinguishable by their ordinary clothes and by the haversack slung across one shoulder, withdrew into a corner of the yard and lay down, or stood about, talking to one another. And as the gate in the enclosing palisade still remained open to admit the *telyegas*, a cordon of soldiers posted themselves, and stood at "Attention" watching them. The women had not been conducted into this yard, but had been led off elsewhere. But one had contrived to linger behind and gazed longingly in the direction of a stalwart form that would not, perhaps could not, respond to that mute appeal. He hid himself among his fellows, but she sat by the gate and watched, mounted on the two small green boxes that she had herself lifted

off the *telyega*. How long she would have waited there I do not know; but two soldiers who were off duty saw her, spoke to her kindly, took up her baggage, and after one final parting glance, she followed them reluctantly.

Tomsk is, however, as almost every one knows, an advanced point on the convict route across Siberia: from this town the march proper begins. To see the commencement of this now famous experience we must go back to Moscow and visit the Peresilni Prison there. As it has been described somewhat minutely by previous investigators, it seems at present superfluous to do more than simply outline its leading features. Situated in one of the humbler suburbs of the town, it presents a somewhat imposing appearance. It is a three-storeyed solid brick building, clean and well lighted, with large airy corridors. During the daytime little restraint is exercised upon the prisoners, so that one of them was able to come down to the main entrance to get a key from a warder there. On this spot the darker rays of Russian criminality, many of which have their origin in some of the most remote parts of the European portion of the empire, are brought to a focus. This prison is also put to the secondary use of serving as a house of detention for all passportless individuals who may have been arrested within the precincts of the great city, having wandered thither from the surrounding

country. Their identity and native village are then determined, and they remain in the prison until such time as a party shall be made up which goes in that direction, when they are joined to it, and conducted home again.

Prisoners bound directly for Sakhalin leave in the spring (March and April) by boat from Odessa. Such a transport vessel as the *Yaroslav*, which belongs to the so-called "Volunteer Fleet," is built to carry eight hundred souls; and while the men are despatched at one time, female convicts, together with the women and children voluntarily accompanying male convicts, are sent at another time. The trip occupies two months as a rule, and after October all navigation to the north of Vladivostock is closed owing to the ice.¹ In spring also commences the great movement of convicts by land. Although undoubtedly in Siberia progress is made with their transportation across the country in winter, yet the journey between Moscow and the Siberian frontier is only undertaken during the summer. The consequence is, that although as at the moment when one visited the Moscow Peresilni Prison—in September—there were only some three or four hundred people in a place that was built to accommodate at least 1000, with the procession of the winter months the building gradually becomes filled up, and there is a tendency to overcrowding, so that by the spring, shortly before the first batch has been despatched to

¹ The following statistics relate to 1894, and may be taken as typical. The *Yaroslav* left Odessa on March 28 with a contingent of 802 male convicts, and discharged them at Alexandrovsky-Post, Sakhalin, on May 18: one man died on the voyage. On August 27 she again left Odessa with a similar complement, and reached her destination on October 22: on this occasion there were three deaths. The steamship *Moscow* left a few days later with 142 female convicts and 23 of their children: she also carried 131 women and 248 children, who were voluntarily accompanying the male convicts. These figures represent the total influx of penal population into Sakhalin for that year.

Nijni, the conditions may become alarming from the Western point of view.

Upon the overcrowding in Russian and Siberian prisons much has been written, some writers denying it, while others have given thrilling accounts of this sad feature of the prison life. It is not a question, however, on which to judge hastily. I may say that I have seen overcrowding: Tiumen prison seems to be in an almost chronic state of congestion, while the limited size of the *étapes* simply means overcrowding every time a gang of more than a certain number is sent along the road. The overcrowding occurs where we would naturally expect it, and where it can hardly be avoided under present circumstances. Thus Tiumen is not unfrequently overcrowded, because only at intervals of a week or ten days do convict-barges leave for Tomsk, and within a given period they may carry away fewer people than pour into the prison. Tomsk is not so crowded, because parties set out regularly every week on foot. Tomsk Forwarding Prison has, unfortunately, acquired an unenviable reputation. But from what I saw, the prison at Tiumen was much the less desirable place of the two, and yet the people of that town consider it a well-conducted institution compared with others farther to the south.

Again, the peculiar habits of the Russian must be taken into account. It is not enough to say that these go for nothing, that there are certain hygienic laws that hold for all mankind, as, *e.g.*, that every man must have so many cubic feet of air. Such propositions are not

laws till men become accustomed to them.

Come and see the low-class Russian as he lives at home in the gloomier haunts of St Petersburg. It is a little after midnight. Perhaps some late visitor walks at a smart pace homewards, some student rolls in the direction of his lonely lodging. Otherwise, save for an occasional *isvostchik* who has drawn up by the edge of the pavement, and half reclines, half sits on his narrow perch with his head on his breast, wrapped in profound slumber, and the complacent *dvorniks*¹ seated by the courtyard entrances or lying on a bench hard by, the electric-lighted streets are desolate. Our *cor-tège* of three *droshkies* glides quickly along the partly wood-paved thoroughfare; but as we near the lower quarter of the town the neat hexagonal sections of pine give way to coarser cobbles, over which our vehicles rattle with sharp jarring notes. Tall factories loom above us, but these we also pass, and descend into smaller streets or *pereüloks* flanked by unsubstantial, uninviting buildings. At last our leader halts at the gate in a high paling that hinders access to the courtyard of one of these houses. The detective who accompanies our party springs out, whispers a few words to the surprised *dvornik*, and we pass in. We cross the yard, come to a low building containing a few rooms, enter it and walk along a dark passage; the detective leads, and finds his way by means of an uncertain candle. We reach a room, and the stove that heats both it and a neighbouring apartment roars with the straw that

¹ Name applied to a servant attached to each house, whose duties include that of watching at the gate of the yard.

has just been piled into it. We open the door and a warm unsavoury odour rushes out. It is a chamber perhaps twenty-two feet in length by sixteen in breadth. A narrow passage extends to the opposing wall, between a couple of platforms which are raised some thirty inches above the floor and occupy the rest of the room. On and underneath these lie crowds of sleeping men: their deep low breathing is very audible, while some snorers combine to produce a greater effect. One of the sleepers, disturbed by this invasion, rises on his elbow, indulges in a dreamy stare, then turns over and is soon again beyond the things of sense. The licence of the keeper of this lodging-house permits him to accommodate twenty-five people in this room: there are exactly forty-nine. And not only are the lodgers seemingly unconscious of the closeness due to overcrowding, but they must needs have the stove lit in addition. For all this they pay 5 kopecks a-night, and some relish the accommodation so much that they have engaged the right to sleep there for two years in advance. In the morning they can get tea and bread for a trifle more.

We went to see a Government lodging-house by way of contrast. The building was scrupulously clean, and the rooms of good size and well ventilated. The *nari* or sleeping platform ran down the centre, and the space allotted to each individual was plainly defined by the thin wooden partition that traced out the middle line of the erection, so separating the heads of any two opposing sleepers, and at the same time sending off like ribs at right angles to itself every three feet or so, other partitions that served to separate each person from his immediate neighbour on either side. Moreover, a slight

surface slope, culminating in a pronounced upward bend as the axial screen was reached, contrived to make the plank-beds the most comfortable things of their kind that one could well imagine. The tariff was 9 kopecks for the night with a good meal in the morning,—in every way a better bargain than the other from the Western point of view. But the institution was poorly patronised, and there was not the same look of contentment on the men's faces in these more sanitary apartments. What we saw of a third large tenement, also a Night Shelter capable of holding considerably over 1000 souls, showed it to be simply a repetition of the first case on a grander scale. The charge was 5 kopecks, and the lodgers could enter for the night at 7 P.M., but were required to leave at 8 A.M. the following morning. Here, indeed, was overcrowding: one saw rooms that would have been full with two hundred men crammed with half as many more. Sleepers lay about everywhere—on a large central platform that occupied a considerable space, beneath it, on the supplementary shelves that skirted two of the walls, under them, even in the passages. They were often miserably clad, and slept in their clothes; others had partially disrobed or were stark naked. So thickly were they strewn that one had to pick every step: beyond a certain distance progress was impossible. And this is not distasteful to the Russian peasant; the Government lodging-houses, as well conducted as any in more Western lands, and cheaper than the ordinary lodging-house, are practically deserted in favour of the latter. These are the men you find in the overcrowded Siberian prisons; but the Petersburg Night Shelter surpassed anything I saw in the land of *tundra* and *taiga*.

The railway journey from Moscow to Nijni-Novgorod is the work of a night. Here the prisoners are embarked upon barges that are towed down the Volga and up the Kama as far as Perm. From this town they resume travel by train, and, crossing the Urals, descend on Tiumen. This last stretch of a day and night presents no hardship: the ordinary third-class car with barred windows is a luxury compared to the horse-waggons in which the emigrants who pass along the Trans-Siberian Railway have to spend a week.

Tiumen is the first town in Siberia proper that greets the traveller when following the northern route. Its most interesting feature is the Forwarding Prison, of which no one has yet said a good word. It stands on an open piece of ground on the outskirts of the town: close by runs the railway, so that there is no difficulty in conducting the convicts from the waggons to their new quarters. The appearance is that of a rectangular three-storeyed building of white-washed brick, rising out of a surrounding courtyard, which in turn is bounded by a high wall, erected in keeping with the prison as regards material and colour. Immediately to the right of the main entrance leading into the yard is a small edifice built on to the wall, and used as a guardroom. Following the wall in its enclosing circuit we find that on the next side, to the right of the main building, it supports the residence of the second-in-command, and farther on the gaily painted church. In the portion of the yard behind the prison is a large detached wooden barrack used only in summer as Peresilni quarters, for it has no heating apparatus: it might

hold one hundred and fifty persons. Through a postern in the wall immediately behind the prison we pass into a new enclosure surrounded by the ordinary wooden palisade: it contains two recent log-buildings, in one of which is set up machinery for grinding corn. Continuing our survey of the outhouses surrounding the main prison, we find on the third side a continuous line of single-storeyed log barracks, and before we come round to the front entrance again, we pass a two-storeyed building lying between it and the last of these outer Peresilni barracks, being in close connection with the latter, although not on the same wall.

On the ground-floor of the main building are situated the *kointora* or office, a small *karaulnaya* or guardroom, and the clothes-store. Also, in a series of stuffy, poorly lighted rooms lying to the back, are the kitchen and bakery. Through the steam escaping from boiling caldrons we could see spectre-like figures, some of them stripped to the waist, gliding about over the rough brick flooring. And as the men and their existence, so was the labour of their hands. The bread here was poor and the *kvass*¹ bitter compared with what we found in other prisons. Not far removed from this were the silent cells of correction. More will be said later about punishment as it figures in the Siberian prison system. Suffice it for the present that in this particular instance a gradational series of cells, perhaps half-a-dozen in all, opened off a corridor. There was the plain whitewashed cell, with plank-bed and window out of reach. There was the smaller, bare, windowless

¹ A non-intoxicating drink made from the fermentation of rye-bread soaked in water.

cell with double doors—a hole. In one of the latter a refractory individual had been confined for some eight days, and when the doors were opened he blinked like an owl, and commenced a violent tirade on the *natchalnik*. “Why is he there?” “Because he disobeyed me:” and I confess my sympathies were all on the side of the official. The fare for those who have merited such dismal isolation is bread and water, and this system is found to prove effectual in the great majority of cases.

On the second flat was a great number of small rooms, some of which were crowded; one of them, which would have looked full with fifteen men, contained twenty-nine. The interiors of the rooms had a general appearance of cleanliness, and some of the walls had been recently whitewashed. In one of these *kameras* was a motley group of half-a-dozen dangerous-looking politicals condemned to hard labour. With the exception of an uncouth Jew, clad in a sombre frock-coat, who was deeply engrossed attending to a decrepit samovar, they belonged to that class of mischief-making Poles who live on the Austrian frontier and revel in intrigue. One of them had passed several years in prison at Warsaw, and was now on his way, reduced almost to a skeleton, with shaven head and in chains, to try his fortune in the more select Siberian prisons.

This prison, which was originally built to lodge a good six hundred souls, can now, along with the out-buildings, accommodate over eight hundred. On the day of our visit the board at the gate reported that there were seven hundred and fifty-two prisoners inside the walls—i.e., considerably under the limit. But so natural has this overcrowding become, that while some of the

rooms were empty, others contained an undue number. Now for this there can be no other reason except that overcrowding within certain limits is not the same thing to the Eastern *mujik* as it is to the Western traveller.

We then proceeded to visit the hospital, which is located on the top storey. The female wards were empty at that moment, and presented a clean tidy appearance. Iron bedsteads with a black tablet attached to the head on which is inscribed in Russian the nature of the occupant's affliction, a coarse straw-packed mattress, sheet, blanket, and a pillow, were the usual furnishings. The food supplied to the male invalids at the mid-day meal was of a very fair order, one man consuming some chicken tea and chicken with evident relish. But the general impression was that the prison was old and in a poor state.

Coming out into the court again, we went round the out-buildings in turn. The two-storeyed house already described as situated on the wall to the left of the entrance was converted below into a blacksmith's shop, while two rooms on the flat above, which opened off one another, were occupied by a few individuals working at boot-making and carpentry in a desultory fashion. The labour took rather the form of doing repairs, as it is the glory of Tiumen, as of all Peresilni prisons, that the man who enters it shall do nothing more than exist; indeed it is hardly worth his while to settle down to anything. Then we inspected the adjacent ampler *kameras*—three or four in number—that constitute a large part of the prison accommodation. Round three sides of the wall of each of them ran the usual *nari* or sleeping-platforms, consisting of planks sloping up to meet the wall, from which their

outer ends are distant six or seven feet and raised about a couple of feet above the ground. Along the edge of this gigantic shelf stood a double row of men. The central free space—so limited—was out of all proportion to the size of the room and the number of men in it. In one of these rooms amongst the crowd of one hundred and fifty men stood half-a-dozen politicals, noticeable at once by their finer type of face and private clothing. One man in particular, a tall strapping fellow, with high boots and prim black overcoat with fur collar, seemed sadly out of his element amongst the other coarser specimens of humanity. This was, of course, a contravention of rules, as there is usually provision for the separate housing of politicals *en route*. These men were of the order of Administrative politicals—of whom later. It may also be provisionally stated here that one great category of Siberian exiles includes those who, after having suffered a period of imprisonment, not exceeding four years, in Russia, present themselves for readmission to the village commune, but are refused this privilege, and in consequence have to go to Siberia as settlers; such persons as are banished by sentence of a court; and the everlasting *brodyaga* or passportless vagrant. Sixty per cent of the souls in Tiumen Peresilni on that day were drawn from this earth-cumbering army.

In answer to a question the

natchalnik said that the actual daily cost of keeping a prisoner in food at Tiumen was 3 to 4 kopecks—that is, three farthings—a sum, however, which goes immensely farther in Siberia than in this country. He also stated that over 20,000 people passed through his prison annually. As we walked round, an interesting performance was taking place in one corner of the square, close to the large Peresilni wards. Twenty or thirty prisoners were standing in a group cracking jokes at the expense of one of their number, who, seated on a chair, was resignedly submitting himself to the prison barber. This perfunctory individual speedily shaved one side of the man's head with a horse-clipper. Those who are going out as hard-labour convicts have the right side of their heads shaved, while those whose destiny is simply that of exiled settlers are shorn on the left. And after each man had undergone the operation he stepped back slowly to his log barrack, feeling the back of his head with his hand and shaking it to displace loose hairs, while his chains made a merry jingle and the bystanders jeered.¹

Vis-à-vis to the Peresilni Prison, on the other side of an ill-defined road, are the women's prison, and apartments to accommodate the *dobrovolni* or voluntaries (mainly women and children) who accompany relatives in the gang. But what was most pleasant to behold

¹ As the head can always be covered with a cap, and it is possible to break the fetters with a smart blow, these indignities are obviously no deterrents to escape, and indeed form no actual punishment. All that they do is to brand a man as a criminal so long as he is within the prison walls, and this is unnecessary; once he has escaped, they become functionless. And that this is probably an approximation to the truth is borne out by the fact that in certain prisons the men are neither left in chains nor are their heads shaved. On the march it might be useful to distinguish the convict from the exiled settler, and one might think that a fettered convict would have a poor chance of running away; but after all it is the prisons and the guards who are mainly instrumental in preventing this, and even they are only partially successful.

was the candid acknowledgment of the antiquated condition of the prison as evinced in the construction of a new series of buildings in close proximity to the present women's prison. When transportation of convicts by rail comes into vogue, Tiumen will naturally decline in importance, and will, I understand, be converted into a hard-labour institution—i.e., the "forwarding" aspect of the prison will disappear. With this object the first new building in process of construction at that time was a hospital, which might excite the envy of any town, far less a prison, fitted out as it was with the very latest ventilative and other hygienic appliances; but the wards were of no great size. A new laundry, on a generous scale also, of wood (which during the winter keeps in heat much better than stone), had just been erected, together with several storerooms.

The Tiumen of to-day, then, did not impress one very favourably, but circumstances are against it. Even here, however, on the borders of Siberia, we are brought face to face with evidences of the new *régime* that has been inaugurated under General Bogdanovitch. This gentleman, formerly Governor of Tobolsk, has succeeded Galkine Vrasskoy in the most difficult position of Director of State Prisons. If the prison at Tobolsk, with the little factory schemed and started by Bogdanovitch, may be taken as a criterion of the deep personal interest that he manifests in his work, it augurs well indeed for the future of Russian and Siberian prisons. Last year he intended to accompany the convict-vessel from Odessa to Sakhalin this spring, and make a personal inspection of the prisons on that island, and thereafter return to Russia overland, visiting the great penal centres in turn.

During the season a convict-barge leaves Tiumen for Tomsk every week. It may be as well to describe briefly the general appearance of one of these slave-dhows as it presented itself to us during the tedious eight days' sail from Tomsk to Tiumen. Two steamship companies are under contract to tow them between these towns, and the price of a single barge may be set down at 15,000 roubles (£1500). In length it was about two hundred and fifty feet, with thirty feet of beam—i.e., the dimensions were similar to those of the ordinary merchant barge. The sides of the vessel were painted black above and red below the water-line, and were broken only by a line of oblong port-holes. The main deck was free at either end for a space of about thirty feet, but the rest was occupied with two deck-houses separated by a lengthy menagerie-like cage. Communication between bow and stern was secured by a narrow passage running on either side between bulwarks and deck-houses, or you could mount the deck-houses by means of a ladder, traverse the upper deck over cage and cabin, and descend by a similar convenience at the other end. Day after day the floating prison was dragged in the wake of our paddle-steamer, presenting to view her sombre prow, above which peeped a capstan-head, and behind loomed the dun deck-houses. The bare expanse of upper deck surmounting them was relieved only by a few black ventilators standing upright like great grim sentinels, a lonely mast, the galley chimneys, and a low wheel-house back of them all. There was commonly no sign of life aboard her save the incessant movements of the drab-coated sentries on their short beats up and down the aforesaid passages. As we were voyaging in the op-

posite direction to that in which the vast majority of prisoners go (although no barge ever returns from Tomsk to Tiumen without a few vagrants or returning exiles on board), it was only in passing a Tomsk-bound boat that we caught a glimpse of the gloomy reality. Anything is gladly welcomed that promises to provide some *divertissement*, however small, upon this wearisome journey. As soon as another steamer is sighted there is a general rush of all the passengers to secure a good place from which to watch her going by. Our captain steps on to a paddle-box and waves a flag on the side where he knows there will be the greatest depth of water for the other ship to pass. Gradually they approach: at the moment of opposition our skipper makes inquiry with his speaking-trumpet as to the depth of water farther up the river. But the excitement is greatest as we pass the convict-barge. The poor fellows crowd to their side of the cage and the old hulk heels over. It was a dreary day, and as certain hurrying inky clouds threatened to relieve themselves of their load of moisture, the prisoners had wrapped themselves up warmly in their grey *khalat*s that seemed to match the outside world so well, and gazed with longing eyes on the boat that was carrying us back to the land that some of them had so lately left for ever. The barge, however, was not suffered to wear a very dismal aspect, for there had evidently been some laundry-work attempted in primitive fashion, and she was brightly decked out with drying blouses, print gowns, and other articles of clothing of various gaudy hues. The windows of the aft deck-house were evidently barred: it formed the hospital, as we found later.

At a subsequent point oppor-

tunity was afforded to make a fuller investigation. These prison-barges are built to accommodate six hundred people, and each makes half-a-dozen journeys or so in the season (May to the end of September or the beginning of October). The military staff comprises two dozen men, including a *natchalnik* and doctor. The deck-houses commence, as already stated, at about thirty feet from either end, and are roughly thirty-five feet in length. In each case a median corridor bisects them, opening at one end into a cage, and at the other to the exterior, close by the ladder giving access to the upper deck, at the fore or aft end, as the case may be. Thus, then, we have a third method of getting from one end of the vessel to the other—viz., through deck-houses and cages.

Visiting the fore deck-house first, we entered, on one side of the corridor, the single cabin in which the two-and-twenty soldiers have to stow themselves away. Inside there was barely sufficient space for two men to pass one another, while all round was a most economical system of narrow bunks. This is only one of several facts which show that the lot of the guard is not so very much better than that of his charge, with the exception of the immense difference between them as warder and ward. And as the former are on the whole a steady uncomplaining force, one should listen with less sympathy to the murmurings of the prisoners. Across the corridor were the apartments of the *natchalnik* and his wife and family; together with a few smaller cabins, one of which was occupied by the doctor, another used as *kontora*, and the remainder reserved for special "politicals." The fore-cage is supposed to contain two hundred men what time

they are allowed to come up on deck to breathe fresh air. Eight stout vertical iron posts connected the main and upper decks, and between these a thick wire-netting, with hexagonal meshes of about an inch and a half in diameter, is stretched. In bad weather with driving rain a tarpaulin is carried round the inside of this wire fence, so that the prisoners can come up on deck for exercise and air without being drenched. The breadth of the cage is perhaps twenty-four feet, which would leave about three feet for each of the side-passages already mentioned. The caboose separates the fore-cage from the hinder one, which is almost twice its size. The netting is led round three sides, so that the caboose is shut out, and food is handed through holes in the caging. The kitchen itself, which might be sixteen feet in length, has not, however, a breadth equal to that of the cage: the space thus saved forms the head of the companion that leads to the sleeping quarters below. The hinder cage is some seventy feet in length, and also has its staircase down to the Inferno: it is for men, as the other is for women. Now we have reached the hinder deck-house, consisting on one side of two rooms with barred windows: they serve as hospital and dispensary. There was no entrance, however, to any cabins across the corridor from the inside; but on going round to the outside one saw that the caging extended here right along with a sliding-door in it by which access was gained. This was usually reserved for the *intelligenti*.¹ I entered, and then descended some steps in one corner that led to the dormitory. This cage was occu-

pied at the moment by half-a-dozen passportless men who were being conducted back to Russia; a soldier paced up and down outside armed with revolver and cutlass. There was nothing to attract notice about this quarter of the barge, except that the men who were inhabiting it were evidently not inclined to any special cleanliness of habit. The oblong port-holes were provided with a sliding window-sash, and there was a primitive arrangement of wooden bunks which were not any worse than those in the soldiers' cabin. Overcrowding of course would make life intolerable in such a vessel, but I am not prepared to profess knowledge of any such abuse. I asked, as usual, to be taken to the ordinary prisoners' sleeping quarters. To my astonishment the *natchalnik* refused point-blank. I explained to him that never before had I been refused anything at any point in our journey, and showed him my letters again; my companion, an *attaché* of the German Embassy in St Petersburg, threatened him, but he was obdurate. I very much suspect that the place was in bad order, but also believe that five roubles could have got us in. The politicals' "saloon" was dull and dreary enough, but what it must be to spend the night in these dark holds is best left to the imagination.

At one station where we halted for a few hours, great stores of dried fish were taken on board and piled on the upper deck; these with black bread form the staple articles of food for the convicts during their eight days of close confinement. From Tomsk to Tiumen by water is a journey of some 2200 versts (1467 miles). It

¹ I.e., educated men, those who have passed through a university or one of the higher schools of the Empire: almost all "politicals" can be so described.

is obvious that as the distance to be travelled on the river Irtysh is much less than what you cover on the Ob into which the former falls, there will also be some difference in the length of time taken, according as you go in the one or in the other direction. Thus while the large steamers can run between Tomsk and Tiumen—i.e., down the Ob or up the Irtysh—in six to seven days, the return voyage from Tiumen to Tomsk may extend over eight. In spite of the careful and almost minute way in which the rivers Ob, Irtysh, Tobol, and Tura have been attended to hydrographically, it requires great caution to ascend the latter two, especially if towards the end of the season there has not been rain for some length of time. Of this we became painfully cognisant, as after leaving Tobolsk behind us, and ascending the Tobol for some considerable way, we had finally to change our ship for one of lighter draught. Even with this smaller vessel, to keep in the line of deepest water was an undertaking fraught with great anxiety to the wary old pilot; and often when at some sudden bend in the course of the stream he felt that the three men at the wheel were not sufficiently energetic in their endeavours to get the nose of the vessel far enough round in time, he would fly to the rescue, and all four would throw it round as fast as they were able, while the stern of the boat would be scraping the river's bank. So we ascended slowly, while the man at the bow with his sounding-pole cried out every quarter of a minute the varying depth of water in mid-stream. At last towards evening we reached a point where a dredger, moored in the middle of the channel, and illuminating the scene by means of an arc-light, was deepening the river's bed. After the soli-

tary steamers that once in four-and-twenty hours or so had served to remind us that we were not the only representatives of the human race, it almost seemed too much of a good thing to remark how both banks were sheltering six or seven boats, even if a couple of them appeared to occupy too prominent a position—right in the line of our intended course. We soon learned that more than half of them were aground. A few minutes later, during a noble endeavour on the part of our fearless pilot to steer us past the seductive spot, a harsh grating sound, followed by complete cessation of motion, and the fierce churning of the water by paddle-wheels that were now incapable of doing anything save driving us farther on to the river's silted bed, proclaimed that we too had followed the example of those with whom we had only a moment before been sympathising. We began to feel the seriousness of the situation. But when the only steamer free to move gallantly left its moorings amidst a general trumpeting and brave sounding of its fog-horn, to come to the rescue of our passenger-boat, and ended by also running aground in a ridiculously simple manner, the whole thing partook of the nature of a joke. There was nothing for it but to empty our vessel of its freight, so far as that was possible. The convict-barge behind us was still afloat, but it was manifest that even if we did get off, it would be impossible to take it along any farther with us. So by means of planks we all made our way to land.

The scene was one that will not easily be forgotten. The point at which our voyage had come to this abrupt termination was about seventy-five versts (fifty miles) below Tiumen. To-day there was

only an *arshin* (twenty - eight inches) of water, and yet they said that fifty hours before the soundings proclaimed a depth of nearly half-a-dozen feet! It was a cold evening in the beginning of September: that morning the ship's deck had been thinly covered with the first snow of the season. And already the twilight, all too short, had vanished, leaving us shrouded in thick darkness. We crept ashore, and clambered up the slimy bank, rejoicing in the well-worn path, now almost cut vertically into the soil, by which the river-watchman strives to reach his lonely cabin built into the river's bank, displaying of itself merely the door and window set in a fractional wooden wall. The sound of the droning dredge, the helpless shrieks of the steamers, and the high-pitched shouts of men as they endeavoured to dislodge their ships, were borne across the water. The penetrating electric rays threw grim shadows behind the spruces that seemed to keep the opposing bank warm. As for us, we appeared to be in quite a different latitude; for long reedy grass, damp with the evening dew, hid our soaking feet, and patches of willows rose out of the night ahead. Far to our right all was shrouded in murky fog, the product of the chill and cloudy night that enveloped us; only one or two stars had the courage to shine through the oppressive gloom. Our orders were to proceed up-stream for half a mile, and there await developments. So in the dark we wandered aimlessly, now skirting the river's bank, now picking our steps through the willows as well as we might by the uncertain momentary flare of matches, now plunging into some boggy spot, now tearing our way through the long grass that grew so easily on the damp soil by the river. After

a time we halt and listen to the shouts and steamer-calls, accompanied by the lashing of the water by relentless paddle-wheels that sound pleasantly in the distance, for they are our assurance and our hope. Two young students bound for Kazan University busy themselves preparing a fire, and when its lurid glare has lit up everything for yards around, we crouch shivering about the crackling branches and avoid as best we may the flying sparks. And after we have waited and discussed a thousand times how we shall spend the night, and how we shall best come to our destination by hiring horses from some visionary village, the thunderous beat of the paddle-wheels seems to approach nearer, by-and-by the lights of our steamer heave in sight, and a cheery voice sings out the query, "Where are you?" We respond immediately, and then the captain bids us step on a few feet farther to where the water is somewhat deeper close in to the side, and we spring up with a sense of relief, and hurry to the appointed spot. The thoughtful ones seize a flaming branch out of the fire to illuminate their path, but it was damp walking through that swampy ground. We had wandered some little way inland latterly in our attempt to discover where haply we might tread on firmer ground, but at last a single idea takes quick possession of the whole party at the same moment, and we make a straight line for the bank. Six ugly faces surmounting the sombre garb that every Siberian knows so well suddenly break out of the willows, but there is a loose cordon round them, consisting of a score of brown-clad beings with bayonet and rifle across their shoulders — and the timid ones feel that they are safe: they are the prisoners from the barge, who also have disem-

barked, and now wait till we have passed. A track is torn through the willows that thickly screen the river from our view; a narrow gangway, spar-crossed to prevent one slipping, is brought from the ship and placed at an awkward angle against the steep bank, while a sailor stands at its head and holds a candle-lamp. A bonfire is lit on the shore, and in its glare we descend the perilous staircase. In the rear came the soldiers and their charges. Two guards stood at the bottom, and then the jail-birds slid down merrily, for the muddy boots of those who had preceded them had obliterated all trace of spars, and converted the slender bridge into a greased pole, or rather chute. Some carried their bundles under one arm and their tea-can under the other, thus experiencing difficulty in the maintenance of equilibrium, for it was no laughing matter to descend that staircase. The soldiers in their brown overcoats and caps, with cutlasses encased in sheaths of brass and black leather, revolvers by their side, and Berdan rifles which made creditable balancing-poles, distributed themselves amongst the delinquents. Down they came out of the darkness at the top, into the light of the glowing fire below, from which the cold night-wind drove tongues of flame in ever-shifting directions. So we got off again, but occasionally a gentler grating sound reminded us that at any moment we might be called upon to repeat this little night excursion. This incident serves to show what diversions may enliven even the lot of the hapless prisoner as he is borne on these long rivers in confinement.

The convict-barges which ply

on the Volga and Kama between Nijni-Novgorod and Perm are constructed on very similar principles, but seem capable of conveying a greater number of persons, as the only specimen I saw had a double tier of deck-houses. But the idea of the menagerie was still perfectly obvious. The convicts had just disembarked at Perm on the morning that we got there, and were lying about on the wharf, while the military formed a loose cordon about them.

There were days, however, when the convicts had to walk across the Urals: in fact, in the olden time they had to make the whole journey from Moscow on foot except where it was possible to employ water. Thereafter they were driven by post-horses from Perm to Tiumen, as the outlay thus involved was found to be less even than that required to provide the convicts with food during that weary march. And to-day they travel third class by the workmen's train.

On arrival at the landing-stage in the vicinity of Tomsk (being as it is some three or four versts distant across an arid plain) the prisoners disembark and are conducted to a yard, where they pass individually before the governor of the Forwarding Prison; and as each man is called up, his crime, destination, and duration of sentence are read out, and he is identified by the photograph that is appended to every paper. Then each one is examined by a soldier to see if he has been provided with the regulation clothing by the Province in which he was condemned. Such a procedure occupies considerable time, as the barges seldom convey less than their full complement.

J. Y. SIMPSON.

DARIEL: A ROMANCE OF SURREY.¹

CHAPTER XXV.—IMAR'S TALE—CRIME.

"It was late of an October afternoon, when my heart, which had been low with hunger, hardship, and long weariness, began to glow with hope and love, as I stood at the bottom of our Karthlos steep. There was no fusilier on guard; and the granite steps and groins were choked with snow; but I sent my followers to their homes, as was only fair to them, with orders to come to a sheep-and-goat supper, if their appetites remained, when they had embraced their families. Then I sounded the great horn, fogged up with cobwebs, hanging above the lower gate, and with only my faithful milk-brother Stepan, and one other trooper who belonged to our old tower, breasted the rugged and crooked ascent.

"How wild with delight will my Oria be!" I thought, as I laboured through the drifts, for there had been no opportunity of sending any letter. "How lonely she must have been, sweet soul, and trembling with hope of a word from me!"

But when we reached the upper gate, there was no one even there on guard. The brazen cannon once kept so bright were buried in winding sheets of snow; and even the terrace before the door, which it was a point of hospitality to keep clean-swept for travellers, was glittering with untrodden drift. We were all in such a ragged and savage state of body, that I had ordered my two men to go round to the entrance for the maidens, and meant to do the same myself, unless my darling met me. But now, in my

fierce anxiety, I thrust the main doors open, and stood in the hall, which was cold and empty. No sound of my wife's step, no patter of little feet, now elcome, no answer, no gladness anywhere.

Doubt and terror kept me standing there; but I shouted, in hope of some great mistake—"Oria, my wife, my wife!" And then, upon the chance that she might be out—"Orry, my little son, my boy!"

My call rang along the passages on either side, and up the stairs, and shook the plumes of mountain-grass, which she had placed in the vases; but neither wife nor child appeared; and in my famished and haggard state I fell upon a chair, and my heart began to beat, as if it would leap out of me. Then I saw a tall and stately lady, in a dress of velvet, and with a serpent of white fur wound beneath her jewelled bosom, coming down the grey stone staircase, with her eyes fixed on me, but not a word of speech.

My voice failed me, as it does in a dream, when a sword is pointed at one's throat; but the lady came, and stood before me, and a child was clinging to her dress. She looked at me with some surprise, and contempt for my ragged condition, but spoke as if she had never known a tear.

"Imar, art thou not in haste to embrace thy twin sister Marva? The wrong thou hast done should not destroy all memory of the early days, when hers was thine, and thine was hers. I am prepared to forgive thee, Imar, in this time of tribulation."

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"To forgive! I never harmed thee, Va;" I answered, using her childish name, as I always did in thoughts of her. "But none of that now. Where is my wife? Hath any one dared to injure her?"

Weak as I was, I leaped up from the chair, and it would have gone ill with Marva—for what is a sister compared to a wife?—if she had showed signs of flinching. But she gazed at me with a quiet disdain, as if I could not command myself.

"I have not touched thy precious wife. I have not even set eyes on her. She hath done the injury to me, that is worse than theft of goods and cattle. Yet have I come hither, to do the duty she hath forsaken, and comfort her deserted husband from his mad adventures. While his treasure of a wife, his Royal Princess Oria, heiress to a hundred thrones, is enjoying herself at the hot springs in the world of fashion and luxury, with my noble husband Rakhan."

What I said, or did, or thought, I know not—perhaps, nothing. The world was all in a whirl with me, and perhaps I fainted, in my worn-out state. It does not matter what I did. From the strongest man in the Caucasus, I was struck to the level of the weakest child. Even my twin sister, with a woman's petty spite inflamed by jealousy and bitter wrong, had some of the echoes of childhood roused, and thought of the time when she loved me.

"It is the part of a fool," she said, meaning it for large comfort, "to be so wild about a woman, and the phantasy that they call love. When I was a child, I believed in it; and to what has it brought me? To cast away my life upon a man, who swore that I was all the world to him, and believed it perhaps, while I was new. But lo, in a year he was weary of me, because

I made too much of him. Hath Princess Oria done that? Nay, or thou wouldst be weary of her. Tush, what careth she for her lord? And why should he take it to heart like this? There are plenty of women in the world, my brother; and the more their husbands make of them, the less will they return it. I am the one that should lament, not thou. For I have lost a man, but thou a woman only. My husband will come back to me when he is weary of thy Georgian doll; and I shall be forced to welcome him. But thou, such is the law, thou hast it at thy pleasure to be free."

"Talk not to me," I said, for this was salt rubbed into my gashes; "go and get me food, that I may recover a little of my strength. And then, *thou also shalt be free.*"

Many a time have I wondered whether she knew what I meant by those last words. If she knew it, she said nothing, but marched away in her stately style, dragging by the hand her child, who had been staring at my face all the time, as if he had never seen a man before. Marva's own servants brought me food, and I knew not what it was, but took it, not for life so much as death—for death of Rakhan, the adulterer.

Some sleep as well was needful to me, before I could accomplish that—sleep to restore the power of thought which seemed to have left me imbecile, as well as the vigour of my jaded body. No further would I enter my own house, but collected some rugs and bearskins—for we had not even a bourka left—and was about to throw myself on a couch, when Marva's little boy came dancing, half in fright and half in glee at his own self-importance, with a crumpled letter for me. That she should send it by such hands is enough to show how she was

changed. I saw that it was from my enemy, and by the light of the one lamp they had brought me read the words that follow.

"BELOVED BROTHER IMAR,—As thou hast given me to wife a beggar, and a shrew to boot, it is but just that I should have a share of thine to comfort me. She is soft and young and fair; and I have taken such affection for her, and she for me, as the nature of women is, that I will not charge thee for her clothes and lodgings for at least a twelvemonth. Then if she hath a son, she shall remain another twelvemonth; for Marva's child, though strong and stout, is dumb from birth, and cannot be accepted therefore as Chief Prince of Ossets. Son of Dadian, this relieves thee of the cares that oppress thee most—the lust of money (which hath made thee play the rogue), the peril of subservience to thy wife, which overtaketh weak mankind, and the fear of having more children than thine avarice would make welcome.

Thou hast robbed me of good substance; I relieve thee of light stuff. And even that, if thou carest to lay claim, thou shalt have again without any charge. Thy sister I leave to thy care meanwhile. She hath never had share of her father's goods; and even thy greed cannot deny her meal and milk, till her tongue grows mild. Her raiment is with her, and will last until I am ready for her again; unless thou dost relax of the robbery thou hast rejoiced in for five years now, and givest her the garments of her mother, as well as the third part of her father's goods. Thy wife sends her duty to thee, and bids me say that she likes thee still, but loves the man who hath his arm around her, and doth not leave her to pine alone. We shall pass a month at Patigorsk where the hot springs tend to warmth of love. And then if thou hast aught to say, we shall not shut thee out again, after doing this for thy benefit. Thy good brother RAKHAN, Prince of the ancient Ossets."

CHAPTER XXVI.—IMAR'S TALE—REVENGE.

"In the morning I arose with all my strength renewed, and the sense of wrong as cold as stone, and keen as steel throughout me. My brother Stepan was at my side, for he had come to watch me, knowing what I had endured, and fearing that it might outdo my sense of life. I smiled at him; and he saw that I would smile, until I made others weep. Not a word was said between us. My wrongs were hotter in his heart than in my own; for I felt doubts about myself, and he had none. By the sacred custom of our tribe, which is a very ancient one, he was bound to hold my welfare even dearer than his own. When the eldest son of the Chief

is born, and old enough to shape his lips, he is sent round to the nursing mothers of the tribe to suckle. Whatever babe is placed with him at one breast, he at the other, thenceforth their lives are more than twin,—for twins may often fall out and fight, as did myself and Marva—but never those milk-brothers. Stepan's mother was the first to whom I paid my duty in that tender way, and Stepan's arms were twined in mine; and nothing could sever our hearts thenceforth from the allegiance of boy twins.

As I would not enter the inner chambers, where I had been so happy, Stepan led me to the bath,

and fetched another suit of travelling clothes, and everything I wanted, not forgetting a trusty sword and a pair of heavy pistols. Then we had breakfast, and set forth without a word to Marva. My children even I durst not ask for, fearing to hear that their mother had carried them into my dishonour.

But luckily my good horse *Ardon*, who had borne me through many adventures, had been left at home when I last set forth, and was neighing for me in the road below, for none but a mule or mountain-pony could clamber up the steep access. Our vehicles also we kept below, using hand-litters to the gates of *Karthlos*, for ladies or feeble travellers. And thus we three set forth on horseback, with provisions for three days—myself, and *Stepan*, and the other trooper who had returned with me from *Guinib*, a faithful and brave fellow who is with me now, named *Usnik*. Others would have joined us in the valley, but I would not have them. Enough of disgrace already.

The roads, or tracks as you would call them, bad enough at any time, were now at many places blocked by heavy and windy snow-falls; for the season was come to the middle of October, and winter had set in early. Any one who sees not much of such things, and might be in a mood to consider them, would have found no small delight in the grandeur of the world around. But all that I could think of was the bitterness and baseness of the human race that breathed therein; and when we had passed the post-house (where I kept my *troika* for long journeys) and learned that the Princess had taken my carriage three days ago, when the weather was fair, and ordered the driver to proceed with all possible haste to *Patigorsk*,

my last hope fell, and before me rose only the fury of revenge, and then the despair of a desert life.

To that town, whose name was now poison to me, where dissolute Russians came to revel, and vile Circassians to sell their daughters, the journey from *Karthlos* in the best of weather was a matter of three days; and now with the road so cumbered, and the buffet of thick snowstorms often dashing in our faces, it seemed as if a week was likely still to find us struggling vainly. But about noontide of the second day, being on the northern fall of mountains, and within the boundaries of *Ossetland*, we came to a fork of the torrent channel which here served for a roadway, and we knew not whether to go right or left. As for any guidance the chance was small, one traveller in a winter week was enough for such a road as that. The harvesting of the tissue-grass between the crags was over; the neatherd, the shepherd, and the goatherd had long driven home their charges. We knew not what to do, until one of us espied a little drift of smoke among the pine-trees on the ridge, and I sent the hardy *Usnik* on foot in that direction, while we rested the horses and awaited his return. By this time the wind had dropped a little, but a white vapour rolled in and out the crags and forest, as if a giant lay snorting among them, and the air felt like the breath of death. *Stepan* strode up and down, when he had tied the horses, slapping his bosom to keep himself warm; but I sat upon a rock, and cast my eyes upon the ground. I was thinking of what I had heard from an Englishman, who had been our guest at *Karthlos*. He had told me of the savage gaze of Prince *Rakhan* at my then beloved wife, when he met her at our summer-feast of

roses, when I had been called away from home.

"Why, who comes here, on this evil travelling day?" cried Stepan, turning suddenly. "My lord will have company, I think; but not of the kind he delights in."

His dark look showed me that there was something to be met, and leaping to my feet I beheld a company of horsemen advancing towards us by the road upon our left. They broke through the drifts by twos and threes, which was all that the track in its widest parts admitted; but the one who rode first rode singly, and he was a big man, stern and swarthy. The slope they were descending showed us a score of men, well armed, behind him.

"Behold they are too many for us! Let us fly up the other road." Stepan loosed the horses as he spoke. "They will kill my lord, and then where is our revenge?"

"What matters my life to me? Whoever they are, I will not fly. But why should they desire to kill us, Stepan? They look not like bandits; and they are not Russians."

"Nay, but they are worse than either. They are Ossets of the Karai Khokh, who go either side of the mountains. Their Chief is dead, and they are Rakhan's children now. Rakhan rides first, in this handful."

"Rakhan shall have speech with me," I spoke, with the heart of my spirit rising, as the Lord has granted it to rise, when He has beaten down the body. "Rakhan is welcome. I will salute him."

The man had been out of my sight so long (not only because of my service with Shamyl, but through his own avoidance of me) that I did not know his face for certain, till I met his eyes. Then I felt sure what my duty was; as

God himself ordained it, when He made man to be true to woman, and woman true to man, and their children to spring of their own loins—there was no choice left me but to slay this man, or be slain by him.

Having this within my mind, and being calmer than I can be now in looking back upon it, I stood across the narrow track, and took the horse that Rakhan rode by the head, and gazed at Rakhan. He was amazed at first, and the colour of his great black eyes turned paler, and he fumbled for a pistol, without daring to take his gaze from mine. I would not speak, but I struck his hand up with a flip of mine. The lips that had sullied my dear wife's should have no sort of speech with mine. He tried to regard me humorously, as a man who thinks woman his slave blinks eye, when the question is about her; but the sparkle of his gaze died under mine, like an ember with the sun on it.

"Get off thy horse, Prince Rakhan!" Stepan shouted, with his big arm laid across. "The time hath come for man to man; instead of lying with another man's wife."

Rakhan made pretence to smile, and to leap from horseback lightly. "What a stir to make about a light-of-love! Fool that knows not what a woman is! Stand back, my sons; this is not for you."

The Ossets took their orders gladly. Every savage man loves to see a fight. They leaped from their horses, and squatted in the snow, and filled their pipes, and kindled them.

There was a clear place close at hand, with a ring of black cedars round it, and room inside for stepping to and fro, if life and death required it. I threw off my furs, and so did he; and we stood against one another.

"Hold! Is this what you call fair duel? His sword is three inches longer than mine," Rakhan shouted, and I saw that it was just, although I had not dreamed of it. I threw away my blade, and took Stepan's, a common short weapon, stout, and broad.

"One thing before I slay thee, Imar," said Rakhan with his bright Genoese on guard, and I saw that my sword was as nothing to his; "young man, it was I who slew thy father. And now by the same hand thou shalt die."

Before the words were finished, he advanced upon me, taking the coward's advantage, as he hoped, of striking me when stricken with that shock. But I just drew back for a moment; and then when he made sure that he had me, and the point of his weapon flashed into my breast, up flew his steel, like the sparks of a flint, and my short strong blade rushed through his heart. He gave me one glare, and he lay between my feet, with a gurgle of blood spouting out upon the snow.

"Go home to the Devil that made thee," I said, "and commit adultery if thou canst, in hell."

Then Stepan drew the lids upon those toadstool eyes, and gazed at me with terror. For there are times when the God that made us takes us out of His own knowledge, with the passions Himself has placed in us. Stepan thought that I would have slain him too, for doing this ministry to the dead. But he did not understand me. I was quiet as a lamb, and would not have resisted, if any one had seized that bloody sword and driven it through my own heart too.

"Is there any one among you men?" I asked, coming out into the road before them; "any milk-brother of Prince Rakhan, who feels a desire to encounter me? I am weary now, and he will have

fine chance. Or he can shoot at me, if he likes." But they smoked their pipes, and hugged their knees together, and glanced at their horses, as if they loved their backs. How different it would have been with my own tribe!

In this stir, I was forgetting about Usnik and his message. "The first half is finished. Now for the second?" I shouted to Stepan from *Ardon's* back, as I spurred him up the track by which the Ossets had descended. "This must be the way to the Princess Oria." For what else could I suppose after meeting Rakhan there?

But the Ossets, who were departing by the road which had brought us hither, said something to Stepan, and he fetched me back, and pointed to the track upon our right hand. At the same time Usnik returned from the fire in the wood, and the result of his enquiry agreed with what Rakhan's retainers had declared. Patigorsk could be reached by either road; but the one on the left was blocked for wheels, and would soon be closed to horses. If I wished to follow the course of the troika, the road on the right was the one to choose. Moreover, at about three hours' distance, it passed a summer-house, or hunting-lodge, belonging to the Osset Chief, but at this time of year unoccupied; where, if we could get no further, as appeared too likely already, we could shelter our horses for the night, and kindle fire for ourselves. Patigorsk was the place I wanted, and I took what seemed to be the best road to it.

As we three set forth again, with our horses looking considerate—for these are better endowed than we are with knowledge both of sky and ground—a little toss of white softness met us, harbouring into our eyes and beards. The ears and

forelocks of our horses pricked themselves with a glittering fringe; and then their manes were like a fountain, and the bow of the saddle became an arch. Presently we could see nothing at all, but left it to them to find the way, which they did without any complaint, not even making a merit of obedience. I let the bridle fall, and wished that I could only submit to God, as these good creatures do our will, and never even seek for thanks.

We went on thus, with the snow-cloud thickening, and black rocks or a bough of pine jumping out of the white against us, when suddenly my horse pulled up, and his chin was striking something. He seemed to know it, and so did I. It was the back rail of my troika, in which we had enjoyed so many a summer jaunt, in the days when my Oria loved me. The carriage was standing in the middle of the road, but there was no Oria in it, neither any other human being, nor even a horse in front of it. The cushions were gone; the contents were snow.

"Her Highness must be close at hand," cried Stepan leaning over it, "and yonder is Rakhan's pleasure-lodge. God grant that the wolves have not gotten her!"

"One wolf hath had her; but he will no more;" I answered, with my heart on fire through all the snow that froze my breast. "Thou, and Usnik, hold the horses; I will see to this myself."

Then I stamped on the road, and shook the snow off, and saw that it was red with my own blood where the dead man's sword had touched me; and following the shelter of some trees, where the streaks of the storm went by me, I stood at the door of a house built of logs, with plaster slabbed between them. Thrice I knocked with the hilt of

my sword, without drawing it from the scabbard, while I felt that the crisis of my life was come—the time that comes only once, thank God, in His creature's three score years and ten.

"How soon thou art back! How glad I am. This is so kind and faithful of thee." It was Oria's voice, and I ground my teeth. She expected her new love, Rakhan.

Then she drew back the bolt, and stood before me, glittering in all her perfect beauty, but pale as a ghost at this surprise. "My lord!" she gasped, for she was always timid; and I said "yes, thy proper lord."

Her hand went to her heart, as if it were failing her in this amazement, and she spread the other arm to me; but I drew back and gazed at her. "Never touch me more," I said; and her soft eyes fell before the flash of mine.

"What have I done to enrage thee, Imar? Thou hast never spoken to me like this? I have left thy roof. But how could I help it? I have done what women may not do. But it was only for thy sake—and oh, my lord is wounded!"

"Yes, through thee. But what is that?" I stretched my scabbarded sword across, as she with a rush of tears approached. "Thy paramour lies dead for this. And what art thou? Liar, adulteress, Zanska."

That last is the lowest word that can be used to any woman. She gazed at me for a moment with a look that will never leave me, and then in a low clear voice she said,

"It is enough. No woman of my race must hear that name from her lord, and live."

She bowed her head, as if receiving the sentence of death submissively, and then walked slowly towards the inner room. At the door she turned, and waved her

hand with a proud and calm farewell to me. I knew what it meant, and sprang towards her, but my scabbard struck the door-post, my feet were cased in ice and snow, and I fell on my back in the outer room, as a flash came from the inner.

"Help, help! My lord will bleed to death! Lady Oria! Baboushka!" The voice was not Stepan's, but Kobaduk's; and I felt my boiling blood run cold.

"What dost thou here? What have I done?" I shouted, rising clumsily, for my wound had burst forth through the fall. "Old man, thy mistress hath shot herself. What dost thou in Rakhan's service?"

"Nought have I to do with Rakhan. Sûr Imar knows not what he saith. Baboushka and I have been with the lady, all the way from Karthlos, till I went to yon village for food for us."

I fell against the wall, and stared at him. Then Stepan stood also in the doorway, and his voice was like the moan of death.

"It is true, Sûr Imar. The troika hath broken down at this gate. The Princess Oria hath never seen Rakhan; neither came she to see him."

I laughed, I shouted, as at some fine joke. "I see, I see my sweet mistake. He came not from her; he came to seek her. Ah, but he met the wrong one; the wrong one it was, and yet the right."

What matter what I did or said? Henceforth in all my life, what matters? And when it is over, can I be saved? If so, it will be for Oria's sake. Thank God that she knew before she died, slain by the weapon which she had brought to protect her honour—and Rakhan would have tasted cold lead, I trow, if his miscreant scheme had entrapped her—by the mercy of God,

she knew in that short hour the hellish fraud which slew her.

The bullet had not touched her heart, and she passed away as a flower fades, drooping from some inward harm. My pistols were left in my holsters, but I loaded Oria's again, that I might not be slow to follow her, the moment she could not see it done. But she opened her eyes for the last time, when they seemed to have lost all sight of earth, and she tried to lay her hand on mine, with deep love looking back upon me through the cloud of Death.

"For Orry's sake, for babe's, for *mine*," she whispered with her latest breath.

I pledged my word; but how often was it almost beyond my power to keep! And one of my pledges was lost already; when I got home—to my desolate and wretched home—there was only my baby Dariel left, to link me to this altered world. Marva was gone back to her Osset tower, and it seemed better so; for I had brought her husband's lying letter, handed me by Kobaduk, and purporting to come from her. To wit, an urgent summons for my wife to fly to my bedside and nurse me through a dangerous wound at Patigorsk. This letter I meant to place on Marva's lap, and ask if she were privy to it. I hope not, I pray not; for it would be almost too black-hearted, too treacherous for the worst woman's revenge. I hope she believed that Oria, whom she always hated, had left home through her own desire, to meet Rakhan in that festive town. For a woman has not strong faith always in the virtue of other women. To her own faith she will be true; but she doubts about theirs too shrewdly. Women of the common sort I mean. My Oria was too sweet for that.

CHAPTER XXVII.—IMAR'S TALE—EXILE.

"You understand from what I said, that my only son was gone as well, the eldest born of our fervent love, to whom with a pleasant conceit I had given the name of "Origen"—born of Oria. The other was named from the place of her own birth, arriving unexpectedly, when we went in the troika to see the great post-house just built by the Russians on their grand new road, which cuts the great mountain-chain beneath the towering peak of Kazbek.

Unnatural it may seem, and sluggish, and even an abject thing to those who have never lost their courage; but when I was carried up the steps of Karthlos, with the body of my wife on the other litter, and the carpenter ordered to remember my length in the boards he was cutting out for her—for we are a thrifty race, holding fast the hide when we have lost the horns—and I managed to say at my own threshold, "Let me see my babies"; behold there was only one brought to me, and she could not walk, nor say "Dadda," as babies of every language do.

Nevertheless, without excuse, she took my liking as of right, lying so, and smiling at me with the faith of baby eyes, and the beginning of a clever nose, and pink lips parted like a berry, as if I had a breast for her.

"Sweetie, it is thy father, not thy mother," the woman who bore her said; "and if he hath no breast for thee, his heart shall be all the nigher. Sûr Imar, this is all the Lord hath left thee for thy home and heart. Gather thy life up, for her sake."

I saw the likeness of her mother in her, and she came into my helpless arms, and laid her soft face

in my beard, and played with the bandage round my wound. And they say that she spoke her first word thus; but women must not be trusted, when their imaginations move them.

As soon as I was able to think more clearly, I asked for my boy, Origen. They told me, as soon as they thought it safe, that on the second day after my departure, the very day of my fatal deeds, the poor little fellow, scarce three years old, was killed through his own high courage. My sister, who reigned in the Castle now, had given orders that he should be kept apart from her own child Hafer, and in the top rooms, where the nursery was with a separate staircase to it. Perhaps she desired that even in childhood there should be no acquaintance between the offspring of Oria and her own. But my little Orry was as strong and active as an average child of twice his years, and he could not endure to be cooped up thus. He contrived to get out of a loop-hole, and thence to the head of the outer staircase, and so upon the table-cliff behind the house, where he ran frolicking among the snow. This rock is perpendicular upon all its southern face, and the dumb child Hafer, seeing Orry's delight, ran out to share it from a lower door, while his mother was away upon some business, with only two trusty servants.

Soon one of our women heard my boy shouting, and laughing at the other child who could not shout; and instead of tempting them in with a sweetmeat the thoughtless girl ran after them. Of course they ran away, and before she could catch them, both vanished over the brink of the cliff, where a crest of snow obscured it; and verily she

was afraid to go back to the house, and tell what she had done. She concealed herself behind the corner, and left others to find out the loss. But it was not very long unknown, for Marva was coming along the ravine upon her return to Karthlos, in the teleka which had brought her first, and which she kept at the posting-house. She saw the two children lying there after their fall of two hundred feet, her own child unhurt in a pile of snow, and my little darling on the rocky floor, with his poor head dashed to pieces.

For her bitter turn against me, I forgave her, when I heard of her tenderness to my poor child. It is at such times that the greatness of a woman's nature shows itself. Happily she knew not as yet of my encounter with her husband, which must have been taking place just then, but forgetting all her grievances against me she took both little ones into her carriage, and drove at all speed to the posting-house. There she ordered a private room, and allowed no one to come near them, except her own Baboushka, while she sent to a village five miles off for the only doctor to be heard of. He came as soon as he could, but she had abandoned all hope by that time, as any but a woman must have done long since, and there was no one to receive him. For Marva had sent her own child home in dread of the effect upon his little brain, and at

night she appeared at the gate of Karthlos, with the baby heir cold as a stone in her arms. His pretty red cross, and his green velvet dress, and above all the billows of his golden hair still flowing from the linen swathes of Death—when the women saw these they bewailed the child of Imar and of Oria, almost as if they had lost their own. Before my return, he was buried in our little churchyard of the glen; and his mother lies beside him.

I have told you a melancholy tale; but when the Lord has tried one child beyond His other children, and almost beyond the strength vouchsafed to the best of them to bear it, something good shall be yet in store; and happiness may spring up again, though pleasure be but a memory. And the soul that has passed through rough affliction and the long cold shadow, is led more kindly into the paths of shelter, and content with quietude.

I have done enough of harm, my friend. I have broken up two households; I have wasted half my tribe in war, and slain a good few Russians. These you may slay by the thousand, without checking the supply of them; you are only guilty of their blood, and the tears of those who loved them. But my own losses taught me what it is to make others desolate. And the rest of my life, please God, shall go to redeem the wrongs of wrath, and war."

CHAPTER XXVIII.—SANGUINE STILL.

When the Prince Imar's tale was told, and I thought of all he had been through, I could not find it in my heart, or even in good manners, to crave explanation of certain points which had not been made quite clear to me. For any such enquiry might appear to pro-

ceed from a hankering to hear more about his darling daughter. He had enjoyed, beyond our chance, a quantity of romantic love; and though he might not be hard on mine, remembering his own tender time, and allowing for like state in others, on the other hand that

lesson might have taught him how to look at this, before it went too far to stop. And it is not in the gift of men, or at least of such as I am, to be certain how a brother man may take what seems so clear to self. But while I was buried in these thoughts he spoke again quite cheerfully, and as if he had understood them all, but would not blame me for them.

"From what I have said, you will perceive that I have now two things to think of. The first, and dearest, is my own child, the daughter of the blameless wife, whom I lost through my own madness. The other is my duty towards the people who have been so true to me; who can be raised, by one who knows them, to a better and more peaceful life, and the first condition of happiness the rule of Christianity. We have had the name for ages, but we have never known the meaning; of which you too must wait to learn till sorrow has washed the eyes of pride.

"That vile blood-feud, the curse of the mountains, the cause of a myriad murders, could not exist if we were more than mere ticket-porters of the cross. Therefore I am doing my best, without aid of your good societies, which would get into trouble with Russia at once, to print 10,000 copies of the New Testament, in the Lesghian tongue. In a short time now my period of exile, fourteen years, will expire: and the rest of my life will be given up to the spread of goodwill amongst us. Thus alone can I hope to have done some good to balance my evil deeds. But the difficulty of the thing is this. Not a man in a hundred of us can read, and perhaps not a woman of all the race. To meet this I am preparing primers, horn-books, alphabets, all the rudiments, and I shall set up a

school in every village. It is too much for one short life, but at least I can begin it, and when once begun it will go on, for the Russians will not stop me. The Russians have been very good to me, and they hate the rule of Islam, which is warlike and implacable. The Commander of the Caucasus is a man of great humanity. If he could have done as he liked, I should have received at once a free pardon; and as it is, my revenues have never been confiscated. He knows that I would be the last to attempt or join in another insurrection. There never was a chance, since time began, of a great Caucasian nation. We are split into about seventy tribes, and each loathes all the others. Young as I was, when I joined Shamyl, the folly of it was clear to me; and my father perished not by a foreign but a neighbour's hand, as usual. That may be my fate also, especially when I attempt reforms. But if so, I shall have done my best to redeem a life of violence."

As I looked at him, I could wonder no more that Dariel thought so little of all other men compared with him. Here was a man, one might well believe, who never knew what fear was, suspicion, falsehood, meanness, envy, or even the love of money. It had been the sense of justice only, and no greed or jealousy, which had led him to reject the demand of Rakhan, his father's murderer; whence all the disasters of his life ensued. And it seemed to me that if ever there had lived a man of honour and kind heart, who deserved the favour of Heaven and the reverence of his fellows, it was this man long oppressed by some mysterious curse of destiny.

My voice was trembling with something more than regard for my own interests, when I fetched him

back from his great ideas, which were ever so far above my scope, to the matter which concerned me most.

"Sûr Imar, I am quite small of mind, and would rather receive than do good things. And of all the blessings of the blessed world, you know the one that I value most." He smiled a little, for his face was always ready to yield to gentle turns.

"My friend, I know what your desire is. You want to rob me of my one delight. But I feel myself safe for a long while yet. I rely upon many obstacles. In the first place, will your own discretion and judgment bear you out in wishing, even if you had my consent, to connect yourself with a race of such dark fortunes and sad calamities, and crimes as well—for crimes they are? And perhaps there are more before us. I have told you my tale, to show you this. I believe not of course in any heathen conceptions—Até, Nemesis, Ananché, or what not? But who can deny that there is an inheritance of evil quite beyond our power to explain?"

"That may be so. But my one prayer is to be allowed to risk such penalty."

"You speak like an Englishman," he answered, looking at me very gravely; "other men equally brave would decline, through the force of superstition. But I have only begun my objections yet. For instance, what would your own friends have to say about this question? You have not mentioned it yet, I suppose, as nothing was likely to come of it. But without that, you must know pretty nearly how your friends would take it."

I answered in so many words that they left me to follow my own judgment now; that while things continued as they were, it would be wrong of me to forsake them,

as they could never get on without me; but that a change for the better might be expected now with all confidence, for England was sick of that farce so ridiculously called "free-trade," and then the land might feed her sons again, instead of giving them nothing but a weedy grave.

"It is the standing joke of Europe," he replied; "there is nothing to compare with it in history. Your benevolence is of the highest order, because so purely unconscious. But it will require another generation to restore your sanity. Unless you have a war that blocks your supplies; and then how simple! That man who can fast for forty days may challenge the nation, when war is declared, and outlive them all, though they eat all they can get. But let me not interrupt you."

What is the loaf compared to love? The dealers and the middlemen have the chief pull of the former. Turn me into a Radical, if the labourer gets an ounce the more for his fourpence than he often did of old, when his right hand stood him in good stead, and his Saturday night was certain. But a foreigner is allowed to show the common sense, which an Englishman is hooted down for hinting.

"We shall never be as we were," I said, "we shall always be poor, Sûr Imar. And I am only a younger son. If it is your duty to repel me for that reason, I have nothing more to say."

"We will not part like this," he answered, feigning, as every man should do, to be blind when another man is moved; "there are many things in your way, my friend; but I will not make the worst of them. You have my respect and liking, which I do not give to every one. But in spite of all I have gone through, or per-

haps by reason of it, I have some romance about me still. You say that you love my daughter, and I thoroughly believe it. But does she love you?"

"I have no reason to think so yet. What right have I to hope for it? She is far above me in every way. But if you do not forbid me—why I could try—I could try my best, you know."

It was almost more than he could do to look with becoming gravity at the sadly waning phase of hope depicted on my countenance. He smiled, because he could not help it. And I smiled, to keep time with him.

"You are honest, at any rate," he said, "and that you have been from first to last. Of English modes of wooing, I know nothing; and they are not like ours. But this strikes me as an unusual thing; though perhaps all you ask is what you would call 'a fair field and no favour.' You shall have it, as far as I am concerned; though I will not pledge myself afterwards. But remember that in a month or so, we return to our native mountains."

This was awful news to me; and I seemed to have no fair chance left. Moreover I felt very deep alarm concerning that Prince Hafer, Dariel's cousin, about whom I had heard so much, and of whom I had seen too much already. Was he the son of that terrible woman, Marva—Sûr Imar's sister—and that hateful man, and horrible plotter, Rakhan, Prince of the Ossets? I had longed to ask his Uncle Imar for more particulars, about him, and especially what he was doing here, but my courage had failed me on that point. Alas that he was no longer dumb; and if he had fallen 200 feet in his childhood, no wonder that he could jump 10 now; for Nature always strives towards a balance. And if he could not jump 10 feet in height, (which perhaps is more than any

man even of the mountains has achieved) it was plain enough that he would prove a very awkward customer, whenever my sense of the gross injustice inflicted by his presence should urge me to attempt by hand or foot his desirable removal. But one thing I might ask, as I thought, without showing any impertinence, or reviving painful memories.

"Your sister, the Princess Marva, sir? I hope she continued to show good will, and afforded you some comfort before you were banished from Daghestan. She herself remains there, I suppose?"

"Not in Daghestan, but in Ossetia, which lies to the west of the great Russian road that marks the division of the Mountain-range. No, I cannot say that she showed any sisterly feeling towards me, except the true sorrow for my child of which I spoke; and perhaps no woman who witnessed a scene of such distress could have helped being touched. But when I heard of her tender behaviour, and remembered that old scruples were partly removed by the death of the offender, I sent her all that she could claim, and much more, of her inheritance in goods and chattels. But it is impossible for her, as long as she continues Rakhan's widow, to show much affection for me, though I may hope that she has it in her heart. For unhappily that most fiendish and accursed institution, which I hope to begin to extirpate, by the spread of the Gospel and of education—the Blood-feud is set up between us. By marriage she is an Osset, and among the Ossets she holds sway, like a petty Queen almost. Although she cannot have any vindictive feelings against me, after all her husband's behaviour to both of us, she must respect their customs, and not show herself too friendly. Therefore I take it as unusually kind and good

on her part, that knowing how soon my time expires, she has sent her only son, Prince Hafer, to congratulate me, and to offer an ancient residence or Court-house of the Ossets, which stands very conveniently, for us to occupy on our return, till Karthlos (which is in a sad condition) can be put into good repair. That I call a true extension of the olive-branch; and it is the more remarkable to one who knows as I do that this infernal code, for I can call it nothing else, is supposed to be doubly binding when it inures betwixt near relatives. Blessed are they that never heard of it. No flight of time, no acts of kindness, no natural affections avail against it."

"It is horrible indeed," I said, "and nothing can be more un-English. We are the most sensible race in the world, as well as the most straightforward. 'Have it out and be done with it,' is our rule; no steel, no lead, no poison; but a fight with what the Lord has made."

"You also have your brutality, I fear. But it is not my place to talk of that, after all the kindness I have received among you. And you are wide awake to all your own virtues, so that I need not insist upon them. Is there anything more you would ask me?"

"Nothing, Sâr Imar. And I may have seemed to trespass already on your patience. But I have a brother who is wonderfully clever in all mechanical and chemical affairs. May I bring him to see your type-stamping process, and other beautiful devices? They are out of my line altogether; but he would appreciate all of them. And more than that he is gifted, as you are, with the faculty of languages. He is the genius, and I the dunce. May he come? He has nothing to do with the Press, and will not even talk of what he sees."

"It will give me great pleasure to see such a man," my host replied most courteously. "There is no secrecy about my work, beyond this,—if your journals spoke of it—and they speak of even smaller matters—it might get into some Russian paper, and my little ideas would be quenched at once. Russia does not encourage education, outside her own narrow grooves. But if I could only begin forbidden, probably I might go on for years. You see how sanguine I am still."

"And your nephew will be of great service, no doubt, as his mother is so friendly. In his early days he had no power of speech, I think you told me. But that comes sometimes rather late in life."

"I do not think that I spoke about it, because I had no knowledge. His father mentioned it in that fatal letter. But before I left the mountains I was told that an operation at Tiflis had relieved the child of the tongue-tie; and now he seems to be in many ways a fine specimen of the Caucasus. He cannot speak your language well, though he has picked up a little of it, and he is not very fond of your nation. But if your brother is a linguist, possibly he might get on with him. And I should like to try the experiment. When will you bring your brother? But tell him not the story of my life, as I have told it to you. It is a thing I never speak of, without a special reason."

"You may depend upon me, Sâr Imar; I know the favour you have done me, and the reason for it. There are few who would have gone through so much pain, for the sake of almost a stranger. But I know not when I can bring Harold. He is a most uncertain fellow. Nobody can ever tell where to find him. He says it is the beauty of his

character. But I hope that I may come before he does; or it will be a bad look-out for me."

"You may come to see me every day, my friend, and I shall be pleased to see you. But if you meet Hafer, be on your guard. He has the rough manners of the mountains still, and has not seen the world, as I have."

Thus I was obliged to leave it. Not at all to my liking; yet with no right to complain of any one. This Lesghian Chief had laid me under a very great obligation, by overcoming for my sake his natural reluctance to recall a past so full of

pain, and in such bitter contrast with the present conditions of his life. As a nation we make little of the debt which a foreigner incurs to the hospitality of England. The guest, moreover, is too graceful ever to inflict on us the pain of seeing him overwhelmed with gratitude. But this Lesghian Chief had formed what was perhaps a romantic view of the greatness of our policy, and a liking for us which is, I fear, by no means universal. This I hoped to work with diligence for my own advantage; as our Government used to do, as long as it still subsisted.

CHAPTER XXIX.—LARGE AND LONG VIEWS.

Sûr Imar had spoken of happiness as resembling a mountain-eagle in the brevity of its visits, and the speed of its flight away from us, rather than the gentle dove whose nest is always near our roof, while the cooing of her soft content pervades the summer evening. And probably he was right enough as regards his own race and country, where all is rugged, strong, and fierce, and a pious life too often means pure impotence for robbery.

But if he only could have seen my father of a sunny morning, sitting in his little room, with the red cloth on the table, and the drawers of his cabinet pulled out, and his choicest coins laid gingerly with their faces tilted towards the light, and a chamois leather, and a box of powder, and a tiny bottle of acid to be used most sparingly—that Chief of great stature, and still greater mind, would have perceived that bliss may come with the downy plume of the dove, as well as the swoop of the eagle's pinion. For here was an ancient gentleman, who had never known flash and clash of steel, or the rush of hot blood upon frozen snow; but had

only been damaged by the rapid fall of grain, and no longer had the spirit to cry out at that; yet in the evening of his days found pleasure in the coinage of the past, when the currency failed so painfully. Often he shouted for his wife or daughter, to share some great discovery, some new interpretation of his magnifying glass, or the lens of imagination, over some battered disc, resembling the plate which our blacksmith clamps red-hot on the nose of a vainly squealing porker.

Then was Sir Harold's pleasure at the acme and the apex. What delight is perfect without something to find fault with? And the fonder one is of the poor short-comer, the sweeter it becomes to correct the loose idea.

"This indeed is frightful, my dear Grace! Will you never know an old L from a T? And how often must I tell you, that they run the other way? There's a tangle of your hair coming in the light again! If you want to be of any use, which you never can be, do go and cut off at least three quarters of it. One would think that girls were made

of nothing else but hair. Show me any mops and frizzles, on a feminine obverse. Look at this fascia! I'll get you one to-morrow. You fetch it round tightly, and then you cut off all the rest. Unless you like to bunch it, as a jockey does a horse, I shall speak to your mother about it. Nothing shall be done that you dislike. But you see for yourself how becoming it is?"

"Lovely, oh lovely! I am wild about it, father. But the lady has no nose. Is mine to come off too?"

"She has had a nose, and as good a one as yours. It is the mere accident of attrition. But here comes George! What can George want now? He knows that I never should be interrupted, with all these drawers open. If any rival Numismatist—I am sorry to say there is no honesty among them. Even the people at the British Museum when I lent them for comparison kept back three most valuable—the gems, the gems of my whole collection!"

"Well, sir, I don't blame them. It was for the instruction of the nation." I knew that my father was even more proud than indignant at this fact—if fact it was, and he had long ago made it one, by telling it at least twice a-day. "But, I don't want to disturb you, sir, and I don't often do it. Only there are two things that I am bound to consult you about immediately, if you can spare me a few minutes, without having to put more important work aside."

My father sighed; for he hated business, as he had good cause to do, while Grace walked away with a lofty air, like a lady denied the franchise. Finding myself rather nervous, I began in a craven manner with other people's business.

"Bandilow wants to know, sir, whether he may break up half-moon meadow, and plant it with

apple- and pear-trees. He says it is the only chance of his being able to pay his rent, next Lady day."

"But my dear George," Sir Harold replied, while he spread a silk handkerchief over his coins, lest the atmosphere of business should corrode them, "does the silly fellow expect to realise a fruit-crop betwixt this and then?"

"Very likely he does, for he has found an apple on a tree he planted not more than two years ago; and the Society for the Promotion of British Fructiculture has sent him a coloured print of apples bigger than turnips and brighter than prize carnations. And you know what Lord Melladew did for him; they would not advance him any money—in fact he had to subscribe to them—but for a 'nominal price' they supplied him with a list of fifteen hundred kinds——"

"Oh, I don't want to hear any more about that. I should have some faith in it, if they put their own money into it, instead of being paid for persuading other people to invest in it. However, it is no concern of mine."

"Excuse me, sir, but I think it is. In a sort of sideway at any rate. You would not like an old tenant, whose family has held under ours for at least three centuries, to be robbed by private folly of the little the public mania has left him. I know the climate of Surrey pretty well, and there are very few better in England. Last May, the mercury stood below freezing-point at six in the morning, no less than eight times; and twice it was eight degrees below. Have we any fruit-bloom that can laugh at that? You would not like an elderly man like Bandilow, with a large family dependent upon him, to be ruined, would you now? And he is already in arrears of rent?"

"Certainly I should grieve at

that, and throw him off every farthing, little as we can afford it. But my dear boy, you make the worst of things, and you are sadly obstinate; which perhaps is a family failing. Men of tenfold your knowledge have proved that the only remedy, and a very easy one, offered by Providence itself, for the present starvation of agriculture is to take to horticulture. If wheat will not pay at 30s. per quarter, fall back upon apples at a pound a bushel. And then there is jam, a glorious scheme."

I saw that all reason was in vain. Lord Melladew had got hold of my good father, and tip-top prices upon West-end counters had been quoted for orchard average. It was useless to say another word. But who ever ceased on that account?

"If the wheat crop is precarious, I should like to know what the fruit-crop is. Two years in three give a fair crop, of grain; scarcely one in three of fruit. If we turned every field into a broom of trees, would even the present low prices hold, in the years when there was anything on them? The fruit might roll on the ground and rot, whenever the season was plentiful. Englishmen cannot live on apples; and jam is only fit for children. But do as you like, sir. Do as you like."

"George, I am guided too much sometimes by the way in which you look at things. You have formed very strong opinions, and there may be something in them. Nothing is more wonderful to me than the difference in character betwixt you and Harold. Harold looks at a thing all round, and is never quite sure about it. But you make up your mind without looking at all, and I defy anybody to move you."

"I have made up my mind, sir, about another matter, which I came to put before you. And though I am not to be moved from it, I do

hope that you will take my view. But is Bandilow to have his way?"

"Certainly," my father answered with a pleasant smile, for he had formed the most erroneous opinions about me; "is no one to have his way but my son George? It is only fair to let a tenant crop his land as he thinks best, unless he injures it permanently; and especially such a man as Bandilow, who has stuck to us, when all the others dropped off. And there is another reason. Many of the newspapers, loving as some of them seem to do to stir up ill-will among Englishmen, keep on declaring that the landlords form the chief obstacle to the improvement of land. The thing is absurd. You might just as well say that if you borrow a hundred pounds of me, I must long for your bankruptcy, lest you should repay me. What landlord would not be delighted if his tenant could make £50 an acre, as these people say? I only wish this fruit-craze could last."

"Father, you are right. What a blessing it would be, if they could only fetch it round! Let us hope for the best, as they do. And now for the other question, all about myself; and I hope you will take the same liberal views. But it is a long story. Have your easy-chair, and your little glass of mead that stops the cough. Well, Harold did some good in recommending that. You never get the cough as you used to have it."

"Harold is a very clever fellow," my father said, after a sip or two; "if that boy would only stick to something—or if I could make a blend of you two—well, well, we can't have everything."

"That is a righteous law for us; but it ought not to apply to you, sir, whose wishes are so moderate. For instance, I want a thing that I shall never get. May I call Mother in, to hear what it is?"

In this there was wisdom, gracious wisdom, such as we are inspired with sometimes, however foolish we may generally be. For whatever opinion my father might form, he would have my mother looking at him, and then she would be sure to give a glance at me, and the experience of years would be belied unless she gave utterance to a conclusion not directly counter, but sub-contrary, hypenantiuous—if such a word is pardonable—to the view which her husband had ventured to form without waiting for her suggestion. For they had grown so much alike, that both of them doubted about the joint-stock wisdom; as we all despise home-produce.

Seeing myself in the right way thus, while indulging in all due deference, I did my very best to let them know that I had striven after things above me. My father was ready to concede that point; but my mother could not conceive it, and was eager to branch out into a long discourse, about all the great people akin to us in body, but in mind not as yet awake to it. My father joined me in abbreviating that—though at such a time it was hard measure—but he heard the old Grandfather Clock strike one; and if mother got wound up on that chain, the hour-hand might go round the dial before he got any luncheon! Therefore he spoke decisively.

“What we have heard from George is not altogether what I expected. Everybody knows, though he seems to imagine that nobody ever dreamed of it, that he had found some attraction among those very strange people that live in the dell. Who they are, or what they do there, it has never concerned me to enquire. When strangers come into a neighbourhood, and desire to keep themselves to themselves, no English gentleman would ever think

of obtruding himself upon them. They may be very estimable, and even of very high rank in a foreign way, as George supposes. But when they pack themselves up inside a wall, without even a bell, or if they have one with only fierce dogs to answer it, all we can do is to leave them to the Police, or the Government, or the Newspapers. The right of asylum is sacred in England. Of Continental intrigues we know nothing, and we refuse to be mixed up with them. Even with a Radical Government in power—my dear, you quite agree with me?”

“In every word that you have said, my dear. But when our George, without asking his mother, goes out of his way to make strange acquaintance, and people who pretend to look down upon us——”

“You have no right to say that, my dear. We must not think that they are so absurd. They have the highest opinion of this Country, as of course they are bound to have, except as to our one great mistake. And there, if I understand George aright, Prince—what’s his name, Mari? It sounds like New Zealand, but at any rate his views do him very high credit. He spoke of Free Trade with very fine contempt; I think you told me so, George?”

“Sir, he could not find any word strong enough to describe our folly. And the testimony of an outsider—but you never use such language, sir.”

“No, I leave that to younger people, who may live to see the worst of it. But this gentleman must have great perception, as well as much integrity. You think that he draws a large revenue, and this young lady is his only child.”

“My dear, you forget how they live out there,” said my mother, who was above lucre, and my father as well too superior to show it.

"Who can tell how many wives they have? And their laws not too respectable, I am half afraid, upon such points."

"I was very well up in Geography once," my father replied with a smile at her, "I could construe some of Prometheus Vincetus, and I have a coin, with the rock and the chain and the vulture, but the Titan has been eaten to nothing by time. It is extremely valuable; yet the British Museum failed to steal it. That Prince comes from the very same spot. It may have been struck by his ancestors. George says that they come in a direct line from Noah's own great-grandson."

"In that case, indeed, who are we to talk of our own children? Who, indeed, are we?" My mother glanced upward, as if to watch the whole of creation sliding. "Although to a reasonable mind the Heptarchy is as much as one requires to be sure of. But I should like to see that girl, George."

"Stop," said my father, "I am not a sceptic; Mama, you must not set a bad example. I had my little doubts about the Ark, I must confess, until so many people attacked it, among them a Bishop of our Church, who continued to enjoy his income. If he was in earnest, he scarcely could be honest, and in that case, who would listen to him? And if the Ark rested upon Ararat, that would be the neighbourhood to know all about it. I will not contradict Prince Maori."

"But it is the girl I care about;" my mother made a great point of the tempers of young women. "George is so peaceable, and he never argues. I cannot risk his happiness with a wife who may be descended from—from even the females mentioned in the Bible."

"My dear mother, what a hurry you are in. The young lady does

not care a fig about me yet. And I am very much afraid that she never, never will. Only I thought that I had better let you know."

"This sort of thing has never happened to you before, and that is very greatly to your credit, George." My father looked stealthily at my mother, lest her conscience should involve her in some misconception here. "But we must talk it over first, your Mother and myself. We could have no idea that such a thing was happening on our property, I mean—of course, what used to be ours. It seems to be departing from the proper way so much, and the practice of the family. I am sure there are plenty of nice girls round here."

"I am not so sure of that," said my mother rather quickly, and giving me a signal to leave the rest to her; "English girls are not at all as they were in my time. They have dropped all their modest looks and delicacy. They talk slang, and they speak without being introduced, and they call one another Jack and Jemmy, and they let young men give them pairs of gloves, and they come into a room with both arms swinging; and as for their dresses, and the way they do their hair——"

"Your opinion upon all these points, dear mother, has influenced me beyond all doubt, even more than I was aware of. But you must remember that Daniel is also of the most ancient English lineage, gone by quite as much as you could wish — Crusaders, probably our Richard the first, and some of his devoted paladins. What can be nobler than to carry on a peaceful crusade of education, literature, Christianity——"

"They could never do that without plenty of money," said my father, a man as free from mercenary views as ever tried to raise a shilling. "And you spoke of some emerald

mines, I think. But we must be careful, very careful, and insist upon verifying everything, quite independently of their reports. Let me see! I have met the Russian ambassador—but no, there have been two more since then. However I am not without influence altogether.”

He waved his hand for me to go, and I slipped off, after a good kiss from my mother, who always gave way to the sentimental vein, when my father fell into the financial. And sure enough our finances were

of a pensive character just now. My duty was clearly to allow my dear parents plenty of time to discuss me from my birth up to the present moment; and finding myself just a little in the fidgets and unfit for steady work, off I set through the park to our old house, to enquire whether Stoneman happened to be at home. For he had taken his holiday, and was come back; and so far as one could judge him by his looks and walk, he found himself better suited in his native land than elsewhere.

CHAPTER XXX.—IN THE QUIET PLACES.

“Gone to the City, sir,” said the man, who opened the door which I knew so well, and it had a few reasons for remembering my childhood, impressed or indented upon its lower panels; “but he wanted to see you particular, Master George; and he will be home by two o’clock. I was to send down, and ask you to step this way by two o’clock, if you could any way spare the time, for he thinks to have a bit of a treat for you.”

How small are our natures! I was pleased with Biddles for making a “he” of his master; when at every breath it would have been “Sir Harold,” while we could afford his livery. A fine old Englishman was this, full of pure feeling, and in heart disdainful of gold in comparison with rank; though compelled by his stomach to coerce the higher organ. “How is your little Bob, Biddles?” I asked; and it was better than half-a-crown to him.

Before I had time to pick more than fifty holes in the stockbroker’s taste as compared with our own, in came the man himself, full of high spirits, and alive with that vigour which the sparkling metal gives. Any man must be a cur who can

snarl at a good friend, for enjoying the marrow-bone, which has dropped betwixt his paws. Jackson Stoneman was not without his faults; but it would have been mean to make them greater than they were, just because he was able to pay for them.

“Just the man I wanted—the very man,” he said, as if I was worth all the Stock Exchange; “what luck I have had all day! And you are come to crown it. Here, you shall have my new Dougall, and I shall shoot with my old Lancaster.”

“What a deuce of a hurry you are in!” I answered, for his mind could give me ten yards from scratch at any time. “I am not come here to shoot. I have no time for such trifles. I want to have a serious talk with you.”

“Who do you think looked at me over the palings?” he spoke as if he had quaffed a fine Magnum of Champagne, although he was a man of very great discretion. “Over the palings, my boy; and after putting me down so the other day! I assure you it has quite set me up again; though I am afraid it was only an accident.”

“You may be quite certain of

that," I replied, for he wanted a little quenching; "she went to get the last of the globe-artichokes, and of course when she heard a horse she looked up. Old Sally looks up whenever any one goes by."

"I tell you there was no looking up about it. Globe-artichokes are as high as any woman's head. You are not going to put me down about that. And she kissed her hand to me. What do you think of that?"

"If you took off your hat, she could do no less to a kind friend of her mother. My affairs in that line are not flourishing. But I don't want another fellow to be made a fool of, Jackson. Can't you try to show a little common sense?"

"Grapes sour, George? Well, I am sorry. But I fear you have not invested well, my son. What are those foreign girls? Do you think I would ever look at them, with a ghost of a chance of a thorough English maiden? When it comes to an English girl, you know where you are, and no mistake."

"All this is below contempt," I answered, for he had taken altogether the wrong tone with me. "Let me hear no more of such stuff; we are not boys. What is it you want me to shoot?"

"Well, that is a gracious way of putting it, when I offer you a chance anybody else would jump at. Guy Fawkes' day not come, and behold three woodcocks marked down in the Pray-copse!"

"I don't believe a word of it. They never come here yet. The earliest I ever shot was on the fifteenth. But if you can swallow it, I don't mind going with you."

"Well said. And back to dine with me at six o'clock. No scruple about certificate in this, though to my mind the woodcock is the best of British game. We'll call for the

spaniels at Ponder's cottage. Best foot foremost!"

It was a bright autumnal afternoon, after a touch of white frost, and against the sky every here and there some bronzy leaf would swing and glisten like the pendulum of a clock at winding-time. But most of the foliage now had finished its career of flaunt and flutter, and was lying at our feet in soft brown strewnage, or pricking its last crispness up, where a blade of grass supported it. While at every winding of the meadow path (which followed the hedge like a selva), how pleasant it was to see afar the wavering sweeps of gentle hill, and plaits of rich embosomed valley, with copse, and turnip-field, and furzy common patched with shadow. It made me bless the Lord at heart for casting my lines in a quiet land, where a man beholds no craggy menace, black rush of blind tempests, bottomless gulfs, unfathomed forests, and peaks that would freeze him into stone. For the people that live there must be in a wild condition always; to tremble at nature's fury, or to shudder at her majesty, or look around on all that wraps them up, with desolate indifference.

I glanced at Stoneman walking briskly with his gun upon his shoulder, and death to at least a dozen woodcocks in the keen flash of his eyes; and I said to myself—"Please God, I will take a game-certificate, next August; there is nothing like a good day's shooting to save one from blood-thirstiness."

"Jackson, my boy!" I said, with the refrain of a fine old Yankee song arising in my memory, "you have been over half the world; but have you ever been in the Caucasus?"

"No, and don't want," he answered shortly; "get robbed enough in London village. But they strip you naked there, I hear, and send

you down a waterfall. Shamyl did it to some young chap, who might have set up against him."

"That is a fiction of his enemies. The Avar Chief was dry in his manner to strangers; and who can wonder at it? But he never harmed one of his own race. I wish we had a few such patriots."

"Very well. You start the band. You are qualifying well, with all those Egyptian fellows in the valley. But George, you are much too good for that. There are pretty girls in every caravan; but we don't jump over the broom-stick with them."

Dariel and a broom-stick! Indignation may flash as fast in the meadows as in the mountains. "You idiot! You talk like an utter cad," I cried; and he being quick of temper too, stood his gun against a tree, and looked at me. I set my gun by the side of his. "Let us have it out," was all I said.

But a gleam of reason came across him. He might have polished me off perhaps, though he would not have found it very easy, for I was the heavier of the two, and in tidy rural condition. "What rot this is!" he said, lowering his hands. "If you like to have a good smack at me, you can. But I won't hit a fellow with Grace's eyes." I knew that he had meant business, and that there was no white feather in his nature.

He begged my pardon, and we shook hands; and I felt just a little ashamed of myself, although when I think of what he said, I see no misbehaviour on my part.

Without another word, we dropped the question, and went on to look after the woodcocks. We crossed the long "pray," with the keeper and three spaniels com-

ing after us, and whether it was that Jackson's hand shook after menacing "the eyes of Grace," or that mine was extra steady through that firm assertion of Dariel, it came to pass that I knocked over both of the birds that we put up, when they were sailing away from Jackson's gun. The other longbill saved his bacon, by keeping it out of human eyes. These lucky shots, and the pleasant walk, and very fine behaviour of the dogs—who were children of the animals I had loved and chastened, in the better days both for them and me—put me into so noble a frame of mind, that after an excellent dinner and a glass or two of Port wine with the violet bouquet in it, I up and told Stoneman my own love-story; for I knew that the whole of it must come out now.

He, being pretty much in the same condition, though without anything like my excuse for it, listened as if he had never heard anything half so surprising and engrossing and inspiring. In fact, he seemed to take the whole of it as applicable to his own case, though it was beyond my power to perceive even the faintest analogy. His was an ordinary love-affair with nothing remarkable about it, unless it were that money, which is the usual obstacle by its absence, was the obstacle here by its presence. But in my case money was the last thing thought of. Sûr Imar had never mentioned it; and as for me, I only hoped that Dariel might never own a shilling, because then she would appreciate my few half-crowns. And I still possessed her ruby cross, and meant to keep it, until it should be mine by legal right. Ah, who can spy any chance of that through all the gloom impending?

HOW THE FAMINE CAME TO BURMA.

ALTHOUGH here in Burma we cannot do things on the extensive scale they do in India, although we do not estimate the distressed area by tens of thousands of square miles and our suffering population by millions, nevertheless the famine of 1896-97 is a very real thing to us.

Its effects are entirely confined to the upper province, the country that was annexed in 1885, when Mandalay was taken and King Thibaw deposed.

In Lower Burma there is no scarcity at all, but, on the contrary, a bumper crop of rice, the largest on record. In the seaward provinces of Arracan and Tenasserim, and in the delta of Irrawaddy, which together form the lower province, the rains never fail. Out of the endless ocean to the south-west the wind comes up punctually in May, and from then until September rain is almost incessant there. The rivers, too, rise and flood their banks, and the country is turned into one vast swamp. In this rich wet land the rice is grown, and when the rains have ceased and the rivers gone down it is reaped. There are of course good seasons and bad seasons, but anything approaching to a scarcity is unknown. There is always a surplus,—this year it amounts to over one and three-quarters of a million tons of rice.

But about 150 miles north of Rangoon, near the line dividing the two provinces, all this is altered. The rain suddenly ceases. As you come up by train or by river, the change is extraordinary. In a few miles you leave the dense soaking mists and flat alluvial land of the lower country, and come

out into dry undulating uplands, where the sun shines for ever. The whole world is changed around you. The rice, which cannot exist except in water, has given way to sessamum, and cotton, and jowar crops, which abhor damp. The grass, which grows 15 feet high in the uncultivated land below, is changed into a thin meagre herbage which barely covers the ground. The jungle has deteriorated into thorn-bushes and cutch-trees. And this extends with but little alteration for 400 miles, until, north of Shwebo, you come to the hill country again, where rain is ample.

On both sides, this tract is bounded by great mountain ranges; on the east by the Shan plateau, and on the west by the Chin hills, and through it north and south flows the Irrawaddy river. It is this stretch of country that is really the home of the Burman. Within it lie all the old Burman capitals—Pagan and Sagain, Ava and Amarapura and Shwebo, and many another.

Lower Burma has been but recently Burmanised. The population is really Talaing, and in 1825, when the first Burmese war occurred, we found the Burmese in Pegu as conquerors. Now it would be hard to find in Lower Burma, except in remote places, any one calling himself Talaing. There has been a large emigration from the upper country to the delta, and the superior race has absorbed the inferior. This emigration has been caused in part, no doubt, by the increasing scarcity of rain in the upper province. Whereas in Lower Burma the annual rainfall averages from 100 to 200 inches, in the centre of

Upper Burma, the tract that I am writing of, it is only from 18 to 30 inches, and even this scanty fall is not well distributed. It comes not in days of mild soaking rain, but in sudden heavy showers, that last for an hour or two, fill all the ravines with torrents and drain away in a few days, leaving the country as arid as before. There is, I think, considerable evidence that this failure of the rain is a matter of this century, even of the latter part of the century, and that in former years Upper Burma was much more fruitful than it is now.

In what is now the very driest part of the dry tract there are the remains of the old city of Pagan. Six hundred years ago this was the capital of a little kingdom, and to judge by the remains of innumerable pagodas in the neighbourhood, it must have been of some considerable size. Now, cities are not built in deserts. Above all necessities for a large city are a copious and well-distributed water-supply, and a fertile surrounding country. Large cities require water for domestic consumption, and for gardens and orchards, and numerous purposes. Moreover it must not be necessary to go far for it. Now, in the Pagan of to-day the only water is the Irrawaddy river, which flows near, and the country around is barren and unfertile. Supplies for a large number of people could not be obtained on the spot, but would have to be brought from a very considerable distance. Without a doubt, the country round Pagan must in those days have been fertile and well watered by a sufficient rainfall.

But there are evidences in much later days that the rainfall has decreased. Here and there all over this tract, wherever there is a piece

of clay land stiff enough to retain water, you will find it levelled and embanked into rice-fields. In late years they have never been worked; but if you ask the villagers about them they will say: "Yes—these are good fields when there is rain; but only twice or thrice in our lifetime have we been able to reap them. In our fathers' days crops would be obtained every second year or so, and our grandfathers worked them every year." They are fields beyond any possibility of irrigation. So clearly this was rain. The villagers will also tell you that, except the great famine of 1856-57, it was not until King Thibaw's time that rain began to fail. In his father King Mindoon's reign there was no scarcity. "That was because he was a religious man," they say. "He convened the great Synod, and he was very just and honourable, a protector of wisdom. But King Thibaw was weak. The kingdom fell into bad hands. Religion was forgotten, and in consequence the country suffered." That is the explanation.

Curiously enough, the first few years of the British conquest were good years. But the country was so distressed, so disturbed, that fields were not ploughed, seed was not sown. Fields were not cultivated from fear of us, from fear of dacoits, from ignorance of what was about to happen, and so the cultivators had but little in hand wherewith to combat the bad times which began in 1890. The rainfall in the early part of that year was scanty in many places, and though the later rains were fairly good, yet there was a deficiency. In 1891 the crops were still shorter, and in 1892 there was a scarcity—hardly amounting to a famine, but still a severe scarcity—in Yamethin, in Meiktila,

and in Myingyan, the three worst districts. After that, for a year or two matters improved slightly. In 1893 better crops were reaped; in 1894 there was again a slight pinch in places. In 1895, in the early tracts where sessamum was grown, good crops were reaped, but the failure of the late rains caused the jowar and late sessamum to be scanty. Remission of revenue had to be granted in many places, and the people were not in good heart to face another bad year.

Then came 1896. The early rain failed almost completely. Whereas we usually expect showers in the end of March and in April, to soften the earth for ploughing and preparing for the early crops, no rain fell until the end of May. The hot weather was thus exceptionally long and severe, and the heat was intense. The ground was utterly dried up, wells shrank lower than they had ever done, and it was very hard to find pasture for cattle. At the end of May and early in June we had a great deal of rain—more than enough. And about the middle of that month it ceased, and from then until the middle of October, the whole of the south-west monsoon time, there was no rain of any consequence. The country became baked up, as if it were again the hot weather. The young crops that had been sown and had sprouted fairly, withered up. The lower leaves of the palms turned yellow, the grass died. Even the cotton, which is supposed to revel in dryness, withered and hung its head. On October 14 and 15 we had two days' heavy rain, and that is the last that we have had. The three days' rain which is usually expected at the end of November, and which is of

inestimable value to fill the ears of the jowar, the sessamum, and the rice, never came.

In addition to this want of rain there was another misfortune. Between Mandalay in the north and Minbu on the south there is a great area of land, principally on the west of the river, that is inundated by the Irrawaddy in its floods, and wherein rice is grown, fed by the flood-water. But this year the Irrawaddy never properly rose. It was not until August that there was any good rise, and when this fell there was no other. Much land was never planted at all, and much that was planted withered off as the river fell.

So in this year there has been a complication of misfortunes. Of none of the staple crops of cotton, jowar, sessamum, or beans has more than a third been gathered. In many places the seed has hardly been returned to the cultivators. And there was a promise of rain that made the disappointment all the more bitter. The rain of October 14 and 15 had done great good. The jowar and sessamum and beans had profited by it. The jowar especially was in good heart, tall and strong, with the promise of a fair crop, enough at least to keep the people from great stringency. What little rice had been planted was looking well, the beans were covering the ground with green tendrils, and the late sessamum was lusty and strong. It wanted but two days' or even one day's good rain to give the growing crops the necessary refreshment,—to start the sap into the ears to fill them.

And in November it promised to come. For two or three days there had been heavy banks of cloud in the south, gathering every evening, shooting lightning.

They came nearer and nearer, until at last one morning we woke up to hear a little dropping on the roof—rain at last! As the sun rose the rain ceased, and the clouds lifted, but they did not clear off. On the hill in front the clouds hung in low long mists of vapour well into the forenoon, and the distance was full of mist. The people were delighted. "We are not brother to the rain, and cannot be sure," they said; "but when there are clouds upon that hill in the morning, it is an almost certain sign of rain within twenty-four hours." I was at a village that morning—a village whose whole future depended on the crops that were then bursting into ear round about—and as I talked to the people about the season they were full of hope. "We shall be hard up," they said, "and it will be difficult for us to pay taxes, but as to food there will be enough. It will rain to-night, and the ears will fill, and we shall gather enough, eked out with jungle roots and fruits, to take us on till the early crops come."

They spoke cheerfully with that delightful courage and hopefulness of which surely no people have so much as they, and as I rode back to my camp, it seemed to me that the fear of the worst was over. There would be a scarcity, but no more. Yet even as I rode back, the sun was sucking up the mists. The pagoda on the hill-top shadowed faintly through the thinning vapours, and far away the sky was clear and blue. By the afternoon the mist was gone, and when the sun set, in all the great sweep of sky there was no sign of cloud.

The people were in despair. "If it had not promised us," they said, "it would have been less

hard to bear. But we thought it was a certainty, and it has failed."

"*Thakin*," said a headman, "for the last year when we have been asked about our crops we have said 'We hope.' Now we shall never say that again. We shall say 'We fear.'"

The districts in which the failure of crops has been most severe are Yamethin, Meiktila, and Myingyan, covering about 10,000 square miles, with a population, according to the census of 1891, of 370,000.

But the neighbouring districts have also suffered more or less. Parts of Magwe, of Minbu, of Pakkoku, and of Sagain, are nearly as badly off, and the districts of Shwebo, Mandalay, and the Lower Chindwin have had great losses. No doubt there will be considerable distress in these districts, and considerable remissions of revenue will have to be made, but the "famine" will most probably be confined to the three districts first named, and the parts of other districts in immediate contact with them. The position now may be simply summarised as follows: Of cotton almost one-third of an average crop was reaped; of rice, except in well-irrigated places, even less. The early and late crops of sessamum failed in most places, and of what is the main food-crop, jowar, perhaps one-third was reaped.

It will be understood that villages vary in the fertility of soil and other particulars. Some villages have done better than this, some have done worse. Of the palms, which are the mainstay of many villages, by the palm-juice which they yield, an average of a third of a crop may be obtained. This is drawn in February and March. Therefore it may be said that, roughly speaking, their fields

have yielded to them but one-third of what they should do in average years, and in some villages less even than this.

But still it will be seen that this is no general and devastating famine, like an Indian famine. The area is nothing like so great, the failure of crops not so complete, and there is abundant food within reach to be bought for money. The distressed districts are so well served by river or rail that hardly any village is thirty miles from some places where food may be obtained from Lower Burma in any quantity. Still the distress is very real. It must be remembered that this year has followed upon many other years of short crops. It must be remembered, also, that even with a series of fair average years these people would not be well off. The soil is not fertile, and it is fully populated. The people estimate that in an average year it takes the whole of their main crops to give them food and pay their taxes. For clothes, for luxuries of every kind, including the upkeep of their monastery schools, they look to the early crops. These are always very small in places where a good late crop is obtained. Therefore this year the failure of the early crops deprived the people of every hope except for a bare subsistence, and the failure of the late crops has reduced that subsistence to hardly enough to feed them for three or four months.

It was foreseen early in the autumn that there would be some scarcity later on. The early crops having failed, even if a fair later crop were reaped there would be a want of money, and in a population where a certain proportion of the people are habitually little above poverty, it would mean more or less distress. There is a section

of the people, fortunately a small one, on whom any shortness of crop tells at once—namely, the agricultural labourers. The land is all of it in the hands of small peasant proprietors, who cultivate it themselves with their own labour and that of their families. In fair years many of the larger of them will require assistance for ploughing and reaping. But in a bad year the farmer can easily plough and reap all his land himself. There is no need to hire labour. So this year there has been no work at all for the labourers. And there has been no place where they could obtain work. Agriculture and a little carding of cotton are the only industries of these districts. With a scarcity of cheap food like jowar, and the necessity of buying food so expensive as rice, the capacity of the labourers for buying anything at all has almost disappeared.

And some of the smaller peasant owners are in as bad a case. They have been going from bad to worse for years, and this is the final disaster.

Some, of course, have gone to the lower country to reap the big crops there; but it is 200 miles and more away, and it is hard to take old people, women, and children there. A few that had any little article left that they could sell have sold it and gone down by steamer. Some with cattle have started on the long overland march, and some—surely they must have been adventurous souls—made for themselves tiny rafts out of the ruins of their homes and pushed out into the great river, man and wife and children, to seek better fortune in a more fertile country. Some men have left their families behind in the villages, and have gone north and west to where there are catch-

boiling camps. In these camps they can earn fair wages, and meanwhile their families subsist upon loans, and dig in the jungle for roots and other edibles to eke out their scanty supply of grain.

Some small villages are almost abandoned of able-bodied males. The usual watch kept at night on the village gates has had to be abandoned. One gate is closed up completely, and at sunset the other is firmly barricaded with logs and thorn-bushes. As yet there has been but little sale of cattle, not because the owners are too well off to care to sell, but because there is no one to buy. Agricultural work is at a standstill, and the Burmans do not kill cattle for food.

The policy of Government in famine times is laid down in the Famine Code. When it has become clear that a failure of crops has become severe and that relief is required, the distressed area is declared as one within which the Famine Code applies. Works are arranged for, and gratuitous relief is organised.

The work that has been opened here as a famine work is an extension to Myingyan of the branch of the Burma State Railway which now ends at Meiktila. This section is fifty-six miles in length, and was surveyed some years ago, so that all was ready for work to commence. Moreover, as it runs through the very centre of the distressed area, it was peculiarly suitable as a famine work. In the second and third weeks of November four camps under the charge of engineers were opened on this line. Labourers from distant places were collected and drafted into the work; those near by were left to find their own way to it, notices having been freely distributed. The full ration for an able-bodied relief-worker, sufficient

to keep him in health and strength, is estimated as follows:—

	Man.	Woman.
	lb. oz.	lb. oz.
Rice . . .	1 8	1 4
Salt . . .	0 $\frac{1}{2}$	0 $\frac{1}{2}$
Ghee . . .	0 $\frac{1}{2}$	0 $\frac{1}{2}$
Condiments .	0 $\frac{1}{2}$	0 $\frac{1}{2}$
Vegetables .	0 4	0 3

And the wage is the sum which at market rates will buy this ration, with an addition for each man of one halfpenny per day, and for each woman of one farthing and two-thirds. The total money wage at the rates at present ruling is, for a man 2½d., and for a woman a trifle over 2¼d., taking the rupee as worth 1s. 3½d. To children able to work about half these rates are given, and for infants in arms the mothers receive two-thirds of a farthing per day.

It will be seen that these are not exorbitant rates; what is enough to keep a man in good health is much less than we should call a comfortable quantity of food. And for all that a man requires beyond bare food, for clothing and cooking-pots, and the thousand and one wants of daily life, there is one halfpenny a-day.

The usual labour rates in the neighbourhood are 3d. a-day with food and cheroots, but it is not intended that the rates in a famine camp should approximate to normal rates. It is not the desire of Government to attract to its work those who could be more profitably employed in the usual industries of the district. Whoever cannot secure private employment of any kind to give him a subsistence will find in the famine works a certain employment, where, for a not too heavy day's labour, enough to buy food can be earned; and he can thus tide through till better times.

Directly the works were opened thousands of people flocked to them. Notwithstanding the notices which were freely issued stating the rates of pay, the people hoped and expected that they would be paid at the ordinary tariff which coolies have received for working on the roads and elsewhere. When they found how small was the actual wage that would be earned, there was bitter disappointment. In one camp they even tried to organise a strike, thinking, poor souls, that by so doing they could force the hand of Government. And even now, after much explanation and much trouble, the impression generally is that Government is taking advantage of their distress to get its work done cheap. They do not understand that even at these low rates it costs Government more to work by the unskilled labour of women, of children, and of men, some of whom do not know how to dig, than to pay high rates for skilled labour. They will not believe that Government is not doing a good stroke of business out of the famine.

The numbers on the famine camps rose very rapidly to about 25,000, and have remained fairly stationary at that number. But before long, when the little jowar that was reaped is eaten up, and the jungle fruits and roots are exhausted, there will be a large increase to the number, no doubt. How large it will be no one can tell—it depends upon the earliness of the showers, and other matters that no one can foresee. The earth-work of this section is estimated to be completed in May. What will be done afterwards is not yet decided.

Besides the opening of these famine works, which have thus rescued 25,000 people from starvation, and many of them, it may be,

from crime, to which misery so soon leads, there is the distribution of gratuitous relief provided for those who have no relatives to work for them. This relief is paid weekly to the headmen of their villages, and is calculated at a lower scale than that for workers at the camps. At present it is for a man $1\frac{3}{4}$ d., and for a woman $1\frac{1}{2}$ d. Children receive 1d. if big, and $\frac{1}{2}$ d. if small. It is enough to buy a bare subsistence, and that is all. There are now on gratuitous relief about 5000 people, but this includes a great number of small children, who are with their mothers on the works, but unable to work.

In a famine such as this it is always the women who suffer first,—widows with large families and divorced women, and all the crew of superfluous femininity which exists even here in Burma. A strong man can always keep himself going. It is the women and the children who come to grief. And yet no one can say that the men are unkind. Consider how a woman with three or four small children joining a gang on the work handicaps that gang. She draws herself $2\frac{1}{4}$ d. a-day, and for the three children, say, $\frac{1}{2}$ d.—a total of $2\frac{3}{4}$ d. She and the children cannot live on that, and the rest of the gang must contribute to their support. And they must also do extra work because of it. She cannot do her full task. There are the little ones to be looked after. The baby must be suckled, the eye of the mother must be occasionally on the other two lest they fall into a cutting and get killed. She is herself weak, and cannot work hard. She is a burden to the gang that allows her to enter their numbers. And yet there is never any trouble about it. There are very many

such women on the work; they are never outcasts from any gang. The burden of their assistance is borne freely and generously by all. And indeed the generosity of these people out of their poverty is something to marvel at.

We came one day upon an old woman sitting by one of the huts. The people were all at work, and she was alone, a pathetic sight, stretching her thin chilled hands to the morning sun. And we asked her who she was, and whether she had been entered in the lists for relief. The old creature shook her head. She had been here three days, she told us in her quavering tones. She had no relations, no children, no one, all were dead long ago. She received no pay from Government, not she. But people were very kind. They gave her a little food here and there out of their pots. She had enough to live on, and all was well.

It is a lesson in courage, in charity, in nobility of soul, that comes to one's very heart, to watch these people. We know what straits they are in. Their crops gone, broken up, starvation kept off from day to day by hard work alone. They are deprived of even their little luxury of a smoke. All Burmans smoke their great white cheroots, which are so very cheap and so very harmless. It is the only stimulant they have, for they neither drink nor do they take opium. Men smoke, and women; boys smoke, and girls, and babies.

And in all these big camps, after they come back from work, and the evening meal is eaten, and the people are sitting round chatting, singing, and laughing, you will never see the gleam of the cheroot. They are living on the margin of existence.

And yet they are never sulky, never cast down, never desponding. They are, as always, very cheerful, very independent, very long-suffering. Crime amongst them is almost unknown. On the large camp of 7000 people, which I know best, there has not been a quarrel or a fight since the camp commenced.

They are a wonderful nation. In the villages the private charity is very great. It must be remembered that in small communities half the village are usually kin to each other. A man will marry a girl of his own village, who brings him a further circle of relations in addition to his own. And relationship is a very sacred tie to the Burmese—far closer than we have any idea of amongst ourselves. Any man who is slightly better off than others has always a large circle of relations to whom his charity can flow without going afield for it. So it is that although the amount of private charity that is given is very great—compared to the means of the people, enormous—yet there is no show for it. There are no subscription-lists, no collection-boxes, no public distribution of alms. If a man of means can in these hard times manage to keep his relations from ruin and starvation, that is as much as he can do. And on the better off among the community, those who have managed even in the hard year to reap enough or earn enough to have a superfluity, the monks and the monasteries are dependent. In every small village there will be a monastery, however poor, and one monk at least. In large villages there are many. Besides ministering to the religious needs of the people, these monks are the schoolmasters. Every monastery is a school where all the little

boys are taught gratuitously. And these monasteries have no endowments. The monks and novices are all of them dependent on the daily charity of the villagers. So far only in one or two cases of villages reduced to veriest destitution have I heard of a monk having been obliged to go elsewhere because the people could not support him. Even in these cases it has been but a superfluous monk, not the principal one of the monastery. As long as there is a man left in the village with means beyond his daily wants, the monks will be fed and the schools kept up. Even upon the famine camps a little food will be spared to give the monks as they come round in their morning procession.

Charity, unostentatious, heart-felt charity, is one of the greatest of virtues in Buddhism—is one of the many beautiful sides of the Burmese character.

I have never heard of any one dying of starvation in Burma.

Even in the famine no such report has ever been sent in — no such report will ever be sent in, I think, as long as there is any one who has a meal to spare. Even in the famine of 1856-57, when there was no Government relief, I believe very few people died actually of famine.

As to the future, who can say? Neither am I brother to the rain that I should be able to say what will happen. If the early rains are timely and plentiful, the stress will be over in September or October; if the late rains are good and average crops are reaped, the country will begin to settle down again to its normal condition early in 1898. If there should be another failure, then it must be faced when it comes. We know so little about the causes of the seasons that there is no use speculating upon a remote future.

H. FIELDING.

TOUNGTHA, 18. 1. '97.

CONCERNING BILLIARDS.

GOSSIP ABOUT THE GAME AND ITS DEVOTEES.

THIS chief of indoor games, which requires forethought scarcely less than chess, with dexterity of manipulation and control of nerve infinitely greater, has lately attracted much attention; indeed it has been said that interest in the recent match between Roberts and Peall is second only to that felt in the reopening of the Eastern Question and the attitude of Greece. Realising this, we propose to gossip in an irresponsible way about the game and its votaries, whose ways shall be considered as they strike the student of human nature in the billiard-room.

The origin of the game is decently shrouded in the mists of antiquity, and so far all attempts at revelation based on labour in libraries have proved to be vain and profitless. The simple and perhaps not less satisfactory solution is to assume that research will fail for the sufficient reason that record is wanting, and that modern billiards has developed and is developing from some game with balls played first on the ground, in the open or in yards, and afterwards promoted to a table indoors. Its history is checkered, and cannot be said to have a clean defaulter sheet: in early life the game seems to have flourished in the highest society, for kings and courtiers played, but later on it penetrated to a lower stratum, got into bad company, and acquired an evil reputation. In fact, as recently as the first half of this century it was respectable in private rooms only, the public room being often "the last refuge of a scoundrel" too idle for honest work, but ready to prey

on the unwary. Whether many such sharpers are still to be found is doubtful; not because human nature is better, for there are plenty of people as ready as ever to gain what others may lose and not too particular as to the means employed, but because the pigeon has evolved much sagacity in the matter of self-preservation. Instead of being gently taken in by the traditional rook who lets him win two half-crown games and proposes to play for a pound, our developed dove, after touching the silver, is apt to remember a pressing engagement elsewhere. Nevertheless the sharper's business is not wholly gone, nor will it cease so long as the supply of fools lasts, and that is likely to be for some time to come. It is carried on chiefly in public rooms and in those of hotels whenever a victim sufficiently conceited can be found, but the process of plucking is usually on a small scale, accompanied by smoking and drinking. When opportunities arise for a greater *coup*, the scene is transferred to a private room, as better befitting the graver occasion.

In clubs, too, the billiard-rooms in which occupy a position, so to speak, between those in a private house and public rooms, certain people no doubt add to their small incomes by their skill. They generally prefer pool or pyramids to billiards, play decidedly better than the average of their company, and are ludicrously quick to discern the advent of a player better than themselves, when they either stop altogether, preferring the cheaper

excitement of looking on, or discover the attractions of a love game at billiards. But no sooner has the Napoleon disappeared than the smaller fry are back again, all the keener for their temporary abstinence. Still, billiards has advanced greatly in respectability ; all sorts and conditions of men, and ladies too, play, and find the interest of the game, which they are only beginning to understand, sufficient without the inducement of a money stake.

Under favourable circumstances, when the atmosphere is not saturated with tobacco-smoke and the fumes of beer and spirits, there can be no question that the game, in moderation, is good for mind and body ; it may be learnt when young — the sooner the better — and may be played in old age. But at the same time, the devotion it requires, if more than ordinary excellence is to be attained, is perhaps a drawback, for time is limited, and should be wisely apportioned. If, after work or business is provided for, the balance for recreation is subdivided between many games or pastimes, the share which can be given to billiards is insufficient to secure even moderate proficiency.

It is this, no doubt, which accounts for the vast difference between the form of amateur and professional players. The latter begin for the most part as markers, and after years of work pass their fellows and emerge as players in public and teachers. These considerations, however, need deter no one from trying to do his best, with the reasonable hope, if he has any natural aptitude for crime, that he will succeed in amusing himself and in interesting others. For it is to the credit of billiards that spectators are interested only in a less degree than principals. Sometimes the game pure and

simple deserves attention ; far oftener, however, the exhibition of human nature offered to the observer will repay study and afford satisfaction and gratification to every well-regulated mind.

Before passing the various types under review, it may be desirable to gossip on comparatively modern developments of the game. If an ordinary man whose experience extends over ten or twenty years is asked, he will probably reply that the elder Roberts invented the spot-stroke, and that his son discarded it and discovered the secret of nursery cannons—adding, perhaps, if he knows what it means, that he is also the author of the push-stroke, which he will condemn as foul with a certainty in exact proportion to his ignorance. Now, curiously enough, a somewhat careful examination of the books on billiards of the first half of this century leads to the conclusion that though tables and implements generally have been vastly improved, yet the game has not altered as much as might have been expected. Kentfield's match-table at Brighton was apparently as difficult as any championship (*i.e.*, 3-inch pocket) table now in use, and many of the strokes are shown to have been played much as we play them. His book was published in 1839, and in it the statement is found that the introduction of the red ball is of recent date, the older game having been played with two white balls only. Each player's object was to pocket his adversary's ball and to keep his own on the table. Play was alternate, irrespective of success or failure. That was called the *winning game*. In the *winning-and-following game* the player continued his break till failure, but in both he lost by pocketing his own ball, just as is the case at pool or pyramids, and thence arose

the term *losing hazard*. The *winning-and-losing game*, in which both sorts of hazards are scored, was the next development, and is, in fact, the present English game.

About Kentfield a friend writes:—

"I can just remember the old man, and was, when a child, a member of his subscription-rooms at Brighton; he was commonly known as 'Old K.' The essence of his game lay in losing hazards and delicate strengths, the latter more or less a modern feature in his day. His largest break was 196, and his greatest number of spot-strokes 57. During the last fifteen or twenty years of his life he rarely played away from his own table—a very difficult one. K.'s play in his later years was almost entirely confined to games with members of his rooms, he playing the one-pocket game, at which he was wonderfully good. His knowledge of the angles of the table was extraordinary, and his two and three cushion cannons were wonderfully accurate, as also was his play at balls behind the baulk-line. He was a clever man of considerable general information, and a good gardener. His rooms at Brighton attracted the best amateurs of the day, but latterly custom fell off, and he died anything but a rich man, early in the seventies, I think."

One of Kentfield's most devoted admirers was Mr Edward Russell Mardon, who in 1849 published a book on billiards, the first part of which is chiefly a description of a match he played with Mr Porker, who gave him 25 points in 500. It must of course be remembered that 25 points meant a good deal in those days, so much indeed that he has illustrated his account of the game with nine diagrams of his final break of 25 points. The break, if the diagrams are even approximately accurate, is a remarkable one, for no single stroke is played correctly. Mardon, however, never was a fine player, though probably he defeated most

amateurs he met. He himself says, "My game, though difficult to beat by those who will not condescend to play defensively, would nevertheless be termed, by the generality of players, a 'pottering game.'" This is a result to be expected if play is chiefly on a very difficult table.

Looking at his "diagrams and observations," one cannot fail to be struck with the great similarity of the strokes to those now played. A sound game then is still sound, and the strokes that are new are comparatively few. Under the title "A Cannon of great service" nurseries are described, not of course with every modern development, but the principle is there, and he remarks with complacency that he has made as many as fifteen. He played the spot-stroke, and clearly discerned its importance; there is also a diagram which shows that the push-stroke was played and taught in Kentfield's day.

In one respect Mr Mardon may claim to have been a remarkable player, for Mr Russell Walker recollects having seen him, when eighty-nine years old, make fifteen consecutive losing hazards in the middle pockets, a great performance at that age. Even if his age is unwittingly exaggerated, the achievement is a remarkable one for an old man. He must also have heard many stories and much gossip concerning the game and players, and one regrets that he did not record more. He mentions a gentleman recognised formerly as the "Dutch Baron," who by retreating judiciously—in other words, by concealing his game—gained signal victories, winning every shilling from a "gentleman who had returned from India with a considerable fortune." Could the Dutchman be any relation of Mr Cox

Tuggeridge Coxe's acquaintance, Baron von Punter, who when defeated for shillings on a provincial table remarked, "Id is de horrid dables ; gom viz me to London and dry a slate-table, and I vill beat you"—which he effectually did, having bet what he called "bonies" on the game.

Again, when writing on the importance of a knowledge of strength, Mardon tells the following story, which has a distinctly humorous side, though that did not apparently present itself to him. He was playing with an acquaintance, and had so learnt the strength of the table that his antagonist had no chance, and said he would play no more:—

"The proprietor of the room, fearing his departure, thus addressed him: 'Try once more, sir ; I will endeavour to prevent it.' After the play for the day had ceased, he removed the lower cushion, and, placing it for the night before the kitchen-fire, so softened it and increased its speed and power that the strength which had previously only taken the object-ball to the centre-pocket carried it *into the baulk*! I remember perfectly well frequently exclaiming, 'Why, what ails the balls?' but many months had elapsed ere I was informed of the dirty trick that had been played."

In those days the feather-stroke was much practised ; Mardon calls it extremely serviceable, and thus describes it: "When either of the balls is so near the baulk-line as to be pronounced playable, the player's ball must be placed as near to it as possible without touching, and then by a push the striker can hole his own ball in the corner pocket as often as he pleases." This stroke is sometimes called the "quill," and is forbidden by the rules of the present Billiard Association,—a somewhat useless prohibition, we are inclined to think, for the position is so seldom attainable in a

game that the practice necessary for making a considerable break from it is unlikely to be undertaken.

It is unnecessary to say much concerning the strides made by players since Kentfield's time. It should, however, be recollected, when one is disposed to contrast to their disadvantage the modest breaks of old days with the great ones now common, that not only are implements improved, but the tables are often much easier. John Roberts of Manchester, who succeeded Kentfield as champion, was a marvellous player. He had a genius for the game, great physical powers of endurance, and for about twenty years, from 1849 to 1869, he could give any one a third of the game. He may be said to have been succeeded, and doubtless surpassed, by three men, Cook, Bennett, and his son, the present champion. Of the first and the last there is no doubt of the superiority ; opinions may differ as to the second-named, though it can scarcely be contended that he ever was really in the class of the other two. Still, each in turn held the championship on the pattern of table and under the rules devised when the first match was played, till at length the younger Roberts so completely passed all rivals that since 1885 no candidate has been found adventurous enough to challenge his position, which has been unconquered since 1875.

Now, though the chief interest of a spectator in a billiard-room should be the play, yet it often happens, the performance with the cue being so poor, that compensation must be sought elsewhere. And to tell the truth, though a player of experience who happens to be looking on can learn little in the way of instruction, yet if he keeps eyes and ears open he may

obtain a vast amount of amusement. The antics of the players, not to mention the running conversation they so often affect, displaying an appalling ignorance of the elements of the game, are passing strange, and they vary with different types. Of these let us try and recall a few. There is the very careful man who seems to derive more satisfaction from seeing his opponent in difficulties than from scoring on his own account. He is fearfully slow and deliberate, with a strong propensity for potting his adversary's ball and playing a double baulk. When he succeeds in this enterprise his satisfaction is ineffable and his port is lofty; if he wins the game, the company may not improbably be favoured with a few words on the beauties of defence, and on the rashness of attempting difficult strokes. He is exasperating to play with, especially if favoured with luck, but he is never really formidable; the games he wins from better players are secured not by his skill but by their irritation. He is seldom a popular opponent, and spectators generally welcome his discomfiture the more heartily should it proceed from the next type, who may be called the fluker. A greater contrast there can scarcely be—carelessness opposed to cushion-crawling. Any cue will do for this gentleman—the heavier the better; and he does not spare the balls. He calls his strokes *shots*, and is surprised if people complain of his luck, which, he explains, is in the long-run the same for all. Not satisfied apparently with the fluke positive, when in the full bloom of his career, if he does not score he secures the fluke negative by contriving to leave to his opponent a position of complete safety. The fluker is sometimes a happy-go-lucky good-humoured fellow, who,

when some impossible event is achieved, looks round with much complacency, and eventually comes to believe that he played for the stroke or for safety, as the case may be. When the extreme improbability of his having tried for something is brought home to him, as likely as not he will explain that he played for two strokes at once, knowing that if he missed the one he must get the other! Occasionally, however, and very often if deserted by his luck, the fluker is cantankerous enough,—the boisterous and somewhat oppressive good-humour being quickly changed for an uncommonly sulky gloom.

Another contrast is to be found between the old hand and the novice. The former need not be a good player, but he is acquainted with the ways of the place, and is able to take care of himself. Sometimes he is an old officer, not wholly deserted by the ways and manners of the service, of few words, and attentive to his game. On the other hand, he may be some one who has retired from business, fond of a game though not skilful, and full of anecdotes, which he will relate with gusto between the puffs of his cigar or pipe. The old hands are generally courteous, and have a reasonable respect for the etiquette of the room. The novice is apparent at every movement; if alone, he generally contrives to enter the room at the wrong moment, to saunter about when he should stand still, and to talk when he should be silent. There are many varieties, some genuinely anxious not to offend, and others careless in that respect, but both generally before long very keen to play. And in that stage they have the satisfaction of manifest improvement, which gradually vanishes as each comes to his best.

There are many varieties of the nervous player—indeed, in the most extended sense it may justly be said that every player is occasionally nervous ; still, some men have less control over their nerves or are less liable to be upset than others. It shows differently in different people. With some the body seems chiefly affected, with others the mind. We are all familiar with the man who can control neither feature nor limb when watching the progress of a ball, who brandishes his cue to the imminent danger of spectators, of whom for the moment he is completely oblivious, or of the lamps, and who, as a ball approaches a pocket, pirouettes in front for its encouragement, and should it seem to draw off, immediately backs or walks gently in the other direction, as if some subtle influence passing from him could induce a deviation from its path. Sometimes these antics are very amusing, but too many of them soon pall. We also know the person who plays steadily enough and in correct form so long as success lasts ; but if unlucky and just missing his strokes, he gives vent to a prolonged whistle, intended, we suppose, at once to relieve his own feelings and to indicate to the spectators his intense surprise at a phenomenon so remarkable as his failure. A variety of this type consoles himself, when things are going wrong, by whistling a tune or even singing sadly to himself, and he usually is destitute of all ear for music ; whilst another gentleman, seeing his ball approach a cannon or a pocket, cannot contain himself, but adjures the ball in terms of tender endearment to come on and not be afraid, whereas his opponent, alarmed at the encouragement thus given, and perhaps not without an

impression that it is unfair, shouts to the ball, "Stop, you fool !" or words to that effect. Then there is the player who cannot help giving a violent kick at the critical moment, or making some other grotesque contortion. These habits are bad, and can be controlled ; they are not natural, but are generally imitated by the novice from some person whose style he admires. The form of nervousness which affects the mind is far more difficult to cope with, and even to describe ; for the player may have sufficient self-control to appear fairly calm, yet at a critical moment of the game he will surely break down. He is often a very good player, but he is a very bad man to back.

There are many other types, such as the conceited player, who is always ready to give any amount of points, and whose bounce occasionally seems actually to command success : if defeated, he will explain that he had nothing to play for, was not up to his old form, or has other equally valid excuses to offer. Then we have met men who did not care to play unless they had 6 to 4 the best of the game at starting, and who generally proved to be very bad losers ; others, pleasant cheery fellows, who somehow have imbibed a notion that the game is nothing without a flow of conversation, which they supply according to their ability. It often takes the form of criticism or inquiry concerning the last-played stroke, and an explanation, for the most part very ridiculous, of the causes of failure. The man who plays for exercise because ordered to do so by his doctor may almost be considered a type. He is generally stout, seldom a superior player, but very often develops great fondness for the

game, and is an agreeable opponent.

A terrible nuisance in the billiard-room is the spectator who feels it his duty to make remarks on the game. If he is alone in the room with two players, he selects one to whom he extends his sympathy; he expatiates in the most ignorant and gratuitous manner on the excellence of that one's strokes, and the hard lines meted out to him when failure is the result. Not improbably this servile adulator of the one player may be discourteous to the other; and as no person with a real knowledge of the game would be likely to act such a part, the value of his criticism may readily be appraised.

—Passing from the billiard-room and its occupants, let us return to John Roberts and matters concerning the championship of the game. In 1885 he defeated first Cook, then Bennett, and since that year he has never been challenged under the conditions in force when he won his title. That being so, one would imagine that he is still indisputably champion, and must remain so till defeated on a 3-inch pocket table, all-in, or till he resigns. Nevertheless, on this point there has recently been a great deal of controversy, not always conducted in such a way as to induce great respect for the views urged, or for the judicial capacity, discrimination, and courtesy of the writers.

The question seems to have arisen thus. Whilst no one approached Roberts's form on a championship table, several players acquired an extraordinary power of making the spot-stroke on an ordinary table with 3 $\frac{5}{8}$ -inch pockets. But it so happened that for exhibition matches—in other words, in order to get the largest gate-

money from the public—Roberts preferred the easier table, but barred the spot-stroke, and in both acts his judgment was probably sound. The majority of spectators, not understanding the beauties of that stroke, considered it monotonous, but at the same time they liked to see large breaks rapidly scored, and this combination was possible only in the way Roberts selected. Hence he abandoned spot practice, not because he could not play that stroke, but because he thought it would not pay.

Now in 1885 certain persons interested in billiards formed themselves into a body which was named the "Billiard Association of Great Britain and Ireland, India, and the Colonies." Their committee consisted chiefly of professional players and reporters of the sporting press. Their best-known work is a set of rules compiled by some of the players, with Roberts as chairman. Though the code is faulty, the billiard world is no doubt indebted to their labours. The Association also made a laudable endeavour to secure uniformity in the matter of ordinary tables, calling their design "standard Association tables." They instituted matches on them, all-in and spot-barred, of which Peall gained the former and Mitchell the latter, so that on this pattern of table Peall became the all-in champion, and Mitchell the spot-barred champion.

In course of time, and on several occasions, Peall challenged Roberts to play, all-in, on the standard Association table; but the latter, secure in his position as champion on the championship table, always declined. From this certain persons argue that Peall, not Roberts, is entitled to be styled champion, whilst others treat that claim as ridiculous. The question, as far

as we can judge, lies in a nutshell. We may be wrong and are merely gossiping, but it seems to us that the whole controversy turns on the issue whether the Billiard Association is recognised as the final authority in billiard matters. Is there anything to warrant such an assumption? Roberts scoffs at the notion, and whilst stating, we believe correctly, that the championship table was not finally abolished by the Association, he adds that even if it had been, no one concerned with the championship would have cared a straw. In other words, he distinctly disallows the claim of the Association to represent and legislate for the billiard world. And he has good grounds, we think, for doing so, because as now composed it is not sufficiently representative of every class of player. Still, in the absence of a better chosen body which shall be to billiards what the M.C.C. is to cricket, the Association may reasonably claim to exercise some influence in matters concerning the game.

From this controversy as to who is champion there arose a challenge to Peall, under which Roberts agreed to give him 12,000 points out of 24,000 for £500 a-side on an ordinary table, spot-barred. The match was played at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, during the fortnight from February 15 to 27, and, throughout, the public interest never flagged. Lords and ladies, statesmen and legislators, attended, sharing the excitement with humbler folk, and the papers were full of details. It will suffice to say that, as is not infrequently the case, Roberts lost ground at starting, thereby greatly diminishing his chances of winning; but in the later stages of the game he scored

with such rapidity as to recover the arrears and place success within his reach. Indeed, Peall won only by the small margin of 310 points, about equal to 1 point in 80, and owes his victory to a very fine break of 395 played at a critical moment during the final stage. Now this, though a most meritorious performance, and one which no doubt was a severe strain and test of nerve, is not the sort of event on which it is safe to rely. Breaks and opportunities do not always come when they are most wanted, and with but 310 points to make, and Roberts to make them, all must agree that Peall's margin of safety was dangerously small. Nothing can more conclusively attest Roberts's extraordinary powers than the game in question; for he has conclusively shown that he did not greatly overestimate his ability to give so sound and good a player as his antagonist undoubtedly is, a start of half the game.

As a final subject of gossip, it is worth thinking for a moment of the return or money made by the players. The figures must be considered as approximate only, but they will serve to enlighten many persons as to the possibilities and prospects of players at the head of their profession. The Hall was generally crowded, and the receipts have been stated at £3000, which is no doubt considerably too sanguine an estimate. Taking half that amount as nearer the truth, and deducting £120 provided for expenses, Roberts would get about £900 or a little more, and Peall about £450, for a fortnight's work. In less fortunate professions these amounts would be considered respectable incomes for a year.

W. BROADFOOT.

THE BLUE JAR.

I.

THE licensed victualler's business at the "Borrowed Plume" was in danger of being transferred—nay, at the time I write the transfer had almost actually occurred. Old John Tilbury, long known in the neighbourhood as an honest man, was dying, and his wife would have to reign in his stead.

And even as in dynasties so in many smaller concerns of life the cry is ever, "*Le roi est mort ! vive le roi !*"

Thus the sequence of things is maintained, and in this case the small round of monotonous duties to the public would remain unbroken. But this external acquiescence only served to throw into sharp relief the very opposite feelings which had paralysed John Tilbury's wife with a sense of the disruption of all things when first she understood the serious nature of her husband's condition. For she was (and I state it apologetically in the face of a pessimistic world) absorbed in her devotion to her husband. She had married when a mere girl, and he was a man past fifty ; and in the absence of her parents, who were both dead, she had loved him as a husband and her one great friend.

People had wondered at the time how such a pretty girl, and one so young, could have married a man so much older than herself. But so it had been. Perhaps an anomaly, but never a mistake. And now that she was barely thirty her short spell of contented happiness was to end, for the man who had been a companion and good friend to her for the last nine years had

to leave her ; the doctor had told her he was sick unto death and must die.

And all existence had become shrouded with a great cloud, and for days she had cried stealthily to herself when out of his sight.

But with him she was ever attentive, as for the last time, to those small unexpected thoughts to which the sick man gave expression, and to the simple charity which as ever coloured all his utterances, while she moved about his room and wondered dully why God allowed human hearts to break and her happiness to end. And he, on his part, knowing his end was come, was trying feebly to arrange everything before he left this world. He did not fear death, only the loneliness it would bring on her. So his mind was troubled.

"Mary," he said one day, "I wonder where Biddulph is ! Abroad somewhere, I suppose !"

He was referring to an old friend of theirs, a man some years his junior, who was a corn importer, and lived when at home in their neighbourhood. This had occurred once or twice, for a sudden wish had arisen in his heart, and finally, having asked his wife one evening to lift him up in bed, he had murmured—

"I wonder where Biddulph is, deary !" Then looking up, he added, "Would you mind marrying him when I am gone ?"

Mary started and her colour went. Instinctively she glanced at him ; but he was quite coherent, and bending her head down, she writhed under his words.

"Oh, don't, John," she wailed.

"But, Mary, you can't remember me always, and you'd be glad then; and he said to me once he thought I was a lucky fellow to have you."

But there was no answer, only a sob. Suddenly she looked up and said—

"John, you and he did not agree at Christmas, do you remember? He was laughing because you thought so much of the blue jar."

"Yes; he ain't no eye for colour. That's what young Mr Jeffrey, who painted here in the summer, called it. And in coorse he would not submit to it. And it's real Saver, and my grandmother got it given her by one of them poor refugees from France." For a moment he paused, for he easily tired, and he lay there gently stroking his wife's hand.

"In coorse he would not submit to it," he repeated slowly, "ef he did not admire it—saw no colour in it, so to speak. Mary," he went on, "you'll never sell or give away that jar? It was in my old mother's parlour ever since I was any height."

She nodded, for she hardly trusted herself to speak.

"He'd want to sell it ef yer married him. Ef he didn't like it. Why did he not like it?" he went on querulously. "We've

known each other twenty-two years come next March, and he always was chaffing about something. And last Christmas 'twas that jar——"

"Yes," said his wife, and there was a certain eagerness in her voice.

"But maybe I was cross, and he'll grow older and eppreciate it," he said, his usual optimism about others showing itself.

"Then yer'll marry him?" he added, with quiet assurance.

"Oh, don't, John; it's cruel."

"Oh, Mary dear, it's for you I wants it. Say yer'll marry him if he gets to admire it. He'd stand by yer and love yer."

Evidently the idea had taken full possession of the sick man's mind and he was worrying over it. The woman moved uneasily in her chair, while the ticking of the clock in the silence seemed to be beating time to her swaying thoughts. Then she turned and said gently—

"Don't fret, John dear; it shall be as you wish."

And the answer had made the old man happy, and the woman was satisfied it could lead to nothing.

And within a few days of this old John Tilbury passed away, leaving, as far as mortal man can tell, not an enemy behind him.

II.

The weary months, which dragged on as milestones on the road to despair and utter loneliness, seemed at one time to Mary Tilbury after her husband's death as never to end. She was a young woman still, with all the zest and beauty of youth left, and had known no life except with him, and had had no interests except

his. And now that it had ended so suddenly, she could hardly realise to herself sometimes that he was not there. Fortunate it was for her in those days that she had her sister Annie, a girl somewhat younger than herself, staying with her. At least she could get away at times from the bustle of the inn and those guests whose

heedlessness to her loss only made her solitude seem more acute; and her sister would look after them, and perform those duties which would have brought her face to face with people.

But gradually in course of time life and its responsibilities became sweeter to her, dulling her pain as the days went on; but the shock produced on her mind by her husband's dying request did not fade so quickly.

It was very early in her widowhood that one day, when she was in the little parlour with her sister, she had seen the jar her husband had referred to.

"Annie," she said, "do take that thing away; in the cupboard in my room will do."

For it was there as a record of her husband's inexplicable request, and in her eyes was an abhorrence. And her sister had taken it, being ignorant of its fault and somewhat wondering. So in mournful monotony the months rolled by, until spring returned to the sodden fields and warmed them into life. And Mary had become calmer and more reconciled, though her old love and craving for her husband had not ceased. Even that dimly expressed consciousness of the blue jar and its relation to her, which was always lying latent in her mind, seemed as time went on to grow weaker. Certain it is, that one day she had opened the cupboard where it was and had looked at it, and allowed her mind to be flooded with the memory of the curious compact she had made with her husband; and still later on she had deliberately taken it down and dusted it, remembering how John had loved it, and for the time thinking but little of his last request and the influence it might have on her future. For winter had sped its chilly course,

and her husband had been dead now eight months, and Henry Biddulph was forgotten. Spring that year had opened warm and bright, remaining so. The brown and purple woods had reddened before the bursting leaf, which in its turn had given way to fairy and to darkening greens. The copses where the woodmen had been thinning in the winter had sheltered the primroses and anemones, and they had come and gone, and now in this engendering month of May the woods were all azure, carpeted with hyacinths and blue-bells, and ground and sky were mysterious in that great awakening which God does give us year by year. Though tending by the contrast of its beauty to strengthen the shadow through which she was passing, Mary accepted it with the natural love of a countrywoman, and spent a great part of the day, for the inn was quite empty, in the woods and tending the small garden at the back of the house. On one of these occasions Annie had stayed behind, and while mending a torn curtain in her sister's room she suddenly remembered that the blue jar was still shut up in the cupboard. Thinking it was good for Mary, she had persistently put all the winter things back as they were before John's death, whenever she got the chance; and as Mary had generally accepted their return passively, Annie on this occasion, despite its emphatic removal in the first instance, felt no hesitation in taking the jar out and going down-stairs with it to the parlour, yet wondering with a half smile whether her sister would notice it or not. As she entered the room she saw through the window a dog-cart coming up the hill to the house, and in it a man whom she knew very well by sight.

Giving a jump of excitement, and hastily putting the jar on the dresser, she fled into the garden to tell Mary.

"There's Henry Biddulph coming up the hill in a dog-cart," she panted.

Mary stopped short, for the announcement stunned her. Then pulling herself together and dismissing her first inclination to refuse to see him, she quickened her pace towards the house, feeling very uncomfortable and nervous.

"Annie," she said, "he'll go to the stable first, so come and help me put the parlour straight." And she walked on in front of her and went to the window. Looking out, she was just in time to see the dog-cart turning into the yard, and the driver of it was a middle-aged man, whose bulk and florid face told her it was Henry Biddulph. The sight of him brought back to her all her pain, and intensified all her embarrassed feelings towards him. Sharply she recalled, as she stood there looking at him, her husband's words, and it almost seemed as if he knew her secret.

Feeling hot and miserable, she turned from the window, and her eye fell on the blue jar. The unaccustomed sight of it startled her, and all her pent-up feelings burst out.

"Who brought it down, Annie?" she exclaimed passionately. "It's too bad. I've enough to bear without that."

Annie, who was arranging the chairs and books in the orthodox manner round the room, looked up in a frightened manner and gasped.

"I thought——" she began.

"Oh, never mind what you thought," interrupted Mary, excitedly; "take it away at once before he comes. You don't know

what you are doing." And not until she saw Annie hurry out of the room with the jar did she calm down, and a minute or two after, Henry Biddulph, the man whom her husband wanted her to marry, and who had been her nightmare for the last eight months, strolled into the room, drawing off his gloves as he did so.

As he stood in the doorway Mary fancied he was taller and bulkier than ever, and her thoughts, as is often the case in sudden emotion, took refuge in some unconnected detail, and she found herself wondering at the size of his feet and the thickness of the soles of his boots. Then as his good-natured face, tempered by an awful solemnity assumed on this visit of condolence, beamed down on her, she felt, almost with a sense of irritation, how glad she would have been to see him under other circumstances. And Henry Biddulph, who had steeled himself for this visit, felt somewhat the same as he took the chair she offered him and gave vent to murmured expressions of sympathy with the air of a funeral mute. After which he put his hat on the table, and then thinking it looked unseemly in that position, he stored it away under his chair, from which soon after, in a moment of restless shyness, he kicked it, so that it rolled into the middle of the room, where it lay for the rest of the interview. After these preliminaries, he remarked in an expressionless voice, as if he were delivering a message—

"Mrs Tilbury, I was sorry—I may say I was wretched—that I could not be at poor John's funeral. He was my oldest friend for more than twenty years." Here he sighed so loudly that he woke up a large blue-bottle fly, which buzzed round the room with

protesting energy. "But," he went on, "I was away in America on business—corn—and I wrote to you but got no answer," and he tried to throw reproach into his voice.

"No; I got none," said Mary, feeling wretchedly nervous, and wondering how to get him away from the subject. "You must be glad to get back to England. Did you go about with a bowie-knife and a revolver? America is so uncivilised you've always to go about armed, haven't you?" But the laugh which followed had little joy in it.

Henry looked somewhat scandalised. Was his old friend's wife heartless?

"Well," he answered, "it's nearly as bad as that. It's a young country. But," relapsing into the mutelike expression of voice, "tell me, did John leave me any message, poor fellow? I am sure he thought of me."

Mary looked up in a frightened way, and she felt she could stand it but a very little longer.

"N'—no,—yes," and the words came through a haze of restrained tears. "He was very ill—at the last he did not know what he was saying."

"Ah, yes! of course, of course, only natural," said Henry, soothingly. And then the conversation died away, and for some moments there was silence in the room, while Annie's voice could be heard excitedly arguing with some one at the backdoor. But there was something on Henry's mind that he felt he must say, and then he would go. Taking out a notebook and pretending to inspect its leaves, he murmured—

"Poor John, of course not. But," and he leant forward with a confiding air towards Mary, "I've often worried if he was

angry with me. It's been on my mind. Y'er know, I think he was angry with me that Christmas?" He stopped, for something in Mary's manner disconcerted him. Then he took courage and went on. "I would not have hurt him for the world. Only my chaf——" His words stopped and his ideas fled. What had he said? What was wrong? For Mrs Tilbury had become very white, and the next minute had put her handkerchief to her eyes, and, murmuring something unintelligible, had hastily left the room.

For fully ten minutes Henry Biddulph sat where he had been left, feeling thoroughly staggered, and more like a whipt hound than an afternoon caller has any right to do. He waited on, half hoping she might return, and, in view of the further embarrassment it might involve, half dreading she would do so. It was all so disappointing. He blew his nose with a large red handkerchief, and thought what a muddle he had made of the visit. Yet he could not understand why she had changed so and seemed so unfriendly to him, and at last he picked up his hat and left the room, telling himself he had been treated rather badly, and that it was the last time he would try and console disconsolate widows, whether he was their oldest friend or not; and so, looking neither to the left nor right of him, he found his way to the stables, and climbing heavily into the dog-cart, went sadly back down the hill he had so lately climbed. And Mary watched him from her window, and as he went out of sight, overcome by mortification and vexation, she burst into tears.

Now that he was gone, she realised how absurdly sensitive she had become by nursing a self-conscious-

ness which had ended in making her ridiculous in her own sight and probably in his. And at the thought of this she dried her eyes and became scarlet and hot with shame by a new terror, that he must have seen through her constraint and silly flight, and with a man's natural vanity would have made a pretty near guess at its cause. Perhaps she thought, hot-eyed with horror, he even *knew* the cause: men were so odd, her husband might have mentioned his curious whim to him. And so in a pitiful state of mortification she spent the evening, sometimes blaming him, sometimes herself. However, when next morning came, she did the only thing which was left to her. She wrote him a little note saying how sorry she had been to leave him so suddenly, but she had felt overcome.

With the despatch of this she came to the quiet determination to receive him when he next came as she used in John's time, as an old friend without any constraint. And the end of it all was that Biddulph some weeks after came again up the hill, with doubts in his heart as to his reception, and was met with a warmth of manner which pleased, but left him more puzzled than ever at the ways of women, and widows especially.

Although Mary did not keep this up always, and some of her old constraint returned to her at times, yet it must have been only in a small degree, for gradually Biddulph found, living as he did only four miles away, that somehow or other most of his drives led past the "Borrowed Plume," and something always went wrong with the harness, or the mare wanted watering, or he had some business information to communicate which necessitated his getting down. She was lonely,

he would tell himself, and he owed it to poor John to take care of her. For there is always a certain satisfaction in looking after a pretty woman, and telling yourself that there is not a touch of sentiment in the feeling. For Biddulph had convinced himself of this, and told himself a dozen times a-day that it was only so.

Mary on these visits received him in varying moods, and used to make a point of mentioning something connected with John. It was like a prayer uttered before going into battle.

But gradually she got very used to his visits, and found herself looking forward to them; for life was monotonous, and even Biddulph's heavy facetiousness was a relief. The old emotions which had made her lose her head when first he called were dormant, but only dormant. Even the jar had lost its import, and was now always on her dressing-table. Mary even had thought of taking it downstairs, but lacked the courage. But Annie had come into her bedroom one day, and yielding to a sudden impulse, had taken up the jar and looked at it, saying, "Let's put it in the parlour. It's lost up here."

Then she remembered with a heightening of colour her last defeat in this direction; but, somewhat to her surprise, Mary said nothing but only nodded, and in triumph the blue jar was carried down and put on the old Jacobean dresser in the parlour which John had loved so well.

About this time a long course of self-deceit came to a climax with Henry Biddulph, resulting in mental perturbations and indecision to which he was little accustomed, and which was wearing his "too, too solid flesh" away with worry.

He had to decide one way or another what was honestly his position to Mary Tilbury. He had woke up one morning and realised suddenly, as he stared at his towel-horse, that he was a fraud, and he ought at once to acknowledge that his feelings had drifted into quite another channel since he had begun to set himself a course of dutiful attentions to his old friend's widow.

And as Henry Biddulph was an honest man and given to making up his mind suddenly, he sat down to breakfast with the firm determination that he would put matters to the test and settle it one way or another. Then he worked himself almost into a brain-fever thinking how he was to do it, and finally drove off with a new hat and gloves, his best whip, and a huge carnation of brilliant hue in his coat.

Mary was in the garden when he arrived, but came in soon after. Her hair was disarranged, and she was looking very pretty, dressed in pink cotton, and when she saw Biddulph a woman's intuition told her that her trial had come. Almost unconsciously she sat down facing the jar. It seemed to give her help.

Now that Biddulph had come, all his courage had fled, and he talked about everything except what he had come for, casting about how to begin.

At last his wits and his courage came to his rescue, and with that solemnity of manner which shyness always imparted to him he said—

"Mrs Tilbury, don't you find it very dull here?"

"Dull? not at all," was the prompt reply, and then the voice fell,—“though things are different now.”

"I find living alone very dull," said Henry, stolidly.

"You? Why, you've lived alone for—well, all your life."

"Yes; but I can't do it much longer. I suppose I shall have to marry."

"Suppose!" cried Mary, ironically; "you must not sacrifice yourself. There are other ways out of the difficulty—you might live with your sister."

"I once thought," said Biddulph, pursuing the even tenor of his remarks, for he was determined now to say his say, and she should not laugh him out of it—"I once thought you might find it dull also. What is life alone?"

The question seemed to open a large field of speculation, and Mary stared hard at the table-cloth, her heart beating a little faster than she liked.

"And if I am dull and think of marriage, and you are dull, why should not you think of it also? I am sure, if you would have married me, I could have made you happy," he went on, and his words were like the man, very simple. "I'd stand by you and love you."

Mary winced and the colour left her face, for he had unwittingly used the same words as John had done when speaking of him.

She looked up at him, and her glance took in the blue jar. It seemed to be watching her and waiting for her answer.

"You are very good," she said, tremulously, "to think of me; but there are reasons why I could not marry you."

"Sure?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps it is too soon? But John would not have minded, I'm sure." He spoke almost as if to himself. It seemed quite natural to refer to her dead husband. They had all been great friends, and he knew he was doing nothing un-

loyal. But it was useless, so he only sighed and felt slightly puzzled. The possibility of being refused had never occurred to him. But with a fine instinct he tried to disembarass her, and putting on a sudden and painfully artificial air of cheerfulness, he let his eyes wander round the room, desperately thinking of something to say, while Mary folded her handkerchief into various shaped packets and wished the interview was over. "Pooty piece, that dresser," remarked Henry, after a constraining pause, when he was ready to say anything to break the silence. "And the jar—the blue one. I likes its colour. Looks lovely with that light on it, eh! What's wrong?"

Mary's head was bowed forward. Was she crying? And becoming cumbrously solicitous, Henry got up and stood by her side. He even took her hand, for there was no resistance, only sobs.

"I haven't hurt yer, have I?"

said Henry, the perspiration standing on his forehead from stress of anxiety. "I wish I hadn't come. We were good friends, and now you think badly of me. And only yesterday, I thought you'd have been so pleased! I was going to tell you that I'd found the double of that jar, the very brother of it. I saw it in Cokeford. I seemed to know it at once."

"Why did you not say so before?" murmured Mary from the middle of her handkerchief.

"Say it earlier," repeated Henry, in a perplexed manner,—*"what? that I liked the jar? Why not? I forgot the match I found, when you would not have me."*

"Oh, you hurried me so."

"What, will yer have me and t'other blue jar?"

And for answer Mary looked up and smiled.

And old John Tilbury had his way, and Henry Biddulph reigned in his stead.

H. GARTON SARGENT.

EVOLUTION AND THE AMATEUR NATURALIST.

THE sun has risen over the great eastern plain that now constitutes the German Ocean. From his dwelling - place, consisting of a riverside cave, the entrance of which is screened by roughly interlaced branches, strides one of our ancestors of the early stone age. He is a brawny, hirsute savage, hard-featured and ruddy like a modern tramp, with his face and naked limbs stippled over with tattoo - marks. His dress, such as it is, is made of skins of the deer and wild cat, and is drawn together by a belt holding a flint axe. In his hand is his bow, and hanging behind his left shoulder a rough quiver of flint-tipped arrows. After a keen look at the sky and up and down the valley, he moves stealthily away among the bracken and brambles towards a spot where the spotted deer of the forest are wont to drink at the stream. As he steps silently along, his eyes and ears are alert for the least indication of the presence of prey or of dangerous neighbours. A hundred facts have already been observed and commented upon (although perhaps unconsciously) before he arrives at the river-bank. He has, in fact, during this short "journey to business" been reading his morning paper, including the Weather Forecast, the News of the Night, and the State of the Markets as they affect his own special calling. As is the case with most of us when we read our modern newspapers, many of the items displayed before his eyes do not awake any interest. For instance, the varnished petals of the buttercups which reflect the golden sunlight are there to catch

the attention of the wild bees, which are already fussing around them. Such advertisements do not concern him at all, and he does not trouble himself about them any more than we trouble ourselves about the wants of people with whom we have no points of contact. As he nears the trampled spot where the thirsty herds approach the water he hears the shrill cackle of a blackbird away in the forest some hundred paces beyond the deer-path, and the screech of a jay accompanied by the warning "pink pink" of a pair of chaffinches coming from a spot nearer to him. Instantly he slips behind the bole of a tree, and stands motionless and alert with an arrow upon the string, for he has received sure intelligence that some beast of prey is prowling near, and it is necessary that he should gain the fullest information before proceeding. As he stands there, still as the tree-trunks about him, do you imagine that his mind (although the nearest alphabet is fifty thousand years off in the future) is sluggish or inactive? It would be well for us if we could bring such keen and apposite thoughts to bear upon our avocations whenever we wished as those which are now coursing through his brain! A dozen different theories, suggested by the signs, are being sifted with lightning rapidity and with masterly discretion by the machinery inside of that rugged, weather-beaten head. At the same moment every faculty is keenly astretch for further information which may aid in the conclusion he must come to before he stirs hand or foot. Is it merely a belated fox slinking

home to his earth in the oak-grove? He knows that fox well, and all his kindred within an area of several square miles. Or is some larger and more terrible beast, some huge brindled *machairodus*, or cave-bear, prowling among the woods in front of him? Within a few minutes while he stands there, scarcely moving an eyelid, he has received news enough from the disturbed birds and beasts in the valley to fill a column in the 'Times.' By comparing the different notes of alarm which reach his ears he learns at length that there are two sources of provocation afoot: one is comparatively near to him, and is merely a fox or wild cat, he cannot tell which—for the chaffinches and the jays have the same name for both; but the other, where first he heard the blackbird's vehement outcry, is a larger beast, which, from the shifting cries of protest, seems passing slowly down the river-bank. As far as he can judge, considering its beat and the time of day, it is a sabre-toothed tiger on the prowl for deer. These conclusions have been come to, not only through the gathering of innumerable facts, but by means of elaborate logical processes, and a power of judging the comparative value of evidence which would do credit to a modern Lord Chancellor.

At length he cautiously moves forward and comes upon the slot of the antlered herd. A glance tells him that they have been startled before reaching the brook, and have made their way at head-long speed back into the forest. Further scrutiny of the ground reveals the fact that a huge *machairodus* has leaped from behind a bush, has clawed the flank of one deer without seizing it, and after galloping clumsily some twenty

yards after the herd, has given up the pursuit, and turned down the river-bank in the direction from whence came the blackbird's shriek of warning. The keen eyes of the savage wander over the ground in search of one further piece of evidence of the utmost importance. At length he sees where the hoof of a flying hind has displaced a pebble. Bending down and shading his eyes from the dazzling sunlight, he examines the damp surface of the stone intently; and when he rises, ten seconds later, he could tell you, if you were to ask him, that the events recorded in the writing on the ground happened almost exactly half an hour before he arrived at the spot! If he were ready to reveal his methods you would probably learn that in making this calculation he took account of the temperature of the air, the direction of the wind, the character of the pebble and of the soil in which it had lain embedded. Plainly such problems could not be solved with success without an immense and most accurate knowledge of natural phenomena, an alert imagination, and logical ability of no mean order.

We will now wish him "good hunting," and return across the centuries. For, although it would be very interesting to accompany him on his day's round and watch his method of getting a living, we have "other fish to fry"; and having, I think, captured what we want for the purpose during our early excursion, we will no longer embarrass our archaic progenitor with our clumsy civilised ways.

Whether or no this imaginary family portrait is correct in its details, I think we may be tolerably positive as regards one particular. It was an invariable and essential mental habit with him

not only to gather facts, but to read their meaning, both immediate and remote. Now if we are justified in ascribing the delight which the study of natural history gives to the fact that, when we are engaged in such pursuits, we are obeying an inherent impulse derived from our innumerable hunting ancestors, it follows that the more closely such primitive instincts are obeyed the more enjoyment will the naturalist be likely to get from his pursuits. If, in addition to merely collecting specimens and classifying them, we are able, like our skin-clad forefathers, *to regard each item as part of an argument or a narrative*, we shall reawaken more fully the keen delight in outdoor pursuits which was the daily portion of the savage.

Now this is exactly what Darwinism has enabled us to do. Even if we are among those who go no further than did most of the older naturalists, and content ourselves with merely observing and recording, our pursuits gain infinitely in zest. For the most trivial scrap of knowledge, which at one time would only have been one more item added to the chaotic dust-heap of useless lore, may now turn out to be a diamond beyond price. Many times of late years has some small and apparently valueless discovery enabled the man of science to establish some widely reaching law. No single character in the book of Nature is without its meaning, and even when the key to her cipher is not yet in our hands, the astonishing progress which has been made during a single generation makes it probable that we have only to wait and to labour awhile longer to be able to read the wondrous tale. Darwinism has done more in this way for the naturalist than

the spectroscope has done for the astronomer, or the discovery of the cuneiform alphabet for the archæologist. As yet we are only stumbling among the elements of the new method, but already it is often possible, by exercising our reasoning faculty and our knowledge of natural laws when observing the most commonplace phenomena, to see in them a revelation of the past which was utterly beyond the reach of our fathers.

Yet it must never be forgotten that if our attempts to interpret Nature's hieroglyphics are not based upon extensive and accurate knowledge, we shall run the same risk of coming to wrong conclusions, as would the savage if he were not thoroughly versed in all phases of his wild surroundings. It is necessary to keep a constant check upon the innate propensity to draw inferences from whatever we see or think we see. One finds that this habit of the human mind is curiously automatic: for constantly when we are in a "brown study," and even when we are asleep, we find that attempts are being made, although often of a vague and fatuous kind, to give reasons for what chances to be occupying the attention. The fact that this habit is universal among mankind, and that it is also innate and automatic, asserts its extreme antiquity. Probably in it we find the actual merging point of instinct and reason. Like many other mental and moral attributes which have come down to us from the remote past, it is liable to get us into grave trouble if not controlled by the most vigilant discipline. Regarded in the light of a very raw recruit, with Logic—that stern martinet of the Intelligence Department—ever at its elbow, it is still capable of rendering useful service.

The danger which besets us in accepting any plausible explanation of phenomena without subjecting it to the most searching criticism is not death or wounds, as in the case of a primitive hunter who formed a hasty and erroneous judgment, but it is one which will certainly kill or cripple us as naturalists.

Self-contradictory as the statement may appear, what is common and obvious is often much more mysterious and wonderful than what is rare. We are so in the habit of taking circumstances in our everyday surroundings for granted, that a very great deal entirely escapes notice which offers most fruitful ground for research. Do we not constantly see, when some great invention or discovery is announced, that the thing has all the time been almost before our eyes, and that it is of the most ridiculously simple character? Within the last few years many of us learned with astonishment that air contained a new element in addition to nitrogen and oxygen. Yet for generations hundreds of able chemists have not only been breathing air, but have been continually working upon it in their laboratories. And furthermore, when the facts and methods which led to the discovery of argon were announced, it seemed astonishing to every student of chemistry that since the time when Cavendish first drew attention to "residual nitrogen" not one of these experimenters had apprehended a truth which was all but naked before his eyes. Although in the year 1777 Gilbert White drew attention to the remarkable influence of earth-worms in "boring, perforating, and loosening the soil, and in throwing up such infinite number of lumps of earth called worm-casts, which is a fine manure for grain and

grass," and although he said, furthermore, "A good Monograph of Worms would afford much entertainment and information at the same time, and would open to a new and large field on natural history," it was not until more than a century had elapsed that Darwin's work on 'The Formation of Vegetable Mould through the Action of Worms' was published. Yet all the time, in every field, abundant evidence of the influence of worms was displayed before the eyes of naturalists in the shape of hundreds of tons of earth raised to the surface in the form of worm-casts.

I make bold to say that, in like manner, most of the future discoveries of great moment to the naturalist will be made, not in the remote and minute ramifications of science such as are occupying the attention of so many of our learned investigators, but among the everyday phenomena which are open to the eyes of all. It is in this truth (for truth is scarcely too strong a word when all past experience declares and confirms the rule) that the hope of the amateur naturalist lies.

In spite of the immense stimulus which Darwinism has given to the study of natural history, I am afraid that hitherto it has proved rather a stumbling-block than a help to a large number of people who take an interest in such pursuits.

Most of these belong to the class who take up some branch of natural history as a hobby for leisure hours. One hardly likes to speak of such students as amateurs, for the term generally savours of contempt when used in connection with the arts or sciences. We owe so much to observers, from Gilbert White downwards, to whom the study of animated na-

ture has been chiefly a source of recreation, that it would be a great mistake either to hold their work cheap or to make their way needlessly difficult. When, therefore, the word "amateur" occurs in this article, it is merely employed to distinguish naturalists of this order from those who have adopted the study of natural science as a profession.

To a certain extent the untoward effect of the new doctrine on many of the older order of naturalists was inevitable. Our ideas concerning nature have been so revolutionised during the last generation, that one can hardly expect mature students to find themselves at home in their novel environment; while any attempts to patch the new doctrines on to the damaged remnants of the old was like putting new cloth in an old garment. Although, as I shall point out later, the amateurs have themselves to blame to a certain extent, their hindrances have come largely from outside.

In some directions the same fate seems to have overtaken the pursuits of the naturalist which in these strenuous days has overtaken various popular sports. Professionalism has seized them for its own, and has established methods and standards which are beyond the reach of any but the professional. The impetus given by the new doctrine has not only greatly multiplied the number of earnest professional workers, but it has also increased the mass of our knowledge to such an extent that no little perseverance is necessary to enable a beginner to master the initial details of any branch of natural history in which he hopes to excel. It is one thing to cull fresh knowledge in the open fields, but it is quite another,

and requires sterner stuff than a spirit of dilettanteism, to wrestle with dry bones and technicalities in a stuffy library or museum. Again, the increased energy given to research is rapidly using up a great deal of the material upon which our fathers busied themselves. Their happy hunting-grounds have been surveyed, mapped, and annexed by the speculative professor, and the fauna and flora thereon catalogued with a business-like precision which would do credit to an auctioneer. The naturalist who is content with merely collecting and classifying natural objects now finds that he must go very far afield if he is to be more than an imitator of other men's labours.

Furthermore, it must, I fear, be admitted that some things, which are not roses, have been strewed in the path of the amateur naturalist by certain of his professional associates. This was probably more true ten years ago than it is to-day, and it is to be hoped that advancing civilisation will remove such causes of offence. But any one who has studied the habits of that uncompromising vertebrate the Learned Official, when he deigns to mix with common folk at British Association meetings and elsewhere, will probably have observed that certain members of the order treat their less exalted fellow-workers with a somewhat disdainful patronage. Doubtless this is partly due to a temporary combination of youthfulness and authority among some of the leaders of the new movement, which has resulted from rapid progress. But there seems also a tendency on the part of a larger number of professional naturalists to assume *quasi*-manorial rights in certain regions of Nature's kingdom. It is apparently

a natural law that wherever the members of a corporation become the licensed exponents of a subject, whether it be divinity, natural science, or what you will, they develop the spirit of the custodian, if not of the proprietor, and tend to regard all others who meddle with it with a certain amount of jealousy.

But it will be a disastrous day for science if natural history ever becomes a close preserve of specialists and professors. For a brief review of the progress of knowledge in this direction shows that many of the most important discoveries have been made by the despised amateur. Furthermore, it is from the ranks of these enthusiastic volunteers that by far the best material in the great army of regulars is recruited. The true naturalist, like the poet, is born, not made. No amount of scholastic hammering, or Government patronage, or societies for the organisation of research, can evolve a Cuvier or a Darwin.

Yet if it be true that the old-fashioned amateur is trending towards extinction, he has chiefly himself to thank. Should he fail to adapt himself to his changed environment, he must go the way of all flesh which has proved its unfitness in the struggle for existence. His weakest point hitherto has been his lack of versatility. We shall find the cause of many failures in attempts to apply the principles of Darwinism in this want of power to accord with new conditions. In some cases it is evident that efforts to keep pace with the times have ended in confusion because there has been an attempt to pile new bricks upon an old and sapped foundation. In many others failure has resulted because the

knowledge of evolutionary laws has been merely theoretical and superficial. There has been an immense amount of literature upon the subject of Darwinism poured out during the last thirty years, much of it of a very speculative and evanescent character. One can hardly wonder, therefore, if many students are somewhat bewildered as a result of trying to inform themselves from such sources. If the amateur naturalist is to profit by the new doctrine his information must be thorough and based upon experience, even although it may not be extensive. When we are going to make use of knowledge for some practical purpose, we generally find that it is necessary to have a much more thorough grip of our subject than can be gained from studying verbal statements and formulae. It is often absolutely impossible to obtain from books the kind of knowledge which is demanded in practice. What traveller about to undertake an expedition in which a knowledge of horsemanship or cycling was necessary could expect to reach his goal if he contented himself with reading exhaustive treatises on these arts? The very act of walking, which we deem so simple, would, if taught in an abstract and academic way, tax the faculties of a Newton or a Kelvin.

But if there are a good many amateur naturalists whose knowledge of evolution is too imperfect to be of any practical value, there are probably still more who may be said to possess none at all. If any one doubts this statement, let him commence a discussion on Darwinism with any average schoolboy, sportsman, or country parson, and it will meet with abundant support. I mention these three classes because from them, probably more than from

any others one can name, are drawn the people who make a hobby of some branch of natural history. The failure of the school-boy is owing partly to the inveterate conservatism of our educational methods, and partly to the slovenly way in which science is still taught in schools. To the sportsman, as a rule, reading is uncongenial; and books bristling with new and technical terms and full of half-digested theories are an abomination. As to the average country parson, he still seems to think not only that the Darwinian Theory is a disputable doctrine, but that, unless filtered and diluted by ecclesiastical wisdom, it smacks of infidelity.

By-and-by, when doctrines which are still novel to most people (although forty years old, and to many of us as much a matter of course as the laws of gravitation) find a place in the elements of knowledge absorbed by every youth, we may expect most of these difficulties to disappear. But in the meantime they may be depriving us of some second Gilbert White, who from his country parsonage might send us news of a thousand delightful and invaluable facts which would be beyond the reach of any but a cultured observer who lives among the fields and woods.

For the latter-day Gilbert White must be an evolutionist down to the tips of his toes. The Darwinian way must be as familiar to him as the footpath from his rectory to his church. His very spectacles must be tinged with the doctrine, and his mind must employ its methods as easily as his lungs breathe the air. There is every reason to hope that the future will bring us seers of this type, and it is with the desire that I may in some slight measure hasten their advent that I here invite attention to the light which

Darwinism throws upon the everyday world about us.

It will be a good way to show how wonderfully the amateur student may gain both in pleasure and knowledge from the new philosophy—and at the same time will be consistent with the methods I am recommending—if we briefly discuss some points in the natural history of the naturalist himself. Undoubtedly his passion for outdoor life, and for watching and recording natural phenomena, dates back to the time when the existence of our forefathers depended upon success in hunting. We are all of us aware that only a few thousand years ago the ancestors of the modern European and American had only reached a stage of culture still found among savages which depend entirely upon the chase. Plentiful evidences are discovered in limestone caves, in the banks of ancient rivers, and in the shell-mounds around the Danish coast, that prehistoric Europeans lived almost precisely the life now lived by the Fuegians or the Australian blacks. But few of us, I imagine, have realised the enormous length of the epoch throughout which this stage of utter savagery lasted. It is utterly impossible to measure its length in years. Probably it would be no exaggeration to say that if you took the last line of this article as representing the era of civilisation, you might take all the other lines as representing, in equal proportion, different stages of the epoch of pristine savagery. Now since man had to live by the chase, and by the chase only, throughout the greater part of this period, it is no wonder that all his faculties of mind and body became moulded to the environment of the hunter. To such primitive savages the habits of taking note of every-

thing around them, and of drawing conclusions from what they observed, were as essential from a strictly business point of view as are any modern habits which lead to commercial success. Indeed they were even more so, for nowadays if one becomes bankrupt there are many mitigating circumstances; but in prehistoric times there were no poor laws or charities, and failure in business meant extinction. Even the miscarriage of a single enterprise, such as the throwing of a spear at a cave-bear or a bison, often involved a death-penalty.

We owe our instinctive liking and aptitude for naturalising in the open air to the fact that the practical study of natural history was at one time of saving value to our race. Not only did such accomplishments stave off imminent death—as when the recognition of a footprint or a faint sound in the forest told of the presence of some terrible enemy—but they acted surely if slowly in many other ways to the advantage of their possessor. Among the Esquimaux the hunter who could be depended upon to bring home his seal at the end of a day's business on the ice-floe could not only have the pick of the girls in marriage, but gained other privileges which tend to make a family prosperous.

Now let us inquire somewhat more in detail as to the faculties which every savage hunter must possess in order to be successful. First of all he must have a general knowledge of natural phenomena, accurate and inconceivably extensive; so that, when he is afield, every item among his innumerable surroundings is so familiar that the least unusual circumstance at

once arrests his attention. Next he must have acquired, in addition to his general knowledge, a complete mastery of the complex arts of tracking and stalking, so that he may approach near enough to his wary game for his rude weapons to take effect. If we go no further than this we find that the untutored savage in his native wilds almost comes up to that formula which defines culture as "knowing something of everything and everything of something." But other gifts are required beyond mere knowledge and skill. There must be an infinite capacity for taking pains (which has been given as a definition of genius), and also, and above all, there must be a power to reason accurately from the facts observed. I think that many people who have spoken with contempt of the mental capacity of the Bosjesman and the Black Fellow can never have estimated the mental resources required for ordinary "spooring." Each minute item of evidence—often so faint that civilised senses can no more apprehend it than the unassisted eye can detect the microbes in a drop of water—has not only to be observed but to be weighed, and given its exact value in a long and intricate argument.

If I may be allowed to digress from the "spoor" of our present argument for a moment, I should like to point out what seems to have been one exceedingly important factor in the development of the human intellect. On a future occasion¹ I shall discuss, in comparing a man's mental processes with a dog's, the probable psychic effect of the comparative size of the *olfactory lobe*. I mean by the *olfactory lobe* that part of the brain

¹ Wild Traits in Tame Animals (shortly to be published by W. Blackwood & Sons).

—so remarkably developed in the *Canidae*—which receives impressions from the nerves of smell.

Now, why has man no olfactory lobe to speak of? And what may possibly be the outcome of the deficiency? The answer to the first question is, that man's progenitors were fruit-eating creatures which lived in trees. Now, a frugivorous animal obviously does not need a keen power of scent for detecting and following prey. It usually discovers its food by means of the eye, and one finds that Nature has adapted herself to this state of things by making most fruits of conspicuous colours. Although this may partly explain why man and all the apes have the organ of smell so very slightly developed, it is plain that hereditary vegetarianism will not fully account for their olfactory poverty. For we find that very many graminivorous animals—such as antelopes, deer, wild horses, and wild cattle—have an exceedingly acute power of scent, and can detect the approach of an invisible enemy at several hundred yards' distance. But a little thought will show that the life of a creature living high in the trees is never threatened by a foe approaching stealthily from afar off, and hence such a means of protection is unnecessary. And, moreover, in such a situation this sense would be very untrustworthy, for air among the tree-tops moves in eddies and veering gusts, owing to the continual obstructions it meets with, and hence would not tell the direction from which the taint of danger came. Now, when man left his trees and his vegetarianism behind him, and became an amateur carnivore, there was this great distinction between him and the predatory beasts whose habits he

was imitating—viz., that whereas the latter were able both to detect and to follow their quarry by scent, he found his nose practically of no use as an aid to a living. Had he developed, during his early earth-walking career, olfactory powers anything like equal to those of the dog, I make bold to say that 'Maga' would have neither readers nor contributors, and that most of us, if we were now existing, would be getting our livings by sniffing for roots and grubs like a badger, or by yelping along a trail like a pack of jackals! Because, happily, he could not profitably follow his nose, primitive man was obliged to exercise his wits. Where the dog or the wolf gallops blindly and without thought along the tainted line left by the feet of his quarry, the primeval hunter had, from the first, not only to learn to notice each displaced twig, or shifted stone, or shaken dew-drop, but had also—from these and a thousand other data—to infer what had passed that way, when it had passed, and often, in the case of one wounded animal in a herd, *how* it had passed, and whether it were sufficiently disabled to make pursuit a profitable speculation. As far as I can see, this faculty, engendered and necessitated by olfactory shortcomings, formed the basis of much of our vaunted reasoning power.

When we analyse not only the hobby of the naturalist but almost any other form of pastime, we find that it is founded upon certain primitive tastes or instincts which we possess in common with the uncivilised races. Civilised man when at play always reverts somewhat towards the condition of the savage.

LOUIS ROBINSON.

THE NAVY ESTIMATES.

A WEEK or two ago Lord Salisbury compared the Government of the British empire to the administration of a trust or public company, of which her Majesty's Ministers stand for the trustees or directors. The simile was duly rebuked by a halfpenny evening paper for its want of exaltation and its cold neglect of the ideal. This was wrong, for the British empire is nothing so uninspiring as a Limited Liability Company paying a cash dividend. The liability is unlimited, extending to the whole fortune and life of every shareholder, and though calls are paid in cash, dividends come usually in the form of national security and national self-esteem. These peculiarities of the concern undoubtedly lay a heavier responsibility on the directors than generally accompanies the office. The interests are so much vaster, the profits to be made so necessary to tolerable existence, the losses to be insured against so utter and irreparable, that the directors of the British empire are surely called upon to exercise a more than usually unsleeping vigilance over the operations put in their charge.

What would the world say of trustees so careless of their trust that in a matter of insurance they took no trouble to satisfy themselves either of the amount of the property to be protected, of the dangers to be forestalled, or of the extent of the insurance necessary to cover these dangers? What would the world say of directors so haphazard in their direction that they let an important branch of their business run on without being clear in their own minds what amount of plant it needed for its

efficient working, and what number of hands were required to do justice to the plant? In the relatively small and unimportant sphere of a Limited Company such men would be branded as culpably incompetent, if nothing worse. Yet in the matter of the security and defensive force of the British empire we have seen within the last few days a strange sight. The First Lord of the Admiralty has proposed to Parliament the Estimates he requires to run his department. These may be adequate or they may not; but the wonderful thing is that the First Lord does not seem to know whether they are adequate or not. If the Estimates for 1897-98 are sufficient it is by a lucky chance, since assuredly Mr Goschen can give no coherent demonstration of their sufficiency. And more wonderful still, it seems nobody's business or interest to ask for such a demonstration. Leaving aside a few isolated protests—far fewer and more isolated than usual—the country has accepted this rough guess at its most indispensable requirements in a spirit of the happiest—at any rate the happiest-go-lucky—confidence. In whom it reposes the confidence it is difficult to say. It can hardly be Mr Goschen—first, because Mr Goschen has contradicted himself, and secondly, because on the whole neither the House of Commons nor the country has taken the trouble to hear or see whether he contradicts himself or not. To go minutely into the shiftings and windings of this year's official statements concerning the Navy would be a long and useless task. Some of them will have to be considered presently,

but just now we are only marveling at the fact that in a question where clear-headedness is of such obvious and primary value, the First Lord should be driven to any shiftings and windings at all. In introducing last year's Estimates he promised that they would bring us to "some point where we may stand." This year he proposes to build fresh ships costing several millions—which may or may not be advisable, but which can hardly be called standing. Last year he casually alluded to the naval pensioners as a possible source of reinforcement to the fleet in war-time. This year the pensioners, who in other respects have not changed their character during the twelve months, find themselves promoted to a force of 10,000 available men, which is practically added to the sea-strength of the Navy. They may be available or not; but if they were not counted in last year, why should they be this? In one of his speeches this year Mr Goschen returned to his "point where we may stand" in another form. There is a balance of naval power in Europe, said he, and if this is disturbed by abnormal effort on the part of any Power, we shall restore that balance. If this means anything, it means that at the moment the desirable equilibrium exists—that our side of the balance is satisfactorily weighted. Yet in the very same speech we find him turning to his critics with words of earnest deprecation. His programme, says he, is not an ideal one; it is simply the best possible at the moment. Now, what is an ideal programme? It can only mean a sufficient one for possible exigencies; since it is nobody's ideal to spend his money in more preparation than he deems necessary. So that on the evidence of the "balance" phrase the

Navy is sufficient; on that of the "ideal" phrase it is not. But both these phrases are in the same speech! We could multiply such contradictions, but what is the use of it? It is plain enough, and only too plain, that the First Lord of the Admiralty is not clear in his own mind whether the Navy is strong enough for its duties or not. As long as he knows not what is wanted, it is vain to be very confident that he will see it provided.

It would indeed be asking too much of any Admiralty to expect it to calculate down to the last penny the sum which would make the difference between readiness for war or unreadiness. The subject is not an exact science, and does not admit of such calculation. Yet there are Governments which seem to be able to make up their minds on the point. That of Germany, for example, which has the needs of possible war ever before its eyes, has found no difficulty in fixing its naval requirements as far ahead as 1902. It is not to the present purpose to ask whether the Kaiser's Government has or has not overstated its requirements, nor whether the Reichstag ought to grant them. As to the first point, it is enough that it has been found possible to make a definite estimate of the shipbuilding desirable during six years. As for the second, the Kaiser may go back upon his demands, but no British Government can shelter itself behind the precedent. The Government knows, and Mr Goschen freely admitted in his speech of March 5th, that this country at least will give all it is asked for. It has only to make up its mind and it will get what it wants. Nor is Germany our only example. It is not the custom of Russia to unveil her designs to the world, yet it can hardly be doubted that

the abnormal activity of the dockyards accords with a definite and far-seeing design. The advance of the Russian fleet has been among the most remarkable movements of the present decade. The Russian navy is formidable by its numbers alone, but doubly and trebly formidable by reason of its rate of increase. Of modern battleships, well-armoured and carrying heavy breechloaders, and huge calibre quick-firers, she had but five last year; two years hence she will have thirteen. Some of these are small, but it would need a large British vessel to go to meet them and defeat them. On top of this striking increase comes this year's new programme. Russia does not publish her programmes to the world, and it is therefore difficult to speak with confidence of her intentions. But so far as can be gathered she is maintaining the activity of her construction: two first-class warships, one second, and one third are spoken of. Adding these to the vessels already in hand, we get twelve new battleships to be completed for the years 1897-1900. Here is a rapid regular progression, and it is not too much to assume that it is intended to be a definite fulfilment of a definite need. For the calculation of such necessities and the orderly satisfaction of them we may search Mr Goschen's speeches in vain.

On the contrary, there seems direct evidence that no such calculation has been made, and no such satisfaction resolved upon. The fleet as provided for on last year's Estimates—that is to say, the fleet as it should stand on March 31st, 1899—was, on Mr Goschen's view, or rather on one of his views, sufficient for the likely demands upon it. We do not share that view, but for the moment we will allow its correct-

ness. If the fleet was adequate on last year's Estimates, what did Mr Goschen need this year to maintain that adequacy? Russia, as we have seen, will probably lay down four ships; France certainly one, and probably more: what ought we to lay down? The guiding principle in such matters is believed to rest on the declaration of three admirals consequent on the manœuvres of 1888. We ought to possess a strength "beyond comparison with any two Powers." Yet in face of this most authoritative declaration, Mr Goschen is only proposing to lay down four battleships, as against a probable five of the next two Powers. Is that "beyond comparison"? He may reply, as in effect he has already replied, that this is only probability; as soon as it becomes certainty we can lay down other ships, and, thanks to our more rapid construction, can have ours ready for sea as soon as theirs. But can we? The truth is that our superiority in rapid construction is speedily becoming a delusion. We possess it, no doubt; but of what use is that if we do not use it? Now, Mr Goschen is not proposing to use it. He is going to build three of the 1896 battleships within a couple of years or so. But the other two, on the showing of this year's Estimates, are not to be finished until after March 31st, 1899, though they were provided for the financial year beginning April 1st, 1896. That is to say, there will be more than three clear years between the provision for them in the Estimates and their completion for sea, which is constructing rather slowly than otherwise. Three of this year's four battleships tell the same tale. They will be voted by April 1st, 1897, but they will not be laid down

till about December. Their completion cannot but fall very late in the financial year 1899-1900, and what guarantee have we that the foreign ships they are built to neutralise will not be ready months before that date?

No doubt we can build faster than others, but what does that avail us when we begin to build later? What it comes to is this—that of the fleet which Mr Goschen told us would be adequate for the financial year 1898-99, two important vessels will still be unfinished at the end of that year. Of the fleet which is presumed to be adequate for 1899-1900, three important vessels will not be ready until quite the end of that year. No doubt these ships can be accelerated, as Mr Goschen, to his credit, has accelerated two ships which were to be completed in 1898-99, and which have now been set forward to the present financial year. He has told us about these, though he has been very quiet about those which have been set back. But this, perhaps, is only human; what we complain of is the manifest vagueness of Mr Goschen's intentions. If he does not know when the ships are to be ready, it is fairly plain that he has not considered when they ought to be ready. If he has not considered what force we shall need at each stage of the future, he ought to have done. If he has, then why this vacillation in providing it?

The mention of ships postponed for a later date of completion suggests another point of comparison between the directors of the British empire and those of any other going concern. The Admiralty, so far as we can recollect, has never within recent years pretended to have an opinion as to the number of cruisers necessary for the British Navy. For battle-

ships it has a rough standard—loosely comprehended and languidly pursued, it is true—of a force equal to the next two powers; for in the dictum of the admirals, above quoted, it has quickly weakened “beyond comparison” into “equal.” In respect of cruisers it would appear to be a complete blank. Hence it is not in any way surprising to find that, of the ships authorised last year, besides the two battleships mentioned, five first-class cruisers also are not to be completed till the financial year 1899-1900. Yet these were part of the equipment presumed necessary for the country in 1898-99. Similarly, five first-class cruisers authorised in March 1895 are not to be ready till 1898-99; they were part of our equipment for the present year. Similarly the *Vindictive*, which was to be ready this summer—a promise repeated in Mr Goschen's published statement—is set down in the *Estimates* themselves as not to be ready till some time next year. In this case, therefore, the Admiralty not only does not know when the ship is needed, but has not even made up its own mind when it is to be ready. What is the excuse for all this? It is found set forth more than once in the printed statement which accompanies the *Estimates*. “The extended use of water-tube boilers in ships of large displacement and power involved unusual demands upon the tube manufacturers at a time when exceptionally large orders had been placed in their hands in connection with industries other than shipbuilding. This circumstance has caused delays in the construction of the boilers for certain ships.” The “certain ships” number thirteen on Mr Goschen's own showing, and probably a good many more.

Now is not this the directors of

the British empire all over? Here is the most important branch of its work unsupplied with plant. The deficiency might at any moment involve enormous loss, possibly ruin to the whole concern. Eight of the ships delayed for want of boiler-tubes were provided for in the Estimates of March 1895—two years ago. Is it conceivable that the directors of any private firm would dare to advance the difficulty of getting tubes in two years as an excuse for the non-fulfilment of their duty? Is it conceivable that such a difficulty could not be surmounted, given only the determination that it should be surmounted? By a private firm it would have been surmounted. But because it only concerns the British empire, the boiler-tubes on which the empire's salvation or ruin might depend may be delayed months and years in the interest of somebody's high-grade bicycles. It is one of the most mysterious of the many mysteries which enshroud the working of the Admiralty, that it is always finding difficulties in buying what it requires. A few years ago it was for guns that everything was kept waiting; then it was for armour-plates; now it is for boiler-tubes. With regard to the supply of armour, it is significant that last summer Mr Goschen declared that further battleship construction must be postponed for want of it. This spring he has again mentioned the subject; but now his main point is that we do not need new battleships, however able we may be to build them. Now certainly nothing can have happened in eight or nine months to enlarge the supply of armour-plate which could not have been perfectly well foreseen and arranged for beforehand. The inference is that it is not circumstances which have

changed, but only Mr Goschen's way of concealing them. In fine, we do not believe in any of these pretended difficulties in getting material from contractors. The Government is one of the largest buyers in the country at any time, and certainly the most constant. Any manufacturer will be too glad to increase his facilities for supply if only he can be assured of a continuity of demand. Is not the national demand continuous, and likely to be so? It ought to be. But the directors of the British empire comport themselves on each occasion as if they had never built a warship before, and were never likely to build one again.

The one valid excuse for limiting the material of the Navy this year Mr Goschen did not and could not use. He had hopelessly cut himself off from using it. This is the futility of building ships without providing the crews to man them. But Mr Goschen could say nothing of this, for his whole position has been that the numbers provided this year, with a similar increase of 6300 next year, will be sufficient for all our needs. Even here, on his strongest ground, he has not been able to escape self-contradiction. His admission that we had not reached an ideal standard in point of ships any more than of men seems to cut away the ground from his elaborate demonstrations of the adequacy of the present complement. It is no ideal standard to have more men than we can put aboard ship; therefore if we are still short of the ideal we must be short of the necessary.

Now, what do we require for our whole fleet, and what have we? The total required for all the ships, up to March 31st, 1896, has been put by Mr Goschen himself at 99,232. The crews of the ships laid down in the financial

year just ended and of those provided for the year 1897-98, Mr Goschen has recently fixed in the House at 11,620 and 3780 respectively. The grand total required is therefore 114,632. What have we to set against it? Mr Goschen's figures are these: in the active list 100,050 men, 25,000 reserves, 10,000 pensioners; these, with 6300 men to be added to the active service ratings next financial year, make up a total of 141,350 men and boys enlisted by the time all the ships provided for will be ready for sea. Is not this satisfactory enough? On this showing we have indeed men and to spare. But, alas! we must begin to subtract. Of the 100,050 active service ratings only 91,513 are set down in the Estimates as available for sea-service. The rest are cadets and boys training, and various non-combatants. Next year's 6300 men, we may roughly take it, will in the main replace those whose training will have been meantime completed; but we ought to take off at least 50 for increase in the non-combatant branches. The 106,350 active-service men who will be enlisted by March 31st, 1899, are therefore reduced for purposes of sea-service to 97,763, which is probably a generous estimate.

Now, as to the pensioners. Mr Goschen counts on 10,000 of them, 6500 of whom are in the Pensioners' Reserve. The 10,000 thus includes 3500 men who are bound to serve in emergency, though not in receipt of reserve pay; but it does not take in 2000 or 3000 who are incapacitated for service by age or other circumstances. There are none of them young men, but they have all seen twenty years' service or upwards in the fleet: the one qualification may be held to balance the other.

It looks, therefore, as if Mr Goschen had discovered a very valuable source of strength which had somehow escaped the notice of his predecessors. But again we must deduct. Many of the pensioners, as Sir Charles Dilke pointed out in the House, would be required for the coastguard service. The Estimates put the numbers of the coastguard at 4200 men. These are all included in the numbers available for sea-service; in war-time they would have to go on board the ships. Now the coastguard is the one service that could least be neglected in war, since it would be a most valuable branch of the intelligence department. Readers of last month's 'Maga' will have noticed how fatally Admiral Baird was handicapped in the manœuvres of 1888 for want of a system of coast intelligence. We could not dispense with it in war; therefore we must take 4200 pensioners for the service. This leaves the pensioners at 5800—even if they could all be got hold of and if all proved efficient. The numbers available for sea therefore sink to 103,563 trained men with the Reserve. That is still including next financial year's enlistments; without them the number is but 97,313—to do the work of 114,632. Counting next year's addition—who, of course, will not be ready for their work next year nor the next—we are still 11,069 men short.

There remains the Reserve. This year the Admiralty has decided to make an effort to increase the efficiency of this force. There are to be two classes: the qualified seamen will have served six months afloat, and will be encouraged to serve six more by the promise of a pension of £12 a-year on reaching the age of sixty. The seamen will include such men

as have not served six months afloat. The total of the Reserve is raised this year to 27,000 all told; 1200 are to be embarked during 1897-98 for six months' training. This sounds well enough on paper, and it may be freely allowed that if the plan works out at all successfully it implies an improvement on the present efficiency, or inefficiency, of the Reserve. But it is impossible to depend at all upon such a force until we can be satisfied on one or two points, which at present are something more than hypothetical. What proportion of the Reserves can be depended upon to serve the necessary six months preparatory to becoming qualified seamen? The Admiralty is not prepared with an answer. The nearest approach to such an answer is the statement that 1200 men are to be trained during the coming financial year. At that rate it will take twenty-one years to train the whole 25,000 seamen and firemen (leaving aside officers and boys), by which time the earliest trained, even with an extra six months added, will have long been quite useless. It would take about nine years to train even the 11,000 required to man our ships in the first instance. And even so the manning of our fleet would leave us without any Reserve, properly speaking, at all.

For it must be borne in mind that the seamen class—the second class of the reorganised Reserve—would be absolutely useless. Modern seamanship, even in its simplest terms of naval gunnery and stoking, is a complicated art. If an untrained man is not only useless but even an encumbrance to its peace-manceuvres, what would he be in war? In this connection we need refer 'Maga's' readers no further back than to

November last. In the article entitled "Manning the Navy" we showed that all reliance in war-time on any but thoroughly trained men must be at the best dubious, at the worst disastrous. The seaman class is useless in any case. The qualified class will hardly be much better at the best, and will grow less and less useful as the period of their training recedes into the past. Indeed it would probably be unjustifiable to count on anybody but the men actually training during the half-year in which war might break out. They might still be unhandy; but at any rate they would have some knowledge of their officers, their comrades, and their ships. But that amounts, on the present proposal, to no more than 600 men.

We are left, then, two years hence, with 104,163 men to man ships which require 114,632—a deficiency of 10,469. The Reserve remaining will be incompetent and untrustworthy. But we are not blaming Mr Goschen for this. If his scheme succeeds, they will at least be less so than they have been hitherto. Even so, they will, as a whole, be less capable than many of the French inscript reserves, though some of our best may be as good as their worst. Even the redoubtable inscript must be a very doubtful quantity in the days of scientific warfare. We quite agree with Mr Goschen on that point. But there remains the fact that the French navy can man all its ships with active service men, while ours cannot. Man for man our seamen, being long-service men, may be presumed decidedly superior to theirs. Yet the fact remains that France—or for that matter any Continental Power—can man every ship with crews capable of working her, while we cannot.

But, cries Mr Goschen, are we not to have a reserve of ships? We are not going to send all our ships to sea on the first day of war. Ships will break down in machinery; ships will be disabled in action: we must have ships whereto we may turn over their crews. No doubt. We said as much in the article already referred to; possibly we even gave Mr Goschen the idea. But Mr Goschen takes it up with an eager enthusiasm which you would hardly have expected. From the cordiality with which he anticipates breakdowns and disablements you would think that such were a source of legitimate pride to a naval administrator—that no well-regulated navy was without them. Undoubtedly such accidents may occur, but they are not to be welcomed—since they would often mean replacing a newer and superior ship by an older and inferior. Moreover, satisfaction that the material branch of the service has temporarily outstripped the personal does not mean that the personal should therefore be permanently kept back to give the material a lead. Else we get into a vicious circle within which pliant First Lords will be only too glad to revolve. Ships must not be built without men; men must not be enlisted without ships. The simplest way to balance this question would be to have neither ships nor men, for then there could be a superfluity of neither.

So far as we can see through the figures, there are not enough ships for the needs of very conceivable wars, and there are not enough men for the ships there are. But we do not so much wish to insist

on that—we are willing to leave that to the judgment of the more expert. We return to the trustees of national prosperity, to the directors of the British empire. What would be thought of the chairman of directors who based his balance-sheet on such a palpable confusion as the lumping of men available for sea-service and non-effectives into one total? Who put the existing coastguard on one side of the account and omitted to place on the other the necessary men to replace the coastguard? Who included as an important asset a Reserve, the very existence of which was wholly contingent and probably mythical? Who estimated the capital of his company in one year's balance-sheet at so much at such and such a date, and then in the next postponed the realisation of the capital for several months? Who fixed the necessary standard of resources against a rival company at so much, and next year allowed himself to fall below it? Who confessed that after two years' interval he had been unable to secure the necessary plant, because somebody else was giving out orders at the same time? A chairman, in a word, who let the business go to the deuce for want of clear-headedness and firmness, trusting to the obtuseness and apathy of the shareholders either not to find him out or else not to care what happened to their interests?

The shareholder is reputed to be a patient beast, but in a private concern even the shareholder would revolt at this. But we are only shareholders who have invested our all in the British empire. Let it go.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN IRISH HOME.

It is now many years since I lived in Ireland, and I am told that "old times are changed, old manners gone," in the green island, where I spent a happy youth among relations and friends, most of whom have passed to the unseen world. Many of the experiences and impressions of Irish country-house life more than thirty years ago come back to me very vividly. The experiences were not sensational, the impressions may not have been always correct; but, to me at least, there is pleasure in recalling the dim shadows of the past, and thinking of the old home and its immediate surroundings as I once knew them.

Even in my youth Ireland was the happy hunting-ground of unscrupulous agitators. There was even then in many places much bitter feeling between landlords and their people; conspiracy and sedition existed on a formidable scale, and there were many reasonably justifiable railings against the Government. But the confidence and friendship between different social classes had not then been systematically and irreparably destroyed, and were often shown in kindly deeds and expressed in kindly words. Now I fear that much that was good in the past has ceased to be, much that was evil remains and has flourished.

Our home was a long, low, rambling house on a little knoll rising from the bank of a river. It had its home farm attached to it, and the farmyard and haggard were within two hundred yards, concealed from view by a clump of noble trees. There was the most

prolific garden I have ever seen, and indeed it needed to be so to supply the wants of a large family. The farmyard was full of animal life. My father was justifiably proud of his shorthorn herd, and there was every variety of poultry, my particular care. We had all the simple pleasures of the country. Cycling of course was not, and lawn-tennis even was in its early infancy; but we rather fancied ourselves at croquet and archery: my brothers hunted, shot, and played cricket, and the river was a constant friend. This river used in the early decades of the century to be rather a riotous stream, broken with sharps and rapids; but in the days of the great famine, when, with the laudable object of making work for the people, many unadvisable and useless things were done, it was ruthlessly taken in hand by the Board of Works, confined into a canal-like channel, and shorn of its wild beauty. But what it lost in one way it gained in another, for it became more available for boating; it was the scene of much amusement, where we all learned to handle canoes of every description, from an African dug-out (brought home by a sailor brother) to an English outrigger, and it was our favourite highway to the village, a mile distant. Large quantities of salmon used to run up with the tide, whose influence was felt at the end of our nearest paddock, and my father, brothers, and the old fisherman used to draw the nets twice a-day during the season. A noble sight it was to see twenty or thirty lordly fish in all their silvery beauty laid out on the turf beneath the drawing-

room windows. But though we had the fishing rights within the boundaries of the little property, we were never allowed to have undisturbed enjoyment of them. Such rights have always been contested by the Irish lower classes, and can never be guarded except by such a force as we were not prepared to employ. Many poachers infested our river, and at all times it was nearly impossible to bring them to justice or to procure a conviction against them. They were very wary, and could hardly ever be surprised *en flagrant délit*. Their nets were heavily leaded in every part, and on the slightest alarm were allowed to sink to the bottom of the river, which in most places was nearly twelve feet deep, the poachers then scattering and concealing themselves in the thickly wooded banks. Even if the culprits were seized, it was but seldom therefore that their nets could be brought in evidence, and it gave them little trouble, when the coast was clear, to find their gear, as they of course knew to an inch where it had been sunk. These river marauders are very deeply impressed on my memory, for one of my latest recollections is that of a sad night in our household when its dearest member was sick unto death and I was watching in the dim light of early morning. I looked out of the window and saw the poaching gang stealthily drawing a net just below the house. They well knew that no one would then have the heart to say them nay, and that all the salmon that ever swam would not have induced one of the family to leave the sorrowful house at such a time.

Such as our old home was, we were very happy in it, and never cared to leave it. So stay-at-home were we that I remember an Eng-

lish public schoolboy, who paid a visit to a neighbour's house where I met him, wrote to his sister saying, "There's a girl here who says she has not been in a railway-carriage for two years. You can imagine what sort of girl she must be." Such contentedness seemed to him quite incomprehensible, though when he came to know more of our family life, I daresay he understood it better.

My father had served in the army, but when he married he took orders, and, with an interlude of a few years in an English rectory, spent the rest of his life in Ireland without the direct charge of a parish, but acting as a curate to an invalid friend, and doing regular Sunday duty in a neighbouring church. When the Irish Church was so iniquitously disestablished, my father found that under the Disestablishment Act he was legally entitled, by thus having acted for many years, to a sum of several hundred pounds as compensation for disturbance, and he made a point of pressing for the money, which he at once paid into the Sustentation Fund of the new Irish Church.

Although, as I have said, my father was an English clergyman, and had only married and settled in Ireland, he had by his perfectly honest and straightforward character acquired the complete confidence of everybody in our neighbourhood, and this was shown by the manner in which his advice was constantly asked and the trust that was reposed in his judgment, integrity, and kindness of heart. If any one thought of getting married, he was always consulted; if any one was in difficulties, it was to him that application was made for intervention or assistance. And the curious part of the matter was

that the people who tried to make him a confidential adviser were all Roman Catholics, and went to him rather than to their own priest. So far was this feeling towards my father carried that he was often asked to make the wills of his humble friends, or even to take charge of their savings with only verbal instructions how to dispose of the money when they were dead. I distinctly remember two particular cases in which he thus acted. One was in the last illness of Andy M'Gwire, the village tailor. Andy was what was called a "warm" man, and besides his business and personal property, he had saved upwards of £500. This he handed over to my father in trust for his widow and family, quite satisfied that, though no legal documents whatever were employed, the trust would be strictly observed and the testator's wishes carefully carried out. The other case was that of Patsy Farnan, a small coal-merchant with whom we dealt. One night Patsy thought his last hour had come, and he sent to ask my father to visit him immediately and make his will. My father started at once, and as there was nobody else available, he took me with him to act as a witness. We had a wild walk, for Patsy's house was on the little estuary at the mouth of the river where the colliers used to unload, and was nearly surrounded by water at high tide. The will was made, and though Patsy lived a few days longer, he made no alteration in it.

The country-people never, if they could help it, informed their priests about their affairs or the money which they possessed. The priests used to press them most unmercifully for the good of their Church. Nobody could be christened, married, or receive the last consolations

without paying an inordinate price, and it was from funds so raised that the many handsome Roman Catholic churches have been built in Ireland, at any rate in that part of the country which I used to know. The people feared the priests, but certainly did not love them or show their trust in them in any practical form.

Talking of priests reminds me of the Protestant clergyman of the next parish to ours. He was one of the most simple-minded of men, and though we could not help admiring his character, his sayings and doings were a source of constant amusement. A friend of ours, belonging to an old Roman Catholic family, had on her marriage with a Protestant changed her form of faith to that of her husband. When Mr Bateson heard of this he exclaimed, "Here have I been labouring for years unsuccessfully to make one convert by the sword of the Spirit, and Captain Jones has gained one without difficulty by the arm of the flesh." Again, Mr Bateson wished to sell his cow, and asked his herd how much he thought the cow was worth. The herd told him she was worth about £15, and received orders to take her to the fair. The animal was sold, and the herd came back to his master with £20, in great glee at having made such a good bargain and expecting to be much praised for his cleverness. He was much astonished when his master said, "How could you be so dishonest as to sell the cow for £20, when you yourself told me she was only worth £15?" and at once ordered him to send £5 back to the purchaser.

There was another Protestant clergyman of a much less lovable type, though I have no doubt he was a very good and estimable

man in his way, who lived about ten miles from us. He was a particularly strict and bigoted Low-Churchman and looked upon most kinds of innocent amusement with the sour eyes of an old-fashioned Calvinist, using the most unmeasured language to express his disapprobation. On one occasion, the particulars of which I do not remember, he thought it right to pour out his bitterness on one of my brothers, calling him, among other names, "a son of Belial." My brother, as a boy, did not like to retaliate in words, but complained afterwards to my father about what had been said to him and the names which he had been called. My father was smoking at the time, and taking his cigar out of his mouth, merely remarked, "No great compliment to me!"

There was a very strong, and perhaps unnecessarily ultra, vein of religious thought and expression among some of our county people, and I remember one gentleman who exposed himself to a somewhat flippant reply from a young lady who had told him that she was going to an afternoon party at the Earl of —'s. He asked her, with a reproving tone, "Do you think the Lord will be there?" "Yes," she promptly responded; "we expect to see him between five and six"—meaning, of course, her noble host. On another occasion his method of religious expression gave him the advantage in repartee. Some man, who had been pushing his acquaintance upon him, said to him on parting, "I hope, Mr —, we may meet again." His feelings, as expressed in his reply, were not altogether reciprocal — "Yes, surely, in heaven!"

The servants at the old house were very different from the ser-

vants of the present day. I will not insist that they were better, but they were certainly more intimately a part of our daily life than their successors, and they said and did things which would now be regarded with astonishment. I wish I could remember many circumstances which caused amusement at the time but are now forgotten. Of the outdoor retainers, Danny Murphy, the odd-man about the place, lives most clearly in my memory. Such a handsome, fine-looking man he was and, full of intelligence, he could turn his hand to anything. Danny never was to be taken aback, and always had a ready answer. One day, in talking to my father, he said somebody had made a *faux pas*. My father, a little astonished at hearing him make use of such an expression, said, "Why, Danny, what do you mean by that?" "Hmm; troth, your honour, if ye don't know that, ye don't know much," was the evasive reply. My aunt used good-naturedly to buy honey in the hive from some of the cottars on commission for a friend in Dublin, and Danny Murphy generally made the bargain for her. On one occasion the honey turned out unsatisfactory when it arrived in Dublin, and was sent back, much to my aunt's annoyance. She went off to Danny and reproached him with his share in the transaction, saying, among other words, "How could you be such a fool, Danny, as to buy honey like that?" Danny, nowise disconcerted, retaliated, "Hmm; no fear, ma'am, 'tis yourself that's the fool to go taking the trouble to buy honey for other people."

All our house-servants and all the people about the place were, I think, perfectly honest in all im-

portant matters. None of them would have thought of taking anything of value; and though the house was always open, and nothing would have been easier than to enter it, we knew that there was no chance of any pilfering. Even at night, in my early days, the hall-door was never locked, and often when we had tea on the lawn silver spoons and other articles were left out all night. But in one matter we did not, as they say in the country, "put it past anybody" to fall away from propriety. No Irishman could resist the temptations of whisky, and some one of the family was always present when the spirits were not under lock and key. It was one of my duties to go down to the cellar whenever it was necessary to replenish the decanters for dining-room use, and I remember once seeing the victory of the ruling passion over honesty in rather a droll manner. Under my superintendence the butler had filled a jug from the cask of whisky, and had put it down on a table near a screen in the passage while he went to fetch a decanter, or on some other errand. The only light was a candle, which, while I stood quietly in the darkness, threw the shadow of screen, table, and jug on a blank wall before me. Suddenly I saw the shadow of a head rise from behind the shadow of the screen, and, by the slouched *caubeen* and the straggling beard, recognised that it was Micky the herd. Then a shadow of an arm came, which seized the shadow of the jug, lifted it behind the screen for a minute, and then replaced it on the table. All was done in silence, and was like a scene in a magic-lantern. I was so astonished and taken aback by the audacity of the proceeding that I

ran up-stairs without unmasking the culprit.

Some of our female servants were great characters. Old Sarah the cook—and she was one of the best cooks I ever knew—was devoted to reading in her leisure moments, but her reading was confined to one book—the peerage of all others. Often when the peerage had been sought in the drawing-room for reference, it was found in the kitchen, Sarah studiously perusing it. My aunt used to keep house, and once when she was away from home she wrote some directions to Sarah. These directions were never carried out, and Sarah was found fault with accordingly. She admitted receiving the letter, and when she was asked whether she could not read it she said, "Yes, sure, I can read writing well enough, but I can't read the thing Mrs Jones does." It was very true that my aunt's caligraphy was not always very legible. While I am in the kitchen let me tell of our scullerymaid, who was always known as Bunty, "dark and dirty like a winter's day." She had a deep-seated conviction that everything not Irish was little worth consideration. By chance we were honoured by the present of a hamper of game from a very exalted personage, and Bunty signalled herself at the unpacking of the royal pheasants by saying, "Sure, we've often thrown away plenty as good." Then Mary, our nurse when I was quite young, used to do the most amusing and simple-minded deeds. Her greatest feat was performed when we were moving from a living which my father had held in England for some years before settling in Ireland. We were all very loath to leave the old rectory, and there was

much sorrow in parting from the familiar spots. In those days railway officials were much more particular than they now are about the quantity of luggage allowed to passengers, and on this particular occasion our luggage gave my father more trouble than usual and caused no little expense. There was one box, of which Mary had had the packing, that was of inordinate weight, but she vowed it was only full of the children's clothes. When we arrived finally at our destination it was discovered that Mary had packed up some old stones from the rectory garden to preserve as mementoes. The culminating-point of the whole joke was that, having been rather laughed at for her misplaced sentiment, Mary got up in the night, collected the stones, which by this time had acquired a considerable value, and threw them into the river.

There was certainly, I think, no lack of faithfulness and good feeling among our own old servants generally, but I cannot forbear telling of a very remarkable case of extreme loyalty and attachment in an old retainer of a gentleman in our county. He had been the valet, guardian, and factotum of a very eccentric master for many years, watching his health, taking care of his substance, and acting more as a confidential and trusted friend than in his nominal capacity. When the master died in extreme old age, Barney told the heir that the "ould man" had a matter of £7000 in a box under his bed. He was quite aware that nobody but himself knew of the existence of this money, and if he liked he might easily have appropriated the whole amount. There is a reverse to every shield, however, and it must be acknow-

ledged that gratitude for benefits was not always to be expected, and kindly sentiments were not always to be found. On my father's little estate all labourers received their wages regularly whether sick or well, and provision was always made for the comfort and security of those who were past work. During the Fenian times, of which I shall speak later, it was discovered that old Tiernay, who had lived on the property all his life, and now had a cottage and pension, while his family all had well-paid employment, was one of the most virulent agents of sedition, not only against the Government in general but against my father in particular. Poor old man! no doubt he was only in reality a tool in the hands of others, astuter and more criminal than himself.

We always kept a great many poultry, but even their numbers were at certain times of the year insufficient to supply all the fresh eggs required for a large household. The children of the family used therefore to visit all the cottages and cabins in the neighbourhood in order to buy new-laid eggs, finding perhaps one at one place, two at another, and three at a third, and carried home their various small purchases in a hand-basket. Unlike cottars in England, every Irish peasant keeps some hens, which run freely in and out of the cabins, and live more as members of the family than anything else. Perhaps on account of the extra warmth of their sleeping accommodation (they generally roosted on the rafters) these cottage hens often were laying when the inhabitants of a regular poultry-yard had more or less struck work for the winter. We therefore often collected a good many eggs in an

afternoon's walk. We used to keep a running account at each cottage for the eggs we took, and it was always extraordinary to us how very accurately the peasant women kept their accounts. None of them could read or write, all their little transactions were noted in their memories alone, and not even tally-sticks were used. The price of eggs was constantly varying with the season; sometimes they were 6d. a-dozen, sometimes 9d., sometimes 1s. or even more, and though, as I said, we bought eggs at many different times, singly or in twos and threes, when payment was to be made there never was the smallest mistake in reckoning up what was the total sum due.

Our fish used to be brought to the house by fishwomen from a small village on the coast about two miles distant. Old "Mary the fish" was the principal one, then there were Biddy and young Mary. Picturesque figures these women were, generally dressed in what was known as a bedgown over a short dark-blue stuff skirt, with bare legs and feet. On their heads they wore white caps with red cotton handkerchiefs folded over them, and tied under their chins. They used to visit all the houses in the district, and hawk their fish through the villages, and, like Luckie Mucklebackit, "scauld and ban wi' ilka wife that will scauld and ban wi' her till it's sauld." Sometimes the fish was carried in a donkey-cart, but more often in a creel slung over the shoulder. These fishwomen all loved the national potheen not wisely but too well and not unfrequently showed its effects. My uncle met "Biddy the fish" one day very far gone in liquor and staggering along the

road. "Oh, Biddy," he said, "are ye drunk again?" "Blind, Mas-ther Archie," was the reply; and then, in a tone of deep thankfulness, "Glory be to God!"

Of course we knew all the women, who were employed about the farm or were married to the various dependents, and indeed most of the villagers and cottars within a considerable distance of the house, and we used to do what we could to help them in their troubles, and sympathise in their happiness. There was one rather trying ordeal which we had to go through when we paid a visit of congratulation after a happy event had occurred in a family. "Sure, ye'll drink the baby's health, miss," and a glass was offered containing whisky poured over some brown sugar. In courtesy, we always braced ourselves to put our lips to this not very tempting caudle-cup, but we would gladly have avoided doing so, if possible.

Kind-hearted as I think all the people naturally were, they were capable of being what most persons would call cold-blooded to their nearest and dearest under certain circumstances. The daughter of one of our labourers had long been ill, and it was supposed that she was at the point of death. The priest was sent for and she received the last sacrament. Soon afterwards the crisis of her disorder passed and she only required care, nursing, and food to ensure her recovery. But, as the viaticum had been administered, she was considered to be dead and no one would give her anything or do anything for her. She would certainly soon have died from neglect and weakness if my father had not fortunately heard of the matter; and it was only at his strong re-

monstrances that she was nursed back again to life and health. There was a similar instance in the illness of a stalwart labourer called Barry. He also had received the viaticum, and his wife would do nothing more for him, only watching by his bedside till he should pass away. My sister took him some jelly, found him looking better, and insisted on feeding him with the jelly herself in spite of the tears and remonstrances of his wife and daughters. My sister told me that the wistful look in the poor man's face was inexpressibly touching. Barry recovered, and many years later was one of the men who carried my father to his grave.

One often hears of the sad deaths that occur from cancer, and many a time I have wondered whether the world has not lost a cure or even a mitigation of this fearful malady. There was an old Mrs Corrigan in our village who was the last possessor of a secret method for its treatment. I remember two instances at least in which she effected a perfect cure, and these were vouched for by the Protestant clergyman of our parish. The cases had been diagnosed by a qualified medical man, who could offer no chance of cure except by an operation. Mrs Corrigan took them in hand, and the clergyman said that her treatment was the application of certain herbal infusions, which resulted in the whole diseased part coming away as if it had been drawn up by the roots. The patients never subsequently suffered in any way. It was often proposed that some scientific man should try to get Mrs Corrigan to disclose her secret, if she really had one to tell, but the opportunity was lost, and she died, taking her

knowledge to the grave with her. I am quite aware that she may not have had real cases of cancer to deal with and there are numberless other objections which might be raised to the supposition that she had a secret of so much value to the world. I can only say that no doubt was ever mentioned at the time, and that all my family believed that she did what she professed to do.

The beggars of the country-side were a very important part of its people, and they used to go the round of all the houses, visiting each at regular intervals, and making sure of receiving charity in one form or another. When they made their visits they would come and stand outside the house until they received notice. They knew each of the family familiarly by name, and took the liveliest interest in all our doings. They were never allowed to go to the back of the house and have dealings with the servants, but always received their dole at the front-door from one of ourselves. It would be considered odd nowadays to hand out a plate of victuals from the luncheon-table to a ragged creature on the doorstep, but this was done, besides giving some trifle of money. The plate, knife, and fork were always carefully handed in again after the food was consumed. Some of the beggars were very eccentric characters, and one in particular, Miss Daly, would in England have probably been put into an asylum. She used to go about dressed in scraps of faded finery, and was always a very grotesque figure. Weak in intellect she certainly was, but she had more wits than she generally received credit for possessing, and could sometimes say a sharp thing. One of

my uncles was chaffing her one day when she was more than usually eccentric in her dress. She liked being taken notice of, but on this occasion she became provoked. She made no reply for a while, but at last, looking at him up and down, she broke out with, "Why don't ye take your hands out of your pockets when ye spake to a lady?" Another beggar-woman had exceeded her privileges in demanding alms, and my sister told her to be off, on which she turned round with a friendly remonstrance, "Ah! Helen dear, thim masculine manners don't become ye at all, at all." Some of the beggars were more privileged than others, and were allowed to come and sit down on one of the chairs in the front-hall while they ate the food that was given to them. Among these was a blind harper who played the Irish melodies. He was the last of the harpers in our country, and I doubt much whether in the whole of Ireland one like him would be found to-day. I cannot leave the beggars without repeating a story which has long ago found its way into print, and records what was said to my grandfather, the hero of many amusing tales, by a well-known mendicant in our county town. My grandfather had been pursued by the man and had paid no attention to his supplications. The beggar, after the manner of his kind, called down every blessing on his possible benefactor, saying, "May the blessing of the Lord and the saints and of the blessed Virgin follow ye for ever and ever"—then, when there was no response, "and nivir overtake ye."

The winter of 1866 was very disturbed all over Ireland. The Fenian conspiracy was at its height,

and there were risings in arms in several places. Two of these risings took place in the neighbourhood of villages within ten miles of our home (though these came to nothing), and it was well known that many of the population in our district were very disaffected. We heard that the Government was taking every precaution to have the soldiers and police ready to act with vigour in case of any serious attempt at revolution. The barracks in the nearest town (where the greater part of a cavalry regiment was quartered) were prepared for defence and the Constabulary quarters in our village were loop-holed. All the gentlefolk were, of course, on the side of law and order and most of them at any rate were ready to defend their homes if necessity arose. The horrors of the "Whiteboy" days had not been forgotten and the story of "Wild-geese Lodge" still was told by survivors of a past generation. It was felt that if the people, instigated by criminal agitators and inflamed by mad passion, once broke out in strength successfully, these horrors might probably be re-enacted on a large scale and that there might be much bloodshed and misery. In the "Whiteboy" days my grandfather had been a very active magistrate and by his personal energy had been instrumental in bringing many criminals to justice. It was quite a familiar story to us when we were children how our grandfather always went out armed, frequently taking our father with him as an additional protection, and how when he drove to the market town on business, he never returned in the afternoon by the same road that he took in the morning. His life had often been threatened; but either the pre-

cautions which he took baffled his would-be assassins, or his personal popularity with most people was sufficient to swamp the ill-feeling in the minds of a few and to prevent it from showing itself in deeds. However that may have been, there was nothing astonishing to any of our family when the country became again disturbed. We only felt that the bad old days of which we had heard threatened to come again, and that we must make up our minds to meet them.

The great want of the would-be rebels in the country was firearms and these they were ready to seize wherever they were known to be. A warning was therefore sent by Government to all householders who were known to have guns in their houses, that they must either hand them over to the Constabulary for safe custody or be ready themselves to protect them by force if necessary. My father, as an old soldier, had no doubt whatever as to his line of conduct. We had many firearms of all descriptions in the house and he said that he would be answerable for them. The house was forthwith put into as good a state of defence as was practicable and every arrangement was made to stand an attack and to give a warm reception to any rebel visitors. The use of the library, which opened on to a verandah nearly on a level with the ground, was given up altogether, as it was very much exposed and could not be securely closed without great delay. The windows were permanently blocked with mattresses, leaving only a small open space at the top through which to fire. Behind the mattresses were piled heavy pieces of furniture, and stands were arranged at each window for the use of defenders, who would be able to

command the front of the house through the open spaces above-mentioned. If any attackers tried to rush into the verandah, they would be exposed to fire from a bow-window at the end of the house, and also their legs would be in danger from shots from the basement. The remainder of the house was carefully prepared every night. Mattresses were placed against all the windows and the hall-door, besides being locked and bolted, was also made secure against being burst open by the large drawing-room ottoman being raised against it. A beam of wood was nightly placed in position, one end against the ottoman and the other against an inner wall, so that no ordinary force would be required to effect an entrance by the door at any rate. Every provision was made against fire. Buckets of water were placed handy, and full instructions were given how they were to be employed. There was a supply of food and drinking-water also provided, though, of course, we knew that no attack was likely to last more than a few hours. Our garrison consisted of my father, an uncle, three brothers and their tutor, the butler, and three or four of the men about the place whom we could thoroughly trust. These last, however, only remained in the house during the early part of each night. Everybody was told off to the particular place which he had to defend. Everybody had his arms and ammunition allotted to him and everybody was to lie down at night with his clothes and boots at hand, so that at the shortest notice he could be ready and in his place. My sister and I had our share in the scheme of defence, though we naturally were not to take part in the actual

fighting if it ever came to that. There was ample employment provided for us, however, and I think we were quite sufficiently prepared to take our parts.

My father was very particular that all his arrangements should be strictly carried out, and he inspected every detail nightly to see that all was in order. Once or twice he gave a false alarm in the middle of the night, and was very angry with my brothers, who carelessly had not placed their shoes and clothes quite ready to put on. I often wonder now at the matter-of-course way in which we took all these arrangements. None of us were, I think, nervous, though we had to clamber over obstructions when we went to bed, and we never knew that we might not be awakened by the noise of firearms. We believed at the time, and I am pretty sure that it was really the case, that my father would have received secret warning of an attack from some of the country-people, who had a great regard for him, before anything was attempted against the house. If such a warning had come, we might have been able to send for assistance, but my father was resolved to be ready for any emergency. Some of our garrison used to patrol near the house and towards the village every evening after nightfall. They always had a password and, when they returned to the house, they had to give the password before they were allowed to enter. There was great excitement one night when the patrol came home in a great hurry, saying that the rebellion had certainly broken out, for a squadron of the —th had just passed the gate. We all thought that my father would have at once prepared for the worst, but when he heard that

the squadron was on its way from barracks to a village some miles beyond our house in the opposite direction, he said we might all go to bed; if the soldiers had been going the other way, there might have been some cause for alarm, but, as it was, we need not be anxious.

There was an alarm-signal preconcerted between our house and our friends in the village to give mutual warning in case of danger. A bell tolled in the village would inform us of an outbreak there, and a gun-shot from our house would tell the world that we were threatened with attack. How often I have wakened at night, having dreamed that I heard the alarm-bell, and remained for long anxiously wondering whether the noise ringing in my ears was real or imaginary! Everybody knows that the Fenian conspiracy came to nothing; but our fears were by no means groundless and, though our preparations were never put to the test, it was unquestionably right and prudent that they should have been made. We knew afterwards that our county was described in the conspirators' roll of their strength as "weak but willing." A very little want of precaution on the part of the Government, and the loyal people might have given to the Fenians the strength that was wanting to them.

No Irish house would be complete without its share of the supernatural, and I am bound to say that I believed at the time of their occurrence, and I still believe, that many unaccountable and well-authenticated circumstances have come within my personal knowledge, however they may now be explained by persons who do not allow that "there are

more things in heaven and earth," &c. The ghost or *revenant* which belonged to our house I have never seen though I have often heard it. A certain gentleman, known familiarly as "Red Cap," used to drive up to the hall-door and from thence to the stables, which were at some little distance, and sometimes he has been seen to drive a pair of grey horses round the stable-yard. There can be no doubt that I, as well as all my family, have often heard most distinctly a carriage drive past the house, with the regular beat of the horses' feet and the grinding of wheels, when there was no possible known origin for the peculiar and well-marked sounds. So accustomed were we to the occurrence that we paid no attention to it, and I remember that frequently, when we had company in the evening, a stranger would ask who was the late arrival and would be told, "Oh, it's nothing. It's only Red Cap," very much to his or her astonishment when the explanation was given. The story ran that, in olden days, a member of a county family had been shot at our gate and that his unquiet spirit still often revisited the scene of his death. But "Red Cap's" visits had no particular meaning and did not portend either disaster or good fortune. It was very different with occurrences at a country house, the property of one of our oldest friends. There, before the death of one of the family, a pack of hounds was said to be always seen hunting in the woods near the house. I had often heard that when the old squire, a contemporary of my grandfather, died, many people saw the hounds in full cry; but I know that, on one Sunday in my own recollection, several people who were well

known saw and heard a pack of hounds hunting through the woods. The owner of the property, a colonel in the army, was one of them, and was, in the first instance, very much annoyed that anybody should have had hounds out on his grounds on such a day. He thought that some of the county hounds had possibly got away from their kennels and were hunting on their own account and sent to inquire if this was the case; but no, the hounds had remained quiet all that day. Then he sent to rather a wild young gentleman who kept a pack of harriers and might have forgotten propriety so far as to have them out on a Sunday. But he also could show that he and his harriers had been at home. The curious thing was that a telegram was shortly afterwards received, saying that the colonel's brother and heir had died of cholera in India. The facts of the hunting-hounds having been seen by so many people and the death which immediately followed caused a great deal of remark at the time and have never yet received any commonplace explanation.

At the same house, when I myself was staying there on a visit, occurred some incidents which made a very deep impression on me, and indeed on all the other guests. I daresay many readers may know that peacocks are supposed, by unusual conduct, to presage misfortune. Neither I nor most, at any rate, of the other inmates of — House at the time I speak of knew of this belief, so the sequel of the circumstances which I shall relate struck us with peculiar force and vividness. A lady staying in the house had a young child with her which had been ailing for some days. One

evening she came down-stairs in very low spirits after nursing her child all day and said, "I'm sure I must give up all hope, for the peacock has come round to my side of the house, and all to-day it has been sitting on the window-sill." Of course all the rest of the party pooh-poohed the notion, and tried to cheer her a little. No one was more emphatic in scorning the idea that the peacock could give a bad omen than a young man of the highest promise, and extremely popular with all of us, as he was in every society. Nothing that could be said brought any confidence or comfort to the mother, however, and to our great sorrow her forebodings were justified, for the poor child died during the following night. Even then none of us thought any more about the peacock, or, if we remembered its conduct at all, we only looked upon it as a strange coincidence. The mother with her dead child left the house and about two days afterwards the young man whom I mentioned above told us at breakfast, "If I was inclined to be superstitious, I should be afraid that something was going to happen to me next, for the peacock now insists upon haunting my side of the house, and has been sitting on my window-sill." As he was in the best of spirits, and apparently in the highest health, we all joined with him in laughing at the implied warning by the bird. He left us on either that or the following day, and the next we heard of him was that he had suddenly taken ill, and had died in London. The shock of the death of one to whom we were all so much attached was terrible, and I do not think that any one who was of the small party at — House at that time

cared afterwards to talk of peacocks and their ways.

Another house in our old county belongs to Lord —, and it is said that before the death of the head of the family foxes are always seen sitting on the doorstep of the house. Only one of the Lords — has died in my time, and it is well known that two foxes were seen during all the day previous to the good old man's death playing about on the lawns, and in the early morning of the day itself they were seen sitting on the doorsteps. As the house is in the heart of the best hunting country in Ireland, where foxes are most carefully preserved, perhaps it is too much to say that the sight of a fox or foxes has there, at any time, any unusual significance.

To pass to what was a case of very curiously justified foreboding. There was a piano-tuner who used to come from Dublin periodically to tune our piano and do the same service in the various country houses. He had an unconquerable dread of being drowned and could never be induced to enter a boat or trust himself on water under any conditions. And yet he met his death by drowning in a very strange manner. He was in an omnibus in Dublin which by some accident was capsized while crossing a bridge over the canal, and, falling over the low parapet, was precipitated into the lock. The water was only a foot or two deep and there was no reason why the passengers should not all have been extricated at the cost of a few broken bones and bruises. If the result had not been so ghastly, the peculiarly Irish train of the canal-lock-keeper's reasoning would be in the highest degree droll. He felt he ought to do something when

he saw the accident and, thinking that the simplest way of getting the omnibus out would be to float it, forthwith turned on all the water into the lock. Several—I forget how many—of the inside passengers were drowned, and amongst them the unfortunate piano-tuner.

I fear it may be said that I have overrated the interest attaching to some of the trifling events

of my youth in a dear home, and have been led into the too common weakness of chronicling small beer; but, however they may appear to others, these trifling events are to me part of a happy time which has left—

“ Deposited upon the silent shore
Of memory, images and precious
thoughts
That shall not die and cannot be
destroyed.”

ANOTHER YEAR'S PROGRESS IN EGYPT.

LORD CROMER'S REPORT.

THE annual report of Lord Cromer on the "Finances, Administration, and Condition of Egypt, and the Progress of Reforms" is always interesting. In a style singularly graphic and clear it treats in detail of an extensive organisation working for the improvement of Egypt and the wellbeing of its people. These reports are a yearly review by a competent chief of the work of his agents; and a record of the progress made towards the high ideal of moral and material attainment which he has in view. Their perusal leaves on the mind of the reader the conviction that the *objectif* which Lord Cromer has ever and only before him is the advancement of the interests of Egypt. With him success is gauged by progress, and that progress must be demonstrated by tangible results. We discern in the writer all the qualities of a successful administrator—a firm grasp of details, a close scrutiny and watchful supervision, and a whole-hearted appreciation of good services when rendered. It may easily be understood how these qualities act as a stimulant to effort and devotion upon Ministers and functionaries whose labours are so sympathetically followed and so willingly recognised.

Financially, the situation of Egypt is shown by Lord Cromer's report for 1896 to be in the highest degree satisfactory. In a few words the financial results of that year may be described as yielding a surplus of £E316,000 after placing to "reserve" £E906,000, thus raising that fund to £E5,590,000. These figures are in themselves so

eloquent as to require no comment. It may, however, be added that there is in them nothing abnormal. The preceding year gave nearly similar results; and succeeding ones may be expected to change only for the better. The total amount of Egyptian bonds on the market at the 1st of January 1897, we are told, was £99,912,000, and in reference to this debt Lord Cromer makes the following suggestive remarks:—

"During the last six years debt has been either paid off or withdrawn from the market by Government purchase, at an average rate of no less than £750,000 a-year. During the last three years the average has been £850,000 a-year. At this rate, leaving out of account the Daira and Domains loans, the latter of which will disappear gradually, whilst the former will certainly be much diminished as the properties are sold, *the whole of the Egyptian debt would be paid off in about forty-four years.* I should add that the interest-charge on the bonds on the market, which on the 1st January 1883 stood at £4,163,000, is now £3,776,000, a diminution of £387,000."

Administratively, along the whole line there is progress. In justice, Lord Cromer draws attention to various important Mohammedan law reforms which were carried out in 1896, and we cannot refrain from quoting his closing observations upon that subject:—

"These well-considered reforms, the conception and execution of which do great credit to the Egyptian Ministers, have met with no serious opposition. Indeed I have every reason to believe that they have been received with feelings of lively satisfaction by the very great majority of the people of Egypt."

It is a gratifying circumstance that the "conception and execution" of such important reforms are attributable to the Egyptian Ministers; and it is of good augury for the future. There is a large field for similar reforms in the Mussulman "*Mehkemehs*" (*cadi's courts*), which can best be carried out by native initiative. The native judges of these courts, *cadis* and *muftis*, are poorly paid and imperfectly acquainted with the new code of laws. By special allowances, granted to those who pass an examination in the new code, their pecuniary situation might be improved, and the standard of qualification might be raised.

From a note of Sir John Scott, appended to Lord Cromer's report, it is evident that the native tribunals are gaining slowly, but not less surely, the confidence of the people; and that the patient and conciliatory labours of the judicial adviser are receiving the reward of success which they deserve. The summary justice tribunals, which are his creation, tried in the year 51,696 cases, and the decisions, adds Sir John Scott, "are as a rule in accordance with the facts and the law; the appeals are comparatively few, and generally the sentence is confirmed." This prompt and inexpensive system of justice is an appreciated boon to the rural population; and we are not surprised to learn that the demands are numerous for an increase in the number of these courts.

Of the prosperous condition of trade in Egypt there can be no better indication than the railway traffic. "The gross receipts of the railways during 1896 amounted to £E1,822,000 as compared to £1,750,000 in 1895," while in 1886 they were only £E1,270,000. The working expenses of the lines

at present open represent 43 per cent of the gross receipts—a percentage greatly inferior to that of our railways in England. The railway extensions now being carried out are also significant of the spirit of progress which is alive in the country. We are told by Lord Cromer that "by the end of 1897 it is expected that *through* railway communication will be established from Cairo to Assouan," which means an addition of about 241 miles since 1895. On the subject of this extension we will not conceal our regret that, south of Luxor to Assouan (131 miles), a change to a narrow gauge has been resolved upon. The motive is economy, but it is penny-wise, pound-foolish. The break of gauge will be seriously inconvenient in the transport of troops, and generally disadvantageous to both passengers and traffic. Last year the narrow gauge was to have begun some fifty miles north of Luxor, but the rails for that section were transported to the frontier and replaced by others of a broad gauge. If still possible, it would be well to repeat that operation and extend the broad gauge to Assouan.

Two concessions for the construction of light agricultural railways (2-feet 6-inch gauge, and about 200 miles in length) have been given, and we agree with Lord Cromer that "it cannot be doubted that the introduction of the system of light railways will prove of great benefit to the country." These railways, having a Government guarantee of 3 per cent interest, have justly attracted the attention of capitalists both abroad and in Egypt. One of the concessions has been taken by an English syndicate, and this is the second undertaking in which British capital has been embarked in Egypt for works of public

utility. It is remarkable that hitherto French and German capitalists have shown most confidence in enterprises in Egypt.

But Lord Cromer's report for 1896 is of especial interest for the information which it contains in reference to the expenses of the recent advance to Dongola. In a former article¹ we said that £1,250,000 was such a sum as a responsible Minister would have been justified in asking for the extraordinary expenses of the Sudan expedition of last year. We erred on the safe side, as we desired to do. It now appears from a detailed statement, communicated by Lord Cromer, that the actual amount of these extraordinary expenses only amounts to £E715,066, including £E172,281 for railway extension and £E65,542 for cost of gunboats with armament. These two last items are of permanent utility, and represent together an outlay of £E237,823. The balance, £E477,243, will be admitted to be a remarkably small sum for the extraordinary expenses of an expedition which occupied seven months, and engaged an army of 15,000 men. We expressed, in our former article, confidence in the financial prudence of Lord Cromer and Sir Elwin Palmer, feeling assured that they would not have embarked in the expedition without having provided sufficient resources to carry it through. Their prudence has been fully proved. An advance of £E500,000 had been obtained from the Caisse de la Dette, and the Egyptian Government had at its credit in the Special Reserve Fund, and completely at its disposal, on the 31st December 1896 £E255,000. These two sums would have largely provided for the ex-

traordinary expenses of the Dongola expedition.

But by a judgment of the Appeal Court of the Mixed Tribunals the Egyptian Government, in November last, was condemned to refund with interest the advance which it had received from the Caisse de la Dette; and as the judgment could not legally be set aside, it became necessary to find the money elsewhere. With laudable promptitude the British Government came to the rescue. Availing itself of a right which it possessed by international agreement to raise money up to the limit of a million of pounds, the Egyptian Government accepted the proffered assistance as an advance in account current. In the circumstances no other solution was possible.

To the amount necessary to repay the Caisse de la Dette a further sum of £270,000 was added, representing the cost of a light railway from Wady Halfa to Abu Hamed; and on the 5th of February the Chancellor of the Exchequer proposed to Parliament, and carried by a majority of 112, a vote of £798,802 as a grant in aid of the expenditure incurred in connection with the Egyptian expedition to Dongola. With this grant the extraordinary expenses of last year are cleared, and provision is made for the material necessary to lay down a line of railway to Abu Hamed.

It would be a waste of space here to expose the fallacies upon which the Mixed Court of Appeal based its judgment, condemning the Egyptian Government to refund the advance accorded to it for the Dongola expedition by a majority of the Commissioners of the Caisse. It was a judgment influenced by political considera-

¹ "The Sudan Advance," Blackwood's Magazine, September 1896.

tions, irrespective of either law or equity. Our chief regret is that it was pronounced by a court of the mixed tribunals, which, we are bound to acknowledge, have deservedly acquired in the country a good reputation for probity and justice. On this account, while we agree with the Chancellor of the Exchequer that the decision was "almost absurd," we regret the comment which he went on to make:—

"I am bound to say that, in my opinion, when next year the time arrives at which the constitution and the powers of these mixed courts have to be reconsidered, a very grave question ought to and must arise as to what shall be their powers and authority in the future, and whether they shall be allowed in this way to interfere in affairs which have been deliberately intrusted by the Great Powers to another tribunal altogether."

The lesson taught by the judgment is that the mixed tribunals, as long as France and Russia pursue a policy of annoyance, are not to be relied upon in cases which involve political considerations. With prudent foresight, however, such cases can generally be avoided, or, if not, the consequences are unlikely to be serious. It is always a mistake to threaten what we have not the means to execute; and in this instance, as any modification in the position of the mixed tribunals can only be effected with the consent of *all* the Great Powers, we would gratuitously give France and Russia the opportunity they desire to put us in the *impasse* of either retracting our demands or reverting to the deplorable *régime* of consular courts under the capitula-

tions, which the mixed tribunals were created to abolish.

In favour of the Caisse de la Dette much may be said. The financial fetters with which it binds the Treasury are indeed strong, but they have often proved salutary. In regard to the inflexible grasp with which it holds the "Reserve" from economies of conversion, it must be admitted that the Egyptian Government, under British advice and with its eyes open, accepted that situation in 1890, and in our opinion wisely, because it was the only means of reducing the interest of its debt by £350,000 per annum. It is therefore inconsistent to-day to complain that France refuses to apply these economies to purposes which we think advantageous; for, in truth, she is thus only acting as every one with any knowledge of her tactics of obstruction foresaw from the first she would do. After all, the evil is not without some compensation of good. The Caisse employs, and is bound to employ, these economies in the purchase of Egyptian securities, which purchases enable Lord Cromer, in a passage which we have already quoted, to make the interesting calculation that forty-four years hence what is not extinct of the Egyptian debt will be locked up in the safes of the Caisse de la Dette. In the treatment of the General Reserve Fund, from which it was desired to take the £E500,000 for the expedition to Dongola, the Caisse has shown its readiness to assist in works of public utility. On the 1st of January last about one-third of the fund had been pledged, chiefly for the construction of railways; and more recently a fresh grant¹ of £E250,000 has

¹ In Lord Cromer's report this grant is said to be from the "*Special Reserve Fund*," but this is an error for *General Reserve Fund*.

been accorded to the Irrigation Department to be expended in works of drainage.

We have therefore no hesitation in saying that until we are prepared to take over the debt of Egypt, after the wise example of France in Tunis and Madagascar, or have the courage to proclaim a protectorate, the mixed tribunals and the Caisse de la Dette, with all their faults, are worth preserving, and are by no means unmitigated evils.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in his speech on the vote of the grant in aid, indicated clearly the intentions of the Government as to the future military operations in the Sudan. He said :—

“Since that expedition” (of last year) “was undertaken we have never concealed, either from Parliament or from the country, that, in our view, there should be a further advance in the same direction, and that Egypt could never be held to be permanently secured so long as a hostile Power was in occupation of the Nile valley up to Khartoum. We have had to consider whether that policy should still be pursued. . . . We believe that the policy is right, and we intend that it shall be pursued. . . . What we propose is that the policy shall be continued in the coming season, first of all by an advance to a very important point on the Nile called Abu Hamed, which lies to the north-east of the extreme limits of the present province of Dongola. . . . This is to be as that was” (last year’s) “an Egyptian advance, in the first place to Abu Hamed and afterwards possibly beyond. How far I do not think it right to say. But this I will say, that in our opinion the main work to be done in the coming season should be first the consolidation and connection of the districts already under the dominion of the Khedive, and, secondly, the acquisition of important strategic positions which may be of the utmost value in the future.”

We cordially approve of the views thus so clearly enunciated.

The *objectif* is Khartoum, but when it may be convenient to reach it depends upon circumstances. Last year’s campaign proved that the Derwishes cannot hold any position on the river-banks against the fire of gunboats. The bravest of men are helpless against the volleys of shot and shell poured in upon them from these floating batteries, to which they can only reply from a few antiquated guns and by rifle-fire. Leave their trenches they must, for they become untenable. The only alternative is to move on or die. The defence at Berber and Omdurman, both on the river’s banks, will inevitably meet the same fate as at Hafir. Nor can the Derwishes with time improve their powers of resistance. Gunboats they cannot build, guns they cannot make. It matters, then, little, as far as the opposition of the enemy is concerned, whether the advance to Khartoum is made this year or the next. Strategically, however, it is of importance to make sure of the position of Abu Hamed, and this can best be done by a light railway across the desert from Wady Halfa. Writing of Abu Hamed, Mr Chelu, in his valuable work on the course of the Nile, says :—

“Below Abu Hamed the Nile ceases to flow towards the north, and takes a course west-south-west until it reaches Debbeh, sixty kilometres above Ambukol. As the wind blows almost constantly from the north during nine months of the year, it follows that, on account of the direction of the river, this wind, favourable between Assouan and Debbeh, and between Abu Hamed and Khartoum, ceases to be so from Debbeh to Abu Hamed, and constitutes a very serious obstacle to boats which cannot struggle against it.”

The river between Ambukol and Abu Hamed is full of rapids, and

the fourth cataract, which is about half-way between these two places, is thus described by Mr Chelu :—

“Although the length of the cataract does not exceed six kilometres, it is difficult to go up it against stream in less than six days, say one kilometre per day. The velocity of the water in some places is extraordinary ; in others there is no depth. At some points hauling is impossible on account of the multitude of rocks which rise up along the course of the channels, narrow and deep ; further on it is literally necessary to slide the boats over sand or rock. Attempted with boats of some size the passage of the fourth cataract is only possible if, after lightening them of their loads, it is arranged to haul them by a number of men varying between 50 and 1500.”

From this description it will be easily understood how, opposed by wind and stream and confronted by constant perils, the upward navigation in this portion of the river presents so much difficulty that the transport of artillery and stores for a large army is dangerous. It is this which makes the construction of a light railway—220 miles in length—across the desert, from Wady Halfa to Abu Hamed, an absolute necessity. But Abu Hamed once reached and put in railway connection with the base at Wady Halfa, a free way is secured at high water to Khartoum, 330 miles distant. It is hoped that this line may be completed by the 1st of September, but to accomplish this will require the utmost efforts of the energetic Sirdar, his officers and men. Should Abu Hamed be connected with Wady Halfa by the 1st of September, then Berber may be got to before the waters have fallen ; but if not, then next year both Berber and Khartoum may be taken during the flood.

This movement by stages as may be feasible is decidedly the

most advantageous. Although slow, it is sure, and financially it is convenient. The Chancellor of the Exchequer was able to assure Parliament, as the result of careful inquiry, that no further grant in aid would be required in 1897 :—

“The Egyptian Government will construct that railway, and they will bear all the other expenses that are likely to be incurred in the coming season. . . . I have satisfied myself both as to the nature of the operations to be undertaken, their probable cost, and the means of the Egyptian Government to meet them ; and I am so convinced that it is not in our contemplation to ask Parliament during 1897 for any further expenditure in this matter than that which is now proposed.”

The Chancellor of the Exchequer's anticipations are well founded. The material for the railway being provided for by the grant in aid, the other expenses will be covered by the surplus of 1897, which is likely to amount to £400,000.

We cannot close without expressing our satisfaction at the firm language used by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in regard to the occupation of Egypt : “The fact that we have been compelled to make this advance [of money] through, certainly, no fault or action of our own is, I think, rather likely to prolong the occupation.”

These words are emphatic when it is remembered that they proceed from official lips, and they are all that could have been desired. Their effect has already been felt in Egypt and in France. In Egypt the most simple intelligences have been impressed by the fact that the mixed tribunals and the Caisse de la Dette, who posed before them as supreme, have proved to be of no account at all

when British policy was in question. In France the speech of M. Hanotaux to the Chamber of Deputies, in reply to that of the Chancellor, spread discouragement in the ranks of the Colonial party, whose mission it is to foment the Egyptian agitation, because it referred not to the rights of *France* in Egypt but to the rights of Europe. In the majority of the French press the declarations of M. Hanotaux were severely criticised, and growing impatience of the Egyptian question is clearly evident. In one newspaper we read:—

“The English act and disregard our vain protestations. They know that these will never be followed by action, and that the Government will never exceed, in regard to Egypt, the limit of platonic talk.

“One thing is certain, that the English will never leave Egypt of

their freewill. It will require force to oblige them. But is it decided in France to employ that force? No, certainly not. Then to what use all the *fantasmagorie* of notes and of summonses before the mixed tribunals, which makes diplomatic negotiations resemble the acts of a lawyer, and reduces our ‘Ministers plenipotentiaires’ to the rank of sheriff’s officers?”

From half-a-dozen more newspapers we could quote extracts in the same strain. As the quarrel with England about the evacuation of Egypt is being recognised more and more daily to be entirely platonic—talk behind which there is no action—the majority of Frenchmen are getting tired of it, especially as it is about a country which under its present *régime* is as open to French merchants and capitalists as it could be under any other.

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'TIS SIXTY YEARS SINCE.

THERE is a point in life which, having reached, we have no longer any objection to call ourselves old. On the table-land up to—shall I say sixty?—the level lasts long with some people, less long with others,—age is allowed either with conscious magnanimity or slightly uneasy mirth, a laugh at the wrong side of the mouth, according to the forcible popular description. “Getting quite an old fellow” we admit with a certain kindly ridicule of ourselves, if we are still strong and well. But as the years go on the position changes, and one gets less and less to object to the rôle of Methuselah. There begins to arise a forlorn gratification in speaking of one’s self as old. At first, perhaps, a faint hope of being contradicted is in the speaker’s tone; but he soon gets over that, and almost with a touch of pleasure, often quite happily, at the last with a sense that

it is a distinction, allows the once appalling fact that he is an old man.

If ever old age could be in fashion, it would be now, when all our thoughts are concentrated on the celebration of a great life, which has already passed the limits traced for mankind—the three-score and ten to which, whatever other things may be doubted in Scripture, we all adhere with a touching unanimity. If there was a new order instituted, not of Victoria but of THE QUEEN, to distinguish those who had marched behind her Majesty over the snows of seventy years, it would be quite a popular thing, and would help the young people to cultivate a quality in which, I fear, they do not now (if they ever did) excel—that respect for white hairs, which is so seemly on their part. The Queen’s example should bring the Seventies into fashion.

The Greatest Lady in the land has made it evident that they neither dull the faculties nor chill the heart, and that life may burn with as warm an ardour in feeling, in interest, in sympathy, on those frost-bound summits as in the softest of the valleys below. Nay, might we not say more? the valleys care for themselves, for their cultivation, their vine and their fig-tree, and the prosperity of their flocks and herds. But on the mountain-tops there is no harvest to be gathered: all further achievement is impossible, the point is reached at which human endeavour stands still. Feeling, Interest, Sympathy: these are not things that affect a man for himself. We say feeling for, interest in, sympathy with—the welfare of others is suggested in every word. I do not know how other people may feel, but it seems to me that the sight of an old Queen, to whom all the world would agree in according every ease, every comfort, that are within the reach of man, yet upon whom at the same time all the world calls clamorous for a look, for a word, a personal attention—setting forth in her triumph through the dingy streets of the Borough, that the last of her people may not miss the great spectacle, the pageant of the ending century, is such a thing as brings the water to one's eyes. Were it Beauty and Youth and Hope which set out on that progress, how much less, by dint of being so much more, would it not be! But the great Monarch who goes forth in weariness and painfulness, with many an ache of memory and many a pang of loss, with her white hair and care-lined face, in profound humility of greatness to visit the poorest and the meanest, is such a spectacle as never was seen before.

The history of the sixty years which have passed since the Princess Victoria ascended the throne of these realms is one as full of questions, controversies, changes, almost revolutions, as any age ever was. The frame of Europe has been shaken once and again to its foundations, great countries have changed their constitutions, their boundaries, almost their character, even their names, in the strain and stress of movement; not to speak of the changes made by science, by knowledge, by colonial development, by the growth of new worlds, and the dismemberment of the old. When Sir Walter Scott wrote the words *'Tis Sixty years since* at the head of his first great romance, it was no doubt his opinion that his country could not in the nature of things see any other such complete alteration in manners and customs as that which he recorded. A land one portion of which was occupied by the primitive tribal rule, and where whole communities of men obeyed the will of a petty chieftain, even when in opposition to all the laws of the country, was indeed a wonder to the sober and law-abiding nation which had gradually broken the clans to pieces, and set up its tribunals, its peaceful magistrates, and steadfast order within the farthest rocks of its dominion. We have made no such inherent and fundamental change. Yet I wonder whether Sir Walter, if he could communicate his opinion, would not marvel over the state of affairs now, as he did over the changes which had taken place then, feeling, along with some sober satisfaction, no small amount of regret? He would not have loved a world in which all distinctions tend to grow less and less, where the Scot differs but little

from the Englishman, and much picturesque circumstance has been swept ruthlessly away. He would have been deafened by the clamour, hurried off his feet by the speed. Many of our expedients for smoothing life, which also vulgarise it, would have been odious to him; and what such an observer would think of all our glory of railways and telegraphs, who can say? He saw the clans out, not without approval: would he see the old parish schools out, which were the making of Scotland in modern times, with equal satisfaction? Probably he would think the difference greater in our, than in his, sixty years.

It is curious and whimsical that, in looking back over this long stretch of life, it is an incident of the minutest kind which comes to the mind of the writer, very small, very unimportant, yet not uninteresting in respect to the differences which have come over the world during these sixty years. This rude little frontispiece to the survey represents the first journey of a little pilgrim who since then has tramped many a weary mile over hill and dale. The Queen was at that time about ascending the throne, and the little traveller must have been six years old, on the edge of conscious recollection, not very well aware what had happened to him before that first conscious act in his career. He was going from Edinburgh to Glasgow, a journey which I believe is now made in about an hour. The journey was by canal-boat, and the lamps were still lit along the long line of Princes Street, a gold thread, as he said, in the dark of the wintry morning, when he was carried along to the embarkation. I do not know how many hours were occupied by the journey, but it was a long, long day to the con-

sciousness of the little traveller, full of the sensation of movement, the half-dreamy half-exciting mixture of change and of monotony which make up a child's idea of a journey: and it was dark again with scattered wind-blown lights about the quay when he arrived. How well he remembered all his life the transition from the earlier part of the voyage, which must have been accomplished in a bad boat, cold, without means of getting warm, muddy with passengers, dark and dismal, to the better conveyance at the end. Does any one remember what it was to have cold feet at six years old? The sensation of discomfort becomes a state, a period in life, the Ice age, if you like, never ending, rolling on for slow hours which might as well have been centuries. He feels them now, though 'tis sixty years since. But at Falkirk (I think) the party changed into another boat, which was lively with green and red paint, and in which a warm stove was alight, throwing in comparison a genial atmosphere around. The Ice age was over, the sudden paradise of the fire lighted up a new period. Warmth stole into the little blue toes, curling into life again, and growing pink in front of that genial glow. To warm his soul as well as his body there were also those lines of paint,—none of your drab tints, but primitive glories of blazing red, and green scarcely less warm, which the young hero could trace with his finger in a blessedness beyond speech. There was also a table covered with newspapers. Do not suppose that there were picture papers in those days: a Penny Magazine with a print of a steam-engine was the highest effort of the periodical press. But the journey all the same ended in triumph and happiness, all the

little world of passengers admiring and applauding his proficiency in letters—for our young friend could read!

This is the record, how well remembered, of a day's travel, 'tis sixty years since. There was, of course, in those days also a coach between Edinburgh and Glasgow. I know not why the canal was chosen instead,—probably as being less constrained for the child; perhaps it was cheaper; at all events it was no unusual mode of travel. And thus resignedly, cold and patient, we all moved about the country, not dreaming of anything better, much consoled when the circumstances were more favourable and the boat painted brightly in red and green.

A kindred scene occurs to me, a little companion picture, which illustrates another feature in the days that are no more. A kind observer walking about the quays—was it of the Broomielaw, was it of the Liverpool landing-places? I forget which—saw on several occasions a little girl older than our hero of the canal-boat, a bright-faced maiden of ten or twelve, seated patiently on a bench against the wall, sometimes for hours together. Having seen her on two or three occasions, and perceived that this was no idle gazer, but a little woman with a purpose, he took the trouble to watch and find out what that purpose was. Her station was close to the spot at which the steamboat arrived which made periodical journeys between Glasgow and Liverpool. The little girl sat waiting often for some time: a spark of pleasure lighted up in her eye when the steamer came, with much churning of water and flapping of paddles (for screw-steamers were not as yet), to the quay, but she kept still until the bustle of arrival was over, and

the passengers and their goods disembarked. Then there would appear at the top of the cabin stairs a white-capped head, which was the signal for our maiden to board the steamboat in her turn, coming back triumphant with a small brown-paper parcel, with which, all smiles and waving wings of happy childish speed, she hurried home. Who could imagine in 1897 what it was she received so joyfully and had waited for so long? The brown-paper parcel contained a letter from an absent son to the mother, and this young messenger was no better than a smuggler carrying a contraband article which ought to have paid some two shillings for conveyance from one country to another by her Majesty's Post-office. The humble transaction had been accomplished by a private bargain between the poor lady, whose son was absent, and the stewardess of the boat, who had pitied her tears when she saw him go. I presume that the shillings of this poor lady were few, and the letters were precious. The post would have charged double or treble for the long outpourings of family news and affection which were so unrestrained in the snug bosom of the brown-paper parcel. The stewardess had a little present from time to time in acknowledgment of her kindness. The child, too young to take any harm, drew in the fresh air from the sea, and many a gleam of shining horizons, which were a possession to her for ever. She was a young contrabandist, but she was not aware of it, for nobody thought it wrong in those days to cheat the Post.

For the whole system of franks was also of course invented for the sole purpose of cheating the Post. People who might perhaps consider themselves above the minis

trations of a stewardess and the help of a brown-paper parcel (though there was nobody who despised the advantage of "a private hand") moved heaven and earth to obtain franks. The theory of these strange and authorised encroachments upon the revenue was no doubt that the public officials, peers and members of Parliament, to whom the privilege was granted, had so much correspondence on public business, that it was only just to relieve them of the cost of it. The result really was that half the correspondence of the country was carried on by this means. The name of one of those privileged persons scrawled on the outside of a sheet was dear above all things, specially to the female bosom. People delayed the most intimate communications from week to week until they could obtain a frank; they made all sorts of shifts to use the precious signature twice over, advising their correspondents how to refold the paper that it might be used again. They apologised for the presumption of writing by the post; it was vanity to imagine that a letter from you could be considered worth paying postage for. A wealthy man I have heard of had his Indian mails sent under cover to a post-office official, by whom it was forwarded by frank, though he had sons in India, and this occasioned a delay of two or three days. The charge was heavy indeed, but it is almost inconceivable now that one should subject one's correspondence to such delays for the sake of the postage: yet that was not the general idea then. What a school for patience, and how natural it must have seemed to wait, and how long the silences must have been! There were no envelopes in those days. These

handy articles arose like a flight of birds in a moment when cheap postage came in; but sixty years since if there was an enclosure the charge was doubled. From this arose the large paper which we still call Post, as a survival of the period when that square sheet was your only letter paper, carefully folded so as to obtain the largest possible amount of space, every flap to the very edge of the sheet being written over, if not crossed. What a curious fundamental change of habit is implied in such a small revolution as this. Other ingenious modes of communication were also current to cheat the exacting revenue. Newspapers were sometimes sent in the place of letters, your safe arrival at the end of a journey being often intimated by this dumb messenger; which sometimes also was made to speak by means of pencil lines under various words. But this last expedient was considered, I think, with less favour, as touching the edge of the unlawful. As for the others, the much-used franks, the brown-paper parcels, nobody's conscience was in the least touched by such devices.

The thought occurs as we write that probably this extreme reluctance to pay postage indicates even a profounder change in our habits than anything connected with the Post alone. Is it the fact that in these sixty years we have come to be less careful what we spend, less concerned about our shillings, less narrow in our views of legitimate expenditure? Were it possible that the postal system could be changed again, and a letter cost a shilling instead of a penny, should we all go back to those old devices, the private hand, the brown-paper parcel, the much-used frank, if that were procurable? We think not, at least

to anything like the same degree. The shilling would be a great grievance, and the hottest of agitations would be got up against it; but though we might blaspheme, we should pay. As a matter of fact a private family contributes, we have little doubt, quite as much to the Post-office revenue now as it would have done had it paid all its letters in the days when 1s. 11d. was the postage from England to Scotland. A penny stamp is nothing, and few people consider how many of them are used daily. There is not a little maid-of-all-work nowadays who does not nobly spend her pence on stamps. Does this mean that we are richer than we were generally?—not the rich, who in such matters do not count, but the comparatively and the really poor? I think it must mean at least that those who have nothing to speak of are better off, and not kept so severely destitute of the little superfluities of life: and that there is a less exacting standard of frugality, an easier atmosphere in respect to money, and the small expenditures of every day. But this is a digression, and does not come in at present to the question of the changes that have happened in these sixty years.

The age of Victoria, in many ways so full of light, was not within doors and in its domestic centres a bright age when it began. Gas had, indeed, come into the world to light the streets, and more or less the shops, in great thoroughfares; but in our homes the lights were few. The primitive cruse of oil, with its rough wick and smoky flame, at once feeble and wavering, gave a very dim aid to the fire-light on a cottage hearth, and in the homes of middle-class respectability a mild

twilight lingered, with deep darkness in every corner. *Dans l'intimité*, when there was no company, a pair of candles, flanked by a snuffer-tray, was considered sufficient for ordinary family purposes. Lamps came slowly, and were troublesome, and when the inventor reached the sober excellence of the Moderator there was a long pause, as if the climax of good lighting had been obtained. The twinkle of wax-candles, many of them surrounding a room in pretty clusters, was the ideal of perfect domestic illumination (and a very good one): but this was only for gala nights, except in those ineffable houses of the great which we spoke of with bated breath, but did not attempt to emulate. And there was one particular of this deprivation that left its impress upon the mind and also upon the literature of the generations. The children of the present day must, for example, find it difficult to understand the terror of the children of an elder age for the dark passages along which so many little heroes and heroines in the old story books made a breathless dart with their hearts in their mouths, not knowing what frightful danger might lurk behind this or that black corner. We remember well the excuses for another moment's delay in the drawing-room, which by comparison seemed so bright, or the nursery, in which perhaps one candle on the mantelpiece was an illumination, in comparison with the awful blackness of the passages between. There was one dread corner where we seemed to hear something breathing in the gloom, a door of a dark closet, from which we were certain one time or other something would dart forth upon us, fatal, horrible. How many blood-curdling thoughts, how many awful

possibilities, lurked on the way!—and with what a sensation of heavenly relief we arrived safe at one end or another—a relief shadowed by the terrible fact that we should have to go back; though there was always the hope that some one with a candle might be caught up and followed on the return journey!

There are no dark passages now. One wonders how many people now existing realise what a wonderful difference that makes. Ghosts have gone wholly out of fashion with the children, and nobody under fifteen is afraid of them. Fifteen is the earliest age at which we can imagine a romantic apprehension of these bygone terrors to begin. The children are impervious to such fears; they don't know what a dark passage means.

Sir Edwin Arnold, in his book about the Queen's reign, mentions another little matter of much importance to daily life, which amid larger things is apt to be forgotten. He tells how on his way home, a child with his nurse, from one of the pageants of the Accession, he saw "a man in the street selling, evidently as a singular novelty, lucifer matches at a halfpenny apiece. He held up the little sticks, one at a time, and then drawing them through a folded piece of sand-paper, produced an instantaneous flame, to the intense amazement of the passers-by." Sir Edwin adds that there was nothing but the ancient expedient of flint and steel to strike a light before this. We fancy, but cannot specify, that there was something which came in between, but the first match was unquestionably such a wonder as might have convulsed the world. How calmly we have all taken such discoveries! Before the lucifer match there were, we recollect,

little bundles of sticks tipped by a smudge of brimstone; but their quality was only that of lighting quickly at a fire or candle. In Scotland they were called spunks. The new matches when they came were objected to (as were also the spunks) for their bad smell. Indeed it must be added that all the new inventions which have added so greatly to our comfort were received without enthusiasm—from the railway, on which a cow errant was supposed to be capable of proving a serious embarrassment, to the matches which had a bad smell. When candles were made which wanted no snuffing, though it was manifestly a great convenience, there were revilings—it being supposed at first that they were not so bright as the old smoky flame!

There was but a scanty budget of letters on the breakfast-table in those days, and perhaps, except in London, no newspaper at all. Only in London did such a thing as a daily paper exist. The greatest of provincial towns had not progressed beyond a bi-weekly, as they were called, and once a-week satisfied most people. The kinds of news were those which came by ordinary channels of communication—by ship, by road, no quicker than other travellers. A bearer of despatches to the Foreign Office was probably the most rapid of agencies; and across the Continent the ways were still more interrupted than in this country—the few lines of railways breaking short off here and there, leaving post-horses, or a little steamboat on a river, as the quickest method of travel. But no one knew how slow and imperfect were those methods of information, for there was nothing else with which to compare them, and they were accepted as the course of nature.

From America news was still more difficult to obtain, for Steam was slow of adventuring over the Atlantic. And India was months away in the beginning of the reign. Commotions in Canada, Maori wars, the constant little conflicts going on with one people or another in India, must have been the occasion of greater agony than any war need cause now; for one mail might bring the news of a battle, and only in the slow course of the next and following ships would the list of killed and wounded come home; so that the friends of those who were safe had many an unnecessary pang, and those who had suffered many an intolerable hope to go through, before definite news put a period to their misery. Thus dim at home and clouded with dreadful shadows abroad was the life of Great Britain in the earlier Victorian days. We had not half the alleviations of life which we have now. When accident happened to us we had little more than the primitive brutal methods to tear off a leg or an arm—humanity hurrying the operator's hand, that at least the anguish he inflicted should be as short as possible, and no harmless agency known to mitigate the pain. Men suffer always and in all ages. There will probably never be a time when they will escape to any general degree the ills that flesh is heir to; but we have learnt now to soften suffering in a way undreamed of sixty years ago. That one amelioration of life is worth more than all the millions of increase that have come since to the British Crown.

What a strange difference in morals as well as in facts should this sterner fashion of living have developed! Men who knew that, should any surgical operation be

performed upon them, it would be at the cost of indescribable agony; women to whom there was no escape from the inevitable pangs of nature and no softening of their violence; people who had to wait perforce, sometimes for long months, ere they could hear what had befallen those who were most dear to them—if suffering is an improving process, as people say, what patience, what resignation, what courage, ought to have been theirs! But human nature is of a tough fibre, which resists many influences. Our grandfathers were not aware that they were so much worse off, any more than we are generally aware how much better off we are.

It is seldom, however, by modifications of human feeling that we can trace the revolutions of history. Those which have happened in our age, especially the two great agencies which changed all the circumstances of our life, have nothing at all to do with our higher nature, except in so far as they are the offspring of that genius which creates and invents, and which is as truly genius as that which touched the harp of Shakespeare. The Victorian age is like one of those Magicians of eastern story who caught and bound to the accomplishment of their will some of the great Genii, Afreet, Jinn, whatever name Oriental fancy may have given them, whose force infinitely transcended every human force, yet who were at the mercy of the wise man who knew how to secure and train them. It is difficult to believe when one sees a great Steam-engine at work, filling the atmosphere with clamour, steam, and smoke, that there is not some volition in the great irresponsible monster in addition to that temporary meaning which the directing finger of a man gives to its superlative

force, or that by some touch unseen, at some mysterious moment, it might not throw off the bonds in which it is held, and dart forth upon some appalling career of its own, unsuspected, tremendous, and destructive. The wonderful machine moves us rather as it moved Mr Ruskin than as in later days it affected the imagination of a younger poet. Even that fastidious Master in all the arts was impressed with the extraordinary sense of Being in the iron monster upon which he looked — a sense more impressive to the imagination than anything else we know of in earth or heaven. With “amazed awe,” with “crushed humility,” he describes himself as watching “a locomotive take its breath at a railway-station.” “What manner of men must they be,” he cries, “who dig brown ironstone out of the ground and forge it into *that*: what assemblage of accurate and mighty faculties in them, more than fleshly power over melting crag and coiling fire, fettered and finessed at last into the precision of watchmaking! Titanian hammer-strokes beating out of lava those glittering cylinders and timely respondent valves and fine-ribbed rods, which touch each other as a serpent writhes, in noiseless gliding and omnipotence of grasp, infinitely complex anatomy of active steel.” To ourselves the feeling produced by a great Engine is more in sympathy with that of Frankenstein after he had made his monster than of the triumphant mechanician who first overcame all difficulties, the resistance of the dead things in which he worked and of every passive force of nature, and at last compelled the senseless thing to work and whirl and breathe at his will. The Thing once made cannot be unmade again, whatever might be the turn

its forces might take. It might hate and destroy the race it was made to serve like the other monster of flesh and blood. It is difficult not to put a mind into it, a purpose of its own, a possibility of action, if at any time some unsuspected new influence might get at that “anatomy of steel.” The Röntgen rays were a great surprise, showing what things unseen were hid in the visible, and sending the thrill as of a first perception of many latent wonders into the mind. What if among those hidden yet revealable powers of the atmosphere there might be something which would supply the artful combination of screw and valve and piston with force and motion of its own? No one, we suppose, ever ministered to an engine without feeling a personality in it. Nay, there is not a little boat but is *She*, a creature full of life, exacting, capricious, fantastical to those whose lives are dependent on her.

Mr Kipling has given us this view in the strongest presentation, when he claims for his great Sea-engine, as it tramps across the waters, faithful and obedient, keeping its beat to the minute, responding to the eager hand that hastens its pace for human purposes, always dutiful to the skilled touch, like the finest and most delicate of sentient beings — the credit of being the Romance incarnate and great fairy tale of our later days. “Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns to sing the Song o’ Steam!” cries M’Andrew the engineer, throwing himself with enthusiasm into the description of those iron thews and sinews that form the Being: and the joy of life, one of the highest of mortal sentiments, which inspires its perfect organisation. Has not this great created thing

its part, he asks almost indig-
nantly, in the universal song of
praise?—

“The crank-throws give the double bass,
the feed-pump sobs and heaves,
And now the main eccentrics start their
quarrel on the sheaves;
Her time, her own appointed time, the
rocking linkhead bides,
Till—hear that note? the rod’s return
whings glimmering through the
guides.

They’re all awa’! true beat, full power,
the clanging chorus goes,

Clear to the tunnel where they sit, my
purring dynamoes:

Interdependence absolute, foreseen, or-
dained, decreed,

To work, ye’ll note, at any tilt and
every rate of speed;

Frae skylight lift to furnace-bars,
backed, bolted, braced, and stayed,

And singing like the morning stars for
joy that they are made;

While out o’ touch o’ vanity the sweat-
ing thrust-block says,

‘Not unto us the praise, or man—not
unto us the praise!’

Now a’ together hear them lift their
lesson—theirs and mine,

‘Law, order, duty, an’ restraint, Obedi-
ence, Discipline’:

Mill, forge, and try-pit taught them
that, when roarin’ they arose,

And whiles I wonder if a soul was
gied¹ them with the blows.”

This new embodiment of life
and power, this Jin, this Afreet,
has been, perhaps, the greatest dis-
tinction, as it is the strongest
vassal, of Queen Victoria’s empire.
It was not the creation of the
age: it was but a feeble undevel-
oped creature, moving gingerly
upon its few first errands, rustling
with primitive paddle-wheels from
one home port to another, making
little runs here and there on land
from one town to another, when
this auspicious reign began. We
were still as far from India, from
America, from the ends of the

world in general, notwithstanding
that we had colonies and posses-
sions round all the circle of the
seas, as in the days of Elizabeth.
Our children were conveyed in-
deed in ships that perhaps sailed
more swiftly, but were little more
commodious, than those of Drake
and Anson; and otherwise we
were still as far away from them
as when the Spanish galleons
held the main and were the ob-
jects of pursuit instead of peace-
ful commerce and trade. The seas
were brave with white-sailed ships,
great towers of swelling canvas,
far more graceful and beautiful
than those monsters of the deep
with which we are so familiar
now; but were we turned back
again to the number and the capa-
bilities of our navies, mercantile
or national, then, Britain would
be ruined, and have lost her em-
pire of the seas. When the first
steamer went away groping into
the darkness of the great Atlantic,
with what anxiety and wonder did
all hearts beat. Would she ever
reach that dim and distant shore?
Would the sound of her rushing
paddles and the pressure of her
steam carry wonder and delight to
the world of the West? or would
they disappear among the icebergs
and never be heard of more?

There seemed at first a kind of
sanction out of the unknown to
all terrors and alarms. The powers
of nature rose against one at least
of those strange pioneers. The
President disappeared without a
word into the dark, and her fate
has been but conjectured, never
known. This might have seemed
to an earlier age a sign that
heaven itself forbade such hazards:
but Science, inaccessible to fear,
indifferent to loss, counting human

¹ Mr Kipling does his Scotch wonderfully well, as he does most things; but it
should be *gi'en* (past participle), not *gied* (past tense).

life and interest no more than its iron and steel, or, perhaps, counting human interest in the long-run more important than the trifling sacrifices of to-day, never winced. And year by year this great Servant of the Queen has gone farther and farther, trampling and churning the stillest seas, marking out the most obscure sea-paths, triumphing silently and steadily over every difficulty; and making our exiled children scarcely farther off from us than they would have been in the distant corners of the island when the reign began. The children of the Victorian age, now the mature men and women who carry on its business, have never known the other state of affairs. They cannot look back upon a time when the sea was silent, and no smoke on the horizon betrayed the quick-coming messenger, the punctual post, the ready service. The great Slave has been born in our household, like Abraham's steward: his feats are too familiar to cause us any surprise: we confide our best to him without a fear of his fidelity. No Frankenstein, though fancy may still play with that thought and laugh at itself for the whim; but the chief servant in our father's house, the strongest and surest messenger of the Queen.

At home, the same patient Vassal, not standing upon his dignity, goes our errands night and day, stands and spins webs enough to cover the earth, beats out ever new creatures of his own kind, multiplying his race for almost every practical purpose under the sun. In 1837 the steadiest mind still doubted whether a cow astray on his lines might not wreck his going, and declared it as easy to ride to the skies on a rocket as to cross the country at the rate of twenty miles an hour. We believe

there were great searchings of heart when the young Queen first set foot at Slough on the train that was to carry her from Windsor to London. Now she confides herself, and is confided cheerfully by us, which is more to the purpose, in one which sweeps across the Continent, and sleeps as if in her bed at home, while her Servant carries her lightly towards the sunshine and the flowers.

But there is another magic henchman holding the other side of the gate of life, a being more mysterious still, invisible, inhabiting a thread, a wire not so thick as your finger. It is curious to know that this second Gnome or Afreet waited for the just moment to have its first patent made out in the name of Victoria—triumphant and symbolical name, expressive of all the victories. It had been playing about the surface of the world in dazzling yet capricious glances, but rose and put itself in kindly fetters instantly, to obey the mandates of the young Queen. At first we were shy of this strange, silent, invisible Slave, and only ventured to employ him upon solemn messages, making him rather the messenger of death than of life, feeling it a sort of profanation to charge him lightly with words of little meaning, or acknowledge him as the cheerful servant of the house. When telegrams began first to fly about the world, simple folk regarded them with terror, feeling that internal conviction, which is so near to every one of us, that sorrow and trouble were the most likely things to arrive upon us thus suddenly out of the unknown. But there are few who are fluttered out of their composure now by any such familiar reason. This wonderful Agent is at once more and less impressive than his brother Genius

of Steam. His spiritual part, the swiftness, the silence, the invisibility, thrill the mind when we find ourselves by his means almost touching the hand of a friend thousands of miles away; but the tools by which he reveals himself are singularly unimpressive, and possess nothing of the tremendous material being which awes and overwhelms the mind when we see a great engine clanging, and plunging, and whirling his wheels through the daylight. It is said that the wires were twice removed from the side of the first enterprising line that set them up, because they were so ugly! Think of that among all the contented ugliness of the early Victorian age! There is more possibility of being fanciful about them now, when they stretch like a blank score of music across the sky everywhere, shrilling by times an Eolian note of their own, waiting for the music to be breathed into them, and in the meantime playing with the little birds who find a momentary repose, a sort of rest-and-be-thankful perch, high amid the airs of heaven! Now there are all sorts of whimsical and cheerful associations gathering about them. We hear sometimes of an expected birth, by a freak of time and space, before it has occurred, so to speak, and drink the health of the newborn by a clock which has not yet sounded his birth-hour on the other side of the world!

We feel half ashamed of ourselves for proclaiming these wonders. Is not this the sphere of the penny-a-liner, who daily to the listening earth proclaims the story of these triumphs, with much shedding of adjectives? It is very well to laugh at the penny-a-liner, but what can the soberest narrator do but shed adjectives also, when he has to record the wonders of a

reign which has brought forth so many? When the Queen came to the throne the world was wrapt in perennial silence, as when Columbus sailed into the unknown. Now it thrills with sound around all the spheres, and in the twinkling of an eye your friend's voice comes back, in keen or kind response, from the end of the world. Is not this something to rave about? When we were young—— But you cry out, Oh, no more, please, about the Electric Telegraph; don't we know everything that can be said on that subject? It puts a girdle round the earth, &c. It brings news of the son to the mother, the husband to the wife; also of the precise moment to sell out your shares at an advantage; please, no more of it! And we submit: we are of that opinion, too, in ordinary circumstances. Can anything be so vulgar and ugly, filling the air above us and the earth beneath us with its odious wires: how careless the little clerks are at the side offices, too much taken up by their gossip to attend to you: what a bore it is to be pelted with yellow envelopes by all sort of insignificant people, explaining how they cannot dine with you (as if you ever wanted them, save for civility!), or how sorry they were not to see you when you called (a circumstance for which you yourselves gave thanks to Providence). Well! we leave this second Afreet to commend himself, as he does in almost every new combination of circumstances, to everybody's business and bosom. It would be a dark day for us all were we to be deprived of the aid of this Servant of the Queen.

Other "easements," like those which Jeanie Deans recorded gratefully on her long and terrible journey into England, have come to us along with the greater aids

of science. Jeanie Deans's journey is made in some hours now, and without any expenditure of personal energy, a trifling matter not to be thought of. We have often thought, however, that among the grievances which the French think they have against us, the practical subtraction from them of one of the greatest works of modern times, which was not our work, is a very real grievance indeed. We did not make the Suez Canal,—we would not even join in making it. We laughed at it, wonderful to relate, taking our cue from a powerful but flip-pant Minister; and when that nation flew to work with an amount of feeling and enthusiasm which we seldom manifest, we continued to jeer like Lord Palmerston: until there came a moment when the jeer dropped, or was turned upon ourselves. They made that great work: but it is we who have the advantage, and have got the control into our own hands. If France dislikes this, we can only say she has very good reason, and that it is natural she should. It may be partially her own fault, nevertheless it is apparent that it was a very fortunate thing for us. The next generation, at least the uninstructed part of it, will probably refuse to believe that it was French science and enterprise which dug that dull ditch with its yellow sides out of the sand, and made things so convenient for us as we come and go to our Indian possessions. Perhaps—let us flatter ourselves, that at least it was we who showed them the way. For before de Lesseps had stirred, or the first sod was cut, we had already begun to land at Alexandria and rattle across the desert in the most wretched of pseudo-railways, doing after a clumsier and easier method

what the French did more effectually by the permanent waterway. Our route was called the Overland Route, with much pretension and discomfort; and it was the first attempt to shorten the long voyage, or bring India within closer reach. Our eastern possessions up to that time were scarcely nearer to us than when John Company first set foot upon their shores.

This wonderful change has altered our relations in many ways with our great dependency, gradually making the conditions of intercourse so different and so much easier than of old, that Britain has an additional chance of coming to understand India, and India to know more or less what Britain means—a still more difficult matter. Going to India, once almost the sacrifice of a life,—for many of the men in former days who filled the Services were twenty, thirty years in unbroken exile,—has now become a pleasure-trip for the wealthy, a possibility for all. A young civilian or officer no longer hesitates to use his three months' leave in a visit home—six weeks at home being, he feels, "good enough," with all its reopenings of kindness and refreshings of mind, for the expenditure required. How the old nabobs would have stared at the rush home for six weeks of their young successors! There are no nabobs now: the life of the West flows freely to the Orient; that of the East, if not so freely, yet with a fulness extraordinary among those races, tends towards the West, prejudice and terror of the black water, and the inevitable (but temporary) loss of caste notwithstanding.

This, however, is not the only change in India since the Queen's

accession. It was the country of the Company when her Majesty began to reign. The soldiers then were the Company's soldiers, and so were the statesmen, the administrators, the actual rulers. The most exciting period of her history, so far at least as our connection with her is concerned, has passed in the Victorian age. The most vigorous effort ever made in the East to shake off British rule was made in 1857 in the Mutiny. It was then that we discovered in Great Britain how close to our pride, our interest, and our heart was the sway of India. No war perhaps ever moved a people so completely, who were themselves out of reach of its atrocities. There was no sacrifice that could have been made, which would have been regarded at home, and by the people, as too much to preserve and recover the great continent which had rebelled against our sway, and to punish those who had insulted the sovereignty of England. The fury was almost individual throughout the length and breadth of the land. When the struggle was finally over and the rebel subdued, the Company had to give place to the Imperial Government, and henceforward there was no authority in India but that of the Queen. The difference was little, in practical matters, but we have been told that the subtle Indian mind found a consolation in its defeat, from the fact that, though the Queen was victorious, the rebel also had a kind of victory in the downfall of the Company. He accepted it as success, and was rather elated than humbled by the fact that the foot which now held him down was a royal foot, and that though the great Queen of the West had triumphed over him and all his ways, yet the

Company had fallen, a tribute to the righteousness of his cause. Whether the Indian loves the British rule better in consequence is a subject on which very few can speak with any authority. That great assembly of nations is a wonder and mystery to all. What goes on over its vast surface, amid all its courts and seats of antique learning, in its temples and mosques, in the villages which we do not know, and the bazaars which we do not understand, who shall say? But the Indian princes, who are gradually acquiring the habit of presenting themselves at her Majesty's Court, and the native soldiers who will swell the Queen's pageant in June, and who are also acquiring the habit of fighting for her flag in various regions of the earth, may do much towards mutual understanding,—unless they should make the misunderstanding deeper, which also is possible too. India the unchangeable has changed under the Queen's reign as perhaps never before. The East has learned to come to the West—the West has sent trade, manufactures, crowds of visitors. A certain unity seems to have grown up between the kingdoms which acknowledge the same sovereign. But how far this is to be trusted no man knows.

Beside all these fundamental changes, two great principalities or kingdoms have been added to the empire in India—the Punjab, with its manly races and moderate climate; the mysterious empire of Burmah, rich in barbaric pearl and gold—enough territory and wealth to make a puissant monarch in their own ground alone, but scarcely noted in the vast extent of British possessions.

A kinder circle nearer to our hearts, more comprehensible to our

intelligence, of our own race, and sharing all our methods of thought, is formed by the Colonies which go round the world and trace the boundaries of empire, always carrying with them the English tongue and name. Our Colonies are no mushrooms, springing up in a night, no seedlings struggling into artificial being, but well assured, and deeply planted, adopting the Antipodes as if they were its native children, and adding many a blossom of the wilds triumphantly, as if by nature, to the oaken fabric of their native growth. All through this age the influences which form nations have been at work without a pause, persistent, unwearying, with results that sound like the telling of a fairy tale. That great Australia, which is now so teeming with life, so rich in flocks and herds, so busy in all the crafts and arts, possessed, when the reign began, little more than a fringe of settlements round the coast, and even these apparently doomed from their beginning, being built, as some reckless constructors of cheap houses build, upon the foulest dust-heap, a mass of human *débris*, worse than the uncleanest rinsings of road and stable. A mass of convicts discharged out of English prisons, to ease the responsibilities of the home country at the cost of ruining the new, seems to us now an extraordinary foundation on which to plant an honest race or build solid institutions: but fortunately the mistake became apparent before it went too far. In these sixty years Australia has wiped out all trace of its convict settlements, and become one of the most rich and prosperous communities in the world, if community that can be called which is made up of so many states, each a great principality in itself, larger than a French province in former

days, or a German independent duchy. Each, indeed, is a country in itself, with its own Rulers and laws, though all in faithfullest adherence to the Mother country, and Her who represents that Mother with a force and meaning greater perhaps than any other symbolism existing—being in herself the natural Mother to whom that entire world may be said to have been born; for Australia has no happy memory that goes beyond the Queen.

All her prosperities, the great facts of her existence, belong to and have been developed by the great Victorian age. The visitors from that newest of new worlds (though the scientific people say it is so antiquated a world, with its old-fashioned beasts who have survived nowhere else) who are coming to grace the Queen's commemoration are as a class the most wonderful, the most whimsical group that ever monarch invited. They are not nobles and chiefs as in the old world, nor sheep-farmers nor gold-diggers, nor the aristocracy of merchants, shipowners, and suchlike, as in a perfectly new community they might be. They are Prime Ministers! Imagine a modern sovereign who is able to invite a dozen first officers of State, Premiers of Cabinets and Parliaments—all ruling in her name, putting forth proclamations, making laws which will be known in the courts as 1000th Victoria, and which run under the title of our gracious Sovereign lady the Queen—to her great celebration! When you think of it, so simple as it is, expressed in the soberest everyday words, it is the most memorable invitation, worthy of a Cyrus or an Alexander. All the Prime Ministers! all the Satraps, Tetrarchs, Princes-Palatine, subject kings! It is like great Rome at

her greatest, when she was far less Mistress of the world. To think of that great circle of loyal governments makes the head of the spectator whirl round. There were no prime ministers in Australia when Queen Victoria ascended her throne. People were still building, protesting, upon that dust-heap, which the mother country had "shot" upon their shores. Now the shores are clean, they are royal, washed by broad seas upon which Australian ships go to and fro, fringing a great interior, in which a vast world of life and labour exists—in which they elect parliaments and form cabinets, and make great fortunes, and try great experiments for our edification and their own: without however pulling out of gear the noble elastic machinery of government, which they have carried with them across the seas, and by which they rule and obey, perfecting themselves in all the high principles of Power.

Once we lost a great colony, chiefly perhaps by our own folly, very few people in Great Britain knowing exactly how, and still fewer caring. It was a loss which even at the time was regarded without bitterness, and never has much troubled the British mind since, though our American friends love to think that we keep up a grudge on the subject. And when Queen Victoria ascended the throne there was a great deal of foolish indifference about our other outlying possessions, and newspapers and philosophers were fond of reminding them that they might go if they pleased, and that nobody would lift a finger to retain them. But it is a very different thing dealing with men and with mechanical forces, however great, or even Science, however wise. We have spoken of the two great Servants of

the Queen, who have made her reign illustrious, and extended her power over all the world, without being more than dumb obedient forces, put together by men's hands. Her Majesty has had no personal influence upon the benevolent yet terrible Dæmons of Electricity and Steam. But when we come into higher spheres and have to consider the human offshoots of her empire, those who make up the Greater Britain which circles all the seas, the goodly race of Sons which gird us about, out-measuring, out-numbering our original empire, but never out-growing the family bond, we cannot fail to feel that the Queen's name, her influence, her character, the unique and great personality which all the world recognises, has had an almost incalculable part in reviving that old passion of loyalty which had dropped for a time, and looked as if it were never to be a living influence more. Sixty years since it would have been folly to calculate upon that visionary principle as anything appreciable in the economy of State. The romantic thinker who considered it at all as a possible influence of any importance would for very shame have laughed a little at himself, to deprecate the laughter of others at the mention of anything belonging so entirely to the old world, to the days when kings were served by subjects on their knees, and the touch of a royal hand was believed to cure one of the most deeply rooted of maladies—such were the opinions of 1837. But that is sixty years since. Now we have pushed Modernity, as the clever people call it, to the farthest bounds. And whence comes this old loyalty, this ancient passion, which has sprung up amongst us more warm, more strong, than it has been for hundreds of years?

The house of Hanover never roused that passion to any individual force until it came to flower in VICTORIA, in a moment not favourable to royalty, when sentiment had abandoned the throne, and kings counted for little in the history of the world. Kings everywhere are a very different class now from what they were sixty years since. The Queen has had no doubt her share even in that general enhancement of her office which has taken place over the world; but in her own sphere there is no factor so great in the unity which binds the empire together as it never was bound before. The most distant settlement of her dominions is proud of her, of her history and her name. The only Queen! no one to compete with her, no other to approach her pre-eminence; the Mother, the Friend, ever watchful, ever sympathetic, never failing in the true word, either for sorrow or for joy. We be the sons of one man, said the children of Jacob. We are the children of one Mother, is the meaning of the shout that will go round the earth on the approaching day of triumph. Few, very few, among us are more than her contemporaries; most of us, wherever we have been born, in the three home kingdoms, in Canada, in Australia, in every colony, have been born into her reign. The first conscious cheer of the great majority of her subjects has been for the Queen, and to a large proportion of the earth's inhabitants that name must seem as if it had endured for ever, never beginning, never ending, the one certain symbol of life, patriotism, and union over land and sea!

There is nothing, as is well established in history, that a woman does so well as to reign. It pleases us to say that she lacks genius for

the other greatest arts; but in this she has ever held an uncontested place, as high as the highest, needing no excuse on the ground that she is only a woman. And to make up for the defects of nature in the other branches of pre-eminence, we may add that in this she has a something more, a visionary addition of power, ineffable, not to be measured by ordinary standards. The tie is warmer, softer, between her and her peoples than ever is woven between man and man. When she is the Friend of the whole world, she is a nearer Friend, more sympathetic, more personal. A sense of Motherhood steals into the relationship. The Queen is a Monarch and more. And Loyalty has come again into being under her hand. It has grown with her unconsciously, without notice, a Queen's Son, long hidden in the obscurity of the pupil state, growing with the growth and strengthening with the strength of her other sons, her children whom she has sent out to the ends of the world. And lo! that which was all but non-existent in 1837 is in 1897 a young giant, renewed in every faculty, the same poetical, magnificent henchman who stood by the Henries in old England, the Jameses in old Scotland, the chivalrous races by whom he was cherished,—now coming swift from empires of the earth which no Henry or James ever heard of, to stand by the Queen!

We have mentioned Australia by name among our distant brethren. But Canada should come first, the oldest, the most faithful. We remember the time when the bond was very loose indeed which bound that great colony to the mother country. We talked of it with philosophy, as a thing quite likely, neither to be resisted nor

resented, that she should break away. The "temptations to belong to other nations," which our witty singer has insisted upon, were stronger in her case than in any other: and there were already two nations within herself struggling for the mastery. There were rebellions, great enough to warrant that name, and the country was torn asunder, two languages, two forms of faith. Had any wise prophets spoken—and many did—upon the prospects of Canada then, how extraordinary would their predictions sound now?—for these predictions considered nothing so likely as dismemberment, disruption, a drifting to one side or another, a casting off of all effete and useless connection with an old-world monarchy scarcely strong enough to maintain itself. 'Tis sixty years since, and wisdom has turned into folly, as it so often does. There is no Cassandra now that we know of except perhaps Mr Goldwin Smith, who has played that part so long and cannot drop it easily. And Canada stands first among the loyal followers and subjects, proud of their allegiance, proud of their monarch, who will follow in the Queen's procession. She has doubled and trebled her wealth, her trade, her inhabitants; but the greater she has grown individually, the more faithful has she become amid the august family, the loving Servants of the Queen.

What shall we say of that other mysterious continent which is now seething in the primeval pot of history, knowing not what is to come of it any more than we do who look on? It is the most astonishing, the most exciting, of all sights to see a world, as it were, in the making: palpitating at all points, uneasy, struggling into existence as we all did once, but so

long ago that we have little remembrance and no record of the struggle. Did our painted warriors affront the Roman arms, something as the Mashona and Matabele have done, but with so much better augury, as being themselves one of the fortunate races, which no black tribe seems to be? When Queen Victoria ascended the throne the Dark Continent had not even begun to be called the Dark Continent, so entirely unknown was it: nothing but an apocryphal chant of Mungo Park's village women coming out of it, or news, which we thought apocryphal too, of sources, never discovered, of the Nile. Livingstone, the missionary; Speke and Grant, the wandering explorers; Baker,—a gradually growing line of pilgrims revealed to us faintly such a dim world of savagery, so hopeless a maze of deadly jungle, deadly rivers, marshes, insects, as seemed to take all possibility of practical advantage to the world out of it. But the riches hidden in its bosom were enough to make every danger bearable, and gold and diamonds were more immediately tempting than even the thought of new empires to be formed. What is to come of it all? Will half-a-dozen empires grow, or one, overtopping all others? Will the wild continent become human, fished out of the darkness, illuminated by modern lights and tracked by modern railways, and brought under settled laws of order and peace?

Meantime the civilised races have gone down upon the heart and centre of the obstinate land which has kept its secrets so long, like, shall we say, the children of Israel upon the land of Canaan? The Hebrews out of the desert came in the course of Nature to sweep away, or at least to dethrone from the sovereignty, a race which

had not proved worthy of its part in the great drama. We have no divine sanctions nowadays, but the precedents of history tend all in one way. The whole continent trembles, the shadows break up from every side, the ancient inhabitants fight or flee. It is from the abodes of cruelty, the temples of blood, that they are disturbed; but, notwithstanding, it is the same process which has been carried on as long as we know what has happened in the world. Already the Queen's empire has been extended indefinitely in a new world, which was virtually undiscovered when she began to reign; but what will be the end of these agitations who can tell? When, sixty years hence, new chroniclers continue the tale of what has happened, no doubt they will have a story to tell which will excel in wonder, at least so far as concerns that portion of the earth's surface, all that has gone before. They will look back, and wonder at the chaos out of which is surging darkly a new Africa. They will drill their armies and mint their coin and take their railway-tickets with amused comments upon all that was and was not sixty years since. We may believe we know, but we will not attempt to predict, what that may be.

We must now come to a more intimate circle, and attempt to record something of the changes that have happened in this particular home of our own during the Queen's reign. It is too delicate a matter to enter at any length into the questions of the Church, so important, but so intricate and unfit for the touch of a lay hand. What we call the Low Church was then uppermost in England: what we call the High Church is dominant now. The differences belong

to a historical region in which we have no standing-ground and which has many notable exponents. In Ireland the Protestant Episcopal Church has perished altogether, so far as its connection with the State is concerned. In Scotland the national Presbyterian Establishment has been rent in two. But the Church everywhere being more venerable than the State, is subject to revolutions of its own, which do not work as in the outside world, but roll on in successive waves, altering the exterior but never the inner allegiance, which remains intact through all convulsions. Costumes and ceremonies, organisations and rituals, wax and wane, but Faith and Piety stand fast, we hope and believe, for ever. Any discussion, however, of ecclesiastical matters would be quite inappropriate in our hands.

But we hope that true religion has not suffered either in one kingdom or in another; and there can be no doubt that the amount of energy and devotion to Christian work has by all practical tests increased. The Churches have more to do, and do more, than perhaps they ever have done. We believe we are justified in saying there is scarcely a slum anywhere, certainly not in London, where there is not a trained and eager band, lay and clerical, knowing everybody and everything, and fighting for all they know, for all they are worth, according to the happy slang of the moment, for the help of the wretched. If charity covereth a multitude of sins, let us rejoice to think that the peccadilloes of the ecclesiastical classes, which they have no doubt like other people, are hidden under a glistening mantle of goodwill to men.

As for Education, it may be said that there was none in the be-

ginning of the reign. Except in Scotland, where we believe the old system of parish schools stood the test as well as its scanty means permitted till it was swallowed up in a larger scheme, everything was of the most haphazard description. It was not till the forties (we think) that there was any system of school inspection or organised attempt to keep so important a branch of imperial business under any supervision or control; but the whole Victorian age since then has been marked by one continuous effort after improvement and efficiency in this department. Whether the steps taken have been uniformly wise, and the result arrived at all that could be desired, is a very different matter; but—which is all that mortal exertions are able to compass—the endeavour has never been dropped, and has come at last to a level never reached before, a most strenuous attempt to teach everybody and beat ignorance, the legitimate Ignorance for which, in England at least, most people have a sneaking kindness, off from our shores. No prejudice against education, so far as we know, has ever existed in Scotland, perhaps because the advantages of it have been so forcibly impressed on the mind of that poorer country from an early period; but even in this age of enlightenment there are many in England who hanker after the old times in which children picked up a great deal of knowledge by their five (or was it seven?) senses, and letters were little known. Now, however, the child, who could contentedly grow up without a notion of his alphabet in the early Victorian days, would have to fight as for his life against all the powers of the law if he would avoid a certain amount of instruction now. He has in his secure possession the glorious privi-

lege of forgetting it as soon as learned, of which we cannot deprive him—a privilege of which many take advantage; but except in this way the mandate of the State cannot be resisted, and every child must learn something.

We have throughout declined the aid of statistics in a simple review of the Queen's reign, which pretends to no scientific accuracy. The things which have passed under our own eyes are all that we have attempted to comment upon—and in nothing more than the facilities of education are these changes to be found. Little dames' schools, humble classes in which the teacher knew little more than the pupils, every kind of chance agency without supervision or guarantee; a few National Schools, so called; some of the British and Foreign or other Societies of a similar character; a vast number of private adventures, without test or standard,—in these haphazard ways were English children of the poorer classes inoculated, for it was scarcely more, with a little vague instruction at the beginning of the reign. Now it is a problem how any child can escape from the wide-reaching system, or any father or mother, except by the most elaborate precautions and an unremitting fight, withdraw him from the necessity of learning, or seeming to learn. We suppose that if a Duke should make up his mind to bring up his son in ignorance of the arts of reading and writing he might succeed in his purpose, for the privacy of a ducal household is hard to break; but it would be difficult for any one of less importance to achieve that feat, except by an amount of clever scheming much out of proportion to the effect to be attained.

This revolution has gone throughout the land into every

corner: it is one that has turned many things upside down, and changed the very lines of being to whole classes of men. No such change accomplishes everything that is looked for from it; and we doubt whether the general level of intelligence has been as much elevated as it ought to have been: but we hope it is true that it has reduced the number of criminals, though that is a matter of statistics of which we cannot help feeling a deep distrust. One thing is certain—that new readers have called forth a mass of literature so-called, which cannot be in any way considered an advantage either to the language or to the public. Books by millions, which have no right to be called books, and depreciate instead of elevating the intellectual taste of the multitude, have come into being. We must, as the French say, accept along with all the virtues *les défauts des ses qualités*. And this is certainly a great drawback to the universal reading and writing which is now characteristic of our time. But, at the same time, the opening of these gates of knowledge to all is in itself an enormous thing. To read alone is of itself to receive a new birthright, to enter a new world. Even the 'Family Herald' (we believe a most respectable publication, though too fond of the aristocracy, like most of its kind) must make an opening in the spheres, when bad weather, or bad trade, or sickness leave the toilers of humble life in languor and idleness: and there will always be some who will rise to better things. It is said that foolish boys are taught by much of this cheap literature to make a hero of a burglar and emulate him in his adventures. But we put little faith in these reports: for it is certain that the tendency of all

the books and stories for the million is moral in the highest degree, and nowhere is the villain painted so black as in a penny publication—the villain whom Sadler's Wells, and indeed Drury Lane, hiss instinctively from the first moment of his appearance: which it may be presumed is accepted by those important members of the theatrical fraternity as the highest applause.

We have already said something of the extraordinary advance of surgical Science in the Victorian age. Not Medicine: we believe that the art of curing disease is almost as empirical as ever. Its methods change from one ten years to another, so that the panaceas of yesterday are considered quite untrustworthy, if not dangerous, to-day. And we confess that there is something loathsome in the newest medicaments of all, the decoctions made from diseased animals, which are supposed to be about to revolutionise the Science. Concerning such cures we hesitate and doubt in the face of the most confident asseverations. The vaccine lymph is different. It is no hell's broth of corruption and disease. But, fortunately, it is not our business to give any opinion in such recondite matters. Surgery, however, instead of the beneficent but bloody agent it used to be, the dealer of dreadful strokes, and wounds worse than a battle, has now become, of all Sciences in the world, the kindest, the truest ministrant to the suffering. It is said that it was a sudden perception of "the gay motes that people the sunbeams" which suggested to the mind of Lord Lister—or was it a dreaming predecessor?—the treatment which is called antiseptic, and means the rigorous shutting out of every possible or impossible germ from the

broken skin or open wound in which it might lodge and breed harm. If it were so, that sudden gleam of the sun was certainly a ray direct from heaven, and more to be remembered still than the singing kettle which made so great a suggestion to the brain of Watt. The sunshine had done nothing but point out this for hundreds of ages,—how the air teemed with every kind of invisible life, and how expedient it was to watch lest that dust of organisation might have particles in it of harm. But till the eye comes that can see, what matter how Nature opens her secrets!

Earlier than that great discovery, and more wonderful still, was that other of Sir James Simpson, by which pain was charmed away altogether, and it was found that the most dreadful operations might be accomplished in the human body while the owner of that body lay as in a pleasant dream. Most amazing and most blessed of all the discoveries! As his nephew and successor has recently told us, in a very touching commemorative address: "Sir William Fergusson was well within the mark when he said, 'It was at least fortunate for anæsthesia that Simpson took it up.' Ere humanity could reap the benefit of the discovery, a hard battle had to be fought against ignorance, apathy, and prejudice, and James Simpson was the protagonist in the scene. He did not cease his efforts until he had seen the importance of anæsthesia fairly recognised, and such an impetus given to surgical progress as it had never before received, and such as has only been rivalled since when Lister—praised be the Queen who has raised him to the peerage!—inaugurated the Antiseptic Era." Where can we find honour enough to bestow

on those who, pondering, brooding, investigating, experimenting, brought at last those angelic arts to light? A peerage! Folly! the recompense of men who cut other men to pieces, not of those who, with a patience almost divine, a preoccupation that swept away every other thought, laboured and combined and were silent until the great work of Charity came softly into being, touching with soothing hands every quivering nerve, making even the sharp steel blade a benediction, keeping every adverse breath at arm's length. This has been done before our eyes. It is another glory, perhaps the highest, of the reign of Victoria, the victor's age, triumphant over so many demons, economist of so many sufferings, the mother age more tender of human pain than ever age has been before it, the era of our Queen.

To tell all the additions which have been made to our material greatness during this wonderful reign, the extension of our trade, the improvement of our manufactures, the vicissitudes in everything, would again require the figures which we have avoided, and such calculations as we have no desire to enter upon. The reader will find them at every hand, and may know in half an hour what is the increase in our shipping, and in our commercial transactions of all kinds, our exports and our imports, our army and our navy. There is one diminution, however, which everybody must mourn, even among those who regard the cause of it as a good thing. It is hard to allow that there is a decrease in anything that is good in this benignant reign. But it is so. The fields of golden grain that once were our pride, clothe

no longer in the luxuriance of old the slopes and hollows. We have plenty of bread, and no arbitrary want of the kind occasioned by absence of supply; but our abundance is in very small degree from the English farmer's furrows. Must there not be something wrong in that State where it is waste and loss to grow corn, and the tillers of the fields cannot live by the labour which gives bread to other men? This seems almost one of the maxims which are mathematical, with which reason cannot interfere. Whatever can be said or done, it cannot be right that we should grow less corn year after year. In the choice of evils, a transgression of those theories which have been received as economic laws would be better than such a practical misfortune. But this is one of the questions into which it is not our business to enter.

Does the reader remember the little picture we attempted to give him of an early Victorian room, belonging say to a member of the professional classes, not rich but comfortable enough, with the two candles on the table, the one weekly newspaper, the anxious look-out for franks, the occasional journey in a stuffy coach or slow canal boat? We should like to tell him a little more about the interior of the house, through which, he will remember, persons passing from one room to another carried a candle, and little children not trusted with such aids flew breathless with beating hearts, every run from the parlour to the nursery being haunted with horror, through the dark passages. When the Queen came to the throne most of the rooms were furnished with black haircloth covering their chairs and sofas, blocks of mahogany, sideboards,

catafalques, against the walls. Moreen curtains, stiff as so many boards, hung straight over the windows. Social critics nowadays are apt to talk of Rep as the great invention of the Philistines; but if they clearly knew what they meant they would not use that word. Rep is not a lovely manufacture, yet it is capable of a fold here and there. What they would describe is the older and more awful fabric of Moreen. Who invented that extinct material we know not, any more than who invented black haircloth; but in the forties they were both in full possession of the domestic hearth. We believe the atrocious invention of "anti-macassars" (still surviving under the more human title of chair-backs) arose from a despairing attempt to soften the horror of the black haircloth sofa, which pricked the cheek of any one who ventured to repose upon it, and the so-called easy-chairs which peopled with blackness the unhappy room. Anti-macassars in their native loveliness as they appeared in the first years of the Queen—for they were, poor things, a sort of clumsy *avant-coureurs*, attempts at something of unskilful decoration—may still be seen in seaside lodgings, and farmhouse parlours, and other belated places, horrible webs of crochet, white, starched, and glistening, or, worse still, in coloured wool, dingy and terrible, collecting and retaining the dust of years. Young ladies executed with pride these awful works in the early days of Victoria. The catafalque in the dining-room which was called a sideboard was not the solid thing it seemed. It looked massive enough to stand a siege, but it was really all veneer and French polish, thin slips of mahogany covering a fabric made of common

wood. Sometimes there would be a relic of the elder ages, an old dining-table, slender and glistening black with the consecutive polishing of generations, as bright as a mirror and genuine all through, in the same room which contained the catafalque, to shame it; but as like as not this delightful piece of furniture was pushed out of the way to admit a massive square table with elephantine legs, fictitious size and weight being necessary to make the art of veneering practicable. I remember a bed in those days with solemn dark-red moreen curtains drawn round it, which a wicked wit somewhat profanely called "a field to bury strangers in," seeing it was in the special guest-chamber, the "best room" of the house. Such was the aspect of the dwelling in early Victorian days.

Our houses are now a little fantastic, over-decorated, too much under the dominion of Liberty and other "artistic" embellishers. The little drawing-room of a little bride who has "taste"—fatal endowment!—is often a marvellous sight with its little draperies which have no room to be graceful, its bits of strange colour in relation with nothing else, its dados, its friezes, and all the rest. The little flat which has become fashionable is often bedizened like a Parisian bon-bon box, and more like that than anything else. But now we have beautiful stuffs of all descriptions in place of our haircloth and moreen, and if our rooms are not bright and gay, why, it is our own fault. All the monstrosities are swept away, and we could not, were we to try, find a moreen curtain for love or money. Nobody is indifferent now to the fashion of the place in which he lives. We have Indian carpets and imitations of them, silken hangings, not necessarily expensive, hanging as

an artist would choose them to hang, and furniture which, if with a proclivity towards the "quaint," is nevertheless well made, well shaped, and good to live with, almost wherever we go. If the new houses we build, especially in the country, are too palpable copies from Mr Randolph Caldecott, and our great houses too brightly, glaringly modelled on some greater Renaissance original, it is at least certain that we now fully recognise that beauty is a quality we cannot safely do without, and that Art has a right to be consulted whatever else we may do.

The happiest thing we could think of in these elder days upon which to repose our wearied limbs was a feather bed supported upon a foundation of hard straw "palliasses," such as are still to be found in old-fashioned houses. It had not yet been thought of that such a thing as hard iron made into elastic springs could make a couch more soft than the poetical bed of down. Must we, alas! confess that in the early Victorian days bath-rooms were almost non-existent, and any kind of bath an occasional luxury not to be calculated among the needs of every day? It is true, though it seems impossible. We have been reminded of what our dinner-tables were by the 'Reminiscences' of Sir Algernon West. Six side-dishes on the board, that authority recalls to us, a steaming joint at top and bottom, host or hostess (or at her end of the table an unfortunate but honoured guest) working hard and hot at carving—perhaps an epergne holding sweetmeats in the centre of the table to represent ornament, not a flower visible. The recollection calls a groan from our breast—for we too well remember that dreadful state of affairs. The coming in of the *dîner à la Russe*, and the relief and comfort of the cool and pretty

table, was, however, considered a terrible innovation, and resisted, as most improvements are. All these changes have taken place in the most familiar details of life.

Dress can scarcely have been said to be more attractive than the houses in which its owners dwelt in those days. A large square of muslin or silk folded in many folds was swathed two or three times round every man's throat, the corners of the shawl, for such it was, being tied in a straggling little knot in front; or, what was still worse, he wore a stock as stiff as iron, which was less troublesome to put on, but of a much more appalling effect. The coat was shaped like those which we all abuse as insane in their construction, the swallow-tail now only known in evening dress. Insane it is, looked at in the abstract as a garment intended to cover a man's body; but there must be qualities in it, since it has borne the stress of ages and critics. But it is the dress of women and not of men which distinguishes the generations from each other. And here let us say a word for the modes of an elder time.

For we seem to see a kind of artless ideal in the forms of fashion in Queen Victoria's early days, which were not without their attraction,—a little pathetic even, if properly considered. It was as if the happy thought of a young Queen, first to be considered in all such matters, had penetrated into the mind, if mind it can be called, of those mystic authorities who hold the female taste in fee. Fashion is not an intelligent nor highly educated spirit. It gropes its way blindly from one mode to another, and as often stumbles into as selects the variation which tells best. There came upon it, it would seem, in face of these unforeseen circumstances, a sudden sug-

gestion of modesty, simplicity, a kind of virtue in apparel which was altogether new to the imagination of the *costumière*. Apparently the only thing that occurred to the bewildered genius of the mantua-maker as fit for this new age was the natural dress of extreme youth, a thing altering little, whatever are the fancies of the time, but for this once adapted as the mould of form. The short full skirt, the little puff of a sleeve, the little bodice shaped to the natural waist and surrounded by the primeval girdle, became the dress of the age. I dare not ask—such mysteries are beyond me—how a large and plump matron looked in this simple attire; but the young Queen, just after her accession, looked charming in it, as may be seen in her Majesty's picture, with pretty ankles visible and carefully sandalled with narrow ribbons above the little rational shoe, where there was room for all the toes and no heel to speak of. She looks as fresh as a rose, modest, simple as becomes her age. Let us hope that in these days most ladies were young. The intention, the meaning, was indeed very creditable to fashion. The impression left on one's mind was that, for once in a way, that old and battered Divinity which has presided over so many changes was overawed and struck dumb by an ideal of Innocence heretofore unknown to her, and that she gave her whole mind to the interpretation of that novel quality. Everything followed the model of this simplicity: the smooth young hair, glossy as satin, uncrimped, unfripped, untortured, was braided over the brow, behind or round the shell-like ear, all natural in the dazzle of youth, owing nothing to art. When not braided it might fall in ringlets supposed also to be natural, which hung on either side and half veiled

the drooping modest little countenance. Such was the ideal of those days. Nothing so saucy as a hat to be cocked upon an ingenuous head—the bonnet projecting over the cheeks, that no impertinent stare might disturb the composure of the vestal. Modesty was the mode,—the artificial was banished and gone for ever. In the nature of things it could not last, any more than even a young Queen can be always young; but it was a pretty ideal—everything natural, even the ringlets curling at their will, falling in loose spirals. *O Sancta Simplicitas!* It is seldom that fashion takes such a virtuous turn.

We have had many changes of fashion since, but not much that we can feel to be inspired even unconsciously by the Queen, who so early retired from these splendours and veiled her head in the veil of the widow—a fashion peculiar to our race alone, and one which, though many unkind things have been said of it, has always been beloved by the simple-hearted public as the sign of constancy and faithful love. It is not in our opinion unbecoming, though it is common to say so. But dress has never been more magnificent than now: it has not had in this century anything like the same beautiful stuffs to deal with. Its materials are splendid, and there is no special wrong against the human form to be chronicled at this special period. If there is too much heaping up of gorgeous material and florid ornament, yet otherwise the form is left unspoiled, and the outline graceful and sweeping. Nothing could possibly be more different than the splendid show of a Drawing-Room nowadays and the

little girl's frock which was the ideal of fashion, 'tis sixty years since, in the beginning of the reign.

The changes we have attempted to describe are only such as have been witnessed by all who have lived, like her Majesty, through the trials and the vicissitudes of these sixty years—not wholly a joyful retrospect, perhaps, to any individual from the highest to the humblest; not even to the most truly thankful and the most truly blessed an occasion of thanksgiving unbroken by memories of sorrow. But beyond the personal circle of life in which all men and women are equal before God, what a glorious record of honour and prosperity and fame! In great Victoria's golden days what increase, what power, what progress, what incredible new forces and assistances brought to the service of the world! Still more and greater, what help, what pity, what solace to the sufferer—pain lessened, life prolonged, Charity enlarged and strengthened! When all other applauses fail, the glory of having reduced the measure of human suffering and vanquished Pain will remain an endless distinction of the Victorian age. And to the Queen above all others, to her own person and character, there remains the still fairer crown of unity woven for her special brows by a dozen great nations all one in her house, her allegiance, her loyal love and championship. Not for nothing come the Colonists shouting over the seas, the country-folk from their villages, the sons from far away. For love of the mother-country and all she has given—but yet again, and above all, for the love of the Mother-Queen.

THE QUEEN'S OWN GUIDES.

To the travelling tourist who journeys comfortably by the North-Western Railway of India, across the five rivers of the Punjab, who drives in a four-in-hand up the Khaibar Pass to Ali Masjid, or who pauses to inspect the great military camp of Rawal Pindi, with its elaborate line of fortifications, it must be hard to realise that but fifty years ago our armies had scarcely established themselves in the province, and that the Lawrence brothers were engaged at Ranjit Singh's capital in working out the details of that administration which has since become the boast of English rule in India, and has helped to immortalise its founders.

The task of tranquillising the newly acquired dependency was no light one. Scattered through all the villages from the Sutlej to the Indus were the remnants of the armies of the Khalsa, which had measured their strength with ours so valiantly at Firozshah, Aliwal, and Sobraon. And, more difficult perhaps than even the Sikh soldiery to deal with, were the tribes of the wild hill country north of the Indus, who acknowledged allegiance neither to the rulers of Kabul nor to those of Lahore, and whose only fixed purpose was to plunder and ravage the fertile country in their vicinity whenever opportunity offered. Beyond them again were the mountains of Afghanistan, whose ruler, the redoubtable Dost Muhammad, did not fail to remember the fateful struggle of but seven years before; and though that struggle had ended in his final establishment on the throne of Kabul, yet it was but human nature that he should look with a

lenient eye on conduct which might give trouble and perplexity to his sometime aggressors. Thus it was that no mandate from Kabul could be looked for, even supposing it would have availed, to hinder the Pathans of the border from periodical depredations into the plains of the Punjab.

Henry Lawrence was the first to recognise the fact that the best method of checking these border raids would be with the aid of levies drawn from the clansmen themselves, and it was in accordance with this view that on the 14th December 1846 an order of Government was issued authorising the raising of a troop, or, to use the old Indian term, a *ressalah*, of cavalry, and two companies of infantry, the whole to be termed the "Corps of Guides."

To the command of this corps was posted Lieutenant H. B. Lumsden, and for a year and more he laboured unassisted at the rough task of making trained and loyal soldiery out of the wild warriors of the Peshawar border. Even at this early stage of their history the Guides soon won a foremost place amongst the troops of the frontier, and more than once in the year 1847 were detachments of the corps actively employed in quelling disturbances or avenging outrages. Meantime, therefore, there was little leisure for attention to details of drill or equipment, and the men were still but rough and ready soldiers in these respects when, in the spring of 1848, Lieutenant Lumsden brought his new formed corps to the Punjab capital. Here the Guides received an important addition in the person of Lieutenant

W. S. R. Hodson, of the 1st Bengal Fusiliers, who was appointed to do duty as adjutant and second in command. Hodson, whose name afterwards became a household word as that of one of the bravest of the many daring spirits who upheld the British power in India in 1857, was at this time a subaltern of but two years' service; but he had already learned experience of hard fighting in the Sikh battles, and his energy and dash had attracted the notice of so keen an observer of men as Henry Lawrence. "Young Hodson has been appointed to do duty with our Punjab Guide Corps," wrote Herbert Edwardes,—"I think he will do it justice. He is one of the finest young fellows I know, and a thorough soldier at heart."

Some time was now spared, in the midst of more stirring duties, for completing the organisation and outfit of the Guides, and the Rev. George Hodson, in his brother's *Memoirs*,¹ gives an amusing picture of the perplexity of the quiet English clergyman confronted with requests to select helmets, uniform, and carbines for the frontier soldiers of India. At any rate, the equipment of his choice was approved of, for in the following year Hodson wrote: "Sir Charles Napier says they are the only properly dressed light troops he has seen in India." The drab uniform thus selected has since become famous wherever Indian soldiers have borne arms, and is indissolubly connected with the many gallant deeds of the Corps of Guides.

But it was not long before sterner work claimed the energies of the Guides and their leaders. Within a few weeks of their arrival

at Lahore came the news of the tragedy at Multan, where Vans Agnew and Anderson were sacrificed by the treachery of the Diwan Mulraj, and the first blow was struck in that final struggle between Sikhs and British, which ended in the annexation of the Punjab. The story of how Herbert Edwardes, at the head of a few raw levies, hastened to the assistance of the British officers at Multan, is famous among the "golden deeds" of the British in India. He arrived only to hear of the massacre in the Idgah, and to find the whole army of Mulraj arrayed against him. Nevertheless he held his ground with his little force, and by his firmness and determination did much to check the effects of the rising. With him was a party of twenty-five of the Guides, and at the end of June he was joined by Lieutenant Lumsden with the whole of the cavalry of the corps. In the siege of Multan which followed, the Guides again and again distinguished themselves, either individually or as a corps; but one instance must suffice of the fearlessness and dash which thus early made them remarkable, and for which they have ever since been famous. One August day news was brought hurriedly to the British camp that a party of Mulraj's cavalry had driven off a herd of Government camels which were grazing in the open country some miles away. Lieutenant Lumsden was absent at the moment, but those of the Guides who were in camp, less than seventy horsemen in all, turned out under a gallant frontier chief, Fateh Khan by name, and, within a few minutes of the first alarm, they were racing across country in the direction taken by the

¹ Hodson of Hodson's Horse; or, Twelve Years of a Soldier's Life in India.

marauders. A gallop of three miles brought the troop suddenly within sight of the enemy, when, instead of a small party, as they had expected, they found themselves confronted with the whole force of Mulraj's cavalry. The apparition of so superior a force might well have checked the ardour of the pursuers; but no odds were so great as to appal the Guides. Without check or hesitation the gallant little band charged straight at the opposing mass of horsemen, and before the latter had time to face them, they had cut their way right through their midst. Rapidly rallying and wheeling about, they charged back, as they had come, through the ranks of the confused and astonished enemy, dealing destruction as they passed. Stupefied by the impetuosity of the attack, the Sikhs still stood irresolute, when, before they could decide whether to retreat or retaliate, once again their dauntless foes bore down upon them. This settled the issue of the combat: before the whirling line of Guides horsemen could close with them a third time the enemy broke and fled, closely pursued by Fateh Khan and his victorious band, nor did either side draw rein till the walls of Multan gave shelter to the vanquished and checked the career of the pursuers.

Meanwhile the news of the revolt of Mulraj had kindled the flames of discontent, which had been smouldering throughout the Punjab. In the dying struggle of the Sikhs, which thus began, the Guide Corps had not the good fortune to be present at the principal battles of the beginning of the campaign; but the infantry under Hodson nevertheless distinguished themselves in the harassing guerilla warfare of the Julundur Doab, and there they were

joined shortly before the end of the war by Lieutenant Lumsden with the cavalry, relieved from their arduous work at Multan by the fall of that city. In February 1849 the whole corps joined Lord Gough's "army of the Punjab" just in time to be present at the final battle of Gujrat, and to accompany Sir Walter Gilbert in his pursuit of the beaten foe to the northern frontier of the Punjab.

The services of the corps had been so conspicuous during the war that its strength was immediately afterwards increased to three troops of cavalry and six companies of infantry.

For the next eight years the Guides were almost incessantly engaged with the frontier tribes of the Peshawar district, and the despatches relating to the numerous expeditions and raids of this period never fail to refer to the exploits of the men and the gallantry and judgment of their leaders. When, in May 1857, the news of the Bengal mutiny reached Peshawar, the command of the Guides was in new hands. Only two months before, Lieutenant Lumsden had started on a political mission to Kandahar, escorted by a party of his own men, nor did he return thence till the war of the Mutiny was over. But though he was thus deprived of the distinction of commanding his men at one of the most famous periods of their history, yet his services during the previous ten years had already earned for him no common reputation. "A braver or a better soldier," wrote Sir Charles Napier and Sir Colin Campbell of Lumsden in 1851, "never drew a sword;" and Lord Dalhousie, the greatest of India's Governors-General, cordially endorsed their praises. Lieutenant Lumsden's after-career amply proved how well merited

was this opinion: for years his name was a household word on the Peshawar border, and his death in September of last year brought grief home to many a gallant old Pathan soldier, as well as to the brother officers who had served and fought under him.

Worthy successors to Lumsden and Hodson were found in Captain Henry Daly and Lieutenant Quentin Battye, the first of whom, like the founder of his old corps, survived till last year, and passed away, full of years and honour, leaving a name which will be remembered amongst the foremost of Indian soldiers. Under these two, and three other officers, 150 cavalry and 350 infantry of the Guide Corps made one of the most remarkable marches in history, from Peshawar to Delhi, in May 1857. The infantry were mounted on camels to enable them to keep up with the cavalry, but even with this assistance the whole of the marching had to be done by night, as the heat of the summer sun was insupportable. Leaving Peshawar at 6 P.M. on Wednesday, the 13th May, and covering a distance of some thirty miles between each sunset and sunrise, the corps marched into the British camp on the ridge before Delhi on the morning of the 9th June, having halted four days on the road, and having covered nearly 600 miles in the remaining twenty-two days. Kaye has described the welcome they received from the assembled force, and in a very few hours they had fully proved how well they deserved it. "The Guides," wrote Sir H. Barnard, in the orders of that day, "notwithstanding their long and rapid march, are in perfect order and ready for immediate service, and the major-general recommends these brave and loyal soldiers to the favourable notice

of their comrades of the various regiments in camp." Immediate, indeed, was the service for which the corps was to prove its readiness—so much so, that the men had scarcely had time to pitch their camp when they were turned out to meet the first of the many efforts of the mutineers in Delhi to drive the British force from the siege. Cavalry and infantry alike distinguished themselves, and behaved, as Hodson (now on the headquarter staff) wrote, "with their usual pluck"; but the corps had to mourn one loss of no ordinary nature. "The heroic Battye fell mortally wounded whilst leading and cheering on his men." Foremost in the fighting, he was shot through the body while struggling at close quarters with one of the mutineers, and died twenty-four hours later—the first to fall of those gallant brothers whose lives were devoted to the service of their country, and whose deaths ennobled their own name and the annals of the corps to which they belonged.

"It was close up to the walls," writes Lord Roberts in his Memoirs, "that Quentin Battye, the dashing commander of the Guides cavalry, received his mortal wound. He was the brightest and cheeriest of companions, and although only a subaltern of eight years' service, he was a great loss. . . . Proud of his regiment and beloved by his men, who, grand fellows themselves, were captivated by his many soldierly qualities, he had every prospect before him of a splendid career, but he was destined to fall in his first fight. He was curiously fond of quotations, and the last words he uttered were, '*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*'"

In this first fight outside Delhi a very gallant deed was performed by a native officer, who had already gained a decoration for bravery in a frontier expedition against the

Adam Khel Afridis. This was the subadar or senior native officer of the Gurkha company, named Kaur Singh, a man remarkable even amongst Gurkhas for exceptional gallantry. On this occasion, as the Guides were driving the enemy towards the city through the enclosures of the Sabzi Mandi suburb, Kaur Singh saw three of the mutineers firing from the shelter of a house. Without hesitation he dashed into the building, his *kukri* or Gurkha knife in his hand, and alone engaged and despatched all three of his opponents. He himself escaped unhurt, but unfortunately he was mortally wounded a few days later. On the 3d July Hodson wrote in his diary: "Kaur Singh, the little Gurkha subadar, who won the order of merit in that stiff affair at Boree in '53, is gone." So exceptional were the services of this native officer, that on his death a commission in the Guides was given to his son, Kharak Singh, then a boy of about twelve years old.

The reappearance of Hodson's name in connection with the Guide Corps should be explained. On the 19th June Captain Daly, the commandant, was severely wounded at the head of the Guides cavalry, when charging a vastly superior force of mutineers. The enemy had managed to turn the right flank of the British position, and were threatening the rear of the camp. No infantry could be spared to meet this attack, for every available man was in the fighting line against the mutineers' simultaneous onslaught on the main position. Such small force of artillery and cavalry as could be mustered had to bear the brunt of the attack on the rear. The enemy were sheltered by banks and walls, and any free movement

of cavalry against them was impossible; but it quickly became evident that if something could not be done to stop their advance, there was danger of the guns being captured and the camp rushed. In this emergency Daly, with a very small body of the Guides, gallantly charged into the enclosed ground in front, and by his timely intervention saved the guns from capture. He was, as has been said, severely wounded, and the corps having now lost its two senior officers, Lieutenant Hodson was placed in temporary command, in addition to his other arduous duties as Intelligence officer with the force, and commandant of a newly raised regiment of horse.

Amongst many instances of individual gallantry on the part of the native ranks during the daily fighting outside Delhi, the following is noticeable as illustrating the extraordinarily dauntless spirit which animated the soldiers of the Guide Corps. On the 9th of July the rebel cavalry, aided by the treachery of a picket of the 9th Irregular Cavalry, a regiment which up to that time had been believed to be loyal, managed to surprise the rear of the British position and to charge the camp. As the enemy bore down on the lines, where the cavalry were hastily mounting and the guns being brought into action, a *ressaldar* of the Guides, Muhammad Khan by name, whose horse happened to be standing ready for him to mount, leapt into the saddle, and without waiting for support galloped alone to meet the advancing rebels. Regardless of the odds against him, or of the almost certain death towards which he was hastening, his only thought was to meet the foe in deadly combat, and it was only with difficulty that he was prevented by Major Tombs of

the Artillery from thus engaging the enemy single-handed. Ultimately the rebels were stopped by a few rounds of grape from the guns, and as they turned about and endeavoured to make good their retreat, Muhammad Khan was foremost in pursuit, and cut down several of them before they could regain shelter.

The temptation is great to linger over deeds such as these, in which British officers, as well as all the native ranks of the Guides, vied with one another in establishing a record of gallantry unsurpassed by any corps even amongst the gallant regiments of the Delhi Field Force. Hodson's raid on Rohtak, the battle of Najafgarh, besides numberless skirmishes round the camp, and incessant picket and patrolling duties, all gave evidence of the value of these boldest of the frontier soldiery. But it is not possible here to give a detailed chronicle of the actions in which the Guides were engaged, and it must suffice to notice briefly the last scene of that memorable siege on the day when the assaulting columns under Nicholson, Jones, and Campbell broke through the mutineers' defence and established themselves within the walls of Delhi. The Guides infantry was detailed on the day of the assault to join the 4th column, under Major Reid, of the Gurkhas. Their task was perhaps more trying than that of any other column, and the resistance encountered was most stubborn. Readers of Lord Roberts's lately published *Memoirs* will recall how the 4th column, deprived early in the day of its gallant leader, was called on to fight its way from the right of the British camp to the Kabul gate, through the walled lanes

between that gate and the Sabzi Mandi; and how, after most gallant efforts against very superior numbers, the column, sadly reduced in strength, was obliged to fall back. This retirement was covered by the cavalry brigade, including the Guides cavalry, whose steadiness in the most trying circumstances was a brilliant feature of this day of heroism.

"I have been in a good many fights now," wrote Lieutenant MacDowell, Hodson's second in command, "but always under such a heavy fire as this with my own regiment, and there is always excitement cheering on your men, who are replying to the enemy's fire; but here we were in front of a lot of gardens perfectly impracticable for cavalry, under a fire of musketry which I have seldom seen equalled, the enemy quite concealed. . . . Had we retired, they would at once have taken our guns. Had the guns retired with us, we should have lost the position."

It was during these trying two hours that a gallant attempt was made by a party of the Guides infantry to silence one of the enemy's batteries:—

"A party consisting of eighty of the Guides infantry came down to our support, and, though so small a number, went gallantly into the gardens and took up a position in a house close to the battery. I regret, however, to say the officer in command, a most gallant young fellow, Lieutenant Bond, was wounded in the head, and had to be taken away; but the Guides held out most bravely till they got surrounded in the house and were in great danger."¹

With this day's work ended the siege of Delhi, during the three months of which the Guide Corps had suffered to the extent of 303 killed and wounded out of a total strength of 650.

¹ Sir Hope Grant's despatch.

"Where all behaved nobly, it is difficult to particularise; but it will not, I hope, be considered invidious if I specially draw my readers' attention to the four corps most constantly engaged: the 60th Rifles, the Sirmur Battalion of Gurkhas, the Guides, and the 1st Punjab Infantry."¹

The Guides remained for three months more at Delhi, but they did not accompany the columns which marched down country against the mutineers of Oudh. The fall of Delhi had saved the Punjab, and with this event the reason for their employment at a distance from the legitimate field for their exploits, the North-West Frontier, disappeared. The corps commenced their return march on December 18, and reached Peshawar on the 2d February 1858. There they were received by a general parade of the troops in garrison, a royal salute was fired in their honour, and they were greeted in eloquent words by Major-General Sidney Cotton, commanding the division. "We feel proud," he said, "of being re-associated with men whose deeds of daring have earned our noble profession never-dying fame." The Hon. the Court of Directors, in a letter to the Government of India, expressed their fullest concurrence in Major-General Cotton's sentiments, and placed on record their deep sense of the fidelity and heroic gallantry of the Guides under "their gallant commander, Major Daly."

During the campaign 4 British officers and 127 native officers and men either were killed or died; 8 British officers and 222 of the native ranks were wounded. 24 of the native ranks were decorated and 54 promoted for gallantry in the field.

The years which followed the great Mutiny were marked in India rather by drastic civil and military reforms than by stirring incident. In this period of inaction, however, the Guides had no share. On the frontier one little war followed another in rapid succession, and in all, or nearly all, the corps took a prominent part. The Black Mountain expedition of '58 was followed a few months later by that against the Waziris, when the Guides were once more led by their gallant founder, Major Lumsden. In the spring of 1860 came a considerable expedition against the Mahsud Waziris, and it was on this occasion that the warriors of that wild tribe first employed against our forces the stratagem which they repeated with only too much success in November 1894. Part of the British force was encamped near the village of Patosin, when in the early dawn of the 23d April the camp was suddenly rushed by some 3000 Waziris. For a few minutes the confusion was great, but the steadiness of the Guides soon stemmed the fury of the attack, and a bayonet charge of 200 men under Lieutenant Bond rapidly cleared the camp. The loss, however, in the pickets and amongst the camp-followers was serious, amounting to a native officer, 14 fighting men, and 18 followers killed, and 61 fighting men and 13 followers wounded.

We can but glance very briefly at the Ambela campaign, which, having been begun with insufficient strength, was protracted through two long months at the end of 1863. Few of our frontier wars have been more productive of brilliant deeds than this, and few such deeds surpass in daring

¹ Lord Roberts, *Forty-one Years in India.*

and readiness the action of Dafadar Fakira of the Guides cavalry at the beginning of the campaign. This non-commissioned officer was on duty with three sowars as night patrol in the Guides camp on the 3d September 1863. Patrolling in the neighbourhood of the camp, the party of four came suddenly in the dark on a body of some 300 of the enemy advancing with the intention of effecting a surprise. Without a moment's hesitation the patrol charged the tribesmen with loud shouts, whereupon the latter, imagining that their plans had been betrayed and that they had fallen into an ambush, turned and fled without striking a blow.

The Ambela campaign terminated on the 21st December, and from this date began a period of unusual inactivity for the Corps of Guides, which, with the exception of some short intervals of active service, lasted for fourteen years.

But the reputation of the corps had been made already in the eventful years some of the incidents of which have been described in the foregoing pages, and throughout the Indian army it was felt that the honour had been well earned when, in commemoration of the visit of the Prince of Wales to India, his Royal Highness was appointed honorary colonel of the Guides, while at the same time her Majesty was "graciously pleased to confer on the corps the distinction of being styled 'Queen's Own,' and of wearing on their colours and appointments the royal cypher within the garter." This was the first occasion on which such complimentary titles had been conferred on any regiments of the Indian army, and the Guides shared the honour of being called the "Queen's Own" with the 2d Bengal Light Infantry, a regiment

distinguished by having the longest list of victories on their colours of any corps in India, as well as by having maintained an unsullied reputation for fidelity throughout the trying months of 1857. The only other Indian corps which was similarly honoured was that of the Madras Sappers and Miners, whose reputation then, as now, extended wherever the army of India has borne arms.

Passing over the Jowaki expedition of 1877, the campaigns in Afghanistan in 1878-80 demand notice. Here, as might be expected, the Corps of Guides had a prominent part to play, being engaged in Sir Sam Browne's attack on Ali Masjid, and in all the principal operations of the first campaign in the country round the Khaibar Pass. Of these, the last was the expedition against the Khugiani tribe in the neighbourhood of the town of Fatehabad. The column, which was about 1200 strong, included the cavalry of the Guides under Major Wigram Battye, and was commanded by Brigadier-General C. S. Gough, who, as a subaltern, had been attached to the Guide Corps during the siege of Delhi. The hostile tribesmen were encountered in great force near Fatehabad on the 2d April 1879. Having been lured from their position by a feigned retirement, the enemy were first shaken by infantry fire, and then charged in the most dashing manner by the small cavalry force composed of detachments of the 10th Hussars and of the Guides. The latter behaved with all their old gallantry, completely breaking down the enemy's resistance, and inflicting on them severe loss. Lieutenant W. R. P. Hamilton was conspicuous in the fight, and earned the Victoria Cross by his conduct, while six of the native

ranks were decorated for gallantry. But the satisfaction at the success of the action was sadly marred by the losses sustained by the corps. Not only were three of the men killed and thirty wounded, three of them mortally, but in addition the Guides had to mourn the death of the gallant Major Battye, who was shot down at the head of his men. Like his brother Quentin, who fell in his first fight outside the walls of Delhi, Wigram Battye was beloved by all who knew him, as much as admired for his soldierly qualities. Few men are mourned as he was, yet one cannot but feel how just were the words of his general, Sir Sam Browne:—

"It is some consolation to me, in mourning over his loss, to feel that he died, as he would have wished, at the head of his gallant Guides. . . . Throughout his brief yet distinguished career, he conducted himself in his private capacity as a high-minded English gentleman, in his public life as an able, chivalrous soldier; and it seems fitting that to such a life the death of a hero should have been accorded."¹

So ended the first campaign of the second Afghan war, during the whole of which (to quote again from the despatches) the infantry of the Guides had "more than acted up to their old reputation," while the cavalry had, as ever, shown themselves to be "a model of what light horsemen should be."

The tranquillity which followed the peace of Gandamak was of short duration. On the 26th June 1879 the newly appointed Resident at Kabul, Major Sir Pierre Louis Cavagnari, left Kohat with his escort: on the 4th September India was horrified by the news of the massacre of the whole party.

The escort was composed of twenty-five cavalry and fifty-two infantry of the Guides, the whole under the command of Lieutenant Hamilton, who had earned the V.C. for his gallantry at Fatehabad. From the date of their arrival at Kabul signs and rumours were not wanting of the ill favour with which they were regarded by both populace and soldiery, and in the early morning of the 3d September the smouldering fire burst forth. The exact details of that day will never be accurately known, for no credible eyewitness of what happened survived to tell the tale. But the main facts are a sufficient record of heroic and determined courage fighting to the death against fearful odds. The Residency, where the British were attacked, was commanded on all sides, nor could it be termed in any way defensible. Nevertheless the little band of eighty men held the armed populace of a great city at bay there from seven in the morning till eight at night, and the struggle only ceased when the doors of their frail fortress were battered in and the few who remained alive were shot down by the mob. Four times did the defenders sally out and charge their opponents, and before them the Afghans fled "like sheep before a wolf"; but each time the leaders and men from the Residency were fewer in number, and at length the band which remained were driven to defend themselves in the upper storey, till the approaches to that too were forced. Seldom has dastardly treachery been faced so boldly, nor can history show a finer example of unfaltering and desperate courage. Lieutenant Hamilton and his men were worthy of their famous regiment. On the capture of Kabul

¹ Sir Sam Browne's despatch.

two months later by Sir Frederick Roberts a commission was appointed, under the presidency of Colonel (afterwards Sir Charles) MacGregor, to report on the circumstances of the massacre, and by this commission the following testimony to the conduct of the Guides was recorded:—

"The conduct of the Queen's Own Guides does not form part of the inquiry intrusted to the commission. But they have, in the course of these inquiries, had the extreme gallantry of the bearing of these men so forcibly brought to their notice that they cannot refrain from placing on record their humble tribute of admiration. They do not give their opinion hastily, but they believe that the annals of no army and no regiment can show a brighter record of devoted bravery than has been achieved by this small band of Guides. By their deeds they have conferred undying honour, not only on the regiment to which they belong, but on the whole British army."

In the second campaign in Afghanistan, which followed the Kabul massacre, the Corps of Guides was even more distinguished for its conduct than in the previous year. Arriving at Kabul just in time to take part in the severe fighting of December 1879, the corps was an invaluable addition to Sir Frederick Roberts's force, and both cavalry and infantry behaved with the greatest gallantry in those as well as in subsequent fights. Having been on service almost continuously for nearly two years, during which time they had suffered severe losses, the Guides were not included in the force which marched with Sir Frederick Roberts to relieve Kandahar, and they returned to their headquarters at Hoti Mandan in September 1880. During the two campaigns the corps had lost 2 British and 6 native officers and 96 non-commissioned officers

and men killed, 57 died of disease, and 85 of all ranks wounded.

In 1886 and 1891 parts of the Guide Corps were again employed in frontier expeditions; but passing over these, the long record of brilliant services terminates in the campaign of 1895, which, as will be fresh in the reader's recollection, was undertaken for the relief of Chitral.

The little station of Hoti Mandan, where the Guides are located, stands about sixteen miles from the line of rail, and on the direct road from the nearest railway station to the foot of the Malakand Pass, over which the relieving column was to advance. The corps was therefore on the spot when the concentration took place, and it crossed the frontier with the rest of the troops on the morning of the 3d April. The infantry formed part of the 2d Brigade, and the cavalry were included in the divisional troops. The former were conspicuous in the assault on the precipitous slopes of the Malakand, while the cavalry, under Captain Adams, equally distinguished themselves on the following day against the hostile tribesmen in the Swat valley. But it was in the action on the 13th April on the banks of the Panjkora river that the conduct of the Guides was most noticeable, reminding those who witnessed it that this was the very same corps which had confronted the overwhelming number of mutineers at Delhi, which had stormed the heights round Kabul, and of which the name was foremost in the history of a hundred fights on the frontier.

The advance troops of the Chitral Relief Force reached the bank of the Panjkora on the 10th April, and on the arrival soon afterwards of Sir Robert Low, commanding

the force, orders were at once given for the construction of a bridge, without which it was found impossible to cross the stream. On the evening of the 12th April the bridge was sufficiently completed to allow of the Guides infantry passing over to cover the work. The next morning the corps, under Colonel F. D. Battye (the third brother of this distinguished family who served in the Guides), made a reconnaissance into Bajaur territory; but, by a combination of misfortunes, not only did Colonel Battye advance farther than had been intended from the river, but in addition to this the stream suddenly rose, and in the early morning of the 13th the frail bridge was swept away, thus cutting off all possibility of reinforcing the Guides. Meanwhile, at noon, Colonel Battye found himself confronted by two large bodies of the enemy, who advanced rapidly against him down the sides of the surrounding hills. He was immediately ordered by heliogram to fall back on the bridge-head, where he would be covered by the fire of the guns on the opposite bank; and it was in this retirement that the steadiness and discipline of the Guides were so brilliantly displayed. The battalion retired in perfect order, inflicting a loss of some 500 on the enemy, "probably one for every sepoy of the Guides engaged."

"His Excellency," wrote the adjutant-general in a despatch to Government, "considers this a very remarkable instance of the results that may be obtained under very trying circumstances by absolute steadiness, combined with high training and

perfect fire control, and believes that the Guides must have felt themselves conquerors though retiring before eight times their number of brave but undisciplined tribesmen."

To all who know how bold are Afghan tribesmen in pursuit, and how trying is a retirement to all Asiatic soldiery, the brilliancy of this action will be specially apparent. The losses of the Guides were small numerically, amounting to but three killed and nine wounded; but they were rendered more deplorable by the fall of the gallant Colonel Battye, who was shot just at the close of the action. "By his death, at the moment when he had with great gallantry and skill brought the battalion under his command out of a position of peculiar difficulty, the Indian service has lost one of its most admirable officers."¹

This was the last occasion on which the Guides were seriously engaged, and here this brief sketch of their services during the last half-century may be fittingly closed. As lately as last year individual officers of the corps have been selected for important service with the contingent sent from India to Suakin, but the last service of the Guides as a whole was in the Chitral expedition. As has been shown, the courage and discipline of both officers and men have not deteriorated since the days when they were led by Lumsden, Hodson, and Daly; and whenever or wherever in the future they may be called on to defend the interests of the empire, the Queen's Own Guides may be trusted to show themselves second to no regiment or corps in the British army.

¹ General Order of the Viceroy in Council.

EARLY VICTORIAN FICTION.

It has often been remarked that the novel is to the Victorian era what the drama was to the age of Elizabeth, or the narrative poem to the epoch of the Great Revolution—at once the favourite form of literary expression and the most characteristic embodiment of the spirit of the time. The Elizabethan literary world demanded action, vigorous language, and no intrusive comments or explanations; the child of the Revolution preferred a medium in which he could intersperse his narrative with his views on nature or the Rights of Man; and the later nineteenth-century writer, following out the same idea, chooses the means by which, while pandering to the unaccountable liking of the public for a story, he may most freely inculcate the tenets of the newest form of irreligion or the merits of his own particular nostrum for saving society. Since, therefore, the novel now occupies the place of the pulpit and the platform as well as that of the vehicle of "innocent amusement" (to use a term much reprobated by the novelists of the earlier part of the century), we feel that it is unnecessary to apologise for undertaking a survey of a part of the development of this new social force during the years 1837-97.

The sixty years of the Victorian era lend themselves readily to a rough division into three parts—and, in point of fact, we do distinguish three separate periods in the growth of the novel during the reign, but the divisions are by no means equal in length, nor do they follow consecutively on one another. The characteristics of the second period make their

appearance while those of the first are still predominant, and one writer at any rate has brought the tone and manner of the Early Victorian era almost into our own time. The style of '*Kenelm Chillingly*,' published in the seventies, betrays its author as the last survivor of the romanticists of the older day. Roughly speaking, we may say that the period of which we propose now to treat ended with the Crimean War, although waifs and strays which properly belong to it continue to make their appearance for some years thereafter, and its lofty solemnity had long been threatened by the encroachments of the rising generation of authors. It was the era of the belated pseudo-romantic, of the imitators of the imitators of Scott, of tales of magic and mystery, and of the novel of high life. Dickens, Thackeray, Charles Kingsley, George Eliot, Charlotte Brontë, Charles Reade, and Mrs Oliphant rose, or even flourished, during its course; but their principal works belong more properly to the succeeding period, although the writers themselves have not all escaped the influence of the romantic era. To take but two instances, the Parisian experiences of Rochester and his courtship of his first wife might have come straight from the pages of *Lady Blessington*, while the melodramatic portions of '*Nicholas Nickleby*' and other early works of Dickens reflect the methods both of the fashionable and of the purely romantic among his predecessors.

In thus restricting our field of view to the more old-fashioned writers of our period, it might be

imagined that we should find ourselves confined to a very narrow range of interests, but this is not the case. The Early Victorian era had much more affinity with our own as regards subjects and their treatment than has the succeeding period, and it even anticipated not a few of the crazes of to-day. It had its Celtic Renaissance, to which, after the too famous Macpherson, Scott had given the first impulse by his studies of Highland character, and which was continued impartially by the Irish stories of Carleton and Lover, and gained new life from the publication (or should it be the republication?) of the 'Mabinogion.' It had its Kail-yard School, which descended through Scott to Galt and to Wilson, whose 'Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life' portrays the Scottish peasant of the period as considerably more sentimental and less humorous than his modern representative. It had its realists, who are now our romanticists, and even, highly favoured age! its lady exponent of popular mysticism, its Marie Corelli, so to speak, of whom more hereafter. It possessed, moreover, its competing American literature (mostly pirated, it is to be feared), although the American novelist had as yet scarcely attained to the elaborate unconsciousness of the existence of any country but the United States, and any city but his own Orford or Hamilcar, let us say, which distinguishes him so pleasantly at this later day. It had even its lady journalists—not merely Harriet Martineau fulminating against Toryism and Protection in the columns of the 'Daily News,' but, as Mrs Gore tells us, misses in their teens, who had been inoculated with the virus of journalism by some mad editor, and

were allowed to contribute to the great dailies ferocious leading articles denouncing the Government of the day. In this respect the world fifty years ago seems to have been more advanced than it is now, or was the speedy promotion of these young ladies due to the fact that they worked without remuneration? And the age possessed also its New Woman in fiction, for the heroine of Mrs Trollope's 'Life and Adventures of a Clever Woman,' with her diary carefully written with a view to its being read by other eyes, and her insistence on being taken seriously, might be the prototype of Marie Baschkirtseff herself, while her calm calculation on—or shall we say after?—marrying, that she had now a future before her, might have fitted her to appear in a novel by Mrs Andrew Dean.

But if the period has many points of likeness to our own, it is not without strong differences. It may seem almost a paradox to say that it was a far more literary age; but if we are to take as a test the effect produced by literature upon individuals and upon society, this was certainly the case, in spite of the far smaller number of readers, and the costliness of books. "In England," says Mrs Gore, in the 'Dean's Daughter,' "official men talk chiefly of Melton or Newmarket, ballet-dancers or cooks. Except on the day of publication of a new 'Edinburgh' or 'Quarterly,' or a crack pamphlet, or of the opening of the Session, or the downfall of a ministry, public measures are seldom canvassed among those who have enough to do in manufacturing them." The first and last charges may still be true (we will not venture to assert that this is so), but we doubt whether there is any public man nowadays

who could so much as name the day on which the 'Edinburgh' or the 'Quarterly' comes out, and even more whether there is any club at which the wealth of wisdom contained in their pages would be tolerated, though but for twenty-four hours, as the sole topic of conversation. And what young lady of to-day tries to model her personal appearance upon that of the heroine of the latest novel she has read, as did the Miss Rebecca Linnet of 'Scenes from Clerical Life'?

"Nothing but an acquaintance with the course of her studies," we are told, "could afford a clue to the rapid transitions in her dress, which were suggested by the style of beauty, whether sentimental, sprightly, or severe, possessed by the heroine of the three volumes actually in perusal. A piece of lace, which drooped round the edge of her white bonnet one week, had been rejected by the next. . . . The black velvet, meeting with a crystal clasp, which one evening encircled her head, had on another descended to her neck, and on a third to her wrist, suggesting to an active imagination either a magical contraction of the ornament, or a fearful ratio of expansion in Miss Rebecca's person."

In the case of certain heroines of recent fiction, flattery of this eminently sincere order would be unadvisable, if not in the English climate impossible; but it has not been our hap to meet with any young lady in the habit of practising it at all.

The fiction which exercised so powerful an influence over the minds of the gentler readers of the time may be divided into three groups—the Society novel, the purely Romantic, and the novel of Adventure. The scope of these may be more clearly defined by saying that the Society novelists followed Richardson and Jane Austen (at a respectful distance, be it understood); the Romantic

writers Scott and Mrs Radcliffe, according as their tastes inclined to history or mystery; and the authors of Adventure-books, with which may be grouped the few humorous novels of the period, Fielding and Defoe. Some there were, like Disraeli, impossible to class, for their works generally united the first two elements, and occasionally included the third; while others, like Lytton, tried them all in turn, and later types as well.

It may seem surprising to some of our readers, who entertain a vivid remembrance of the kind of fiction supplied to them in youth, that we have not allotted the didactic novel a class to itself. The reason is simple: all fiction, with the occasional exception of the humorous novel, was didactic—professedly and aggressively didactic. Considering the disfavour in which fiction was held by the educationists of the time, it can scarcely be said that the novelist was expected to moralise; but moralise he did, whether because it was the fashion of the day, or because he sought humbly to justify his existence to his stern censors, who shall say? We need not believe all that their detractors say against Bulwer Lytton or the Countess of Blessington, to feel surprised by the lofty moral tone expressed, if not always implied, in their works—a tone which was so prominent a feature in the books of the lady that, as we learn from her niece and biographer, "innumerable numbers of the clergy, with whom she had no personal acquaintance, addressed to her letters of compliment and approval." This must have proved extremely gratifying to the author, even if it strikes a later age as scarcely flattering to the discernment of her reverend cor-

respondents, and we can hardly wonder that a spirit of pardonable emulation should have led the writer of an inoffensive, if somewhat involved, historical work called 'The White Mask' to end her book with a quotation from Butler's 'Analogy,' and the following sentence: "My endeavour has been to show in a Romance, in the course of which I have taken many liberties with the muse of history, that there is a retribution even here." This assurance, which seems unnecessary if the endeavour was successful, recalls the conclusion of one of Artemus Ward's most delightful pieces of absurdity: "This is my 1st attempt at writin a Tail and it is far from bein perfect, but if I have incoosed folks to see that in 9 cases out of 10 they can either make Life as barren as the Dessert of Sarah, or as joyvus as a flower garding, my object will have bin accomplished, and more too." It is evident that the clergy were not always to be trusted to find out the moral for themselves. Sometimes, however, they were good enough to point it out to the general reader, by means of a preface contributed to a book, as was the case with the Rev. G. R. Gleig, who is remembered to this day chiefly as author of that delightful book, 'The Subaltern,' but who was also known to his own generation as a novelist and an editor of the works of others. In the preface to a posthumous novel by a Miss Campbell, he apologises for the comparatively un-didactic character of the book, when contrasted with an earlier one, in terms which awaken wonder, not unmingled with awe, as to the nature of the latter. "Harriette Campbell never, indeed, wrote a line, of which the tendency was not to improve the moral feeling, as well as to amuse

the fancy of the reader. But in 'The Cardinal Virtues' the inculcation of pure and righteous principles constitutes the staple or main ingredient of the work; to which the story serves no other purpose than that of ornament—the setting which surrounds the jewel—full of taste and beauty, yet, as compared with the jewel itself, utterly valueless." Surely the force of vicarious self-abnegation on the part of an author could no further go.

In spite, however, of all the moralising of all the novelists, the taste of the age continued to be corrupt—in fact, if we may trust Lady Blessington, who in 'Victims of Society' doubles the rôles of Juvenal and Cassandra, it deteriorated steadily. "We live," laments one of the characters, "in an age . . . when none but exciting subjects have any interest. Tears are now only shed when great crimes are their source; domestic feelings are *passés de mode*; and those who would awaken sympathy must dare guilt." This denunciation, which seems oddly to echo the diatribes of certain lady novelists not unknown at the present day, is supported by a scathing review of the manners and morals of the upper classes in England. If we are to credit our author, who undoubtedly possessed the advantage of an intimate acquaintance with the life she described, to have used the words "decent society" at this epoch would have been to utter a contradiction in terms. As with the Spartans of old, it was not guilt, but its discovery, that was held to merit punishment. With the laudable object of stemming the tide of corruption, Lady Blessington depicts a series of incidents in aristocratic life, both in France and England, which read like

nothing so much as selections from Sue and De Kock, related by a member of the Vigilance Society. All the unsavoury details are there, but the narrator raises his hands and turns away his face in horror. No doubt the lady wrote her novel in the same spirit as that in which she advocated the publication by the Press of Divorce Court reports, thinking that the publicity and the revolting details would tend to deter others from sinning; but we can scarcely wonder that the French, forming their judgment on this and similar instances, should consider us a nation of hypocrites. The good people in the book (for there were some good people even among the English aristocracy) might have stepped out of the pages of 'Sir Charles Grandison'—an idea which has evidently suggested itself to the author. Like the little girl of nursery story, the characters when they are good are very, very good, but when they are bad they are horrid.

And this brings us to consider a curious tendency observable, so far as we have been able to remark, in almost all the Society novels of the time—and surviving to our own days in the writings of the author of 'Nobly Born,' a work which is still, we believe, regarded as a classic by factory-girls and the pupils in some young ladies' schools—the tendency to depreciate the upper classes and exalt the virtuous of lower rank. Not the poor, be it understood; the poor are cleanly and excellent people, who exist merely in order to receive charity at the hands of the rich, and to accentuate the difference between the good heroine who remembers this peculiarity of their position and the bad one who neglects to do so. The earli-

est attempts at what we may call realistic treatment of poverty in the era under discussion are to be found in Mrs Trollope's 'Michael Armstrong' and Disraeli's 'Sybil'; but in spite of this new light the Society novelists remained shut up in their enchanted world. They were the heralds of the virtues and triumphs of that depository of British excellence, the middle class. A peer's younger son, who has made an imprudent marriage, and been cast off by his family, may be welcomed with open arms; but to be a peer or peeress actually in the enjoyment of a title and estates is to forfeit immediately the sympathies of the author. The aristocracy are proud, extravagant, mean, profligate, prone to marry in their own circle, and to give any gifts in their power to their own near relations. Hence it is only natural that the mere mention of a peer should freeze up all the milk of human kindness in the bosom of the chronicler, for he belongs to a different order of creation; and if it is not allowable to condemn and censure those who possess what you have not, and who profess to be unaware of your existence, what comfort have you? The philosophic Liberal, nurtured in the demi-semi-revolutionary doctrines which represented in England the most permanent result of the great French upheaval, held it as an article of faith to dislike the aristocracy as strongly as he despised the "hands" who were demanding remedial legislation in factories and mines. And yet, with an inconsistency only to be found in perfection in your true republican, his great desire was to force his own way into the society which considered itself so far above him—an inconsistency which was but intensified by the hatred he felt to any member of his own

class who succeeded in the attempt. In Mrs Gore's novel, 'The Banker's Wife,' it is difficult to say whether the author or the aristocratic neighbours of the banker, among whom he wishes to establish himself, regard his presumptuous efforts with the greater disfavour. It only adds to the unhappy man's tribulations to find that the old Indian officer, whose acquaintance, formed through a business connection, he has cultivated from motives of policy, succeeds where he has failed. The Colonel, who went out to India at the age of fifteen, and has never revisited England until he retires with a fortune, is not only ignorant of the usages of social life, but speaks vulgarly and ungrammatically, and yet he is taken up, owing rather, we fear, to curiosity than to appreciation of his good heart and kind intentions towards every one, by the noble family in whom the banker is particularly interested. To add that the banker, after almost attaining the object of his ambition, speculates, ruins himself and his family, and finally commits suicide, is merely to show that in the Early Victorian era, as now, the introduction into a novel of a successful business man was merely a prelude to his financial destruction.

Of the aristocratic society which presented the aspect of a guarded paradise to the banker and his like, we have no picture that can be called sympathetic, with the exception of Samuel Warren's sketch of the De la Zouch family and their intimates in 'Ten Thousand a Year.' Rather are we given to understand that the manners of the aristocracy towards one another were as disagreeable as the lack of expansiveness they displayed towards those below them. In another novel of Mrs Gore's,

'Preferment,' the hero is endowed with an uncle, who, like the Sir Charles Tregellis of a later author, is unrivalled as the judge of a race-horse or as the arbiter of a disputed bet, ruling as "a sort of Lord Chancellor of the realms of vice and folly." This gentleman remonstrates with another nephew on the subject of his having been seen in Pall Mall or Piccadilly speaking to his country cousin, who added to his guilt by wearing a coat made by a country tailor. "The moment you have explanations to make about people," says the careful uncle, "they are not fit for your society." He has himself laboured under a somewhat similar incubus, the possession as a brother of an Irish Peer, who expected his companionship and countenance occasionally on his visits to London. "There was a vulgar domesticity about him," says this affectionate relative—"a family coach sort of way of going on, which often made him inconvenient and ridiculous." As we have touched already upon a present-day novel, we offer no apology for quoting from 'Preferment' another passage dealing with the latter end of "the illustrious group which had emerged from obscurity in the days when George IV. was Regent"—the Bucks of whom Dr Doyle writes with such affectionate enthusiasm.

"Some," says Mrs Gore, writing thirty or forty years after the Corinthian era, "were in exile—some in the grave; some at Calais—some at Coventry; some married to *divorcées*, and estranged from female society—some to country heiresses, and lost to male society. George Robins had disposed of the paraphernalia of a dozen or so, whose place remembered them no longer—whose snuff-boxes were dispersed among the curiosity-shops—whose travelling-carriages had been bought cheap by retired haber-

dashers—whose names were forgotten amid their daily haunts and ancient neighbourhood, except in the defaulters-lists of the clubs. Some were showing their withered faces and knocking knees at Paris—some at Naples—some concealing themselves in more obscure retreats.”

The mention in this passage of the retreat to the Continent of the ruined Bucks reminds us of the vast amount of travelling which our fathers contrived to effect in the infancy of steam. To the majority of the characters in their Society novels France and Italy appear to have been a good deal more familiar than their own country. This may be partly due to the necessity of being in the fashion; but when nearly every family had one or more of its members permanently settled on the other side of the British Channel, for reasons connected with debts or duels, or other matters of equal weight, the severance between England and the Continent appears to have been much less wide than at present. Fashions, morals, and fiction from France ruled the taste of society; poetry and philosophy from Germany formed the mind of the scholar and enthusiast. Foreign travel was still as necessary a finish to a gentleman's education as in the days of Sir Charles Grandison, and Greville, Strathern, and Tancred set forth as a matter of course. “In *our* time, you know,” we learn from an elderly speaker in ‘*Preferment*,’ “the grand tour meant Paris, Rome, Naples, and perhaps Vienna; *now* it appears to include Russia, Tartary, Persia, Asia Minor, Egypt, and who knows what!” Well, nowadays it means going round the world, and spending a cold season in India, so that the *fin-de-siècle* Briton is in no way behind his ancestor. In spite of

the wideness of these wanderings, Scotland and the English Lakes do not appear to have been even known to the aristocracy as touring-grounds, and Ireland and the Irish were regarded by all classes with a mingled antipathy and contempt not found at present, we believe, outside the servants' hall. Life within the United Kingdom and out of London seems to have been considered as scarcely worth living, if we may venture to quote again from ‘*The Banker's Wife*’:—

“The noble owner of some fine mansion glories in making it *almost* as agreeable to his guests as a mansion in Grosvenor Square, by bringing down daily from town the freshest London fish and London scandal, the last new books and engravings, periodicals and caricatures. . . . With the thermometer below freezing-point, so as to neutralise the effect of any possible superiority of atmosphere, and imprison the weary guests within the over-stoved house, the captives continue to smile encouragingly upon each other's suffering, and though inexpressibly weary of themselves and each other, persist in congratulating their host on the superior sociability of a country party in winter-time, endeavouring by their laboured vivacity to disguise the growing oppression of their spirits.”

The English love of fresh air seems from this to be a plant of recent growth. Imagine a country-house party of to-day kept helplessly indoors by frosty weather, and reduced to find their sole recreation in the illustrated papers and ‘*Punch*’—for to these, we conclude, do the “engravings and caricatures” of early Victorian days correspond! Even the solace of smoking, which is nowadays regarded as a necessary of life, was not generally available. It is true that one of Lytton's heroes, Ernest Maltravers, who has been educated at a German univer-

sity, smokes a large meerschaum, thoughtfully adding to the tobacco a gilt pastille, which, as the author beautifully remarks, "adulterates the seductive weed with odours that pacify the repugnant censure of the fastidious"; but Lady Blessington's Strathern waxes eloquent in condemning the practice. Smoking is a filthy and unbearable habit—an abomination. The man who smokes shows a fixed disregard of the comfort of women, since whenever he approaches them he infects them with the noisome odour which clings to his raiment, and they, poor things! are forced to tolerate a habit from which they naturally recoil in disgust. Nothing stronger than this could be uttered by the Society moralist of the present day, and it may surprise those from whom we hear so much of the superiority of our fathers in the article of manners; but the imagination fails to conceive the terms in which our author would have scathed the tobacco-loving propensities of the modern man.

The whole position of women in society, in Lady Blessington's opinion, was capable of much improvement. When the *ensor morum* of her age is able to turn her attention from the vices of the great to the needs of the middle class, she betrays a keen good sense and a modernity of view which distinguish her honourably from the majority of her contemporaries. French society was more punctilious than English, we learn, as regarded the behaviour of men to women; but our author does not for that reason advocate the general adoption of French customs. Her wish is to improve the status of the unmarried woman. Almost alone, she raises her voice on behalf of the old maid, who had hitherto been regarded with

pitying contempt, and urges the establishment of a system of what would now be called "dowries for daughters," in order that women may not be tempted to marry merely for a home. The outcome of the state of affairs then existing, by which marriage was regarded as the only possible course for every woman, whether poor or rich, is portrayed in her last book, 'Country Quarters,' in which the arrival of a regiment in an Irish garrison town is described. The young ladies of the place plunge immediately into a course of unblushing and unconcealed husband-hunting, *per fas et nefas*. This is only what is expected of them, and the officers respond with the utmost willingness, but with the avowed intention of loving and riding away. Another side of the shield is shown by Miss Catherine Sinclair in 'Modern Society,' in which we see an heiress beset by fortune-hunters, while she, not loving any of them, calculates, with the greatest *nonchalance*, which of them will be able to give her most in return for her money. To point the moral, the heiress is proved not to be an heiress at all, the fortune belonging in reality to her cousin, the type of modest merit, who has remained untouched by the excitement of the scramble for matrimony, and yet succeeds in carrying off the hero as well as the heritage. Like Lady Blessington, Miss Sinclair was in this matter a reformer born before her time, although not before she was needed. Another book of hers, 'Jane Bouverie,' which is dedicated to the single ladies of England, sets out boldly to tell the story of a woman who was never married, and whose life was nevertheless useful and happy. To her, even more than to the somewhat spasmodic efforts of Lady

Blessington, we owe the recognition of the truth, which Richardson among English novelists was the first to preach, that a woman may possess an individual, and not merely a complementary, personality.

With regard to the subject of female education, with which that just touched upon is so closely bound up, we obtain numerous details from these and other books. 'Modern Accomplishments,' the volume to which 'Modern Society' is a sequel, describes the diverse education of the two cousins, the one with a view to the manufacture of nets, as Swift would have said, the other for that of cages. Young ladies "educated to be married," as the phrase went, studied much the same subjects as their representatives nowadays; but their studies were carried on in a somewhat different manner. Once the girl had left school or the custody of her governess, she was continually on view, so to speak, in the parlour, engaged in drawing or embroidery. Any gentleman who happened to drop in was considered (such was the beautiful humility of the female mind at that epoch) to be qualified to suggest corrections or improvements in her handiwork. Whether these were accepted or not depended naturally on whether the gentleman in question was a desirable *parti* or the reverse; but when there were several eligible suitors in the case, the last state of that picture or piece of embroidery would appear to have been a confused one. More solid subjects were studied in a somewhat different manner. Says the author of 'Strathern': "Mrs Sydney had assiduously cultivated the fertile mind of her lovely daughter, no less by bestowing on her the best education, than by conversing with her ever since her girlhood,

on subjects selected for conveying instruction and instilling high principles." This method of teaching opens up interesting vistas of possibility. Did Mrs Sydney, in vulgar parlance, cram beforehand for these conversations on selected subjects? and what happened when her lovely daughter asked a question which was beyond the range of the maternal reading? Music, of course, was an important subject of study, and we gather that the young lady who played the harp was held to possess large advantages for the display of a fine figure, a shapely arm, and a good voice over her whose performance was confined to the piano. Donizetti, Bellini, and Mercadante were the favourite composers; Mozart was considered graceful, but shallow. In dancing, waltzing was held to be inexpedient, if not immoral, and there were some gentlemen who refused to allow their wives or *fiancées* to engage in it. On the whole, the period seems to us of to-day to have been a strange one, with many peculiarities in its conception of propriety. Gentlemen arranged their whiskers in public with a pocket-comb, and ladies put on lemon-coloured kid gloves to sit in their drawing-rooms and receive morning callers. The lady of whom we are specially told this (her gloves were new, which excited approving remark) was one of those who occupied their leisure with embroidery, which must have been worked under difficulties on this occasion. A gentleman meeting a young girl in society would address her as "Ma'am"; a peer's daughter called her father "my lord" when relations were somewhat strained between them; a father of lower degree addressed his daughter as "Miss So-and-so" when any one else was present; and ladies called their husbands by

their surnames, either with or without, generally without, the prefix of Mr. But these eccentricities of nomenclature were few and simple when compared with those in which the authors of the period revelled when they left their own time and dabbled in history.

The historical knowledge of the Early Victorian era was sadly to seek. Historians professed to aim at accuracy, and not at picturesqueness: they succeeded in being dull, but they did not succeed in being accurate. The novelists, if it is permissible to make use of a slang phrase, "went one better," for they extended the range of inaccuracy, and in some cases attained the picturesque. Scott, with all his antiquarian lore, set the unprincipled example of rearranging history to suit the exigencies of romance, and was unfettered by any latter-day notions as to historical truth. Those were the times in which the average reader took his ideas of history from Scott's novels, and so, alas! did the average writer. We hope we do not malign these industrious novelists; but an examination of their work leads to the conclusion that their *modus operandi* was to fix upon some ancient building—it might be a church, a castle, or a mansion—inquire from the least trustworthy source available when and how it was connected with history, and having thus obtained the germ of a plot, to throw aside all appeal to authority, and plunge into a wild orgy of melodramatic fiction mingled with muddled facts, and narrated in the language known only too truly as Wardour-Street English. Words, names, costumes, "properties" generally (in the theatrical sense), were gathered from all quarters and added to

the confusion, and we find beards, whiskers, and trunk-hose alike mentioned as having been worn in the reign of the second George. The worst offender in this respect, among the authors whose writings have come down to us, was Harrison Ainsworth, whose power of falsifying, or, to use a milder term, caricaturing history, seems to have been inexhaustible. It is pleaded in his behalf that his books familiarised the multitude with the great personages and events of our island story; but it is to be feared that the familiarity was of a kind to breed contempt when the actual facts came to be studied. To learn that Edward Underhill, the Hot Gospelier, was not the sour fanatic depicted in 'The Tower of London,' but a cheerful person with a strong sense of humour, as is evidenced by his extant autobiography, and that he was not burnt at the stake in Mary's reign, but died a natural death at a good old age under Elizabeth, is calculated to cause confusion, if not indignation, in the youthful mind. The novelist of to-day who treated history in this fashion would become the target of every critical journal in the country; but so far were Ainsworth's contemporaries from resenting, or perhaps even recognising, his faults, that they congratulated themselves and him on the "stream of historical truth" which flowed through his fiction. The modern critic might also object to the insertion, in a prose work, of songs and ballads almost on every alternate page, introduced regardless of consistency or dramatic propriety, much in the manner of the famous serenade in Browning's 'Blot on the 'Scutcheon,' and to the truly wonderful nature of the characterisation. The personages fall in love

and out again, transfer their affections to other objects, wander in and out of vaults and similar unpleasant places, go mad, attack and kill one another, and appear as ghosts, for no reason whatever but that the author needs their assistance at the moment in a particular capacity. In his preface to 'Rookwood,' written in 1849, Ainsworth gives us some idea of his purpose in writing historical fiction.

"The chief object I had in view," he says, "in making the present essay, was to see how far the infusion of a warmer and more genial current into the veins of old Romance would succeed in reviving her fluttering and feeble pulses. The attempt has succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectations. Romance, if I am not mistaken, is destined slowly to undergo an important change. Modified by the French and German writers, . . . the structure commenced in our own land by Horace Walpole, Monk Lewis, Mrs Radcliffe, and Maturin, but left imperfect and inharmonious, requires, now that the rubbish which choked up its approach is removed, only the hand of the skilful architect to its entire renovation and perfection."

The modesty of this design is as remarkable as its comprehensiveness, and it is noteworthy that Mrs Radcliffe, and not Scott, was the model that the author set himself to imitate. To her influence we may ascribe the secret panels, mechanical statues, sudden and violent deaths, charnel-houses, and other commonplaces of Ainsworth's world; but it would be unjust to visit upon the Salvator Rosa of British novelists the blame of her disciple's sins of language. We all know that "a little learning is a dangerous thing," and a slight acquaintance with the whole course of English history, concentrated upon a single period, pro-

duces somewhat ludicrous results. Nothing is ever black in Ainsworth's writings,—it is either raven, sable, or jet. A servant is a minion when he is addressed, a menial when he is spoken of. No one is ever told to go anywhere; the command is always, "Hie thee." A wedding is always alluded to delicately as nuptials, a girl is a maiden, a father's father is a grandsire. "What ho! without there," is the recognised mode of summoning your menials, and the wild "Ha! ha!" of the baffled villain or the sardonic hero echoes frequently through the pages.

A sinner also in respect of language is Bulwer Lytton, who in his earlier writings carries the style of Wardour Street even into his novels of fashionable life. Like Ainsworth, he has left on record his views on the writing of fiction in the preface to 'The Last of the Barons.' Nowadays the author intrusts disclosures of this kind to his publishers, who contrive to indicate the purpose of the book and the method pursued in writing it in the dexterous puff preliminary which accompanies the advertisements, or else he induces a journalistic friend to give him a paragraph in his paper to the same end; but fifty or sixty years ago he unburdened himself in a preface, which was often long and substantial enough to serve as an apology for his life instead of merely for his book. "To my mind," says Lytton, "a writer should sit down to compose a fiction as a painter sits down to compose a picture. His first care should be the conception of a whole as lofty as his intellect can grasp—as harmonious and complete as his art can accomplish; his second care the *character* of the interest which the details are intended to sustain." Some ex-

tremely just remarks follow on the subject of composition, and of fiction considered as an art; but it is a little singular that they should serve to introduce a book which is by no means one of the author's most successful attempts at carrying out his own theories. Lytton rarely errs like Ainsworth in flagrant violation of history; his hap is to light upon epochs the events of which are much disputed, and he exercises his undoubted right of choosing the course best suited to his story. But his danger lies in the attempt to include too many characters, and cover too large an extent of ground. This leads to a want of unity in the design, and to occasional violent dislocations of the interest, while the author turns from one group of personages at a crisis in their history to treat of the fortunes of another. Among his historical novels, 'Harold,' we think, is the least open to censure in this respect, although 'The Last Days of Pompeii' would probably have the popular vote in its favour.

But although Lytton's historical novels stand high above the general run of similar productions of his age, it is not in them, so far as our opinion goes, but in his tales of mystery, that his peculiar talent finds its fittest expression. In the power of inspiring sheer blood-curdling horror, none the less terrible because it is produced without the description of any tangible object, 'Zanoni' stands alone. Mrs Radcliffe, and her followers Ainsworth, might revel in mechanical devices for moving the soul to terror; but the effect of such tricks, although they may make the flesh creep at the first time of reading, is feeble and transitory compared with the impression left on the mind which has fallen under the spell of the

Watcher on the Threshold. Here nothing is explained away: the horror remains as mystic, as intangible, and as awe-inspiring at the last reading as at the first, for—and here lies the secret of its permanence—while other spiritual presences in novels belong to special localities or attend special persons,—are attached, so to speak, to the books in which they occur,—the Watcher on the Threshold might be encountered by any one, might be at the moment in the very room with the reader, as he glances up fearfully, with the feeling that he is not alone.

Like other authors who have struck on a new idea, and worked it successfully, Lytton was beset by many imitators—or perhaps it would be kinder to say that his success revealed to others the channel which their thoughts had long been seeking, and in which they might profitably flow. One of the most prominent of these followers was the Rev. George Croly, whose romance, 'Salathiel the Immortal,' dealt with the fall of Jerusalem, interweaving with the history of the period the legend of the Wandering Jew. We smile to-day as we read the extracts from laudatory reviews inserted, quite in modern fashion, in the forefront of the second edition of 'Salathiel,' and see that the 'Athenæum' pronounced it "one of the most splendid productions among works of fiction that the age has brought forth"; and that the 'Gentleman's Magazine' saw in it the "germ of perpetuity," and said that it was "not destined, like other works of imagination, to be read and forgotten." But those who have read the book in childhood will own that, in a restricted sense, at any rate, the reviewer was right, for the chapters which treat of such episodes as the fall

of Masada and the siege of Jerusalem can never be forgotten. To another follower of Lytton's we have already alluded, Miss Eliza Lynn, the author of 'Amymone, a Romance of the Days of Pericles,' and 'Azeth,' a work in which the Egyptology of the period is combined with a kind of theosophy (we hope this is not libellous), which recalls forcibly the religious works of Miss Marie Corelli. In one of Charlotte Brontë's recently published letters, she declines to read either book, on the ground that extracts from them in reviews have presented the author to her imagination as a Bulwer Lytton in petticoats—"an overwhelming vision," as she very justly observes. If the author of 'Jane Eyre' were alive to-day, we fear that the antipathy she anticipated would still exist, although for a different reason, since the Miss Lynn of her day is the Mrs Lynn Linton of ours, the sworn foe of the New Woman, and the universal provider of weapons for those who would attack her. Does a like development await the lady of many editions fifty years hence, we wonder?

One other historical novelist there is belonging to our period who cannot be passed over without a word. The name of G. P. R. James is almost a proverb, on account of the productiveness and wideness of range of his muse, and the extraordinary sameness of the results. Whether the long years of exile in his Italian consulship might have been spent more profitably if he had written less and planned more, is a matter of question with some; but it is almost impossible not to believe that in such a case, if we had lost in quantity we should have gained in quality. The inevitable wayfarer, riding through night and

wind to the roadside inn where he is fated to meet the conspirators in whose schemes he becomes entangled, might have disappeared occasionally; and we should scarcely have had so many books in which a mixture of badly assimilated memoirs of the period, unnecessary dialogue, and moral reflections, masquerades as a novel. To begin a chapter in the middle of a story with a sentence such as this, "The fate that hangs over the death-doomed race of men appals us not," and to continue in a like strain for four pages, without reference to the thread of the plot, is a not uncommon fault which it is very hard to forgive.

Leaving the romance of history, we come to that of adventure, which is linked with its predecessor by the fact that the adventure-story of to-day often deals with the history of yesterday. This was notably the case in the Early Victorian era, which had left the Napoleonic wars less than five-and-twenty years behind, and to which the Greek War of Independence lay only in the immediate past. Side by side with the novel of Society, patronised by would-be fine ladies, such as the Mrs Wititlerly of 'Nicholas Nickleby,' and the historical romance, dear to the heart of the young and impressionable of both sexes, there grew up a school of what might almost be called "technical" novels, sea-stories written by seamen, romances of war by soldiers, and so on. So closely interwoven were fact and fiction in some of these books, that Maxwell, the historian of the Irish Rebellion, quotes in his *magnum opus* the description of one of the skirmishes of the war which he had written as part of the *mise-en-scène* of one of his 'Stories of Waterloo,' and no one appears to have taken any exception to this

somewhat topsy-turvy method of procedure. The ambition to mingle history and romance so deftly as to make a novel a trustworthy chronicle of a campaign, which is not dead even yet, as a recent conspicuous example has shown clearly, was then at its height, and the hand of the expert is visible also in books dealing with the manners and customs of foreign nations rather than with recent history. "One of my chief aims," says the Hon. Charles Murray, in the preface to 'The Prairie-Bird,' "has been to afford you correct information respecting the habits, condition, and character of the North American Indians and those bordering on their territory." The locality chosen is worthy of remark. North-West America was to the novelists of that age what South Africa is to those of to-day, and boys dreamed of wigwams and tomahawks where now their thoughts are busied with kraals and assegais. The noble Red Indian occupied the place now filled by the lofty-minded Zulu, the medicine-man that of the witch-doctor, and the lean frontiersman from Kentucky, instead of the British trader or the Boer hunter, held the affections of the reader. The Spanish Main was still (or, at any rate, a polite convention was maintained between authors and readers on the fact) the haunt of pirates, who must now be relegated to the East Indian Islands or the China Seas, and Turkey, Egypt, and Persia afforded a happy hunting-ground for the writer who loved the gorgeous East, but had not yet discovered India as a background to fiction. The Indian Mutiny, which is in request in so many modern novels as a means of killing off undesirable characters and giving the hero rapid promotion, is replaced sixty years ago by the

Peninsular War; and since the writer of military stories had no Lord Roberts to adore or patronise, he dedicated his work to "Arthur, Duke of Wellington, the greatest captain of the age."

And in this connection we must venture to put in a word for a much-contemned person, the lady novelist, who has long laboured under the stigma of ascribing to the bold dragoon not merely the feelings of ordinary humanity, but also a more than human sensibility. The lady should be held justified, or at least excused, since she followed only where her masculine *confrères* had led the way. The novelist, male or female, who was bold enough nowadays to represent a military man as one-half so sentimental as the Peninsular and Waterloo heroes of Lever, Maxwell, and their followers, or as much addicted to embracing other gentlemen or wiping away a silent tear, would become a butt for the laughter of the whole civilised world. These heroes may, indeed, be somewhat prone to act in haste and without due reflection; but they repent very much at leisure, and their reflections after the deed is done are both long and very frequent. Nor is it only in connection with their own past transgressions that they jot down their meditations; for the weather, the scenery, passing events or the absence of any, and even the time of day, will furnish opportunity for the exercise of their peculiar talent, and they publish abroad their inmost feelings, such as an Englishman of to-day would die rather than make known, with artless innocence. We might almost adopt the theory which M. Taine has broached somewhere in connection with the age of Elizabeth, and suppose that the English character has altered in the inter-

val ; but it is not necessary to go quite so far. Not character, but fashion, has changed. The Early Victorian era was still dominated by the influence of Byron, as its predecessor had been by that of Rousseau, and the type of hero acceptable to the general public was that still dear to the lady novelist—the dark haughty being, whose countenance wears an expression of impenetrable gloom. He exhibits a curious predilection for walking abroad on stormy nights, wrapped in a large cloak and with a slouched hat drawn low upon his brows, and thus clad he apostrophises wildly any natural object which, in spite of the darkness and his hat, may succeed in meeting his gaze. He has a guilty conscience, and lets fall occasionally fearful hints as to the nature of the deeds which burden it ; but his great (perhaps we should say his only) delight is to secure a sympathetic listener—the general public will do as well as any individual—and proceed to enjoy the luxury of confession. One might almost say that he experiences an artistic pleasure in setting forth the heinousness of his deeds and the loneliness to which they condemn him ; and when his listener is the heroine, and she pities and forgives him, and expresses it as her opinion that the dark record may now be closed for evermore, one feels that, whatever he has gained, he has lost two main sources of happiness.

This was the type which influenced the authors of even the adventure-books of the day. The delight in setting down one's creditable feelings, the necessity of calling upon Nature to be partaker in one's moods, and reviling her if she did not see fit to acquiesce, and the perpetual straining after language suited to the greatness of the occasion, are all in evidence.

And, although the hero declaiming against his wrongs is especially sublime, yet the hero stooping to woo falls little short of him in moral dignity. His language, under such circumstances, is equally elevated and impassioned, and must have proved somewhat embarrassing to the heroine, who could scarcely be expected, when taken by surprise, as of course she always was, to be able to summon up fitting terms for a reply. What, for instance, would be a suitable answer to such a request as this?—

“Lady, the blood that warms me is not more vital than the love with which I worship you. I would toil throughout the life that is unspent, even in the bowels of the earth, so I might but hope to die beside you at last. Lady !—beautiful Ida !—I want nothing from you—not even love, which comes to all—say only that you accept my love, whether it may ever be returned or no—say only, ‘Julian, you may serve me,’ and I will bless you before heaven as I kneel.”

But the heroines are not unworthy of their lovers—save in the power of replying suitably to their declarations of affection. In the book from which we have just quoted, a page and a half of close printing is devoted to the description of the sister of the gentleman whose sentiments were at once so lofty and so modest—her face, figure, course of life, dress, manners, temper, and spirits. We learn that she had

“a magnificent eye. It might have done for a genius, and yet something whispered to you, while you looked upon it, that it belonged only to a meek and lowly Christian ; for there was a pure depth of innocence, a holy and quenchless light of womanly devotion in it, which might have been mistaken for poesie, had not the simple and disengaged liveliness of

her address carried conviction with it that her enthusiasm was of the happiest and healthiest tone, and her reason and principle undimmed by a beam from the poisoned atmosphere of this world's passions."

In combating thus vigorously the imputation of genius, the author has contrived to bestow a back-handed slap upon Christianity, which was obviously not her intention; but in other novels of the period also it is evident that the writers have scarcely succeeded in gaining a satisfactory mastery over the instrument of language. To find a lady not inferior to the one just described in charms of person and qualities of mind introduced in the first instance as "a young female," is calculated to cause a shock. This particular atrocity is taken from one of Fenimore Cooper's books; but it is quite common to find the ladies of a party designated as "the females," where a modern writer would say "the girls." To atone for this error of judgment, however, the Early Victorian writer, who is nothing if not gallant, makes all the amends in his power by attaching, wherever it is possible, the adjective "fair," as a kind of inseparable epithet, or after the manner of the days of chivalry, to any word descriptive of his heroine. "The fair passenger," "her fair hand," "his fair cousin" (the hero and heroine are generally cousins, somehow), "the fair rider—artist—embroideress—enthusiast," and so on, *ad nauseam*, are phrases of constant occurrence, more especially in the works of Captain Armstrong, who was a follower of Marryat as a writer of sea-stories, the latest in date of which deals with the Crimean War. In contrast with the tendency we have noted in most of his contemporaries to adopt an attitude hostile to the

nobility, Captain Armstrong, like the average Briton, "dearly loves a lord," and is not ashamed to show his preference. His virtuous heroes succeed to peerages and magnificent estates, and are described with an affectionate respect bordering on adoration. "Lord Courtland" is never named without his title, although the author has been on the most familiar terms with him before his accession to honours, and when he is mentioned as "his Lordship" a capital letter is used.

Another peculiarity common to most of the novels of our period is the artificiality of their style. It is as though the author donned the tragic buskin himself in order not to be out of harmony with his characters, and as though the characters were never allowed to lay aside their masks even in their most solitary moments. In 'Country Quarters,' the officers, who are intended to be a gay and jovial set of fellows, joke "wi' deeficulty," and in a way that suggests dancing on stilts. There is a heavy-handedness about the society *badinage* which is enough to make a modern reader believe that the actors had grown into a state of romantic gloom, and only unbent in obedience to a sense of duty and with sadly preoccupied minds. The consequences of maintaining this tragic atmosphere are twofold. Scenes which would convulse the public of to-day with inextinguishable laughter are accepted in sad and sober earnest, and a false note runs through the story carried on at such an unnatural pitch. We may be unfortunate in our reminiscences; but, so far as our experience goes, we can only recall a single touch of nature, such as would appeal to the average man or woman to-day, in the whole of the voluminous

works of Captain Marryat. This occurs in 'Settlers in Canada,' at the moment at which Captain Sinclair and Alfred are reconnoitring the Indian camp in which Mary is a prisoner. The soldier is too much excited to keep still, and when his friend warns him of the necessity for prudence, he replies, "But, Alfred, my good fellow, *she's there.*" We quote from memory; but the reply has always struck us as a singular and welcome exception to the forced tone of the whole story.

It is an interesting question whether the conventions of the Early Victorian novel have not descended to the melodramatic stage of the present day. If we may judge from the testimony of so competent a witness as Mr Jerome, the charge may be considered proved. In both we have the feckless hero, with a mania for getting into trouble, and a turn for tall talk, and the incapable heroine, who faints at inopportune moments, and exclaims, "Unhand me, sir!" when the villain seizes her. We have the comic lovers and the ideal peasants, the Child (this is a Lyttonian feature), and

the stage Irishman. We have the prevalence of sudden death, and the frequency of murders, forced or mock marriages, and bubble companies bringing ruin upon their shareholders. We have a similar lack of humorous perception, although even the Transpontine theatre would, we believe, reject a "curtain" such as Lady Blessington provides in 'Country Quarters.' The hero and heroine have been long estranged by the usual misunderstanding. Having discovered his mistake, the gentleman is returning to his allegiance, but suffers shipwreck on his voyage to Ireland, and narrowly escapes a serious illness as the result of the hardships he undergoes. We mention this in some degree to excuse his subsequent proceedings, for on reaching the lady's house, and entering the room in which she is seated, he falls fainting on the floor. She does not call for help, nor even attempt to restore him, but faints immediately on his prostrate form, leaving her grandmother to revive them both. With this affecting *tableau* we may fitly close our survey of Early Victorian fiction.

THE PRISONS OF SIBERIA.

1.

ON THE MARCH—concluded.

WE return now to the Forwarding Prison at Tomsk, which, although built in a commanding position, produces no marked impression from the exterior, owing to the low character of the buildings which comprise it. Exception should, however, be made in favour of the large whitewashed brick house that, as already mentioned, now fronts the institution, and consists mainly of the governor's private residence: one soon learns that this, too, like the palisade, is typical. After the party already described had fairly left, we went over the prison, which at that time lodged a comparatively small number of inmates—six hundred and eleven being the score chalked up on the board at the gate. Tomsk rejoices in three prisons, the other two being the Gubernsky, a provincial prison for somewhat heavily sentenced individuals, while the Arestantsky is reserved for local offenders with milder sentences. These, however, do not fall to be described here.

The space enclosed by the outer wooden palisade is divided into about nine squares unequal in dimensions, each of which is partitioned off from its neighbours by walls similar to those which surround the whole. In several of these squares one finds prison barracks, to the number of two or three—low wooden structures with red roofs and walls. In the centre of the principal square stands the pretty little church, surrounded in part by young birch-trees. It holds three hundred persons, and divine service is conducted every Sunday

and on all the important calendar days. There was no trace of any sort of paving in the courts, only the bare soil; but narrow raised pathways of planks led in each instance from the entrance-gate in the wall to the doors of the buildings that stood in the square.

One form of barrack consisted of four *kameras* into which a T-shaped corridor gave admittance, with a central lavatory facing the door—i.e., at the end of the main corridor: two *kameras* opened off each wing. A large lamp built high up into the wall, protected by grating on the inside, and only accessible from the corridor, dimly lights each room. The *nari* or sleeping-platforms are arranged down the centre of the room: each longitudinal half slopes gently up to meet the other in the middle line, while a shelf above the heads of the sleepers is covered with their bundles and bags. As we went through the building, the poor fellows would hurry to the square spyhole in the padlocked door, guarded by two crossed iron bars, to see what was going on: any little incident that broke the monotony of their prison existence was acceptable. The *kamera* is heated by a large stove built into one corner. Most of the barracks were only double-chambered, with a diminutive dividing corridor. I was impressed with the cleanliness of this prison, in contrast with that at Tiumen. This is of no great consequence, as it was one of two instances in which I know special preparations had been made for the visitors: still

it was interesting to see what could be done on occasions. When one enters a *kamera*, in response to the gaoler's premonitory shout of "*Smirno*" (Silence) the men instantly dispose themselves around the wall, dressed in their dark-grey frieze coats, and reply heartily to the Russian greeting, "*Zdravstvuite*" (Good morning). At the head of the row—*i.e.*, nearest to the door—stands the *starosta* or elder, who is their representative in all dealings with the authorities. One of their number, elected by themselves, he is responsible for the general behaviour of the room, and in return receives some slight amelioration of his lot. There was of course no overcrowding at this moment, and a young Russian engineer who had come with us, agreeably surprised by what he considered to be the satisfactory state of everything, remarked to one of the convicts standing by, "It is very good here." "Yes," replied the breaker of the law—"yes, it certainly is good, only we wish that it were not quite so good, and that we were free." "If only they would let me out on Sundays to see my friends, I would stay here all my life," observed a prison *habitué* to a friend of mine who was visiting one of the Moscow jails.

Many of the prisoners were engaged in ordinary duties. Some were drawing water out of a deep well at the bottom of which floated large blocks of greenish ice. Others were carrying hot water from the immense boiler that supplies the convicts with the wherewithal to prepare the much-loved tea. A few were at work in the bakery, and a couple were busy in the dispensary. The different faces were a fascinating study. There were men who looked as if they had never had a chance; others were

perpetually smiling (some men can laugh their way through life); and while the countenances of a few were pale, haggard, and drawn, many seemed villanous, even to the hair of their head: very rarely you saw a sympathetic, thoughtful, far less an attractive face.

The prison fare was that supposed to be common to a great majority of these institutions, consisting mainly of one substantial meal in the middle of the day, at which the inmates get as much soup as they can consume—commonly *shtchi* made of cabbage with little pieces of meat in it—and 2½ lb. of black bread. A bowl and a spoon, together with the mug out of which they drink their *kvass*, are thus the only articles that require to be washed up after this simple dinner. There is an evening meal about six, at which the principal dish is *kasha* (gruel). The convicts also drink tea twice in the day, but have to supply themselves with the fragrant leaf. For the sale of it and other commodities, such as tobacco and *vodka*, there is a little store in the prison, which the men value. I propose to take up the question of the prisoner's fare more fully at a subsequent point, for it is interesting to note how it varies in different quarters with the economical tact of the prison *natchalniks*.

The hospital occupied two separate squares. In one of the buildings was a large dispensary, and a room for the examination of patients. Although the food was superior to that which obtained in the prison proper, yet the other arrangements were not correspondingly good. Wards for infectious and non-infectious diseases were found under the same roof, with merely a log wall to divide them. The male wards were comfortably full, but there were only three female

patients. Indeed the number of female convicts in the prison at that time was not more than half-a-dozen, and they had a large *kamera* to themselves. While we were in it, one of them came forward, fell down at the feet of the *natchalnik*, and begged that her daughter, who was with the *dob-rovolni* in a separate building, might be allowed to be with her: her prayer was granted. In another square were the baths and laundry, in which some women were employed washing linen under the surveillance of soldiers. Political prisoners have, of course, their own apartments. I was struck here, as I had been all along, with the gentle, friendly attitude of the soldiers towards the convicts.

It may be well to describe the convict dress somewhat more particularly at this point. There are two distinct costumes—the outcome of the climate. The summer outfit is as follows: Next to the skin the men wear a shirt and trousers of unbleached linen. In place of stockings the Russian peasant winds rolls of linen round his leg much after the fashion of a bandage. The convict has to wear chains, which are, however, more an emblem of degradation than anything else. Two anklets are riveted on the man's legs, but beneath them he wears either a piece of leather or thick felt (and below that his stocking substitute), so that chafing is impossible. The length of chain from one rivet to the other is about four feet, and the convict commonly passes his leathern waist-belt or hempen girdle through a middle link somewhat larger than the rest, and thus supports the weight of the chain. But as he walks along he is constantly annoyed by the continual striking of the links against his knees and thighs.

Their weight is inconsiderable, varying between 5 and 7 Russian pounds (the Russian pound being slightly under the English pound)—i.e., less than the weight of the Berdan rifle that the soldiers carry. The *khalat* or overcoat (with or without a belt), which very closely resembles a dressing-gown, is made of a frieze (soldier's cloth). The common shade is a grey, though this is not constant throughout Siberia, as it varies from brown almost to white. The cap is of similar cloth, but is not uniform in shape. The summer boots (*koti*) are light, and may often be more accurately described as closely fitting shoes. As such they are preferred, because the boots proper do not admit of being laced or drawn together at the top except by a piece of string outside, and so perpetually fill with dust and fragments of stone on the march, much to the discomfort of the walker. The clothes are made in three sizes—small, medium, and large. A distinct garb has been lately introduced for those persons who have been arrested on a charge and are awaiting their trial or the completion of their process. Formerly they had to wear the ordinary prisoner's dress, which was felt to be somewhat of an indignity. In winter, in addition to linen undergarments very similar to what constitute the summer dress, the convicts wear a suit of the same frieze as that used for the *khalat*, in place of which each prisoner is provided with a *shuba* (sheepskin) and a warm cap with ear-flaps. The winter boots, though rough, are the high boots so dear to the heart of the Russian peasant—shapeless, it is true, and often of only partially cured leather, but an excellent protection against the snow. Woollen mits, with leathern ones above them, complete the

equipment. The habiliments of the women, *mutatis mutandis*, are practically the same, except that their summer gowns are of some plain print, while their head-dress consists of a white handkerchief bound in a simple manner round the head and tied under the chin. Women are now never put in chains except on very rare occasions: I did not see a single instance of it. Corporal punishment also has been abolished for several years in their case, mainly owing to the philanthropic efforts of Madame Narishkine.

Tomsk, then, is the starting-point of the now famous Trans-Siberian march. The system adopted is known as transportation by *étape*, the latter being the name for the small places of confinement in which the convicts pass a night or two in the villages *en route*. In Western Siberia I noticed that the *étape* was commonly in the village, generally at the extreme end of the double row of wooden cottages that form that interesting community, more rarely in the centre; but in Eastern Siberia these temporary halting-places are commonly situated right outside the village on some clear space of ground. It is natural that one should have a somewhat vivid remembrance of the first *étape* that one saw. It was in a village far off the main road: a great fire had recently devastated the community, and the *étape* was one of the few enclosures that remained untouched. One of the buildings that formed part of it faced the road, and through the bars of its open windows inquiring faces peered. The *étape* at a village farther on afforded a more convenient object of study. It took the form of a square plot of ground shut in by a fifteen-foot wall of barked and pointed stakes

—just such a palisade as surrounded the Forwarding Prison at Tomsk. As in the latter case also, it did not run round the entire square, for at the two corners that stood on the road were planted the buildings that lodged the prisoners. Each of these buildings had thus two walls contiguous with the stockade. An iron-barred gate in the palisade between the buildings opened into the yard. The *étape* was empty at that moment, but two heaps, one of half-charred logs and the other of chips and shavings, betokened the expected presence of a party in the near future. I should imagine that the square was some sixty feet across, but the *étape*, being off the great high-road, was smaller in every particular than the usual type. We entered the left-hand corner house, which was constructed of thick beams of wood caulked with moss. A short passage, on each side of which was a single small room, led into the inmost chamber. Of the two former, that on the left, which was lighted by a single window looking out on to the village street—if the muddy track which ran through its length could be dignified with that appellation—was the *karaiłnaya*, or soldiers' quarters. The room opposite, which was, however, more of the nature of a recess, simply contained stands for fifteen muskets. The third apartment was as long as the building itself, and was illumined by three closely barred windows, two of which, like that in the *karaiłnaya*, fronted the outside world, while the other opened on to the court. The interior was bare, the walls not even being whitewashed, but the general impression was that of cleanliness. Along the far wall from window to window ran the *nari* or raised

sleeping-platform, six feet in breadth and three above the floor. The stove, in this case an iron one, stood well out from one of the walls, and took up a large amount of space in what was only a moderately sized room. The second building was similar, the only difference being that the keeper and his family occupied what corresponded to the *karavilnaya* in the first. Also I noticed here what was very seldom seen in other *étapes*, its purpose being fulfilled by other expedients—viz., a wooden bar running along outside the walls of the two houses at a distance of three feet from them, intended apparently to prevent any one from coming close up under the windows.

There are two distinct classes of *étape*, corresponding to regulations connected with the march. They are known as *étapes* or full *étapes*, and *polu-étapes* or half-*étapes*. The former, as will be seen, are much larger and more serious establishments, with a resident captain in charge, who has under him between forty and fifty soldiers and two or three subordinate officers, whose duty it is to convoy parties to the next *étape*. That is to say, the usual practice formerly was for the necessary number of soldiers to convoy a party past a *polu-étape* to the full *étape* immediately beyond that, where they handed over their charges to the *natchalnik* there resident, who in turn supplied the necessary soldiers for the two following stages. This arrangement still holds in part, but is being replaced by the infinitely

preferable one demonstrated in the diagram by which the exchange of prisoners takes place at the *polu-étapes*. Thus the number of nights during which the soldiers are away from their *étape* station is reduced to a minimum, and it will be seen that the circulation from any *polu-étape* past the *étape* to the next *polu-étape* beyond, and back again to the starting-point, just occupies a week. The number of people convoyed from east to west (largely composed of returning exiles) is only one-twentieth of those escorted in the other direction.¹ The proportion of one guard to twenty exiles, politicals excepted, is generally maintained. The prisoners march two days out of three—i.e., they rest two nights and a day at the full *étapes*, and pass the night only at the *polu-étapes*.

On the following page is a reproduction of the first part of an actual travelling-paper drawn up for a gang marching from Tomsk to Irkutsk. From these figures it will be seen that the average length of the daily march on this part of the journey is $22\frac{1}{2}$ versts; the average over the six last stages is 30 versts, and this is the truer figure.

The daily allowance granted to each exile on the march is nominally 10 kopecks, and to *intelligents* 15 kopecks. As, however, $1\frac{1}{2}$ kopeck are deducted in return for hot water supplied to them at the *étapes*, the actual dole is only $8\frac{1}{2}$ kopecks in the case of the former. The method usually adopted by prisoners of all categories to militate against the consequences of this slender grant is

¹ Thus while from February 1895 to the same month of the following year 11,000 persons passed through Krasnoyarsk going eastward, only 667 were convoyed westwards past that town. The soldiers' work is therefore very light so long as their faces are towards the setting sun; indeed they often return to their *étapes* empty-handed.

Itinerary of the *Étapes* No. I.

Circulation of the detachments of prisoners from the town of Tomsk to the town of Atchinsk, and farther through Eastern Siberia to Irkutsk, and back again, they being escorted weekly and incessantly—i.e., each convoy-command escorting a detachment to the nearest night-resting (*polu*) *étape*, at which the exchange of prisoners between the commands takes place.

TOMSK PROVINCE. Names of the <i>étapes</i> and night-resting (<i>polu</i>) <i>étapes</i> .	Distance in versts.	DAYS OF CIRCULATION OF CONVOY.		Between which convoys and at which points must take place the exchange of prisoners.
		On the outward journey.	On the return	
Tomsk (<i>étape</i>)		..	Tuesday	
Semilujnaya (<i>polu-étape</i>) . .	31	Tuesday	Monday	The Tomsk and Khaldeyeva convoys exchange prisoners, commencing May 7.
Khaldeyeva (<i>étape</i>)	14½	Wednesday	Sunday Saturday Friday	
Turguntayeva (<i>polu-étape</i>) . .	23	Friday	Thursday	The Khaldeyeva and Ishimskaya convoys exchange prisoners, commencing May 10.
Ishimskaya (<i>étape</i>)	22½	Saturday	Wednesday Tuesday Monday	
Kolyuonskaya (<i>polu-étape</i>) . .	21	Monday	Sunday	The Ishimskaya and Potchitansky convoys exchange prisoners, commencing May 13.
Potchitansky (<i>étape</i>)	22½	Tuesday	Saturday Friday Thursday	

that of clubbing together in little groups, and so by means of a common purse, and the feeling of comradeship that impels the more fortunate amongst them to share their ampler means with their less prosperous companions, they get along better. It comes hard on the man who from any cause, such as shyness or unpopularity, is prevented from joining one of these circles, for where the prices of food are high he often has to be content with very little.

It is, however, the category of exile comprising the *brodyagi* or vagrants which commonly proves itself to be the real cause of tribulation to any gang. This is partly due to their numbers, partly to their marvellous *esprit de corps*, and partly to the fact that they consider themselves to be the highest class of prisoner. Their contempt for the hard-labour convicts proper, who always march a little ahead of the rest of the gang, knows no bounds: to them they

give the nickname of "grass-hoppers." But if they discover that any one of these is traversing the *trakt* (as the great Siberian highroad is called) for the second time, they treat him with a certain measure of respect. Their watchword is freedom, and he is prince among them whose tale of bold escapes is greatest. So in the *étapes* we often saw men who on their own confession were passing through for the fifth or sixth time, while on one occasion a vagrant was called out from the gang whom the *natchalnik* of the *étape* recognised as now receiving its frugal shelter for the nineteenth time.

With a grim sense of humour they adapt their names to circumstances, and Ivan the Sufferer who trudges along so resignedly through the winter snows will appear the autumn following at some prison gate as Ivan Don't-Remember, and Peter the Patient who toiled so manfully during the darksome

days in a penal settlement will deliver himself up elsewhere after the next harvest has been gathered in as Peter Know-Nothing. But the period between these two dates represents an existence brief but ideal,—vagrancy: for consider their mode of life.

So long as the outer world is under the sway of the Great Ice-King,—when the lone majesty of winter's night is disturbed only by the fir-trees groaning beneath their snowy burden, or the startling report of some frost-split stone, or the warning howl of a famished wolf, and when the day seems lost in the night,—so long the *brodyaga* is well content to live and work inside the prison walls, or even march towards some far destination that he never intends to reach. At least he is sufficiently clothed and passably fed: with card-playing and good company after the hours of labour, the days do not drag heavily. But there comes a time when the ice mantle begins to disappear, and the snow weeps off the prison roof to the black earth beneath, and the trees come out of bondage, casting away their chilly fetters, and the song-birds rejoice in the spring. And one day the now wearying *brodyaga* hears the cuckoo call to his mate, and from that moment an irresistible impulse seizes him, a wild discontent transforms the man, and not long after at the evening roll-call there is no response to the Sufferer's name.¹ He has countless methods of gaining the bosom of his beloved Taiga, where he lives through the speeding summer, and subsists on berries and mushrooms, roots and water. At night he sleeps in the shade of the aristocratic cedars,

or amuses himself by waylaying harmless travellers, even using violence if he can otherwise obtain no profit for his pains. The peasants also leave small stores of food for them in their summer quarters, whither they repair annually during a brief season for the harvest and for cattle-breeding purposes; otherwise, when they return some months later, the probabilities are that they will find the farmstead burnt to the ground, if in the interval some hungry vagrant has visited it with disappointment. The *brodyaga*, it may be, turns westward in the hope of regaining the land of his birth, and retraces his steps along the great highway, from which he can easily slink into the forest on either side should he wish to avoid his fellow-men: at night he may creep into a village to beg for a morsel of bread, in spite of the dogs baying at his heels. But few attain their desire: the passportless vagrant finds no place where he can rest the sole of his foot, and when the first of the night frosts in September heralds the approaching death of the year, and it is no longer possible to lie out on a mossy couch, he sees before him one of two prospects—a tragic end in the woods, or self-surrender at some penal station, where, after receiving a few strokes with the *plet*, he will again be taken into the community. And it is now that he finds it convenient to forget his past, even to his name, and describes himself as Don't-Remember. Suppose, for example, that it is some hard-labour convict with a heavy sentence who has been thus fortunate with his summer holiday: when he gives himself up he will be judged anew, and

¹ From this circumstance originates the Siberian name for vagrants as a whole—"General Kukushka's army."

a milder sentence for vagrancy will be passed upon him, and thus it is possible that he may reduce the term of his enforced exile very considerably. The number of these vagrants, although decreasing, is still so large that the Don't-Remembers are now being sent to Sakhalin, where it is suggested to them that they can remain until such time as it dawns upon them who they are and whence they came.

On the march they used to be the domineering factor in every gang, principally because they always constituted the majority. They would form an *artel* or union, each member of which was bound to help the other, while the individual who was elected elder or *starosta* of the *artel* had enormous power. They were able to ensure that some of their number should be chosen as cooks for the gang: thus they contrived to obtain for themselves the best of what was going, and the luckless "grass-hoppers" got what was left over. Each of the *telyegas* provided for the transit of women, children, and the sick, is supposed to hold four persons: whatever places remained over were commonly assigned to the aged and feeble; but this was a matter left in the hands of the *starosta*, and he could put them up for auction and sell them to the highest bidder. This was one of his main sources of income. If the *brodyagi* felt inclined to lighten the purse of any more fortunate member of the gang who did not belong to their *artel*, they could always achieve this by force. A long-standing practice was for a *brodyaga* to plan escape with an unsuspecting convict whom he knew to be possessed of a certain amount of money. Once they were safe in the Taiga, the *brodyaga*

would then despatch his accomplice, and live on his money during the summer.

The custom usually followed hitherto, when a gang has come within sight of the *étape* where the night is to be spent, is to draw it up in a double line and call the roll: thereafter the convicts sometimes make a rush for the open gate of the yard, and the crowd of three or four hundred struggle and fight for the best places in the *kameras*, which thus fall to the hardest fist and the most brutal tongue. Directly a garment or cloth is laid down on a spot, an inviolable rule safeguards the selected coign from all intruders. But in the old days the *starosta* was often admitted into the *étape* even before the muster-roll was called, and it was a simple matter for him to appropriate the choicest places for his vagrant confederates. An extraordinary code of unwritten laws ruled the vagabond community with penalties that did not stop at capital punishment, and the older men relate how there used often to be murders in the dreaded Tomsk Peresilni Prison, and how all that the authorities could do was to carry out the bodies in the morning, as the members of the *artel* well knew that a similar fate awaited any informant, however far he might contrive to remove himself from the rest of his *artel*. For the sum of the *artels* composes the body of the vast *brodyaga* community, and one of its members may pay in Eastern Siberia the penalty of a misdeed perpetrated against the community or some member of it in the West. But times have changed much since these days. The officials have now come to learn the various dodges and subtleties of the va-

grants, and the *artels* have been successfully broken up and rendered null by new regulations. And the old *brodyagi* lament that the good days of the past are gone, and the "grasshoppers" can now raise their heads.

"Early to bed and early to rise" is the convict's rule on the march. And so one often found that the "grasshoppers" and vagrants had already lain down to rest by seven o'clock. But many of them prefer to sit up and play at cards by the light of flickering candles fixed high above their reach. And those sleep who can, but the timid wakeful ones shudder as they hear the coarse excited yells of the card-players or the stifled groans and sudden cries of those whose crimes pursue them even in their dreams.

Mariinsk is the first town of any importance through which the convict band passes after leaving Tomsk. It possesses an unimportant local prison; but it is the *étape* that demands our attention. This is situated half-way between the village and the new railway station. It was naturally a full *étape*, and the caretaker's house, with the soldiers' quarters, stood in the middle of the encircling stockade, while the gate, with its attendant black-and-white zigzag-striped sentry-box, was somewhat to one side. Two log-built houses faced one another in the quadrangular yard: each consisted of two apartments of unequal size. The larger rooms were heated by cylindrical stoves, and the sleeping-platforms, sloping up to meet one another in the middle line, extended down the centre. In the smaller chambers they were disposed along two sides of the room. The date of the last white-washing was remote, and the lighting seemed insufficient.

The *étapes* are not built on any regular plan. Thus in the case of a specimen which I visited near Kansk, the surrounding wall of high pointed stakes, that one had come to consider an essential part of every *étape*, was replaced by a lower and more simple boundary of broad planks lying in the horizontal, with their ends reposing securely in stout intermediate pillars. Sentry-boxes at each corner might have been considered as testimonies to the fact that the authorities evidently thought escape was easier from such a domain. Here also, as a further variation, the *karaiłnaya* opened to the outside only, so that the soldiers who were required within the court had to enter it by the gate. All the buildings were arranged on one side of the yard. Twenty-four men had been locked up in a single room, and as there was not sufficient space for them all on the *nari*, some had laid out their palliasses on the floor. These lesser comforts the majority of them possessed. Indeed, although they are not provided with anything of this description by the Government, and convicts are supposed to have the luxury of sleeping accommodation only on plain deal boards, still one very rarely saw a man without some species of bedding convenience. In this, as in many other matters, the laws are very humanely enforced, and general laxity rather than strict discipline struck me with surprise as the predominant note of the Siberian system. The prisoners here had obtained a very fair supply of food from the village women who come to sell: the numerous rolls and ringlets of bread that lay about testified to this. The room, though small, was well lighted by

four windows, and, as I have said, overcrowding up to certain limits is a thing to which the Russian people are quite accustomed. The men seemed to be very hearty, although somewhat surprised to be visited at that late hour by a stranger. As usual, one could distinguish two or three Tatars by a peculiar tendency to keep their heads hung down.

At another *étape* one saw the possibility of originality in the management of the system. In itself the *étape* was much like the ordinary run of these buildings—not particularly clean, and with an aggregate of five rooms for the convenience of the unwilling travellers. The larger rooms, which on the *natchalnik's* admission were intended to accommodate sixty persons, lodged considerably over that number: they had sufficient heating apparatus in two large stoves, but the four windows were small. The *natchalnik* had attempted something in the way of organisation. Finding that the prices of provisions had risen considerably, owing to the fresh demand resulting from the presence of railway labourers who were for the moment engaged in great numbers near that village, he had bought up twenty cows, made his own bread, cultivated his own cabbage, and bought tea in large quantities. This he had done out of his own pocket as a speculation. The money that he received for the upkeep of his staff of soldiers and for supplying the prisoners' allowance (which is distributed to them at each full *étape*) he retained, and furnished them with food instead. If, however, the exiles felt uncertain about the arrangement, he let them have their allowance, and sold bread to them at the rate of 3 kopecks the pound, whereas

it cost 5 in the village. He said that at first the prisoners, being shy of such an innovation, generally asked for their money, but when by report they and others came to learn how the scheme really worked to their advantage, they adopted it and went away well satisfied. What the *natchalnik* strongly insisted on was that 8½ kopecks were not a sufficiently adequate allowance under present conditions.

Convicts on the march for the first time, prefer the life, after what they have experienced in the prisons of European Russia. Existence is freer, and they have a little money to dispose of practically as they wish: at the first glance these two circumstances seem very inviting, and outweigh everything else in their minds. But those who are wise from past experience hurry over the march as quickly as they may, because the sum-total of its miseries greatly exceeds those attending the comparatively easy life in the convict settlements. The *natchalnik* of an *étape* is not bound to do anything towards the maintenance of his charges. The village women who come to sell at the *étapes* dispose of their merchandise at a ransom.

During last summer there were many complaints regarding the impossibility of the convicts obtaining the necessary food on their 8½ kopecks a-day. At another *étape* the *natchalnik*, who had only come three months before, was in a state of despair as to how he was to feed his soldiers, far less his prisoners, for the prices of food had gone up greatly owing to the additional demand, occasioned as before by the advent of navvies. A large party of convicts had just arrived at this *étape*. The majority were busy surveying

their new quarters, the first wild rush for places in the *kameras* having subsided. Some were lying about in the yard on their *khalats* or on their miserable mattresses, adjusting their chains; others, who had flung their greatcoats over the somewhat low palisade, were disposing themselves in a quiet corner preparatory to stretching themselves out at full length in the sun. Each had his little bundle. Many of the gang were in the rooms arranging for the evening. Already some were reclining on the *nari* or lolling beneath them; a few were smoking. One of the *kameras* was twenty feet broad by fifty in length; the rafter roof was some ten feet above us, and daylight was admitted by four windows. All the ventilation was conducted by four narrow slit-like holes in the wall leading out to the exterior. The atmosphere was stifling, according to our ideas; but even among the wealthy merchant classes of Moscow the principles of ventilation are now only slowly being learned. They seldom think of opening windows in the summer, being so imbued with the procedure that has to be followed in the winter; and they will tell you that in summer the windows must remain shut and the blinds drawn in order to keep out the sun.

The officer in command of the *étape* drew up a list of three grounds of complaint, which he expressed in a demand for the following three things: (1) A larger daily grant than $8\frac{1}{2}$ kopecks for the prisoners; (2) an extra shirt for each man (the allowance is three shirts to each man); (3) 15 roubles to white-wash his *étape*. Their only interest is to show the lines along which a Russian officer felt that improvement was needed.

One other *étape* on the road to Irkutsk may be shortly described. It was in a very tumble-down condition, and the wooden entrance-gate was represented now by only a third of its former self—"not very like the door of a prison," as the captain remarked; but he added, "I have very little money, and so what can I do?" There was also a small hospital in connection with this *étape*, which was much cleaner and tidier than the *étape* proper. There were only two wards, one for women and another for men: an iron bedstead with pillow, blanket, and mattress completed the rough-and-ready arrangements.

Sometimes we met parties on the road. On one occasion it was simply a party of women, most of them elderly, driving in carts. Four soldiers were in charge, and everybody was taking matters very leisurely. One guard walked in front, another in the rear, while the remaining pair supported the flanks.

East of Lake Baikal one noticed some slight differences in the general character of the *étapes* compared with those farther to the west. Almost without exception they were now situated on a bare patch of ground distinctly outside the village at its eastern end, so that the convicts traversed its whole length on arrival. Thus they have an opportunity of exciting the compassion and generosity of the villagers. This they contrive to do by uniting to the best of their ability in a weird discordant chant, the burden of which is a cry for mercy intensified by realistic word-pictures of the desolation of their existence. The *étapes* had always a smart appearance from the outside, and were more cleanly within than those in

the west, while if the smaller *polu-étapes* sometimes looked lonely and anæmic, the same could hardly be said of the full *étapes*, which were enlivened by the presence of gymnastic apparatus on a large scale for the benefit of the soldiers. Piles of sawn birch, the black-and-white-striped sentry-boxes at each corner, and a similarly coloured post that held the Imperial eagle aloft, were common to *étape* and *polu-étape* alike. Both classes had dark-red roofs, chimneys of whitened brick, and the lines of the windows were picked out in white on the natural dirty yellow of the seasoned logs. Often a slight deception was practised which gave the semblance of a sure foundation to the *étapes*: about three feet from the ground the trusty logs were discontinued, and planks with their broad side in the vertical were substituted. In Siberia it is no uncommon thing to find the log-houses poised on stone foundations; but the foundation is laid *last*. A square log box, as it were, without a lid is erected, and rests about two and a half feet above the ground on four corner supports. The doors and windows are then sawn out, and the stone foundation is built in below. So the *étapes* were built, save that their foundations are still of wood.

One other *étape* in the vicinity of the Nertchinsk Silver Mines deserves mention, not on its own account—for it had no palisade, and the door was sustained more by its padlock than the hinges¹—but on account of the captain who was in charge. Truly the lot of the soldiers and officers is often as hard comparatively as that of any of the convicts. Formerly our

friend had been a captain in one of the crack Chasseur Guard regiments, and when the time came for his compulsory retirement, he was forced to accept this forsaken post after the gay life of an officer of the guard. The one other person in the village approaching his station in life was a nervous little individual, who only seemed happy when in his uniform with a hand on the hilt of his sword: he was in command at the post-office. The neat habits that the guard officer had acquired remained with him even in this benighted spot, for his few possessions were laid out on a table with extreme care and good taste. Except for the fact that he was a free man, how was he any better off than the politicals who passed through his hands? The gentle courtesy of manner that should have been expended on the subject of a single photograph that occupied the centre of the table, inscribed with the one word "Manya," remained with him still, as also a calm unmurmuring resignation. "Weland [the great smith of the Eddas] and the kings of the Goths suffered and bore their weird, and so may I. The All-wise Lord of the World worketh many changes."

He said that the lowest number of soldiers that he was allowed to send on to a neighbouring *étape* was four theoretically, and that he must send this number even with two or three prisoners—one being in command while the other two go on guard, with a third to relieve. He had only one thing of which to complain, and it did not affect himself. If any of his soldiers should fall seriously ill, he would have to send the sick man

¹ It is only fair to state, however, that a new *étape* was being built to take its place.

either to Srjetensk (150 versts) or to Gorni-Zerentui (90 versts) to a hospital. "I have only castor-oil and a little quinine."

As already stated, political prisoners who are able to pay their way can travel by post. I saw only one instance of this. We were rejoining the main road after having paid a visit to Alexandrovsky Central: about six in the evening we had reached a new station. The villagers came and stood about, gazing admiringly at my friend's *kolaska*,¹ and making remarks thereon to one another. Suddenly the sound of approaching bells caused them all to look up, and they quickly separated to make way for a *telyega* that was being dragged along by a couple of Siberian ponies. In front sat the driver, and beside him a soldier, quite a small man compared with the long rifle with fixed bayonet that lay over his shoulder. He was attired in the ordinary garb of the convoy guard—white linen tunic, dark-green trousers, cap, jacket, boots, and leathern belt, to which was attached a very conspicuous cartridge-pouch. Behind him, reclining on the baggage which strewed the bottom of this cradle-like conveyance, were two men who excited one's curiosity immediately. One was enveloped in the grey *khalat* that seems to be always given a size too large to each prisoner, but with a hat of his own selection; while the other affected a tall cap of Astrakhan, a black blouse, and dark trousers. It was amusing to watch the way in which they ordered their military warder about, and made him unload the cart, as it was necessary to change

both vehicle and team. Thereafter they disappeared inside the post-house to discuss a cup of tea, while their attendant mounted guard at the door and adopted a very careless attitude, joking with the bystanders about his charges.

Farther on the road that day we passed a tiny procession, consisting of some twenty *telyegas*: the number of convicts was small, mainly women. There were, however, half-a-dozen men in chains dispersed throughout the *cortège*. On one cart were seated an old woman and a soldier, who was chatting busily with her; his rifle-butt rested on his knee, and the muzzle pointed towards the heavens. Another waggon held a man in chains, his wife, and two or three small children; but the *natchalnik* of the convoy had paid no special attention to him—his children were a sufficient guard. A third cartload of young women was willingly escorted by a couple of soldiers, who were evidently enlivening proceedings for them with their coarse witticisms. In this extraordinary gang no prisoner was walking. There seemed to be a large proportion of soldiers for the size of the party, so that one assumed that the *telyegas* were transporting men of criminal distinction. A few waggons weighted with sacks and bags brought up the rear.

In attempting criticism of the march as a whole, one naturally seizes on three points: (1) The food allowance; (2) the condition of the *étapes*; (3) the hospital accommodation. With regard to the first of these, one remarks that while in ordinary circumstances 8½ kopecks would be quite suffi-

¹ A carriage in shape and build like a landau, but with only one hood as in a victoria.

cient, the fluctuations in market prices make it imperative that there should be no hard-and-fast allowance throughout Siberia at all seasons of the year. Nor is this the case; for it has always been customary to grant a higher allowance in Eastern Siberia, where the prices are dearer than in the West. Difficulty seems rather to manifest itself in the adjustment of the necessary rise to the periods of distress. The consequent state of affairs has been extravagantly depicted by a Russian writer, who sarcastically adds that when once, during a year of famine, orders were given from headquarters that the daily grant should be increased in a certain quarter, owing to official delays the rise did not come into effect till the year after, when again there was plenty. Be that as it may, this I know for certain, that when my companion telegraphed to St Petersburg how matters stood in the districts already described, General Bogdanovitch immediately raised the ordinary grant from 10 to 15 kopecks. It has also been suggested that all the food should be bought beforehand by the local authorities at prices strictly fixed by the Crown: this would obviate the annoyances associated with the individual dole. Further, if those members of each gang whom it elects as cooks could be sent on ahead to the *étape*-destination for the night, it would be possible to have a good meal ready awaiting the arrival of the prisoners.

The condition of the *étapes* has excited comments from all observers. Those in the East are in vastly better order than their Western equivalents, some of which are said to date from the "thirties." But to stigmatise them

all as enormous gloomy structures, "ancient, skeletonised, and draughty," is unfair; many are in excellent condition. A large sum is spent every year on the reconstruction and repairing of *étapes*—admittedly not enough: at the same time the Director says, what is only natural and reasonable in maintaining, that the Government does not feel justified in making any great outlay in this particular direction, considering that the railway will shortly do away with the need for the greater number of these buildings. Still, one cannot help remembering that transportation by *étape* antedates all dreams of railway enterprise.

On the subject of the hospitals I intend to say more at a later period. Any man who falls ill on the march is left at the nearest town; but as in Eastern Siberia it may be more than a hundred miles distant, he may suffer a great deal before he reaches one. This affects soldiers and prisoners alike. Moreover, the tiny lazarets that are occasionally found at the *étapes* do not as a whole look specially inviting. On the other hand, the devices to which the prisoners resort in order to obtain admission to a hospital of any class is a testimonial of a very high order.

But the death-knell of this grim march has been sounded: hereafter the humaner railway will relieve it of its horrors. The autumn of 1896 was to witness the last long river-voyage to Tomsk in the menagerie-like barges. Perhaps that crowded floating prison, dragged in the wake of a hardly less miserable steamer, that greeted us in mid-stream of the Ob on that quiet autumn evening, was then making its final journey. Perhaps the desolate low banks of that cold unresponsive river then listened

for the last time to the convicts' plaintive melodies, and heard strains tender and subdued give place in wilder chorus to the reckless *motif*—

“Cease, brother, youngster,
Thou surely art not a girl;
Sing, sing, care will fly away.”

A provisional arrangement was to come into force this year whereby the convicts will still be conveyed by boat from Tiumen, but only up the Irtysh to Omsk, at which point they will join the railway. At Kainsk one got a glimpse of what this new departure will mean. The brick building that is to serve as station had evidently not been long completed, and the platform was still in process of construction. In the lee of this edifice crouched a group of convicts, surrounded by some fifteen guards. At a sign

from the sergeant they rose to their feet and commenced singly to clamber up into the waggon—the last of a short train—that stood on the side-line beside them. It is hard for one who has not seen the circumstances of the march to estimate the far-reaching benefit to humanity that the Trans-Siberian Railway will render in this respect. For those exiles whose destination is the Silver Mines of Nertchinsk, the weary march will each year become more of a vanishing quantity. Moreover I should not be surprised if, when the railway is completed as far as the town of Nertchinsk, the need even for it in the capacity of convict-transporter will have entirely disappeared, for one gets the impression that we are seeing the last phases of a system that is passing away.

J. Y. SIMPSON.

DARIEL: A ROMANCE OF SURREY.¹

CHAPTER XXXI.—PIT-A-PAT.

"SHE didn't say that she could never care about me," replied the stockbroker, when I asked him what he thought. "If she had, you wouldn't see me here now. I should have been off to the real Rialto; for I've got a first-rate fellow in the Avenue now."

"Jackson, my enquiry was about my own affair. I want to know what you think of my chance there." I looked at him severely, for this inattention was too bad.

"Well, and I gave you a parallel. We are almost in the same boat, I should say; though yours is a sort of savage canoe, full of Oriental fish-tails, no doubt, and liable to Vendetta, and many other frightful nuisances. To your young mind all that too probably increases the attraction. But to my mature views, there's romance enough and to spare, in a quiet English maiden,—sweet, gentle, affectionate, firm-principled, and not too sure of her own mind. Are they to be despised, because you can speak a civil word to them, without having a bullet through you? George, there is more romance really, where you know how to behave, than where you don't."

"Can't see it," I answered, "can't see it at all. Is it poetry to take up your spoon for pea-soup?"

"Poetry be hanged!" cried Jackson. And as it was only my brother who went in for it, when I never could make a blessed rhyme, why should I stand up for the Muses, who had never deigned a glance at me? Nevertheless, I was slightly shocked, for every man is, or ought

to try to be, a little above the common mark, when he thinks he loves something even better than himself. And to be above the common mark is getting on for poetry.

"You go your own way, and leave me to go mine." I spoke with that elbow-lift of the mind which resembles what coachmen used to do to one another, when they met on the highroad, and did not want to raise the whip. "You will see, Jackson, if you live long enough, that I shall have a better time than you will." For I knew that Grace needed a very light hand; though girls had not got their mouths just yet, half as much as they have now.

"The Lord only grant me the chance of it!" he replied, with the happy rashness of young men. It was not for me to speak against my sister; but I knew all her little ins and outs, and I daresay she thought that she knew mine.

"Let me come down to your happy valley," he continued, with that contempt of my ideas, which I always leave Time to redress, and have seldom found him fail to do it. "I want to see this perfect wonder. Why, Shakespeare himself can have never created any heroine to compare with her. It is out of possibility, my dear George. Bless my heart—Imogen, Portia, Miranda, Rosalind, Juliet, Ophelia—no, she was weak—Sylvia, Helena, half a dozen others rolled into one, down in that little hole! I want to see her, that I may learn to despise the best English girl ever born; or try to pretend to do it, if

¹ Copyright, 1897, by Dodd, Mead & Co. in the United States of America.

she won't have me. Do you suppose I was born yesterday?"

When a man carries on like this, you may say what you like—though you are Solomon's Mahatma—without getting a spark of wisdom into him. I longed for Tom Erricker, who could always float on the top of a flood, because he was so light; and in a weak sort of way I had wanted him often, not to unload my mind upon him—for you might as well trust your watch to a floating bladder—but to see him look buoyant, when my mouth was full of brine. But Tom had been summoned by his electroplating parent to fall in love with a very nice young lady, whose father made dish-covers fluted in the rough. Those people had some shooting, and Tom thought that he could shoot. At any rate, it was better for him than the Bar.

"You shall not come near my happy valley"—it would never have done for me to encourage this,—"remember what you said of the hero who lives there. You took him for a forger, or a ticket-of-leave man."

"Well, I don't care a fig what he is, so long as he gives you satisfaction. But about Grace—I tell you I won't wait. If she kissed her hand to me, is not that enough to show—I shall be there to-morrow; but you must not let her know."

"Not to-morrow, Jackson. Why, it is her butter-day. And if she could ever cut up rough, I believe it would be the butter, at this time of year."

"Not a bit of it. Nothing would ever make her peppery. And she is sure to be at home, and up in your part of the premises. That is where she looks the most enthralling. But don't let her know, for the world, that I am coming."

It was fair that he should have his own way at last, after giving

Grace a luxury of time to think about him, since his offer was made about ten days ago, when she put all the blame of her shilly-shally upon me! See how differently I did everything.

The following morning I gave her a hint—for my duty was to her first, and long afterwards to Jackson—that peradventure somebody in the course of the morning might turn up, to have a look at me in the harness-room; but she took the greatest pains not to understand me, and even put a particularly simple jacket on, of buff-coloured linen smocked with blue, and a delicate suggestion of retiring fronds—almost like a landscape of forget-me-not and lady-fern. But the shade of it was nothing in comparison with the shape, inasmuch as the latter was our Gracie's own; and everybody knows what that means. Only she herself had not the least idea about any part of it. All she cared for was to get on with her work; so she kept all her body and arms in motion, as if she were intent upon throwing shadows.

When the butter was coming forth, crowned with glory,—which the cleverest dairymaid may doubt about, as she has to do sometimes with a little pat or two inside her,—and the long slab of enamelled stuff (for we could not afford white marble) was tilted so that every golden patin could crisp itself without encroachment, and Grace, like a miser telling his moidores, was entering the upshot upon a white slate hanging by a scarlet ribbon, and pondering in her heart with the scales behind her, whether she had tried to cheat any one more than the good of the family demanded, suddenly a riding-glove was waved inside the door, and its fingers went about like bananas on a string, because there was no flesh inside them.

"Can't have you now, Joe," Miss Grace cried, with a presence of mind that could only be surpassed by the colour presented on her cheeks; "come again in half an hour. I am calculating now." As if old Joe Croaker had ever even seen a glove!

"I won't say a word, if I may come in. Oh do let me come in, and be calculated too. If I may only sit upon a pan upside down, or anyhow, quite out of sight in the corner. Oh what a sweet place! I could live upon the smell of it. But I won't even go near the lace-edging of a pat."

"Mr Stoneman! Is it possible? This is one of my brother's proceedings. That I cannot even finish a few pounds of butter! George has done many inconsiderate things—but this seems beyond even his temerity!"

"Miss Cranleigh, I give you my word of honour that I have not even seen him for the day. In fact I came to look for him, to say 'Good-bye,' before I start for Venice. One never knows when one may come back again, you see."

"Of course not. There are so many lovely things out there. The only surprising thing to me is, that any Englishman who can afford to travel spends so much of his time in this commonplace country."

"But you don't mean that! I do hope, Miss Cranleigh, that you have not so low an opinion of your own dear countrymen. And the dearer ones still, your own countrywomen! Foreign girls are all very well in their way. But who with a pair of eyes in his head——"

"You have seen more of them than I have, Mr Stoneman. But everybody seems to say that they are most delightful. And even my poor brother George—but I forgot—forgive me, I am not supposed to know anything of that."

"But I do. I know everything

about it," that treacherous stockbroker whispered: can any man be loyal to his best friend, when in love? "What a lucky chance, that you should speak of that!"

"Excuse me, Mr Stoneman; but I never spoke of anything. Only when a mystery is dwelling in one's mind, about one of those who naturally are the dearest to one, and when one's parents do not condescend—you see what I mean; though I really mean nothing."

"Precisely. And with such swift intelligence as yours! It is not for me to hint at my own weak ideas—such a thing as that I never do. And when no one in the family cares a fig for my opinion——"

"It is not at all fair of you to say that." Grace cast down her eyes, and then turned away in the most bewitching manner. The stockbroker jumped up from his brown milk-pan; but she looked at him, and he sat down again.

"Be careful, Mr Stoneman, for I am afraid it has a crack. Sally says they cannot make them, as they used to do! But as I was saying, both my father and my mother are thoroughly aware of all your good-will. And there is not a tenant on the property, I am sure——"

"How can I think about the blessed tenants? Though of course I try to do my duty to them. But oh, do give me a little taste of butter after that."

"Am I a rogue, that I should dare do such a thing? Twenty-two pounds there, and not a penny-weight to spare. And old Mrs Rams-horn made a fuss last time. After a cigar, how can you taste? Your taste must be very far from perfect."

"My taste is absolute perfection; and that is why—what I mean is, why I enjoy this most exquisite result. But a coward is

ever so much worse than a rogue; and to shrink from the test is cowardly. I could never have believed it of Miss Cranleigh."

"Very well. But you shall pay for what you eat. I will take it from one of your own pats, that are going to the Hall in half an hour. But you must not blame me, if it is not first-rate. Slemmick, the cleverest man we have, says that there is a leaf coming down now, which gets between the blades of grass, and it is useless for the cows to blow at it, for it makes a point of getting into their very finest butter. George calls it nonsense. But what right has he, when Slemmick was brought up so much more out of doors?"

"Slemmick is sure to know most about it. A man who has never heard the names of things, always knows most about them. Therefore do let me give true judgment on the butter."

"Then you have never heard the name of butter!"

"Oh dear, oh dear! you leave one less than a shred of the soundest argument," was the reply of the infatuated stockbroker. "Reason" would have been the noun to use, after a twelvemonth of matrimony.

"Now you must understand," said Grace, in the flush of that triumph of intellect, "that nothing ever tastes its best, when taken out of its proper course. No metal should ever be used with fresh butter. This is a blade of hard white wood, I quite forget the name of it. But I can easily find out. Let me run and ask old Sally. You can't wait? Very well, then I must cut it short, and tell you when you come back from Venice. But to think that I made all of those, and the ready money they will fetch!"

She dropped her eyelids just a little, and spread one palm above them, as if the dance of pleasure in

her eyes required veiling; and then she finished her sentence. "It is a lovely place, I hear. How nice it will be, to be there! How much you will enjoy yourself!"

"You are quite wrong there," replied Stocks and Stones. "I expect to have a most wretched time. What do I care for the Stones of Venice? I am not going to please my very miserable self. You know why I am going, Miss Cranleigh."

"Mr Stoneman! How should I know? I have not the very smallest idea!" Oh what a dreadful story, Grace! And did you make it better or worse, by a blush, and quick palpitation of the guilty breast that harboured it?

"Then I am going for this cause. There is somebody in this country who has got me entirely under foot, and tramples on me every day. There is no cure for it, but to run away. I have no spirit left. My eyes are always on the ground."

"Indeed! Well, I have not perceived that. But if you have no will of your own, what else is there for you to do? But it seems so un-English to run away. You are not weak, Mr Stoneman. My brother says that you are very strong. And he would be only too glad to help you. He is too fond of what the reporters love to describe as personal violence."

"If it were a man, I might have some hope, even without such a champion. But when the tyrant is a lady, and the most perfect of her sex, one against whom it is impossible to rebel——"

"This does you the very highest credit. And it is so unusual. A great friend of mine, and such a sweet girl, quite adores her step-mother. But men—though I know so little of them—but I fancied that they were apt to feel a kind—a kind of prejudice. Narrow, no doubt, but violent."

"It is worse than fifty step-mothers. My step is a quiet sweet-tempered woman; and I wish that I saw more of her; but she seems to prefer her own relatives. Now, as if you did not know what I mean! What did I tell you the other day?"

"A variety of things. And what did I tell you? And didn't you say very clearly that you liked me all the better for my objections?"

"No, no. Come, that is a twist! I said that I respected your objections, but thought them extremely romantic, and would live in the hope of your trying to get over them. May I sit upon this tub, and reason with you? Oh how I wish I was a dairyman!"

"My brother George is in love with a lady," said Grace, who never saw the way to miss the very worst of jokes, "who will want a lot of practice, before she can sit down. What on earth will he do with her when he gives a dinner-party?" This was a thoroughly vulgar error, as I have shown most distinctly above.

"Poor George, what a fool he is making of himself! But no brother of yours could ever be a fool. Forgive me: for the moment I was forgetting the great mental powers of your family, Miss Cranleigh."

"You need not call me that, unless you wish it. I mean at least—you need not call me that, so often. After all that you have done for us, it sounds so formal."

"Bless your kind heart! what have I ever done for you? But Grace is what I should love to call you; Grace, Grace, and nothing else. Unless I might add another word, beginning with a d——"

"All words beginning with a d are bad. But there can't be much harm in Grace, that I know of. Only you shouldn't say it, very often."

"Oh dear, no! Not more than

every time I breathe. Very often is superlative. And so are you. And therefore I am to say it, every time I say you. So I will; am I not a worshipper of the Graces?"

"You must not say it, every time you say me. And I made a dreadful slip, as you must perceive. I wasn't thinking for the moment. And surely you would never dream of taking an advantage——"

"Now come all they that wish me evil; all they that against me have imagined a vain thing——"

"What else are you doing yourself, if you please? If you would only allow me one moment, to explain——"

"In the name of the Lord will I destroy them."

"Oh Mr Jackson Stoneman!"

She looked at him in doubt of his ferocity, or sanity; and he in high spirits clapped his heels on the floor, and sprang up, and began to draw nearer. "No tub will do for me. I must have a throne. I am the King of the City, and of Surrey. Grace Cranleigh has proclaimed it."

"Truly you are in a great haste to crown yourself. She has never done anything of the kind. But if to make an ell out of half an inch is kingly——"

"If I did that, I will soon put it right. Let me make half an inch out of the ell now."

"No, no! I insist upon your staying where you are. There is a little door going out, between these two pans; and unless you are quite sensible, you will see no more of me."

"How can I be quite sensible, when I see any? Oh Grace, Grace, you cannot conceive what a relief to me it is, to be able to utter your name, with a joy, with a pride, with an ecstasy inconceivable!"

"Mr Stoneman, you are upon the Stock Exchange, and a certified

dealer—is not that the proper term? Very well then; you don't deal with any property, until you get it."

"Don't we though? Oh Grace, if we did not, where in the world would our business be? But I don't want to talk shop now at all. I want to talk something far outside of that."

"Shop-windows, perhaps." And then her heart reproached her, as it ought to do with one who has made a flippant stroke. But he had overdone his hit with her as well, and had the sagacity to wait for her remorse.

"I did not mean anything rude," she said, edging her own tub a little nearer, while the forget-me-nots on her bosom danced, like flowers on a river, when the mill-stream lifts; "I say things I ought not to say—what I mean is, I say things without meaning them."

"Whatever you say is the sweetest of the sweet," he answered with a sigh, that made his waistcoat keep the tune; "and it is right to remind me of my distance, Miss Cranleigh; because I was taking liberties."

"I defy you to say such a thing to me again. You have not the least idea what I am like, when—when I feel that I have been unkind."

"Let me know what it is like," he whispered, "when—when you feel that you are getting kind again. Oh Grace, Grace, how I do love

you!" She looked at him softly, and her blue eyes fell; and then she spoke submissively.

"Now don't pretend to say it; you must not pretend to say it—unless you are quite certain. Shall I tell you why?"

"I say it a thousand times, and I will spend my life in saying it. You know it as well as I do. Certain indeed! But tell me why?"

"Only that I should feel it very much indeed, if I were not sure that it is perfectly true."

There were tears on her cheeks—the true playground of smiles; neither did they look out of place, for there was not much sorrow in them.

To reassure herself, she whispered something altogether repugnant to the spirit of the Stock Exchange, silver, and gold, and even jewels. But that blessed stockbroker knew the quickest way to close transactions. He swept back a mint-worth of ductile gold from the sapphires whose lustre was tremulous with dew, and he gazed at them gently, tenderly, triumphantly, yet not without fear and diffidence. "All this committed to my charge?" he asked, with the other arm defining the flexuous circuit of his future realm.

"It may be a very poor investment," answered Grace; "but one thing is certain—what little there is, is entirely a genuine article."

CHAPTER XXXII.—A PAINFUL DUTY.

It is all very fine for those fine people, who can carry on like that. My sister Grace gave ten thoughts to every pound of her own butter, for one she could spare to every thousand pounds of Stoneman's money. A great weight of cash hung against him at first, in the scales of honest affection; but good-

ness, and kindness, and manly conduct, and bashfulness—thriving rather shyly in "the House" perhaps, but sprouting more freely in our fine air—had gone down plump against the adverse weight of a metal which we seldom find too heavy. Yet people should keep their felicity quiet; even as a cat

(whose name may be akin to it) should purr before the fire, instead of squealing on the chimney-pot.

But Jackson went aloft, and began to look down upon me, to whom he owed everything, as he surely must have known. He chaffed me about my Oriental Princess, a subject not only too lofty for him, but exceedingly painful to me just now. For I felt myself out in the cold, as it were; and with all due allowance for exalted spirits, there is such a thing as good taste; and there is, or ought to be, such a thing as sympathy. And the deeper a man is down in the hole of love, the more should the fellow at the top desire, and strive (without hooking him in the back) to wind him up to bank again. However, I never let them hear a groan, but endeavoured to content myself by meditating on the comparative grandeur of my own position.

Grace was all pity, and flutter, and excitement, and very tender interest about my state of mind, and laid down the law, like the Lord Chief-Justice in some very complicated Liquidation-suit. But when I said to her point-blank, "Very well; as you have it all so clear, let me drive you in mother's pony-trap; and then you will make it all right for me with Sûr Imar, and with Dariel," to my great disgust her answer was, "I am quite ready, George—if dear Jack thinks it proper."

"Dear Jack, indeed!" I replied with undisguised contempt, for Stoneman had persuaded her to drop the "son"; or perhaps she had made him his own father. At any rate, they had found out between them that "Jack" was of higher rank among the novelists than his offspring had as yet attained. However that might be, he was her Jack-of-all trades now;

and I, who once did everything, must be proud of second fiddle.

That settled all interference of theirs. And in truth, I would not have let her interfere if a thousand dear Jacks had sanctioned it. In the flow or ebb of his own affairs, let every man paddle his own canoe.

Inspired thus, I made up my mind that if Harold did not appear right early, the proper thing for me would be to pay my visit without him, for the master of the place had clearly said that I might call upon him at any time; though that would be of little comfort to me, unless I might call upon his daughter too. And here I confessed myself quite at a loss, being entirely in the dark as to the social usages, and the tiptop tone of the Caucasus, which must be in a position to look down upon ours. But I said to myself, "Shall extreme humility bring me to so low a pass, that a savage young Osset—whatever that may be—shall trample on the British flag? That a swaggering bully who scorns noble dogs, and breaks the legs of lovebirds, shall scare a young Englishman from his true love, and carry her off, and disdainfully treat her, as Rakhan his father behaved to his mother? Where is my courage, or sense of right, or even manly compassion, that I should permit such a sacrilege as that?"

Not only was I warmed by these large reflections, but touched up also by the little prick of thorns, which the May-bloom hedge of another fellow's love-nest sometimes administers to the plodder in the lane. So I came to this practical conclusion—take the bull by the horns, and have it out with him. For this gallant purpose, forth I set about two o'clock of a November day, with a little drizzle in the air, but not what an Englishman would call a real fog.

Perhaps I may have mentioned, though I will not be too sure, that a little trifle of a brook arises, among the few fields which we still kept in hand, and contrives to make its way, without venturing upon noise, but accepting every zigzag that any hedgerow offers, down the trend of land that goes away very mildly, until it gets view of a valley. And then there are thickets, and corners of halt, and windings of the little water, and flat beds strewn with the season's leaves, where birds of the neighbourhood, or of passage, find an agreeable change of diet, or of rest when their wings are weary. And a man with a gun may get a very pleasant shot, if he probes this sweet home of theirs warily.

Even the tiniest brook ever seen must lead to something larger; but according to the lie of the land, this runnel must wayfare long on its own account, before it meets the Pebblebourne. Woodcocks are apt to be somewhat capricious birds. Sometimes we never heard of one almost throughout the winter, and the next year, perhaps, it would come into their heads that there was nothing like a happy Surrey coppice. This year they had taken that correct view of us, and our duty was to make it final. So I whistled for my favourite spaniel Bess, and with my old breech-loader on my arm, set off for a roundabout walk towards St Wini-fred's. If I had the luck to bring down a long-bill, perhaps a fair creature might immortalise him.

After a long rough trudge through fern and swamp and briary thicket, I heard the murmur of a larger stream, which could be no other than the Pebblebourne. Daylight began to fail, and the mist was deepening in the valley, so I took a short cut towards the ancient walls with my

little offering provided. A woodcock, a leash of snipe, and a wid-geon, were more than I had expected, and a pheasant or two would have borne them company, if it had been lawful.

Suddenly from a little glade of covert a frightful sound invaded me. It was not like the cry of a cow for her calf, nor that of a dog with a cart-wheel on his tail, nor even the fitful palinode of a cat upon the roof, suffering deep remorse of love. But if there be any organ capable of combining a wail, a bellow, a shriek, and a yell, with a howl and a moan, and a few other indications that all is not perfect bliss here below, that instrument must have been doing its utmost, in the dusky copse before me. My pet spaniel little Bess slank away behind my heels, and covered her eyes with her ears to exclude such an audible vision of the Evil One. But a man alone, or at any rate a member of the human race alone, could compass an effect so horrendous. My blood ran as cold as the water in my boots, and if I had stopped to think for even half a second, right-about-face would have been the order.

But real curiosity must never stop to think. With a few rapid steps I was over the low stile, and stood in the tangled enclosure. Like the shrillest fog-screacher that has ever been invented, that sound led me unmistakeably, until I saw a little dark man struggling for his life against victorious bondage. He was corded to a tree no larger in the trunk than he was, so that it just filled the hollow of his back, his wrists were tied behind it, and his feet being lifted high enough above the ground to deprive him of all leverage, the publication of his sorrow was the sole resource. The last light of day was rolling, rather than flashing, in his helpless

eyes; and the cruel distortion of his anguished face might have foiled his own mother's faith in him. And his yells were not those of our language, which can assert itself, even in our outeries.

My impulse of course was to rush forward, and succour this poor victim; and I went for it at once, although I saw that two strong men sat gazing at him. One of them was tall and dark, and a foreigner all over; while the other was bulky and big of limb; and both were jeering pleasantly. With my gun on the left arm, I pulled out a knife, and rushing between them before they could rise, cut the cords of the captive, and eased him down on my shoulder, and lo it was Allai!

He uttered a guttural something, altogether beyond my philology, and picked up his pet little jingal from the moss, and was off like a hare, before I could speak. When I turned round, a man stood on either side of me, but not quick enough to grasp my arms. I jumped back, so as to get the tree in front, and cried, "Fair play, you rascals! If you want to taste an ounce of shot apiece, here it is at your service."

The tall man turned away, as if that proposal were not much to his liking. But the other stood his ground, and spoke, as if he knew that I would not fire. "Who are you? What's your business here? Mind your own affairs. We were only having a bit of fun."

"Well, and so am I. It is quite as good fun to scare two scamps, as to bully a helpless little devil."

"Right you are," he exclaimed with a laugh, which made me think better of him, for he could not know that I had drawn my cartridges when I left off shooting; "but we are not scamps, young man; we were performing a painful duty."

"You said it was a bit of fun just now. At any rate I have

stopped it. And if you find that a grievance, I will put down my gun and meet you. But only one at a time, mind."

"What an obliging man you are! And you stand nearly six inches over me. My friend would have a better chance with you. But he does not understand 'the box.' You have spoiled our day's work. Who are you?"

"I have a right to ask that question first. I am in my own neighbourhood, as you can see. But you are a stranger, and doing strange things. Tell me your name, sir; and you shall have mine."

"Fair enough. I am Captain Strogue of the British Pioneers. Not ashamed of my name, and not likely to be; though it is better known all round the world than at home. You think me a coward for tormenting a small chap. It only shows your ignorance of that race."

"It is not brave to torture anybody, Captain Strogue. But that is no longer my business. My name is George Cranleigh, well known about here. What I have done I would do again; and so would any other Englishman."

"Likely enough. But it is unlucky, and you may have done a world of mischief. However, I bear no grudge against you. Some day perhaps you will be sorry for it. But where the deuce is the—why, hang me upside down, if he has not vanished!"

The Captain seemed eager to do the like, and it was not my place to stop him. He lifted his brown hat to me, and was gone, leaving upon me the impression of a man, resolute, testy, adventurous, excitable, and perhaps unscrupulous.

As to the other man, although he had not presented himself distinctly, what other could he be than Hafer, the son of Imar's sister Marva, and now the Chief of the

Osset tribe? Although I had not seen his face that night when he left Dariel weeping (neither had I seen it plainly now), the figure and carriage and style of dress were quite enough to convince me. Even in the dark, there had been something about that fellow—or Prince, as some would call him—and about the moral smell of his nature, unpleasant, to use the mildest word that I can think of, to my plain and simple elements. He might be the better man of the two, more kindly, more trusty, more lovable, and of a higher stamp, in every way. Never mind; I had not the least desire, though he were all that, to resemble him.

And Providence, having made us as we are, cannot take it amiss if we are satisfied.

"I shall have a good look at him some day," I thought, "and then I am sure to feel that I was right. I can have no prejudice against him, merely because he has dared to look at Dariel. She, who takes so long to see what I am, is not at all likely to be carried by storm, by this fellow's olive complexion, and fine nose, and black eyes, and sable moustache, and all the rest of it. Why, he is a brute, and nothing else, however handsome he may try to look! I can scarcely believe him to be that noble man's own nephew."

CHAPTER XXXIII.—TREMBLING.

However, these great reflections did not save me from being in a rather nervous state when Stepan, who was most obsequious now—if such a word may be used of such a steadfast hero—showed me into Sûr Imar's room. And before he raised the curtain, he whispered in best English, "Milord, me good friend to milord now. Allai worth dogs, dogs, all right a hundred dogs." I pressed his hand, because he was thus cultivating our dear language.

"It is long since I have seen you," Sûr Imar began, with his kind and cheerful but never joyful smile. "I began to fear that you had taken amiss something of what I said the other day. It is difficult at such times to consider one another. But all right—as Stepan says. He is becoming quite an Englishman. Did you notice the fogle, as you call it, this child of the Caucasus has picked up somewhere? It is the envy of all our encampment. What a simple-minded race we are! But that is a material to work upon for good.

And soon we shall be among the heart of it again. What will my daughter think of her native mountains?"

"But surely," I answered in a melancholy voice, "surely you will not take her to that frightful place—I beg your pardon, to all that world of grandeur—when everything is frozen, and there is not a place to sit upon. When there is not a flower, not a blade of green grass, nor even a tree that is not a hump of snow. You may find it very nice; but young ladies—Sûr Imar, have you thought about her constitution?"

"My young friend, I have; and it is as sound as mine. There will not be much society; but has she any here? From all that I have seen of it, and I lived some time in London, society means pretence, affectation, jealousy, littleness, stale slang instead of humour, slavish imitation, contempt of fellow-creatures, and cowardly blindness to the afflictions of this earth. My daughter has no taste for such a life as that."

He appeared to me to speak too strongly, and too much from a primitive point of view; and all who set up such a standard as that are impatient, and apt to exaggerate. But it was not for a country Lubin to vindicate the ladies, and I was in haste to deal with nearer considerations.

"Perhaps you will be angry with me," I said, "but you have told me so much of yourself, that you will not regard it as a liberty. Are you sure, sir, that you do not imperil your life by returning to people so revengeful?"

"As certain as a man can be who knows their obstinacy, and the power of long tradition. And who would wish to harm me now? My sister made much for a time of her wrongs about the marriage portion; but her wicked husband's public vaunt that he had slain our father, and my surrender of all her share as soon as she was a widow, must have taken the sting from that. And as for Rakhan, and his death, could she prefer a faithless husband to her own twin brother?"

"Well, you know best, sir. But is there not a son of that same Prince Rakhan, 'Hafer' you called him the other day, who may feel himself bound by that fiendish law, even if his mother rejects it?"

"Yes, and I hope to introduce him to you. A young man of what you call a rough and ready nature, the natural produce of a rugged land. Too free-spoken perhaps, and apt to give offence to those who dislike strong convictions. But I hear that among his own people he is beloved, and admired beyond all example, for his justice, mildness, and unbounded generosity. The Ossets are not what you have in this country, advanced and experienced Christians. On the contrary, it is a painful fact that the larger half are idolaters; and of

them, and of the Christians too, not one in ten is far off from a thief. This makes them thoroughly worthy of the deepest British interest. In going round the globe so much, you never care about any race that is beginning to get better. Your own, for instance, is nothing to you. You can hope for the best about them; and believe that the Lord, who governs the earth for the benefit of the British race, will make it all right for the worst of you. Upon that point you have no misgivings, any more than you have about any others, when you feel yourselves summoned to improve the world. But my duty is upon a very small scale, and is limited to my own people."

Great as my reverence was for Sûr Imar, it was difficult not to suspect that some adverse influence had been at work with him. Hitherto he had always expressed a genial admiration of our race, which had produced on my part a corresponding respect for his uncommon powers of insight, and freedom from foreign prejudices. "You have taken a turn against us," I replied with some warmth, and looking at him, as I had never looked before; "time will show who is right, Sûr Imar."

"My young friend," he answered, "you are quite mistaken. I am not leaving you through my own wish. Such quiet days I shall never know again, and such kind respect for my privacy, even with ten feet of snow round my walls. For the sake of my countrymen I must go. That I cannot do much is quite certain; but I hope to start them on a better course. For years, as you know, I have been preparing, and my first chance of trying it is come at last. Am I likely to speak ungratefully of the only land on the face of the earth that would receive me, without a

thousand mortifications and annoyances? Why, even your tax-collectors have been civil."

This was a climax of approbation which amazed, and by power of contrast puzzled the warmest assertor of national virtue. "Surely you cannot mean that!" I exclaimed. But romantic as he was, he nodded.

"Now, as you charge me with distrust of England, and I may have said some ungracious things," he spoke with a smile almost as bright as Dariel's, "show your forgiveness, my dear friend, by coming with me into my daughter's room. We are beginning to put up our little possessions, for the journey to a rougher place. How many thousand times shall we regret the halcyon days in this quiet little vale! But come and have a cup of coffee."

"I am not fit to go into a lady's room. I have got about a pint of water in either boot. They are warranted waterproof, and so they won't let it get out again."

"We'll soon put that to rights. You should wear arabas. Come into this passage, and Stepan will see to it, and bring you a pair of my sandals. I will be with you again in a minute."

While the faithful henchman was pulling off my boots, which was no small tug for even his great arms, his mind was evidently in a condition of still more strenuous exertion. She—if the higher portion of our composition lays claim to the higher half of gender—was struggling and rolling and flopping about (being over-bulky for lighter process) in quest of some fugitive English word, earnestly courted, but wickedly coy.

"Milord, put on more smoke, more smoke. Yes, yes, more smoke, else be too late. Me good friend to milord now. Wicked mens come every day. But milord smoke, smoke, smoke."

He puffed with his lips and panted, as if to impress me with the need for a vast fumigation. "I want a pipe sadly, my friend," I replied; "but how can I have it in a lady's room?"

The Lesghian stared at me, and stroked his beard, and shook his head angrily, as if he had found it empty. "Stepan fool. No say, no say," he exclaimed as he made off to fetch the slippers; but I am afraid that I heard him mutter, as he turned the corner, "Inglese, dam language; dam language, Inglese!" In a minute, however, he returned, with a broad smile lighting up all his battered countenance, as if he had found what he wanted in the sandals.

"Me know now. Stepan big fool. Milord put on shteam, shteam, shteam! Go ahead! Who's afeard? Won't go home till mornin'? The gal I left behind me. Nancy is my darlin'! Milord know now."

"I am blest if I do," I endeavoured to reply; but he would have no more quenching. In the triumph of philology his dignity was lost; and I saw that he must have spent at least a day in London. "Is the Caucasus come to this?" I asked, and was glad to see my host return.

Stepan stood up, and shut his mouth in the curtain of his beard, like a casement closed under the ivy, and looked at me, as if there had never been less than a mile of moral distance between us. In the name of the Lord, where does sham end? But I had to do a little on my own account.

Dariel's room! I had never been in the shrine of my divinity till now; and when I was there I could look at nothing except her entrancing presence. She was resting upon something—it might have been a cloud, for all that I could tell about it. The soft light fell upon the sweetest face that heaven itself ever

shone upon; and I tried to speak, but no words came; neither could I look upon her as I longed to do. If she had been too much for me out of doors, what possibility was left me here?

"My child," said her father; for she too was silent—which emboldened me to steal an ecstatic dream of the petals of a blush-rose fluttering on her face—"my child, I have brought our kind friend Mr Cranleigh, who has placed us under so many obligations, to say Good-bye, or at least Good-night—for I hope that we may see him again, before we leave. We have taken you a little by surprise, I fear."

"But it is a pleasant surprise, dear father. I was a little—what is the proper English word? Melancholy? No, I can never be that with you. But sorry perhaps, out of spirits, is it so? We have been so happy in this very tranquil rest."

"It is true," replied Sâr Imar, as he turned to me; "perhaps we shall never have so smooth a time again. It is like the beginning of a new life to us. But Dariel knows that we must not think of our own comfort only."!

"No, but of our lives—of your life, father. What does it matter to me where I go? But we are travelling from a land where you are safe, to a country of savages where there is no law, but everybody burning to kill everybody else."

"A pretty description of your native land! It is the air of this country, Mr Cranleigh. My daughter has breathed it so long that she believes that there is no other excellence under the sun. We know that it has some such effect upon the natives. But why should it be so with a little foreign girl? Dariel, my dear, I feel ashamed of you."

"Oh, how much better does he know than that!" the loving daughter exclaimed, as she placed

both hands upon his shoulders and her face among his beard, whose dark cascade spared a silver rill or two to glisten through the sable of the young abundance; and thence she looked at me with a snug composure, as if to ask, "What do you want with passion? This is affection if you please. This is all that a sweet girl needs." And then she very calmly stroked his moustache up, and put her lips to his, and kept them there, till I could almost hope that he might prove to have taken a taste of garlic. But perhaps if he had, it would have been all the same to her.

"You see what our manners are," said the father with a laugh; "we have not quite attained the proper self-command, I fear." And then I had my revenge, for Dariel blushed as if she had done an outrageous thing, and whispered, "Oh, I beg your pardon!"

It was a lucky thing for her perhaps, although a sad one for poor me, that her father was so close at hand, else how could I have controlled myself? For, being a little repressed, she turned the ardent appeal of her eyes on me, quite as if—quite as if I had been a member of the family. And when I smiled, not reassurance only, but most loyal encouragement, what did she do but glide away from papa and sit down by the visitor!

"Oh Grace, you are graceful enough," thought I, "for yourself and for any stockbroker. But if you want to know how to sit down, you must come and see Dariel do it." For she had told Jackson, and he in his lunacy thought it too good to be kept to himself, that her brother George, if he got the wife he wanted, would be obliged to put her through a course of chair-drill, before he could give a dinner-party!

How I trembled to find myself sitting at her side, indoors, unhurried, with the sanction of authority, civilised, waiting for a cup of coffee, watching the turn of her exquisite hands, nettled by the dancing of the clustered hair, which drew a veil, always at the most provoking moment, over the lustrous speech of those myriad-flashing and yet ever gentle eyes, as the filigree of some crafty jeweller tempers and deepens the delight within! What was there for me? Could a common sort of fellow, with nothing but rough truth and deep worship to commend him, dare to suppose that he could ever get in there, and be cherished as the owner of the heart that moved the whole?

I assure you that I made a great fool of myself; though such an assurance is superfluous to any man who has ever earned his salt. I had just enough sense left to say "Yes" or "No," with a "Please" in a deep breath now and then, and a "Thank you" that took away breath altogether. Dariel, who was as fit as a fiddle—how those low expressions spoil one's most exalted moments!—saw with her ill-timed serenity the confounded tumult of my system; and, as she told me in the wiser days, felt ashamed of herself for enjoying it. Ah me! it is not often, in the little square-round of human life, that we get tossed over the boundaries thus, with the profundity of misery struggling with the sublimity of ecstasy.

"My dear young friend," said the tranquil Lesghian, who had let his eyes follow the lines of his beard in amiable serenity, though there must have been a stealthy smile under it, "few things are more gratifying than to have one's own productions valued by those who understand the subject, and

speak without prepossession. Especially when the producer has departed from general usage, and carried out his own opinions. You are really sure that you admire——"

"Admire is too weak a word, *Sûr Imar*"—my eyes were still upon the charming result of his system of education—"worship, love, adore, enshrine——"

"We will put it on the labels of our tins, as soon as we have a London agency. But only your initials, as your friends might not approve. I am always at a loss for those strong expressive words of your language, which now survive only in advertisements. My dear, put them down in your tablets. I defy any soap to surpass them. G. C. worships, loves, adores, and enshrines the coffee of the Caucasus. I am not enthusiastic, Mr Cranleigh; but next to education, and the spread of Christianity, I trust to the civilising effects of commerce, which your nation insists upon, perhaps even more strenuously than the other two great agents. The Russians have introduced the growth of tea, and I heartily hope that it may answer. But knowing the genius of our people, which certainly is not inclined to perpetual toil, I have come to the conclusion that coffee, which requires less constant attention, would have a better chance upon our Southern slopes, where the summer is long and the heat intense. I wish I could have seen your brother Harold, that universal genius, about it. The preparation which has so impressed you is not from our native berries yet, only from the slopes near Tiflis. But I hope we shall have our own in a few years' time. And then my discovery comes in."

For all that I knew to the contrary, I might have been drinking bilge-water flavoured with tar and

stirred with marlin-spikes. But I grasped his hand with emotion, and said, "No words are adequate, Sûr Imar."

He must have known as well as I did—or what would be the good of his having ever loved his Oria?—that confusion was far too weak a word, and fusion itself not strong enough to describe the condition of my brain. Till Dariel, with one precious glance of reserve and soft sympathy—as if her father really must not claim to be the only one having any knowledge of me—bowed for me to move a little; and oh, she quite hung over me! For, being so stupid, I had not moved; and stupidity gets the prize more often than the cleverest volatility. "Darling!" I whispered through her hair; for her father was gone to his coffee-grinder, to secure some more of my adoration. And Dariel only whispered "Hush," with a quiver, but no repugnance.

"Father," she said with pure presence of mind, as he looked round from his grinding, "my senestra is a little out of tune; but Mr Cranleigh will allow for that. He is kind enough to wish to hear me sing; and he thinks that my voice is rather agreeable."

"He is right enough in his judgment there. But what opportunity has he ever had of hearing it?" This question made me tremble when I thought of my first offence; but the nymph answered very bashfully—

"You remember—the day, dear father, when you invited Mr Cranleigh to attend our little service. We all sang in our quiet way; and he was kind enough to be pleased with it."

"How could he be pleased? They do their best; and I am always proud to hear them. But, my dear friend, it is a frightful noise that drowns my child's soft melody.

Englishmen who have travelled among our mountains, tell their countrymen that all our voices are harsh and cackling, guttural and disagreeable. Some may be so, but not all, and in my opinion few of them. I am not a judge of music, but I think my child sings beautifully."

"Oh, father, you have spoiled it all. Mr Cranleigh will expect wonders. And all I can do is so simple; only it sounds nice to me, because—because I feel that I mean it."

"Then your voice must be of your own tongue. She can sing in English very sweetly; but never with the expression which her native language brings to her. Mr Cranleigh says he would like best to hear you in your own language, dear; though he won't understand a word of it. That ancient lay of Inkulluk, I like it as well as any. The words are nothing; but the melody has a tinkle like a mountain-stream, which modern music seldom has. We call it the song of the stork, although there is very little about them in it. If you like it, you shall have a prose translation, and perhaps your brother will put it into verse, for you tell me he has even that accomplishment. Now try that simple little song, my dear."

The lovely maiden, thus exhorted, smiled as she cast back her hair, and upon the white rise of her breast laid a musical affair of some dark wood, having divers strings and curves. Lute, zither, mandolin, tambourin, lyre, it was none of those, and I knew not, neither cared what it was, only to watch her swift white fingers dancing like snowdrops inspired by the wind, and her lips like rosebuds tremulous. The words were nothing but sounds to me; yet I knew,

by the power she gave to them, that whoever could bring them home to her would have no cold-hearted wife to wed. And this is what Harold made of it:—

THE SONG OF THE STORK.

“When the veil of the mountains is
lifted by Spring,
And the voice of the water saith—
Winter is past;
When the stork from Armenia plies her
glad wing,
And the ibex lies down, without fear
of the blast;
With a heart that is warm as the
nest of a dove,
In the bend of the valley, I wait
for my love.

When the splendour of Summer makes
spangles of the snow,
And lights with red lilies the gloom
of the glen;
While the forest is flushed with azalea's
glow,
And the melody of fountains floats
through it again;

With a heart that is true to its
nest as a dove,
On a lawn of sweet roses, I wait
for my love.

When the tempests of Autumn have
turban'd the peak,
And the grey shadows hover above
their stronghold;
Yet the fruitage still lingers—a faint
purple streak,
And the ripe corn embroiders the
breastland with gold;
Though my heart may be quailing
at the storm-clouds above,
Like the harvest, it answers the
sunshine of love.

When the mountains are turned into
caverns by snow,
And the heavens are black with the
fury of cold,
When the spectre of Rakhabat stalks to
and fro,
And the gaunt wolf is howling alone
on the wold;
With the ice-crag around us, and
the avalanche above,
My love shall not shiver in the
breast of his love.”

CHAPTER XXXIV.—REJOICING.

When I was going home that night, a very strange thing befell me, which but for the mercy of Providence would have left me nothing more to say. Although there had been very little chance of making sweet speeches to Dariel, because her father would not leave the room, yet her rich clear voice thrilled through me so that I scarcely knew what I was doing, and resolved to put all upon the cast at once, rather than flutter, and quiver, and tremble till some swaggering foreigner rushed in.

Modest I was; and think no harm to confess it, having never had chance to grow out of it, by any fat manuring while my roots were young. Humble I was; and who would not be so, unless he were fool enough not to know the differ-

ence between a mere hulking clodpole and the exquisite perfection of the Maker's finest work? Timid too I may have been; and who can be surprised, when even a stockbroker trembled at our Grace? But as for my being a jelly-fish, could any such creature have done what I did? I held the hand of my darling as long as I dared at the corner of the passage, when her father was looking for a lantern, and I said with an audacity which frightened me as soon as I had time to think of it, “To-morrow I must know my fate. Will you be in the chapel, about three o'clock? Or any time, any time; I will wait for hours.”

“What can make you ask me such a thing?” she answered, and I said, “Don't you know, Dariel?”

And she drew back, and whispered, "I will try—if my father has no objection."

Now it was the thought of this that sent me in a most exalted yet highly disordered condition of mind upon my homeward course. If order is heaven's first law, as some one says, the entire code must be suspended when the human race is in its most heavenly state. To me the earth was nothing; and the stars alone and the distant sublimity of the sky had any claim of kindred. Leaving Bess (who was very tired) to the care of Stepan, with a careless toss I flung my gun upon my right shoulder, and strode forth into the darkness.

Suddenly, as I was marching on a ridge of moorland about half a mile from the camp, I received a most shocking whack under the right ear, as if somebody had struck me with a big hockey-stick; and at the same moment a flash of broad fire started up, and then a roar from a clump of bushes just beneath me. How I saved myself from falling is more than I can tell, for I staggered very heavily, and my head went round.

I cannot remember at all what I did, much less what I thought in this frightful amazement, though afterwards I tried to make it out more clearly. But I must have kept hold of my gun, although my right hand was jarred and tingling with it, and then I must have leaped into the bushy hollow, without time enough to realise the peril. And I shouted, which was a most stupid thing to do; but I know that I shouted, because one of the first things that fetched me to myself was the sound of my own voice. But there was no one for me to lay hold of, or to let drive at with the butt of my gun. The place was all silent and empty, and I saw a great star shining through the naked twigs

from the crown of the ridge I had been crossing, and I knew that I had been shot at by the advantage of that star.

To the inhabitants of a lawless country this may be little to dwell upon; but never having been among such crooked lines of action, I knew not what to make of it. My blood ran cold at the enormity of the thing; but without further reasoning I pulled out a brace of cartridges, which I ought to have done before entering the hollow, and slipped them into my old breechloader. Then I found that the right hammer would not move, and began to perceive what had happened. There was no time to go into that question now. With the left hammer cocked, and the muzzle level and ready for a snap-shot—though probably my nerve would have failed me at a fellow-creature—I searched every yard of the thicket, and then the gully which led to a little water-course below. The night, having only that big star to help it, was so dark and baffling that a dozen men might have slipped away without leaving me any the wiser; and the only trace vouchsafed to me was a rustle of some bushes at the bottom of the slope where a hedge ran along. At this I brought my gun to my shoulder, for I might just have peppered a man down there, and that would have been a caution to him. However, on second thoughts, I did not fire, for by this time I was quite cool again, and the blaze might have brought another bullet at me before I could pop another cartridge in. So I marked the spot very carefully, and hurried home with gratitude.

And truly, when I had lighted both my candles, and taken a good draught of ale to refresh me, I perceived that my escape had been marvellous, and I knelt down and thanked God for it; though I have

never been able, as many persons are, to believe myself the main shareholder of Divine protection. A heavy bullet had been fired at me with accuracy undeniable. And it must have dropped me as dead as a stone, passing upward into my poor brain, if my own good trusty gun had not been on my shoulder. Happily for me, the lead had struck the lock-plate just above the trigger, and failing to enter the steel of course, had glanced upward and passed through the brim of my hat, cutting a groove in the crown as well, but touching never a hair of my head. My right ear was red as a radish from the jar of the stock against it, and the spring and tumblers of the lock were jammed; but I soon put them to right again.

What cowardly and cold-blooded miscreant could thirst for the life of a harmless, quiet, and unpretentious fellow thus? No enemy had I, to the best of my knowledge, in all the wide world, for the simple reason that I never wronged, insulted, or looked down upon anybody; and whenever I could not get on with a man, I let him go his way, while I went mine—unless he brought a pole across my shins; and even then, if he was sorry, I forgave him. But one thing was very clear to my mind, when I had lighted an eager pipe, and dwelled on it (sliding along the gentle slope, where a blue cloud routs black vapours), that no Englishman ever would have crawled like that, to pot a brother Englishman.

Then I thought of the sneaking shot from the gun of Rakhan, which had killed Sûr Dadian, when he was returning full of joy to his ancestral castle; and the thing became almost as plain to me as if the sunlight had been poured on it. Captain Strogue would never have done it; a bravo he might be, but not a Thug—if there is any meaning in

any man's eyes. [But the tall dark fellow, that son of Rakhan who would not come up to look at me, Hafer, who was come to fetch Sûr Imar, he was the miscreant who tried to shoot me.

Sometimes I have a deep vein of discretion, though nobody else perceives it, and I always feel myself below my proper level, when I work it. But a man who has just escaped foul murder by a hair's breadth, and may meet the like to-morrow with the turn of the hair against him, must—unless he is weary of his life—take some thought of his actions. And I felt by no means weary of my life, but kindly and warmly in love with it, when certain glances made it sparkle, like a dewdrop in the morning. Not a word must I say to any one about that dastardly attempt, unless it were to the faithful Stepan, who might cast some light upon it. He had warned me; perhaps he knew that some one longed to do away with me. He would take it as the natural outcome of my intimacy at the camp; and now he approved of "milord's" suit, and urged him to put more steam on. Probably he knew why those two villains had lain in wait for poor Allai, and were trying by torture to make a traitor of him. And Stepan had clearly some reason of his own for keeping his master in the dark about it. Moreover, he was struggling with the English language, manifestly for my benefit. With this resolution I went to bed, and dreamed neither of thickets, nor bullets, nor bravoes, nor anything else that was nasty; but only of sweet Dariel singing the song of the stork like a nightingale, and coming with white wings to my window, where I caught her with a pair of reins.

By this time Grace was in such a state of mind about her noble stockbroker, that brother George

might have fifty holes in his hat, or in his head almost, without the loving sister coming to brush, or darn, or even poultice them. Of this I made no grievance, but went so far as to be unaware of it; and when her conscience began to work, I showed her that I had bought a thimble, and she called me a heartless molly-coddle. "Never mind. There are better girls than you who can appreciate me," I answered with a superior smile, and she flew into a passion. Such is feminine jealousy. They want to love some new-comer better, yet we are not to know it, or to feel the difference.

Most heartily I wished poor Jackson Stoneman only half as good a bargain as he fancied he had made of it; for the blindness of a man in love is to others quite ridiculous. And I knew that although Grace was blessed with many of the merits he had inspired her with, no one else could think her fit to hold a candle to Dariel. Yet for the world I did not wish to hear any one praise my darling, unless it were her father or myself; for it was our business only.

Upon my way to the sacred place where my destiny was to be settled, being much before my time, and longing to divert my mind (which made my legs feel trembling), I turned aside to search the covert which had so nearly proved my doom in the darkness of the night gone by. If I had been as nervous then as now, nothing could have saved me, for the shock of the blow must have thrown me down, and the enemy would have leaped up and despatched me. Even as I had been, full of glorious thoughts, and striding in full pride of strength, probably I should have lost my balance, if my left foot had been foremost. And now in the broad daylight I was half-afraid to examine the dingle. But I had

brought my gun, that loyal friend, now as fit for work as ever, and both barrels loaded with duckshot. If that miscreant's gun had been loaded so—but those thundering villains are no sportsmen.

At once I discovered the place where he had crouched, and a comfortable lair he had made of it, less than twelve yards from the path by which he expected me. But the ground being strewn with leaves, wherever it was not covered with grass or tangle, no footprints could be descried, either there or further down the dingle; and I was at the point of abandoning my search, when a little brown disk, like a piece of stamped leather, attracted my attention. It was hanging on some twigs about a yard from the ground, in a line between the lurking-place and the spot where I had been when the bullet staggered me, and at first I took it for a large thick leaf. And a leaf it was, but not of any tree or shrub that I had ever met with; and I perceived that it was streaked with black, and smelled very strongly of gunpowder. Beyond any doubt, it had been used as a patch or wrapping for the leaden ball that was meant to send me to another world, and parts of it were scorched or singed by the explosion. I could even see the impress of the iron cap belonging to the heavy ramrod, by which it had been driven down the rifle-barrel, and on the other side might be traced the convexity of the bullet which had been enclosed. What leaf could this be? It was thicker and tougher than any English leaf I knew, as well as different in shape and texture. Tearing a fibre from the cleanest part I laid it on my tongue, and was surprised by a strong and peculiar aroma. After packing it carefully in a letter from Tom Erricker which happened to be

in my pocket, I went on my way towards the ruins of the chapel, having made up my mind to enquire at Kew, where I knew a noble botanist, what tree was likely to produce that leathery and spicy foliage.

But this and every other thought of things around me and of myself were far from any mind of mine—if mind at all remained to me, as I sat upon an ancient stone begirt with fern and lycopod, and sandalled with soft moss rosetted here and there with ivy braids. All such things are soothing; and there also seemed to be an ancient air, proceeding from the memory of holy monks, who never pretended to be better than they were, because they saw no need of it. Hereupon I began to fear, as a few dead leaves went by me, that I should not have appointed this cold and holy spot for speaking of an everyday affair like love. But, without another word, I was strengthened greatly; the very argument against me took my part. True love is a sacred thing, as the Lord Himself ordained it; and a place of ancient reverence, with the sky alone to roof it, suited well for that which is the loftiest of the human state.

Perhaps the maiden had some thoughts a little like my own, but better, larger, and less tumultuous. I was not in a fit condition to know exactly what she did; and I even pretended to know less than eyes and heart brought home to me. I only knew that she was there, and for a little time I felt afraid to wish for any more than that.

She, to my delight and glory, trembled, and tried to look away, as if she shared my fear, but begged me to let it go on a little longer. Then as I caught her hand, and raised it very gently and reverently, good manners compelled her to show surprise, and to cast an en-

quiring glance at me. "Don't go," I said; "if you only knew—but I never shall be able to make you know."

"It would not be right for me to go, when my father ordered me to come."

"Because he knows why. And he gave me leave to say what you know already. Oh Dariel, what is the good of talking? You know all about it. Ever since that blessed moment, when I first caught sight of you——"

"Through the bushes and across the water? Or was it when you saved *Kuban's* life?" She looked at me very gravely, as if the time made all the difference.

"Both, both. And a thousand times since. And it must go on for ever. You can't understand it. Of course you can't. But I can understand nothing else. Oh Dariel, don't be hard upon me. I know that you are the wonder of the world, and that I am nothing but a very common fellow, not half so worthy to look at you as the short-eared owls in your ivy——"

"I am very fond of owls," said Dariel; "they are the wisest of all birds. But I never saw them sit and look at me."

"Then they are fools, and I'll do it for them for ever. But oh, if I could only make you see for a moment how I love you! Don't laugh at me, Dariel. Don't do that."

"I am sure that I never laughed at all. How can you think that I would be so wicked? But I will confess, if that will be quite sufficient, that I think—that I have been persuaded considerably, Mr Cranleigh, that you—that you like me."

"Like you, Dariel! What a wretched word! Can you look at me, and fancy it no more than that?" But she would not be taken at any disadvantage; though

she turned one ear towards me a little—as if ears could hold no agency for heart or lips or eyes.

“Now listen to me for a moment,” I said, creeping close to that ear, which was a masterpiece of shell-work, and filigree curves, and chasing; “tell me—just say—have a little kindness, say whether you think you could ever like me.”

“Yes, I will say; I will not conceal. I think that I could like you very well; because—because——”

“Because what, Dariel? That I may do it again, and go on doing it for ever.”

“Because, because—it is just for this reason,” all the glory of her eyes flashed on me, “because you are so much afraid of me.”

“Am I?” In a moment she was in my arms, and I had the sweetest revenge ever known for an imputation of cowardice. And she, whether carried away by my love, or by her own sweet gratitude, looked at me with a glow of light, like the gates of heaven opening, and drew me into fresh ecstasy, and whispered, “Do you love me?”

Such a time is the date of life, for ever to be dwelt upon; but never spoken of, unless it be with the only one who shared it. And I would never have touched upon it, but left all those to take it home, who in their time have been so blessed; unless I were bound to let them see how much I had to go upon, in my obstinacy afterwards. Dariel loved me! Who was I, to be rapt by such a miracle? And who of mankind should take it from me, as long as the heavens continued?

“Let us kneel, and thank the Lord,” my darling said, with coy reproach of my impetuous transport; “here where first you saw me, George. If He has meant us for one another, He will be vexed if we do not thank Him.”

I followed her to the place that once had been of holy rite, and there she took my hand, and knelt upon the plinth of the old sanctuary, and made the sign of the Cross upon her breast and forehead, and spoke some words in some sweet language, and then arose and offered me both hands, and I kissed her lovely brow, and met her loving eyes bedewed with tears, and said, “You are mine for ever.”

She bowed her head, as if to say, “I am well contented with it”; but when I drew forth that ruby cross of hers which I had kept so long, and offered to place it on her breast, as it was when I first beheld her, she shrank away, and her cheeks grew pale, and she trembled so that I felt compelled to throw both arms around her. “What is it, my darling? My own love, what has scared you so?” I asked, drawing the red flash from her sight.

“You know that I am not too wise. You do not want me to be wise; oh George, I have no strength of mind; I cannot bear to be taken from you.”

“I should like to see anybody do it,” said I, guiding her craftily to a less exalted place; “but why has this little thing frightened you so, when you must have worn it a hundred times?”

“Because there is a most sad tale about it, which I will tell you some day. But even without that I must not wear it, according to the rules of the family; unless—unless—a thing that would grieve you heartily, I hope, George—unless I cease to care for you. No maiden must have this on her heart, when her heart has ceased to be her own. Shall I tell you a little secret? That was why I lent it to you and never asked for it back again, as soon as ever I began to fancy—not to be too sure—but to be uncertain whether

—oh, you know my signification, George!”

“When you doubted, sweetest sweet, whether you might not be beginning to think in your angelic heart of a worthless fellow, whose name is George.”

“What language to use of such a pair! If you abuse one, you abuse the other. Do you see what English I speak now? I could not talk like this, when first I met you. How do you think I learned to do it?”

“Dariel, how should I know? Your voice would make any language sweet. Your father has the gift of tongues. He speaks better English than I do. No doubt it has come down to you. And you have been with English teachers.”

“Yes. But they made me speak French more than this. They thought that the air would teach me English. And my father always talked to me in our own language, such as I sang to you last night. But when I began to have George in my mind, and to fancy that he was getting fond of me, I changed all that. Comprehend you now? I made my darling father speak nothing to me but the English. And I shall be angry with myself, if you have not observed the improvement.”

At this proof of her lovely love, I said and did—no matter what. Never since the world began has any man been so beyond himself.

Such things are not to be described. And I never would have gone back thus, to give any one else an idea of them, if I could have won that glory, with no anguish afterwards. Every man must be in glory, when his true love loves him. He knows that he is not worthy of it; and that makes the triumph nobler.

She might lead me where she liked. A man is never like a flower—unless it be a tobacco-flower, which only blooms in the evening—but he has always been like grass; and grass (if you watch it carefully, and mow it very seldom) has a gift of turning to the sun, like most of us who manage it. My sense of beauty was so vast that I could not get to the end of it, and strove to teach her every item of her own perfections. But she arose, and took my hand, and said, “Let us go to father. A little bit of wisdom will be good among all these wonders. But I only wish that I owned them all; because they would all belong to you.”

Sâr Imar received us with a loving smile. I thought that he had never looked more grand. Dariel knelt to him, while I held her hand; and if I could have knelt to any man, I would have done so then to him. But the knee of an Englishman goes down to none except his Maker.

“So be it,” he said, as he kissed her forehead; “may the Lord bless both my children.”

AN OLD SALMON-POACHING STORY.

ONE May morning, nearly sixty years ago, a man left his home at the head of Glen Nant, and crossed over the bit of wild moorland which lies between the head of that valley and the Pass of Awe or Brander. He skirted the little wood below his house of Barrachander, where, early though it was, the wood-pigeons were already cooing, passed through a chain of small lochs, and got out on to the heather near the old ruined tower of Balliemore. Long ago this man's ancestors had been people of note in the world: in rough troublesome days their house was a strong one, both in itself and its position. It stands—what is left of it—in a cup or sheltering hollow among the hills, unobtrusive, unnoticeable, and no doubt many an unfriendly traveller has unwittingly passed it by. But at last came the evil day, and it perished, how, or in what period—with what stress of life and shouting and bloodshed—the solemn hills standing around alone know. The burning of Airlie or the siege of such a place as Inverlochy are recorded in history, but she has nothing to say as to the end of such a humble mountain fortress as this. On one of the lochs near is an island, with the remains of a building on it; this is called the "Charter-House," the Safety-Place for Balliemore. As it once gave protection to men, so it does now to birds, and the wild ducks and gulls and curlew of Loch Tromlie find in its shelter the quiet and security which it once afforded its old owners.

It has been said that if the last trump had sounded at the end of

the great war with France at the beginning of this century, no one but a Macleod would have risen up out of the graveyard of Dunvegan. The MacCorquodales could hardly make the same boast as the great western clan, but their dust must lie thick in the little moorland churchyard of Kilchrenan. It is a good many years since the chief actor in this sketch joined his brethren there. Near his grave is a huge stone erected to the memory of a world-renowned head of a great house, to "Cailean Mor, slain on the Sreang of Lorn, A.D. 1294." Next to this is another monument commemorating six Campbells of position, four of whom were killed in some fierce fight in the neighbourhood. So he lies in goodly company, with many members of his clan, and his clan's enemies, side by side with ancient chiefs and warriors, and freebooters, and smugglers, and decent homelike nineteenth-century sheep-farmers and crofters.

It is not likely that Archibald MacCorquodale ever troubled himself very much about his ancestors, or his own humble position. Poor man as he was—earning a precarious living by hard work—he was probably very much better off in most ways than any of them were. He never was obliged to carry off himself and his household gods at a moment's notice to the safety island; he never was awakened at midnight by an ominous flare in the sky, telling him (as it had often told his forebears) that the stacks or cowhouse was aglow; and when he left his home he knew he would find on his return the small wild-looking black-cattle feeding

quietly about the croft,—not hear of them being furiously driven—a panting, lowing, exhausted herd—to the far-away safe keeping of some lord of the country stronger and bolder than himself. He cut peats and dried them; he made quantities of coarse moorland hay; he worked on his rough, badly-drained fields without being discouraged at the exceeding scantiness of the crops they gave him in return for his labours. He made long journeys twice a-year to Kil-michael, and spent much time and energy—generally in vain—in trying to persuade other people that his two or three beasts were fat instead of thin—well-bred instead of ill-bred—handsome instead of ill-favoured—the pick of the country round instead of its black shots. And for pastime he did a little poaching; as salt to savour his labours, quite as much as for the sake of varying his fare, he killed grouse and hares and salmon whenever he got a chance. Lights were often seen at night in this district at that period, but they were harmless bits of bog-pine roots, used for burning fish-haunted waters instead of substantial byre or rick.

The sun was barely peeping round the shoulder of Ben Bhurich when Archie got on to the high bit of tableland where he could look down on the river Awe. The day gave promise of being a very hot one, but as yet a dull white frosty mist lay over the hills, filling up the hollows and carries with its cotton-wool-like masses: every step he took left its trace behind (how often must it have happened in old fighting days that a man has been followed to his death by such trail as this!), and he was soon wet above the knee by the drip from the

heather and long grass. In these days, when salmon are scarce and wary, the frosty morning which ushers in a broiling day is not loved by a fisherman, but at that happy period things were different, and better, and he must have been a novice indeed who could not do something almost any time during the season with the fish in the Awe.

When MacCorquodale reached the watershed, he looked down on a district which, save in one respect, sixty years have done little to change. The dark river, flecked with white here and there, made its rapid way to the sea; beyond it stood up the bare grey-green face of Ben Cruachan; and the woods of Inverawe showed, as they show nowadays, against Loch Etive, and the granite face of Bonaw. Far away to the west you can see Morvern, and the higher peaks of Mull. Till quite recently the place must have looked just the same as it has looked for centuries. The railway is the only change—a mighty convenience, but the thin line of iron doubtless takes something from the loneliness of what used to be one of the wildest passes in Scotland.

Archie ran quickly down the hillside till he came to a great rock in the shelter of which lay his rod, with reel and line on it ready for work. Rod and line and fisherman have long been resolved into their component parts, but the reel lies before the writer now—a long wooden one, black painted, worm-eaten, but still in good order; it has a large hole in it through which the rod was run. He put on a fly, dark-bodied, with heron-wings, very different to the brilliant doctors and butchers which are chiefly in use now, and began to

fish his pool. Carefully he fished it—a step and a cast—a step and a cast, the while going through the mental process of anticipation at the start, surprise at the negative result of the first half-dozen throws, disappointment when no boil in the water or pull beneath it awaited him at the first likely place. Before, however, disappointment had time to change into disgust he felt the pull, raised his rod a little, and found the strain increase; saw the water open enough to let him catch a glimpse of some part of a salmon, and then as rapidly close.

Archie came up the hill a little to have more command over the fish; a thrill of joyful exultation ran through him, and the frown on his face indicated only concentrated attention. With feet well apart, finger ready to check the line, and eyes following anxiously the point where it, slowly moving, cut the water tight as a strained steel wire, he stood on the bank, perhaps at that moment the happiest man in all the far-stretching parish of Glenorchy and Innishail. But near are joys and sorrows in this world; close together, ever watching mankind, sit *Fortuna* and the *Fates*.

From behind a grey rock on the opposite side of the river rose up now a grey man—long of leg, tough in sinew, stern of countenance; no greeting gave he to the fisherman, no friendly congratulations or applause. He stalked down to a convenient boulder, which commanded a good view of the pool, and sat down on it; he got out his pipe—his eye the while glued to the point of interest—and soon the gentle wind carried over to Archie's nostrils the fragrant scent of his tobacco.

A Prime Minister, who, thinking he had a certain majority on a

critical division, finds the Opposition have it instead, could hardly be more overwhelmed than Archie was at this bodeful appearance. Fishing was fairly free at the time we are writing of, because, as a rule, it was of little value, but on this part of the Awe the owner had lately been asserting his rights and warning off trespassers. Archie had offended, and had been caught; had offended again, with the same result; had offended again—and the patience of the authorities had at length been worn out. So the edict had gone forth that if ever again—only once—he was caught dipping a fly in the river, then would he have to leave his little cottage in Glen Nant, and the tiny well-loved farm—that never more on all those wide lands would he find a resting-place for his feet, “Not if you lived for a hundred and seventy years!” added the factor, shaking a quill pen at him. But word had come to Archie the previous night that his enemy the keeper had been summoned to see a dying son far away up at Loch Tulla in the Blackmount, a long day's journey for an active man. And lo! regardless of that affection which is felt by all but the basest of men, this unnatural father was lying in wait for him here!

So it came about that Archibald MacCorquodale stood chained to the river by a big salmon within seventy yards of a man whom he looked on as a natural enemy; from whom he always felt inclined to fly even when merely pursuing his natural lawful occupation. His first thought was to break his line and be off. But what would he gain by that? He would not so shake off his foe. And there was another reason. There is a grim story of a laird of the old school who was busily engaged in playing a very

heavy fish when a messenger came to tell him of the sudden and serious illness of his wife. The fisherman, reasoning that his wife might recover, but that he was never likely to get hold of such a monstrous specimen of the *Salar* tribe again, could not bring himself to loose his hold, so sent for further tidings. "The mistress is dying," was the answer: but the laird now saw that he was engaged in a struggle with such a creature as Tweedside in all its history had never seen the like of, and again he hardened his heart; and it was only when he heard that all was over that he reluctantly broke, and went up to the house. "She was a good wife to you, laird!" cried a weeping and sympathising retainer. "Ay, she was that, Jeanie, she was a' that!" said the disconsolate widower; "but eh, woman! yon was the varra mucklest fish that eyes of man ever yet saw on Tweed!"

The crofter felt something like the old laird: he had not seen the fish, beyond the merest glimpse of it as it slowly walloped away out into the stream after being hooked, but he judged from the weight put on his hand and arm, and from the strain on the rod, that if it were only once on the bank, good kipper to eat with his porridge would be plentiful in his house for many a day to come. Always provided—and this was indeed a very large "if"—no one prevented him carrying it off when it *was* landed. So in a swither of discomfiture and uncertainty Archie played his fish for five or ten minutes, and then, unable to bear the silence any longer, cried out to the man on the other shore—

"It's a fine day this!"

"It'll be a day you'll be wishing it was night, before I've done wi'

ye!" was the grim answer that came back, and Archie almost fell into the river at the response.

"It'll be a bad day's work for me this!" he cried out almost in a whine.

"It'll be all that, my man!" replied the keeper, cheerfully.

The fish, so passive hitherto, had behaved as large fish often do behave,—he had shown no hurry or undignified alarm. The disagreeable thing he had got into his mouth would soon be swallowed or spat out. So he sailed up and down the pool, unwilling to allow that there was any force guiding or compelling him from above. Then all of a sudden he got irritated, and made a furious rush across and down the stream without breaking water. The stiff un-oiled reel screeched as it had never done before, and a red streak ran up the man's thumb as the coarse horse-hair line cut it almost to the bone. The salmon nearly ran aground in the shoaling water on the keeper's side, and then turned and went up the stream again, and the latter saw the great white belly flash under the thin water as the mighty rudder of a tail twisted it round as on a pivot. Something like five feet of blue-brown back came shooting up the pool close to the bank, and then disappeared like a ghost in the deep stream above. Archie thought he had hold of a prize, but the other knew it, and his experienced eye told him that he had just seen the heaviest salmon which had ever come into his ken either in or out of the Awe. "By —, he is a fish!" he cried to himself, as with straining eyes he followed the wake in the water.

Great, indeed, was this keeper's wrath and indignation. It was bad enough that this poaching

crofter should be at the river at all, but that he should fall on such a piece of luck as this was almost more than mortal man could bear. It made matters still worse for the spectator to think that he had been sitting for half an hour within twenty yards of the fish, and might have been playing him himself—if only he had known. The thought flashed through his brain that perhaps this was the way in which he was to be punished for the elaborate manœuvre by which MacCorquodale had been decoyed to the river.

If Rory MacGilp was miserable, Archibald was in a much more parlous state. He would have felt very diffident at working a salmon before this keeper's critical eye under the most favourable and lawful circumstances, and to do justice to himself he would require the ever-ready help of a thoroughly sympathetic friend. Indeed it would be incorrect to speak at this period of the fish as a captive. Archie was the captive: the creature did what it liked with him; moved up and down the slack-water just as it chose; stopped and sank, and dug its nose down into the bottom when it wanted without asking any leave from the man on the bank. If such things were to be done in the green tree, what might be expected in the dry? if the salmon was all-powerful in the smooth, quiet pool, what would be his proceedings when he went seawards—into the wild rapids, and among the dangerous sunken rocks down the stream? Archie felt he *would* go down sooner or later—it was merely a question of time; and the perspiration poured from his forehead, his legs shook, and his hands trembled as he moved to and fro

along the grassy bank. Whether he landed it, or whether it broke him, the end would be the same; certainly this time the offence would not be overlooked: he might say farewell to Barrachander, and bonnie Loch Tromlie, and green primrose-haunted Glen Nant.

The fish moved down to the tail of the pool, and sank himself there; he got his nose up-stream, and began to "jig" at the line, each jig taking him a little farther down, and each vibration communicating a dreadful shock to the heart of the man above. "In five minutes," thought Archie, "I'll be likely a mile down, with my rod broken, and that old heathen grinning at me!" Oh, for a friend now!

"Rory!" he cried out softly to his enemy—"Rory!" But no answer came back across the water. Rory sat like a carved statue on his rock.

"Mr MacGilp!—my fingers is cut to the quick! Will ye no pitch a stone in below him and turn him up?" Still there was no answer. "My back's fairly broken!" cried Archie, piteously.

"I'm right glad to hear it," roared back the keeper—"of that same back!"

"He's forty pound weight!" cried Archie, appealingly.

"He's sixty!" screamed Rory, jumping off his rock, and dancing about on the bank. "You poaching deevil! I hope he'll break your neck and drown you afterwards!"

"Oh—what'll I do if he goes down?" howled the other man; "he's off—he's off—what'll I do if he goes down?"

The fish lay now on the top of the rapid stream, furiously flapping his tail.

"Give him line!" shouted Rory, "you great——!" "But what am I doing?" he cried to himself. "Let him break—I hope he will!"

Archie lowered the point of his rod, and the fish—as they so often will—stopped at the strain being taken off. But he was too far down to get back,—foot by foot he walloped down; he was fairly out of the pool, he got into the stream, he struggled against it for a moment, and the next he was raging away down the river: now deep down in it, now showing his huge breadth of tail at the top, turning over and over like a porpoise, careless where he went so long as he got clear.

Archie stood in the old place on the bank with his mouth open and most of his hundred yards of line run out, as incapable of checking its movements as if it had been a hundredweight of iron.

"Follow him! follow him!" roared Rory, forgetting himself again. "Keep him in—— But let him alone, you fool!" was again his second thought; "let him be! he'll never get by the point!"

The keeper ran down the bank, hopping lightly over the boulders, and never taking his eye off the bit of foaming water where he judged the runaway to be; and Archie, his first stupefaction over, did the same, and got a slight pull on the salmon some two hundred yards farther down.

Rory, when coming up in the morning, had left his rod here, and now got possession of it, and of his gaff, which latter he slung over his back. A little lower the river turned, and the two men and the fish followed the curve, and got—the last at any rate—into bad bit of rock-protected stream, dangerous enough now, though

much worse in low water. Whatever knowledge the fisherman had of the place was clean driven out of him by the agitation he was in, and it would have been purely by luck, and not by any sort of guidance, that he would have found a safe passage through. But every inch of the passage was known to the other: every rock and shoal was as clearly photographed on his mind as if it lay before him in bodily shape; the information which for fifty years had slowly percolated to his brain was complete; his hands twitched and his heart leapt when he saw the salmon make for a bad bit of water, and he was quite unable to stop himself from shouting out directions, though all the time he was heartily hoping that the fish would break his hold. The advice, which was plentifully accompanied with abuse of Archie, was always immediately followed by denunciation of himself—the giver of it.

"Keep your rod west and bring him in!" roared the keeper; "are ye no' seeing the muckle rock there?"—the said rock being at the time six feet under water. Then to himself, "Whisht, you old fool, and let him cut!" "Let him come in my side, you black thief!" he thundered again, "or he'll be round yon stob!"—"and I hope he will, and be damned to him! If it isn't enough to sicken a fox to see him wi' such a fish as that!"

By this time Archie had got three-quarters of a mile down the river, and was much more exhausted than the fish. What with keeping a tight hold on it when sulking, and hopping among slippery smooth rocks and stones when it was lively, listening to the threatening advice from the other side—the penalty, moreover, which

he would have to pay for his sport ever being present in his mind—he thought he had never had such a time of it since he was born, and felt that the hardest day's work he had ever done was child's play to what he was going through.

"If I was only quit of this cursed fish for good and all!" he now thought to himself; "ay, if I was lying on my back wi' lumbago like Johnnie Ross, as I was pittyin' sae much!"

The playing of a salmon is not often monotonous, and is sometimes exciting in the very highest degree, but, alas! how hopeless a task it is to attempt to communicate the exhilaration by written words! The reel "screeches" or "whirrs," according as it is well-oiled, or a rusty implement like our poacher's. The line "cuts the water," the gaff "went with a soft plunge" into the thick back. "Fresh up from the sea with the lice on him." All these words are appropriate and expressive, and they have been used over and over again hundreds and hundreds of times; scarce an account of a day's salmon-fishing is complete without them. The horrid vibration of the line as a big fish "jigs" at it, and every thrill runs like an electric shock right into the very heart of the rod-holder, has been referred to in almost every account of a tussle with a heavy salmon. How stale the words are! how difficult to put in fresher or better ones! and yet how very freshly every individual shock comes home in practice! Each jig you think will be the last—will find out the weak place in the hold, or the gear, and he will be off. We were once playing a big salmon in a very heavy rough pool: he was nearly done, and was being slowly wound up to the gaffsman kneeling in front, when

he gave two or three horrid wriggles and slipped off the hook. The heavy stream kept the line pretty tight, and the other man never noticed what had happened, or that the rod-top was straight. We suddenly jerked the fly out of the water, right in front of him, as if preparing to make a new cast, and we shall never forget his face as he turned round and stared at us. And we would not like to put down here what he said. But what language—what eloquence could do justice to such a two minutes' incident in life!

What a cold-blooded animal must that acquaintance of Mr Stoddart's have been who considered the hooking of a fish to be the only thing worth accomplishing, and who was accustomed then to "hand the rod to an attendant," to spare himself what he was pleased to call the "drudgery" of playing it! How easily might a master of the English language utterly fail to convey to his audience almost any part of the effect produced on him at times when playing a great salmon in a wide, rough, rock-sprinkled river! He has him well on—the fish of the season—the fish of many seasons—perhaps of his life. The next hour will see him the happiest or the most miserable of men. Think of the feelings of the late Mr Denison—not a novice but a fine fisherman—when, after eight hours' work on the Ness, the handle of his reel caught in his watch-chain, and the salmon broke him—the salmon of his life escaped! Grilse must get off at times, and ten, and twenty, and even thirty pounders, but surely monsters ought not to be allowed to escape and make a man's life a howling desolation for a week, with a mournful reminiscence attached to it ever after-

wards. The very magnitude of such calamities sometimes makes people preternaturally calm: we have seen a friend, not remarkable for extreme moderation in his language, reel up the late tightly held, and now merely dancing, fly after a long fruitlessly ending battle, without saying a word. Like the man who, pulling up at the top of a long hill, looked back and saw the flour which ought to have been in his cart whitening it for a mile—he was not equal to it. Often fish escape through no fault of the fisherman, often through his want of skill, but what when the loss is to be put down to pure carelessness? Think of the feelings of those hapless beings—we heard of another of them the other day—who, when putting the line on the reel, omit to fasten the one to the other, and see the salmon go off with the eighteenth part of a mile of cord trailing behind him! The last victim of this sort we know of was standing on a bridge and couldn't follow. John Bright is said to have taken a header after a line so disappearing.

On a big river a man will have 120 yards of line on his reel: seldom, indeed, will he require the whole of this. But if even eighty yards are run out the fish is a long way from you, and with a strong wind blowing down the stream it is very difficult to know what strain you are putting on the tackle. What a moment is that when—at such a distance—a salmon suddenly turns and comes back at you, with every chance in his favour of shaking out a light-holding hook, or getting round a rock or tree! What a dreadful sight is a big salmon jumping just opposite you, when your line lies in a huge drowned bag far below you both! worse than jiggering or

anything else that! There is a good illustration of what we mean in a plate in Scrope's 'Days and Nights of Salmon-Fishing,' but the angler looks singularly calm for such an emergency.

At six o'clock Archie rose his fish; at half-past eight he was more than a mile down the river, pretty well beaten. He had passed through all the mental phases we have spoken of—apprehension, hope, and deadly fear; and now, after all this manoeuvring, it seemed as if the end had come, and he would be able to reel up—what he had left—and go home to make arrangements for his "flitting." The fish made a wild rush up the river, turned above a big upstanding stone, and then swam slowly down again. The line touched the stone, and Archie could not clear it; the surface was smooth, and it still ran a little, but the end was near: unless the salmon at once retraced his path, he was a free salmon soon.

A good spring landed Rory out on a green-topped slippery boulder with twelve inches of water running over it. He heard the reel opposite give out its contents in sudden uncertain jerks; he caught sight of a huge bar of yellowish-white coming wobbling down towards him—lost it—saw it again, and delivered his stroke. Up came the great, wriggling, curling mass—bright silver now—out of the river: with both hands close to the gaff-head, he half lifted, half dragged the fish to shore, struggling, and all but losing his footing in the passage; then up the bank with it till he was able to lie down on it and get his hand into its gills.

Twenty minutes later Archie, with a sinking heart, had crossed the bridge of Awe and travelled

up the north bank. The keeper was sitting on a stone, quietly smoking, with no trace of anger on his face, and before him, on a bit of smooth thymy turf, lay a salmon such as many a man has dreamt about, but few, indeed, seen with mortal eyes. Then for the first time that day the poor crofter forgot his troubles: for half a minute his only feeling was one of intense pride—at such a victory.

“Well—he’s safe now,” Rory said at length.

“Ay!” replied Archie, still gaping at him.

“Erchibald,” went on the keeper, “oh man! you worked him just deevilish!” The other shook his head deprecatingly—“Just deevilish!—frae start to finish!”

“That was no’ a bad bit o’ work for a man o’ my years,” the keeper continued. “Gin I hadna been waiting for him there when he came by, it’s little you’d have ever seen of your fish!”

“I ken that fine,” said Archie.

“Gin I had no’ been quick enough to slip it into him there—it would be at Bonaw he would be by this time.”

“I’m believing that,” replied the crofter.

“It was no’ an easy job neither. Stand you on yon stane, and see what footing you’ll have.”

“There was few could do it, indeed, Mr MacGilp.”

“He was far more like a stirk to lift out of the water than a decent saumon!”

“He was, Mr MacGilp, far more, indeed, like a very heavy stirk!”

“If it hadna been my knowledge of all they sunken rocks, and shouting myself hoarse to guide you, where would you have been, my man, by this time?”

“It was your inteemate acquaintance with the stanes which saved me, indeed,” once more agreed the crofter.

“There’s no anither man in the wholewide world could have steered you down yon places as I did!”

“There is certainly not one in many thousand score would have taken such a vast o’ trouble about it.”

“I gaffed him—an’ I told you the road to take him—an’ saved him many a time——”

“You did all that an’ more, Mr MacGilp. It’s much obliged——”

“I doubt I made the varra fly that rose him?”

“You did that, indeed,” said poor Archie, hopelessly. (He had made it himself the night before.)

“Dod!” cried the keeper, “I believe I got yon muckle fish *myself*!”

The other stared at him.

“Archie, lad,” said the keeper, and the voice of the man was changed now, and he spoke so softly and low it was difficult to recognise the same organ which a few minutes before had been hurling denunciations across the river, “I’ve been fishing here all my life; man and boy I’ve been fishing here for nearly fifty years, an’ I never yet had the luck to get the grip of such a fish as that!”

MacCorquodale looked at him curiously, and he was never able to say positively—he was never quite sure in his own mind—whether it was a tear which fell down over the rough cheek or not. Then there was a long silence.

“An’ where will it be ye’ll be flitting to?” the old man asked, in quite another tone, and so suddenly that it made the crofter—deep in a reverie—jump.

“Where’ll I be—where—oh!—Mr MacGilp!”

"I believe I got yon muckle fish MYSELL!" with great emphasis on the last word.

Archie looked north and east and west, and then at the salmon.

"MYSELL!" as if finally and for the last time.

"I believe — that — too," said Archie, with a groan. The last three words came out with a gulp.

"Well—he'll be an ugly burden to bear away doun. But a man canna pick an' choose as he would in this world! Good day to you then, Erchibald. And you might be going on wi' that new bit o' garden you're sae proud of; I'll gie you a wheen grand potatoes—next year—for seed for't."

So MacCorquodale set out under the hot sun homewards. Once

more he had a reprieve, and he wondered how it was he did not feel happier. During the exciting fight he had many a time pictured to himself the little house from which he would be banished at Whitsunday, its rough meadow in front, and the peat-stacks, and the sunny untidy bit of garden, half filled with currant bushes and ribes and southernwood, over which the bees came in the gloaming, slow flying after their afternoon labour on the moor. Now he thought only of the battle he had won, which was not to bring him in any honour now, or happy reminiscences afterwards.

"'Deed, I'll never have the chance of doing the like of yon again!" muttered the poor crofter to himself.

GILFRID W. HARTLEY.

Note.—The writer would like to add that he knows who the chief guardian of the Awe was at the period of this sketch. The *real* keeper was a very different man from the entirely imaginary one here depicted, and it is only by a kind of poetical—or prose—licence that the latter is pushed into a position which he never occupied in the flesh.—G. W. H.

THE BUSTED BLUE DOLL.

DEEP in the Australian Alps is the little town of Omeo. The hills around are scored with worked-out and long-forsaken gold mines; here and there the thud of the pick may still be heard issuing from some deep shaft; but most of the claims are deserted, and the men who worked them swept away towards other adventures, or lying quiet and ambitionless under the Gippsland sod.

Far up the mountain, where the sarsaparilla hangs from the gum-trees its ragged flame of blue, is a deserted mine; great heaps of yellow mullock line the shaft's mouth; above, the windlass rots out its broken existence; and farther in the shadow an uneven mound, a broad crack, a post with a piece of tin and the name "Battista" scrawled upon it, mark a grave.

One of the early rushes had brought Battista to Australia, and drifted him to the little mining camp among the Gippsland hills. The men had laughed at his high-pointed hat with its flapping curves, and at his blue-and-gold image of the Madonna; but Battista had wandered under the gum-trees, and paid scant heed to them. Sometimes he had stooped to pick up a piece of quartz and rub it absently on his sleeve; and when the evening came he had taken up his shepherd's pipe and sounded once more the airs he had played in far-off Abruzzi.

At dawn, as Battista stood and watched the sun flame up in the east, and fall in a broad yellow stream upon the Madonna's image, the thought came to him that there where the ray fell he would

dig for gold, and the idea comforted him: it seemed as if the Blessed Virgin herself had deigned to point out a way of escape from this strange and homeless land. Many days he worked: the yellow mullock-heaps rose higher beside the rapidly deepening shaft, when a long-limbed brown-faced American "jumped" his claim. Battista had neglected to procure a licence.

At first he could not understand what had happened: afterwards, when he realised, he took his broad keen-edged knife, and laying it at the Madonna's feet, begged her to bless it, and having crossed himself, turned away and went down the mountain-side till he reached the camp. He touched the American on the arm and pointed to his knife; the man from the States laughed lightly; then they drew aside and fought together, and Battista's foot slipped so that his enemy escaped him; but that evening the American sold the mine to Termater Bill the storekeeper for three long drinks and a new swag, going away to try his luck elsewhere. As for Battista, he returned once more to his claim at the foot of the ragged-breasted gum-trees, and here it was that Termater Bill found him.

"I've jest cum," he said, sitting down on a great heap of mullock, "to talk over that blanky claim. I reckon meself there is gold in it."

But Battista answered that, gold or no gold, the mine was his, and he would kill any one who tried to take it from him.

Termater Bill was silent for a while, and spat meditatively down

the narrow shaft. At last he observed in an undertone—

"The boys says that jumpt-up busted blue doll o' yers brings luck."

Battista did not understand the allusion to the Madonna, and made no reply.

Again there was a long silence : at last Termater Bill rose and stretched himself. "'Spose," he exclaimed, "I was ter give yer a fifteen years' lease, wi' a half share in the profits, twud be a blanky sight better than a poke in the eye with a burnt stick." But Battista went on digging, and paid no heed to him, till after a while the storekeeper went away.

Time passed by: the great mullock-heaps grew higher, but Battista did not find gold. Sometimes Termater Bill strolled up and asked him if he had "struck that blanky lead yet?" Then Battista shook his head, but added that he knew the gold was there,—the Blessed Madonna had said so. Termater Bill spat down the long shaft and exclaimed, "That ther jumpt-up busted blue doll gits me quite."

But when night fell and grotesque things moved in and out among the shadows, and the spirit of desolation crept through the bush, then had come into Battista's heart a great weariness of waiting, and he had flung himself down before the image of the Madonna and wept.

And the little blue-and-gold figure had stared out into the gathering darkness with its blank meaningless smile as vacant and as indifferent as before.

It happened that in one of these moments Termater Bill had come to the hut, and Battista, realising that another person was present, sprang to his feet.

"Ther's gold in that claim," he cried fiercely.

Termater Bill spat on the ground and said, "Thet's so."

"I tell you there is gold in that claim," Battista re-echoed with rising anger.

And Termater Bill spat on the ground once more and repeated, "Thet's so"; then had turned and gone down the mountain towards the camp. "If it warn't for that busted blue doll," he repeated to himself—"the jumpt-up busted thing."

The next day he came again and sat down on an old hide bucket in front of Battista's hut. "I've bin fixin' things up a bit in my mind," he said; "I reckon last nite I was a bit ski-wift. Now 'spose," he continued, taking off his hat and placing it before him on the ground, "that thar 'at is the Brown Snake Mine; wall, us knows their main lead runs purty slick to the nor'-east; say yer put in a drive by that tarnation bit o' grass bush," and he spat neatly into the centre of the spot indicated, "wots ter prevent yer dropping on gold?"

Battista's lips relaxed into a smile. Termater Bill rubbed the sleeve of his shirt across his rough red face, glancing as he did so at his companion.

"Luck is a thundering quare consarn," he exclaimed, after a pause; "I niver bottomed it me-self: if yer don't git it, it gits yer, an' I reckon the darned thing is the smartest wi' the gloves."

He took his pipe out of his mouth and pressed his horny thumb down on the red-hot ashes.

"I wudn't lay too much on that jumpt-up blue doll, if I was yer," he said.

Battista smiled. "Yer don't understand," he answered.

And Termater Bill spat on the ground. "Eh, thet's so," he said, "thet's so."

There was a pause.

"But," began Termater Bill.

"Well," said the Italian.

"'Tis the tarnation grin on the thing that gits me," the storekeeper burst out, "jest as if her was kinder larfin' at yer: her ain't no mug that busted doll, I'll lay to that."

Battista frowned. "Yer don't understand," he reiterated.

Again Termater Bill spat on the ground. "Eh, thet's so," he said, "thet's so."

A few weeks later a big bush-fire swept across the hills, and the storekeeper had enough to do without troubling himself about the mine; but when a sudden change of wind sent the fire raging and tearing through the Fainting Ranges and away in the direction of Mount Hopeless, he retraced his steps over the blackened ground till he reached Battista's hut. It was empty: close by the hide rope dangled from the windlass; the woods were silent except for the crashing of some half-charred tree as it toppled over and fell with a great splutter of cinders and wide swirling clouds of soft grey ashes; and stretched face downwards, near the shaft's mouth, the Italian lay dead. Termater Bill turned the body over.

"Pegged out," he said softly, "the blanky cuss has pegged out." Then he turned to the door of the hut and stopped short. "No," he exclaimed, "I reckon I won't: I reckon I cudn't stumick thet God's cuss o' a grin jest yet."

That afternoon they dug Bat-

tista's grave beside his claim,—a crowd of idle diggers and dogs looked on. One man, an old fopper, who was recovering from an attack of the jimjams (delirium tremens), and whose ideas were still rather hazy, expressed a desire to fight the corpse.

"Git up," he said, "an' I will wrastle wi' yer; git up, yer blanked-out son o' a working bullock, an' I will fight yer for a note."

But the dead man lay still and paid no heed to him.

Termater Bill said he reckoned the company wud 'low him to say a few words.

The company 'lowed him.

Some of the men sat down on the mullock-heaps and began to fill their pipes; others stood about; and one, a jackeroo,¹ took off his hat and then rather sheepishly put it on again.

Termater Bill cleared his throat and spat into the open grave. "Life," he said, "was a jump-t-up quare thing: there was they who bottomed payable dirt² fust go off, an' thar wa' they who—didn't." He was silent for a moment, and rubbed his face with his sleeve. "But," he continued, "maybe out thar," and he pointed vaguely towards a patch of sunset sky, "across the Divide, they finds colour."³ He ceased speaking, and the men puffed away at their pipes in silence: at last some one suggested that it was time for the corpse to "turn in."

They lowered the dead man into the grave,—there was no coffin. His arms had stiffened spread-eagle fashion, and he lay sideways against the walls of the grave and

¹ Jackeroo, a lately arrived colonist.

² Bottom payable dirt, find sufficient gold to pay working expenses.

³ Find colour, find gold.

looked as if he were about to turn a wheel into eternity. They shovelled back the earth rather gingerly, avoiding the dead man's face; but, after all, it had to be covered the same as the rest. When they had finished their task they strolled off towards the camp, only Termater Bill remaining behind. He went to Battista's hut and peered through the half-shut door: there in the corner the little blue-and-gold image stared, smiling down inscrutable, indifferent. Long the man gazed back on it; then with sudden determination he entered the hut, and taking Bat-

tista's coat from a bench, covered the small figure, then lifting it in his arms, carried it out and flung it down the deep shaft.

But under the gum-trees Battista lay still, silent, satisfied. The years went on, the bottom of the shaft filled with water, and the mullock slipped back into it with a heavy splash; the windlass rotted and grew green, and some one stole the bucket and hide rope; far, far below in the valley the sweet-scented wattle burst into tufted yellow balls, and the blue mists lay on Omeo.

ZACK.

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.

HALF A CENTURY'S SURVEY.

I TAKE to witness this westering light to which I look that all the grumbling I have ever been guilty of was official and for the public good. With me as with the rest of mankind there have been griefs upon the road, disappointments, hardship as well as error, and various kinds of wounding and robbery to endure, as well as too much matter of self-reproach. Yet never as boy or man have I been a grumbler, but only as journalist, and in performance of the natural duties of journalism. Even this I can say, that no one has ever heard me grumble at being so much a journalist, after determining to be in that line of life for only a little while and as a make-shift,—the determination of so many young men whose real vocation is poesy and the writing of incomparable essays. And perhaps it would be ungrateful to repine at a perversion which carried the pervert into so many pleasures and advantages, and even to a place of power at least equal to half-a-dozen seats in Parliament : at least half-a-dozen, and these free of the Whip, independent of the Speaker, and subject not at all to the gentlemen of the front benches. It would be ungrateful, too, because my long spell of journalism began at about the most fortunate time in the history of what is sometimes called a "profession," though it is not that any more than it is Cabinet-ministering, unless when calculation chooses to make it so.

It was a fortunate time—I speak of 1860 or thereabout—for almost every reason that the good journalist should rejoice at. It was a time of emergence from small

credit and a poor wage to pay that was a good enough return for the commodity supplied, and to as much consideration in the world as modest worth should look for, whenever it cares about the world at all. I do not know what intellectual or artistic employment could be called flourishing in those dull years from the thirties to the fifties, unless in the hands of a few individuals not all very great. Mechanical invention and appliance, of course ; but not painting, nor sculpture, nor music, nor literature, nor the stage, and certainly not journalism—which, with one or two exceptions, as in Printing-house Square, seems rather to have fallen back from an already poor estate. I know of a London morning paper—rich enough in these days, and no doubt as liberal as wealthy—which even toward the end of that period filled its pages with leading articles, reviews, and other high critical matter, at the rate of ten shillings per yard-long column ; and I also know of a great writer, already proved and popular, who jumped at a scale of pay which could not be offered now to scribes with half his reputation : there are none with half his charm, and few with all his fitness. Moreover, till those times journalism was hardly allowed to be respectable, even with writers like Coleridge and Hazlitt to ennoble its practice ; and if in the third or fourth decades of the century it was less looked down upon, it was a poorer trade than ever, I fancy, for any but a few writers in one or two newspapers alone.

A business so ill paid, so ill thought of, and so limited in

opportunity, was little likely to attract young ambition, or to draw into it the kind of men who not long afterwards strove for a place on that cloud-capped Olympus, the 'Times,' or to share the Byronic glories of the 'Saturday Review.' And there are signs that when journalism was a new employment, writing for a newspaper was thought more respectable than to edit it. Nor, for intelligible reasons, is that an extinct prejudice yet. Amongst writers of the superior sort there are many whose feelings inform them that, whatever the difference in emolument and authority, it is better to range at large as independent contributors than to sit in the editorial chair. Two generations ago it was a prevalent feeling. Scott seems to have been much disturbed upon hearing that Lockhart might become editor of a newspaper which there could be no discredit in writing for; and the same distinction gleams out clearly in the late Lord Blachford's story of how he came to write for the 'Times.' At the age of twenty-nine, before he had made choice of a career, he was repeatedly pressed by the proprietor of that journal to take its editorship. This he declined to do; but being then urged to write for the paper, he almost thinks that he will try his hand. Not that Frederic Rogers (as he then was) quite liked it. However, "this unattached way of doing things seems to me very feasible. . . . No one will know anything about the matter except my own private friends, and I can do just as much and as little as I please." No one will know! This was in 1840, when the newspaper press had already made considerable progress in gentility, and a yet more pronounced advance to the authority of a Fourth Estate of the Realm.

Bohemianism was its reproach, and the poverty which, in denying the means of cultivating the graces and refinements of life, provokes in some hurt minds an affectation of despising them. But journalism was practised out of Bohemia as well as within that vanished land. All newspaper proprietors were not as Thackeray's Mr Bungay, nor all journalists like Captain Shandon and Jack Finucane. The author of 'Vanity Fair' knew the world to which those gentlemen belonged very well. Most unwillingly, he had been in it; never willingly would he have remained in it for an hour; finding therein a vast deal that he despised, and despised with a certain hate and a certain fear which, in combination, formed a very lively and a rather worrying sentiment which he did not get rid of to the end of his life. It certainly checked and hampered him when he came to write of young Arthur's excursion into journalism; and so it is that even in 'Pendennis' we have but faint uncertain glimpses of an underworld which has never been well described to this day. There are fields of observation which no satirist less stout than Swift can hope to traverse, pen in hand, with comfort and composure; and, feeling this, the Muse of Titmarsh allowed a tormentingly inviting theme to repose at the bottom of his inkpot. True, Bludyer was fished up, but not as a contemporary specimen. To avoid unpleasantness, Thackeray explained that Bludyer was no actual denizen of Fleet Street, but belonged to an anterior period. *He* was to be regarded as representing a lingering "monster of the ooze"; though, truth to tell, his race was not yet quite extinct. I myself knew a very perfect Bludyer years after 'Pendennis' came out,—his end so miserable, from the fairest be-

ginning, that one should be a Psalmist to describe it. Yet the Thackeray picture is a true one so far as it goes, and true as showing that in the novelist's earlier day the George Warringtons and young Pendennises were shouldering with the Shandons and Finucanes, who were soon to know their place no more.

Yet were I to talk of Bohemia, it would not be in the respectable and running-down vein. I'd rather choose to make the best of it. I would say that the manners and customs of that land were not all that they were understood to be in the neighbouring country of Clapham; where the place to which men most resort for sober reflection (the club smoking-room) is still mistaken for a haunt of impropriety. I would wedge in the remark that the Bohemia of Britain was always as unlike the Bohemia of some other nations as an English school is different from a French *lycée*. Where it needs excuse, I would urge that manners and customs in our Bohemia were survivals from a tavern-and-coffee-house time—not very remote—when no one blamed them or shrunk from them. For hundreds of years the whole nation was more social and less formal than it afterwards became, and in Bohemia old ways which the pious Dr Johnson took pleasure in survived longer than anywhere else. Further to make the best of it, I should add that the free-and-easy smoking-concerts that are coming into vogue are an acknowledgment that there was more in this pleasure which the good Doctor took with his Goldsmiths, and Reynoldses, and elegant Bennet-Langtons, than should be quite abandoned; and that it is a pleasure which our fine new clubs fail to supply on account of the frost there. I should even

speak of some observations of my own in Bohemia—though rather touch-and-go, and taken, perhaps, in a less lively time, foreboding the submergence that was soon to come. And in answer to the question whether the hours were not very late, I should say they were; and if there was not too much drinking, I should reply that there was. Yet not for everybody, and not but what much of it seemed to exhale at once in the breezy laughter and the battling talk of a Bohemian night's entertainment. For that it was appointed; and by that a bowl of punch or two was (I almost think we might say) justified.

As the rough and tumble of football is good for the muscles and the temper, so the rough and tumble of such encountering talk was good for the wits and the temper: so I thought then, and I am not otherwise persuaded now. A dangerous country to tarry in, this Bohemia, however, and one that no careful man would have ventured the speculation of taking a lad into. But, as I knew it, it was not a land of sojourn. They who were drawn thither made the tour, came forth, threw off the loose cap of travel, donned the smooth and shining tile of civilisation, and thenceforth roamed no more. Young men who afterwards became palaced artists, or high scribes and scholars, or grave judges and counsellors of the Queen, resorted there awhile for nothing more than a jovial clamour of wit and clash of word—a laughing jail-delivery of thoughts and sentiments which otherwise might never have got release. However, Bohemia is now where Atlantis is, and there let it lie.

The precursor of the newspaper-writer was the pamphleteer: and he too was held in small esteem

generally. Nevertheless, pamphleteers were sometimes very considerable persons, and, whether for attack or defence, the power of the pamphlet was well understood by Governments far less dependent on popular opinion than these that we know. When the news-sheets, taking the bread out of the mouths of the pamphleteers, made a regular business of political criticism, they soon gained an influence which forced acknowledgment even from the loftiest scornors of Grub Street. As the news-sheets prospered with the spread of education, the advance of trade, and the multiplication of interests and events, this influence rose; and to share it and increase it became an ambition unknown to the earlier promoters of *Mercuries* and *Gazettes*. The Grub Street wage moved up; the hack and his rider began to drop into the rear; and, thanks a good deal to the enterprise and liberality of one or two daily papers, furthered not a little by the recent establishment of the '*Saturday Review*,' journalism had advanced to a far higher stage of authority and consideration at the time when I found myself one of its junior captains.

And yet amidst all this there was much sickness, and there had been a good deal of mortality not long before. One morning journal, since restored to greatness, had dropped into a sort of elegant retirement; another, which was heard of in all quarters when I was a boy, was already on the road to the land of forgotten things; a third, after living for many years, I believe, a vigorous life, had changed its too discredited name for another, under which it began a far more fortunate, more reputable, and more influential career. The decease of the

'*Morning Chronicle*' was then a recent event, and remarkable because not many years before it was still a formidable rival to Mr Walter's "*Thunderer*," which journal it once over-topped. The '*Chronicle*'s' decease was also remarkable because it never had so brilliant a staff of writers as in the last year of its existence. Nor were these gentlemen at all antiquated or in any sense behind the times; the proof of which is that the busiest of them were among the best of that memorable little band of writers who, when the '*Saturday Review*' started, took the town by storm.

There was a common superstition among journalists, I remember, that the '*Morning Chronicle*' was not really dead when it did die. Though there is no lack of imagination in Fleet Street there is little romance, yet here was a fancy which resembled the departed journal with those heroes of old who could not die; whose death was but a sleep; who, at the winding of a horn or the drawing of a sword would come forth more gloriously alive than ever. And there really was something in that superstition; for, unknown to many if not to all who held it, once a-year the entombed '*Chronicle*' stirred into life, was called by its name and answered to the call, at the same time declaring the day of the week and the month of the year in which it reawoke to momentary existence. So the tale was told to me, but in the prose of the expounder of myths and the analyst of fairy-tales: as thus. In order to keep a newspaper legally and technically alive, though its publication to the world had ceased, what you might do was to print three or four copies of the paper once a-year. A costly expedient if car-

ried out in the ordinary way, with eight large pages of type to set ; but this difficulty was met by a friendly arrangement for putting the title of the defunct journal to the types of another paper some morning, after this other paper had been printed off. The office of the 'Morning Chronicle' was in dingy old premises nearly opposite Somerset House. Once, when I was a lad, I ascended its stair, but never again—so rough was my reception by a very able yet very warm-tempered editor. Not that he went so far with me as he *could* go, or as when he put his printer on the fire in consequence of a typographical error !

It is not forgotten, of course, that two great additions to daily journalism in London (one springing from Whitefriars, the other from Peterborough Court) must be set against these changes and fatalities. On the other hand, Mr Bright's 'Star' died out, and one entire system of journalistic publications had perished. In the earlier years of the century the London evening papers seem to have been both prosperous and influential, ranking close after the morning papers. Yet when my little paper was started in 1865 some of them were dead and forgotten, while others were forgotten though they still lived. That seems hardly possible, for a newspaper, but it is as nearly true as can be. It seems that there was a 'St James's Chronicle' extant, the existence of which was then and afterwards a secret from all but its proprietor and printer. Certainly it was a secret from me till after I had been fifteen or twenty years in the trade, when Mr Newdigate told me that he was the owner of the paper, and showed me the first and only copy of it that I ever saw. Some evening papers of more

modern birth—including the cheapest and by no means the least attractive—had gone the way of the rest at the time of which I speak ; but the veteran 'Globe' still carried on, though its whole circulation was said to be far short of a thousand copies. (At threepence apiece, however.) And unless my memory is at fault, there was no other evening journal in existence.

This account of the condition of the newspaper press in the early sixties does not seem to bear out my statement that it was a fortunate time to start with ; but it was. Journalism was at turning-point. A poor order of things was passing away ; a better order of things—mainly signalled by the victorious advent of the 'Saturday Review,' and, as I have said, by the attraction of many fresh, bright, strong, and scholarly minds to journalism as a power—was coming in, and coming in upon well-prepared ground. As one consequence, the 'Pall Mall Gazette' started under more favourable conditions than we were sensible of at the time—an admission volunteered to chasten pride and cool conceit when I add that this same little paper gave a great stimulus to the revival. If its distinguishing intention had to be explained in a sentence, it was to bring into daily journalism (but with more legerity and less of the doctorial) the full measure of thought and culture which was then found only in a few Reviews. So, indeed, its prospectus said ; and though the intention so expressed may seem bumpitious to the later generation of newspaper readers, they have a milder opinion of it who remember what the daily press of England really was just before the breaking of its better day. Some unaccustomed emulations were now roused ; others were stimu-

lated ; and, powerful influences of various kinds concurring to aid the change, the newspaper press moved on to a higher place and to great prosperity. The evening papers, which had almost gone out of existence, were speedily restored in greater numbers and to greater favour. In London alone there have been seven or eight of them for years ; and their aggregate sale is not reckoned by single thousands, as in '65, but by hundreds of thousands.

It was a good time for journalism, that seventh decade of the century, for another reason that seems quite worth mentioning. Whether employed upon a morning or an evening paper, the political and even the literary scribe wrote in much more favourable conditions than he does now, or has done for some years. Shortly stated, the explanation of the difference is that in those days he wrote under pressure just strong enough to produce warm and spirited work, while nowadays the pressure is often too great for a comfortable and satisfactory deliverance. Here again, of course, as in many another place, I speak in generalities, exceptions being always implied and I hope understood. In this case, however, the exceptions are not very numerous, and they are probably becoming fewer ; for the aim of modern journalism more and more is to write of the latest turn of the latest matter of interest at the last hour allowed by the printer. This is called being "up to date," and in nothing is there greater rivalry. Being up to date is, of course, the life of journalism, as its name bespeaks ; but even here it is possible to run to excess. A dramatic critic exactly illustrated my meaning the other day in a sentence which embodied a jour-

nalistic maxim of the time : mark the maxim. Acknowledging the inconvenience of "dashing off" a first-night criticism "before you go to bed," he further said that to wait till next morning would be wiser. But what would you ? "The facts of competition, and that people generally prefer a thing done soon to having it done well, compel an immediate notice."

The number of persons per thousand who prefer criticism done soon to criticism done well may be larger than some of us could have supposed ; but what compels an immediate notice, good, bad, or indifferent, is evidently "the facts of competition." That the dramatic criticism of the newspapers would be bettered if written "next morning" is not an inflexible matter of certainty, considering how much depends on the training and the idiosyncrasy of the critic. Change the wording a little, and the same thing may be said for other critics, and even for those who convey political instruction under the same law of devil take the hindmost. An apt and ready mind, constantly employed in beating over certain departments of political study, is usually prepared with an opinion upon whatever may happen within its own range of observation and expectancy. This is the answer to the reproach of writing at an hour's notice on the most important political events. No political event is unrelated to past and present. Both are prophecies, more or less distinct, of what is to come. Either as likely or unlikely, therefore, most political events are matters of speculation before they happen ; and though a sudden piece of news may sometimes throw the most judgmatical observer into confusion, it more often has a contrary effect,—instantly consolidating a

whole series of beliefs and expectations theretofore held in suspense. In a moment, long vistas of speculation, with their bypaths, become solid ground, over which the political writer is able to conduct his public with confidence at an hour's notice.

But the hour's notice — the hour's notice is very desirable. It gives the writer ease ; it smoothes his way ; it may even be accounted necessary for his own good and the good of his work ; but he does not get it so often as in times of old. By a few precious minutes at every stage of the day's business, there *was* a more leisurely way of doing things thirty years ago. Step back twenty years farther, and see how leading articles were written for the most exigent and enterprising newspaper of the period. Describing the beginning of his connection with the 'Times,' Lord Blachford says : "I dined with Mr Walter and his son in Printing-house Square at five o'clock, and found that I was expected to write an article then and there on one of the subjects of the day. I protested my inability, not supposing myself capable of doing such a thing in less than a week. This was pooh-poohed. I tried, found it possible, and found also that I was expected to repeat the process next day. Same hour, same dinner, short conversation after dinner, when the subject was announced, and I was left alone till tea-time, when Mr Walter appeared, read aloud what I had done, with criticisms, and, after correction, carried off the copy to the printer. When the article," taken up for completion after tea, "was finished, the same process was repeated ; and when I was disburdened of the whole article I went home to bed." And in this

way precisely the young man wrote every day for a year ; by which time he found the dinners "such a tie" that he got release from them.

This was in 1842. Before 1862 leader-writing had lost much of the ease and fireside charm which Frederic Rogers enjoyed, but yet its practice was more unembarrassed and deliberate than the advance of civilisation allowed it to remain. The one fact that then-a-days there were no Atlantic or other long-distance submarine cables to pour news into "the office" from all parts of the earth, at all hours of the day and night, marks a great difference in favour of the scribe. Mainly on this account, he now begins to write at about eleven o'clock at night, — often without knowing what new facts may come in before twelve to make rewriting necessary, or what may "transpire" before breakfast-time next morning to belate his premisses or throw doubt on his conclusions. In consequence, not seldom is he driven to hedging ingenuities of locution which enfeeble what he has to say. But a worse result of the endless stream of rumours, reports, and "revelations," together with the imperative up-to-date competition deplored by our dramatic critic, is one that seems to be gaining ground fast. Every novel and plausible rumour being the rumour most up to date, it is allowed an importance that very rarely belongs to it. The leader-writer feels that it must not be supposed to have escaped his vigilance ; he *must* take notice of it ; in doing so he must search out its remotest inner meanings for whatever up-to-dateness they may reveal ; and the consequence is that reports which in nine cases out of ten are born to flutter for a day

and then to perish, are discussed as gravely as if they were in every sense the last word.

It will be understood at once, of course, that these remarks more particularly apply to journalistic comment on foreign affairs, which are now and are likely to remain by far the most important of English affairs; and no one who studies them in the newspapers will accuse me of exaggeration on this point. It can be explained, of course, if explanation which offers no hope of remedy is of any comfort; but never till now has there been such an inpour of startling reports, unexpected developments, surprising portents, keys to the situation, revelations of the most authorised description—yet nearly all factitious or fanciful; and never before has there been such eager snatching at the latest supply of a commodity which, in its effect on the consumer, resembles West Coast gin: exciting much but debilitating more. That is the evil of it. As for the leader-writers, "the facts of competition, and that people generally prefer a thing done soon to having it done well, compel a notice" of these rumours and reports which otherwise would never be wasted on them. As for the public, before long the public mind tires under the profitless confusion so assiduously provided for it; and it would be strange if the instructors of the public mind did not sicken a little too. Meanwhile, what is most substantial and most necessary to keep in view is in danger of being overlaid and forgotten. Here at the least is a very great nuisance, the which we were spared when telegraphic enterprise gave less facility for a traffic which is not always innocently distracting; for sometimes in politics, as sometimes in

finance, the wires are used to propagate impressions and alarms more useful to the senders of the message than to anybody else. Obviously, it was a very great advantage to be comparatively free of such irruptions, to be ourselves rarely disturbed by them, and to write for a public that did not go wild twice a-week over sensational telegrams prepared with too little care or a vast deal too much. "Prodigious fabrications are evidently taking the place of serious and carefully sifted news." It even goes as far as that, according to one of the most moderate and soft-speaking of London journals.

These developments confirm rather than weaken an old opinion that the most difficult and least satisfactory service of the Press in Britain is the Foreign Correspondent's. Its difficulty is indeed so great, even as practised by the worthiest among an able and honourable set of men, that it seems nearly unattainable. Consider what the position of a Foreign Correspondent is. As agent of a British firm, he is sent to some great capital to obtain a constant supply of a valuable commodity. It is of different qualities, this commodity—the most esteemed being, as usual, the sort that is hardest come by. The new, the secret, the unknown in international politics are the greatest prizes; but even the most precious of these loses 95 per cent of the value it would otherwise have for the firm at home when it is not "exclusive." That it should be exclusive is everything—that is to say, that no other correspondent of a similar firm should have a share in it. But in every great capital a dozen correspondents of similar firms

compete against each other; and very keen the competition is, because the success of one man is in its own exact measure a reproach and a humiliation to the rest. And with all this competition, what have the rival seekers after the new, the secret, the unknown, to offer for it? Nothing: nothing tangible, of course. In France a good deal of business is done in this commodity on a solid footing; but there the inquiring firms are mostly financial, operating for bourse-purposes and by no means to supply the public with news. The Own Correspondent has no commission to pay a political functionary's debts or anything of that sort, and would not consent to work in any such way. He has nothing to offer but his card and his civilities, whenever he may seek what he is in want of daily. Even for the means of carrying on an inferior though still important part of his duties, he must studiously compete with the rest of the dozen in being agreeable. It is his business to make himself *persona grata* with all the more lofty functionaries in Court and Government, or how shall he hope for a good place for describing State festivities or on grand ceremonial occasions? And then as to higher things, how else is he to stand a chance of getting choice political information? To be sure, there is resort to the British Embassy in the capital to which he is accredited; but though our Foreign Office officials abroad are a trifle more yielding, I believe, than they in Downing Street are, there are no flintier sources of political revelation in the world than the British secretariat. The other Embassies afford better sport, and it is a matter of great importance to be on friendly terms with them

all; for it is impossible to say when any one of them may not have reasons of State for worrying another by the revelation of a half-formed scheme or the publication of a compromising despatch. Above all, the Foreign Correspondent must stand well with the Government of the country he lives in; and the only way of keeping well with these highest dispensers of information is to take a friendly view of their policies and proceedings whenever it is possible and as long as it is possible.

Now as the British journalist carries the spirit of independence abroad with him, and is, according to my observation and belief, remarkably sensitive to the professional *point d'honneur*, he has an extremely troublesome time of it between what is expected of him at home and the pressure to which he is subject in the capital where he is stationed. That it cannot be otherwise is in the nature of men and things; and no man needs another's glasses to see the length and breadth of the facts. It is only a ruder and coarser embarrassment for the correspondent in France, in Germany, in Austria, when his editor, acting upon an independent opinion, writes in persistent hostility to the Government in either of these countries. And what is the result? The result that might be expected is a good deal of complaisance. As a matter of fact, however, there is very much less of it than might be inferred without excess of suspicion. But yet, as I have had occasion to remark before now, it is at this point that the independence of the English press is weakest. Here it is most often exposed to subversion—to subversion of a very subtle kind; and unfortunately

the public cannot always see where the correspondent has been "planted" with some insidious suggestion, some half-true yet wholly mendacious denial, or some statement intended to assist the least admirable arts of diplomacy. But this is by no means an uncommon operation in troubled and exciting times, when the correspondent himself, perhaps, is caught by the fever that rages about him. Not, of course (but that has been understood all along), that there is the faintest reason for complaint when British interests are involved, or British honour. Nor can there be the least reason for fear, either when the correspondent is an Englishman or when he is a foreigner scrupulously faithful to his salt. But when foreigners are employed to send foreign news to English journals, together with hints and criticism of foreign affairs, these writers should be warranted incapable of undertaking a divided duty.

In any case, whatever danger there may be lurks not in the news that the correspondent sends, but in the comment, the conveyance of impression, which form so large a part of the telegraph matter from abroad. What is meant by that may be illustrated by a little experience of my own, otherwise hardly worth mentioning. In the early days of the 'Pall Mall Gazette' I had a visit from a certain Dr P., a Berlin official. He introduced himself as coming directly from the German Chancellor with a proposal which von Bismarck took a personal interest in. He often read the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' and was greatly pleased with, much admired, or sincerely respected, a variety of qualities which he habitually found there. On that

account the Chancellor desired to be of use to the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' as he might be by supplying the paper occasionally with really good information on foreign affairs. If that would be agreeable to me, Dr P. would be the means of despatching such news from time to time—a regular correspondence at irregular intervals being the kind of thing proposed. Further to enable him to show that this was a genuine offer, von Bismarck had intrusted to Dr P. a few lines in his own hand to say as much. Document then produced, shown to me, and returned to Dr P.'s pocket-book. With the best face at my command, I asked whether it was proposed to send news alone, or also to send letters of observation and comment; to which the reply was that both news and comment were intended. What I then said I do not remember; but my meaning was to point out as inoffensively as possible that the 'Pall Mall Gazette' being a small paper, the Chancellor's kindness would be much enhanced if nothing but concrete news was sent, or such information as could be conveyed in a simple paragraph of affirmation, explanation, correction, or denial. We seemed to understand each other at once; and though Dr P. said very politely that no doubt this could be arranged, I never heard another word of the business he came about after he had left the room.

The bearing of this little story lies in the fact that brief paragraphs of plain statement bring the writer to a full sense of his responsibility while he is inditing them; and that the language of reporting is neither fluid enough nor voluminous enough to carry any great amount of feeling or innuendo, whether for business or

undesigned. Dr P. meant business, no doubt, though to my mind not very culpably; *ruse* is the recognised instrument of every diplomacy except our innocent own. But even in professional politics there is such a thing as unconscious feeling, unintended twists of partisanship; or else what is meant by the belief, which exists in every Foreign Office, that an ambassador may live at one Court too long? Not that the particular signs which suggest too long a residence at the same post are often shown in the case of the correspondent. I do not know that he ever shows them, indeed. But, being human, he is in danger of answering more than he is aware to the various influences persistently bearing on him. It is even possible to plant him with misleading ideas, interested suggestion, erroneous sympathies; and since that is the case, we may doubt whether journalism is improved by taking from the correspondent long screeds of speculation and comment for publication under the head of News.

That is the objection. So printed, they delude—not by intention of the writer, but through the imagination of the reader. We all know how unconsciously imagination can lead us astray. Because these screeds are *telegraphed*, and because they are printed with news as news, the writer's remarks are invested by most minds with the importance due to a statement of facts. Whatever may be his aim,—whether to persuade or dissuade, to appease or inflame, to allay mistrust or to alarm suspicion,—all is understood as if resting on a background of actual knowledge. To the fancy of the reader, the special correspondent in Paris, Berlin, Vienna, is always a news-

writer. He never loses that character, whatever he may say; and so the reader often takes that for veiled information which is merely speculative, or the fancy of excited sympathies, or even something which somebody hopes to bring into existence by persistent prophecy.

For these and other reasons, I can but think it would be well were foreign correspondents to go back a little to their old ways, which were the ways of simple and straightforward reporting. Nor are they strange to us even now. Reuter's agents adopted them, and faithfully stuck to them till quite lately; with the result that Reuter's telegrams came to have more weight generally with experienced readers than those of any newspaper correspondent. Now that Reuter's agents seem inclined, here and there, to depart from the unambitious simplicity of the reporter, reason the more for rescuing political discussion from a great deal that distracts, overloads, and fatigues it. It may be asked whether I propose, then, that opinion and observation accumulated by watchful and keen-witted correspondents "on the spot" should go to waste. Of course I do not. But I do think that more of it might advantageously pass to publication through the sieve of editorial responsibility; and that to appear in its true character all such matter should be printed apart from the news columns, where it takes a significance and authority which it should be guarded from.

That avowed partisans should be employed to send home news from foreign parts, and be so employed because they are partisans, is an entirely new thing in journalism, and one that would have been thought incredible not very long

ago. It is honestly done, however. So far from the partisanship being concealed it is proclaimed, or even vaunted; so that nobody is deceived and everybody understands what to expect. But that it is an innovation good for journalism I am not yet persuaded, nor does it seem likely to be good for those who practise it. The shrewdest of Own Correspondents may fall into error, the wariest may be taken in and become the channel of representations less accordant with fact than with policy. In short, the partisan reporter in full employment may be more partisan than he knows; and when the exaggerations and the *rusé* suggestions that he did not mean to be guilty of are discovered, he may find himself in danger of being considered a willing agent of deceit. If so, that will not be good for him—except as he is absolved for good intentions; and it will be bad for journalism, which is expected to be trustworthy first and to put on the other graces afterward.

After acknowledging the common merit of independence, courage, incorruptibility—qualities for which the British newspaper press stands far above any other in Europe—we see that the most striking claim to journalistic honours is that of the war-correspondent. Sir William Howard Russell may be said to have created a service in 1854, which, after a brilliant existence of forty years, no longer offers opportunity for the distinction that Mr Forbes and Mr MacGahan won—to name two of a dozen men whose hardihood and devotion were never exceeded in any service except that of the Christian Church. The regular means of transmitting news leaves much less to personal enterprise

and ingenuity; and, as Mr Forbes has said, “nowadays the avocation of the war correspondent is simplified and at the same time controlled by precise and restraining limitations.” The precise and restraining limitations include some that the generals are more and more resolute to impose. War-correspondents were never loved by the generals—for professional reasons which, no doubt, are sound professionally; and the correspondent who, when the next great war breaks out, asks at our own War Office for “facilities” (and what more liberal War Office is there anywhere?) may count upon a cold and niggardly response, and a wise one. And so on all hands the romance of war perishes while its menaced horrors accumulate.

All newspaper editors, however, had not the good fortune to be served by Russells, Forbeses, and the like; and in their hearts, therefore, are not so very much dissatisfied with a future of “restraining limitations,” which will bring war-reporting to a nearer equality. Partly from ill-luck, partly from other circumstances more or less excusing, war-correspondents were not infrequently disappointinging, and they were sometimes a trial. We say nothing about it, but British soldiers *have been* known to run. We keep it dark, but war-correspondents have been known to invent,—though only in detail, not in gross. If there be any case to the contrary, it is a solitary one. Yet in the files of a great provincial journal may be read, I believe, an account of the first hours of a battle that was never fought at all—the whole of its stirring details being evolved from a noise which the chronicler, sitting aloft in his hotel, took to be the sound of cannonading coming from a quarter where a

fight was then expected. To forestall other reporters, whom the likelihood of the fight had drawn to the same place, he dashed off his partial report of the engagement, despatching it with great secrecy and expedition to a near frontier station. The rest he would have written after a visit to the scene of conflict; but when he proposed to set out he discovered that what he had supposed to be the distant firing of artillery was, in fact, the kicking of some frightened horses in an adjacent shed.

I myself know what it is to have a perfect "handful" of a war-correspondent, and yet a remarkably clever man; but whenever a reproachful thought of him intrudes I remember that at the moment of starting for the Franco-German war he gave me a very impressive "tip." He was a Frenchman; and he said, "Mark this: the end of the war will be decided at the beginning. I know my fellow-countrymen. If they win the first battle on German ground, nothing will stop them this side of Berlin: it will be a hurricane. But if the first engagement is a French defeat on French ground, not a single Frenchman will cross the frontier unless as a prisoner." Had the prophet known of von Moltke's genius and the German preparation for hurricanes he might have hedged his meaning a little. But its general significance was striking, and the events of the war as each followed each kept it in memory. The more, perhaps, because no better contribution to guidance came from *that* correspondent; but it would be monstrous in me to complain, for I had another who, for despatch, achieved the first great feat on the war-correspondents' roll of honour,—nor was it ever beaten afterwards.

To make it the more memorable in newspaper record, what was brought to London for the printer on that occasion was the first report of the battle of Sedan and the surrender of the French Emperor—one of the greatest and most determining events of the century. My correspondent was with the Prussian King's staff on the Frénois heights above Sedan when the Emperor's letter of surrender was brought in. Night was coming on, but, without so much as ten minutes' preparation, Mr Holt White rode down the hill, straight across the battle-field, and so over the Belgian frontier and home, contriving by various expedients, but at great fatigue, to get a brief report into the 'Pall Mall Gazette' two days before a word of the matter was published elsewhere in England. Nor did any other report appear till the day after his *second* screed had told the whole story.

Now here was a kind of competition which there cannot be too much of. For it is by no means enough to be a good courier and smart in delivery. The war-correspondent's aim would have been entirely missed if in the endeavour to be "first out" he failed in accuracy, in breadth of view, in apprehension of main points, or in close yet full and strong description. It was competition, keenly maintained, in nearly all that is excellent in journalism, or even in literature. Yet the serious fact is, it seems, that war-correspondents were a downright nuisance to the generals—nuisance and embarrassment too, they say; and are in future to be more or less uniformed and strictly regulated.

Whether the soundness and the influence of the newspaper press

are increasing or diminishing is at all times a question of importance. If I am right, a very distinct period in the character and status of the newspaper press began soon after the middle of the century, and lasted for rather less than a generation. Then began another period distinct enough to be recognised as different without assistance of the label, "The New Journalism." On the whole, is it a higher as well as a larger development from its predecessor? "Higher," however, is not a word to insist upon: we should ask if the journalism of to-day is sounder for its own acknowledged purposes of usefulness than was the journalism of (say) twenty years ago. Representing that older day, I shall be expected to say that I do not think the newspaper press improved in its better qualities, and I do say so; but not without acknowledging that I may remain prejudiced after trying to take into account all that seems to detract unfairly from modern journalism in the bulk. And in what are its merits hidden more than in the enormous bulk it has attained to? Not without reason was it said at the beginning of this article that we of the Old Guard were fortunate in not being a multitude. The fewer in the field the more noticeable the conduct of each; and on that account, perhaps, more of emulation, more of effort to secure the attention that could be reckoned on for any particularly good stroke of the pen. No doubt there is the same reward still for an unusually meritorious piece of writing; but not so much of it to hearten the writer, I fancy, as when the effect of one good day's work nearly always came home to him the next. There are now so many voices that, with rare exceptions

and on rare occasions, they drown each other; and even the best commodities are in danger of being cheapened in popular esteem by a superabundant supply of "a similar article." That this has had a discouraging and deterrent effect upon minds that were once ambitious of writing in the newspaper press can hardly be doubted. Nobody used to ask "What is the good?" when urged to write at his best, or when praised for some remarkably apt and eloquent performance; but I am told that the question is heard not unseldom nowadays.

One of the reforms achieved by the new journalism of forty years since was the complete supersession of a formal, artificial, and therewith hackneyed style, by a style more idiomatic and familiar. The classic lingo of the pamphleteer was already tiring out, and now gave way completely to the unpedantic, nervous, flexible good English of common life (by nature never without humour) which men of education used in their talk and in their letters. Whether for its own immediate purpose—the expression and enforcement of opinion—or whether for its effect in improving the common practice of our mother tongue, this was a change very much for the better. But though the journalistic English of that day aimed at being familiar, it had its own restraints, and would not have been approved without a certain dignity in freedom. Of course I speak of the better sort of journalism, of which there was soon no lack. Later developments in this direction seem to me neither serviceable nor delightful. The familiar is now carried much too far, and it is never a pretty thing in excess. At a leap I hasten to admit that some of the older journals, both

daily and weekly, are either quite or almost as carefully written as ever they were ; and there is nothing to say on this score against one or two of the newer ones. But of the general mass of journalism it would have to be said that it has dropped into a looseness of speech that does not improve anything, and must even diminish the writer's own sense of self-respect. With no charm of its own, it adds neither elegance nor emphasis to what it is employed upon. On the contrary, it lowers the importance of whatever it is employed upon—brings it down ; at the same time giving public sanction to more slanginess than it ventures upon itself. To be sure, there is a set-off against this fault in frequent patches of earnest and laborious preciousness ; but for all that, I must avow an opinion that here the newspaper press has fallen away.

In another respect it has jumped back over the whole of those forty years—some say most properly. I do not know how that may be when consequences are fully sifted out. But my own idea is that the newspaper press was quite as informing, and rather more agreeable, when the reporting of a certain kind of news was less outspoken and particular. At one time—but a long time ago—it was blunt and rough enough apparently. Then the public taste revolted, and newspaper editors seem to have submitted to the rebellion gladly. But, from whatever cause or causes, there was for many years almost as much decency of language in the reporters' columns as at the dinner-table. No such restraint, no such governance, is attempted now ; and the precise date of its abandonment can be named, I think. It followed immediately upon our time of revelry in Bul-

garian atrocities. It commenced then ; and it has gone so far that (speaking by the card) if any family newspaper five-and-twenty years ago had printed for a week a kind of matter which is now commonly published in such sheets, that journal would have found itself on the road to ruin. Respect for art cannot be alleged in explanation of the frankness now permitted, nor obligation to make things properly understood. The offence is in the detail so often dragged naked into print. Now for some readers this detail comes to mind quite sufficiently and accurately, as part of the matter, without any assistance from the reporter's speaking-trumpet ; while as for the rest, who is in haste to instruct minds that have yet to learn how abominable human nature can be ?

Considered up and down, this is the most remarkable change of many in the journalism of the last half-century ; and it has been closely accompanied by another which seems to bear out the above account of its origin. At the time of the Bulgarian atrocities, the late Lord Derby was described by an earnest and eloquent writer as "stained with the blood and smirched with the lust of Batuk." The two things went always together. For months the unlovely conjunction was never out of the public journals and never out of people's minds : and, figuratively speaking, the newspapers have been in Lord Derby's condition as to *both* particulars ever since. They are bloodier upon every occasion of becoming so. It is not only as if a barbaric licence of description was now and again provoked by Turkish massacres. That might be expected. But it is another thing when a murder cannot be committed, nor any poor mad wretch lie down before an

advancing railway-train, without an inhuman painting of the papers with blood and brains. *Why?* For purposes of further information, what need of a word-photograph of the state of the rails when the train has gone by? And if the plentiful appearance of similar pictures (in oil) at the exhibitions of the French Salon is a sign of decadence, what are these word-photographs of ours a sign of? Of decadence only in a minor sense, we may believe; but yet without doubt a something of that disagreeable character.

For improvement and advancement we must look in other directions; and, for one thing by no means insignificant, it seems to me that increasing pains are taken to detect and weed out the advertisements by which various kinds of roguery ply their trade. Well within memory, journals quite above the lower class could be very careless in admitting such advertisements, or even indifferent to their character when it plainly peeped through. The likelihood of enormous mischief carried on by one of these advertising trades led me some years ago to make a pretty close inquiry into it; or rather a courageous, good-hearted, clever woman (long since dead) did so for me. The business was the one that was afterwards called baby-farming; but it had various branches, none innocent — some laid out for the most atrocious blackmail conceivable, others running to murder as the simplest thing for all parties. Though this is known well enough now, it was not so then; but in a few weeks my ingenious and temerarious investigator had made out all that has ever been discovered since. So well did she succeed that she could lodge with me a bundle of letters from various hands which

laid the business open more plainly than could have been thought possible: familiarity with its risks had evidently dulled perception. The results of this inquiry were not meant for publication in any shape, as may be imagined, and no use injurious to their writers was made of the letters. The purpose was simply to gather a firm foundation of fact for appeal against the practice of publishing advertisements conducive to a guilty trade, and in that way it was very serviceable. But now something happened which proved far more effective: a woman was hanged for pursuing this trade. After that there could be no more doubt in any advertisement office about the danger of complicity in a most cruel and infamous business. The woman who was hanged was herself an advertiser; and no doubt the lesson of her trial and execution went beyond child-murder—suggesting a warier eye upon other dark departments of commerce. It should be acknowledged, however, that the difficulty of sifting out fraudulent advertisements is very great; and there is this additional awkwardness in the matter—that to reject what on the face of it is a harmless invitation to buy, sell, or otherwise do business, is a direct insinuation of covert dishonesty. But where this difficulty was a ground of excuse it is now more often a cause of anxiety, and that is a considerable difference to the good.

Review the newspaper press as a whole, and the most remarkable advance appears first in the number and excellence of the provincial journals, and next in the multitude and variety of interests which have been brought under its surveillance. Sixty years ago, the total number of daily newspapers in the

United Kingdom was no more than twelve; and the sale of the whole twelve ('Times' included) was probably less than any one of half-a-dozen daily papers now current. Of such journals there are to-day about two hundred—most if not all of them taking a larger scope than any of that period, and the best of them showing but very little difference between country and town. For many years the most masterly newspaper in English, after the 'Times,' was a colonial journal—the Melbourne 'Argus.' Out of Printing-house Square, it is still as good, probably, as any in existence; but if so, it must have gone on improving, for our great provincial journals have advanced by quick degrees to very high excellence. One or two Scottish journals, two or three English provincial journals, only lack what Price One Penny cannot supply—the fine paper and more open reading of the Walter press.

But whether the influence of the newspaper press in public affairs has increased with the multiplication of its forces is doubtful. There are reasons for thinking (one of them in particular shall be mentioned presently) that the clamour of so many voices in competition makes too much of a babel to be impressive. And there is something, perhaps, in the remark that down to Palmerston's time the machinery of Government was more limited, more compact, more capable of being influenced by any single powerful agency from without, than in these days of diffused and confused authority. The discussion of affairs proceeded upon simpler lines than now. The questions of the day presented themselves in less complexity. The faddist had not yet arisen to start cross currents of perversity

in every stream of political action. Therefore the business of Government was more simple and direct, as also was that of the political critic in corresponding measure. His best play is made when he is able to go straight to the main points of the question in hand. He is lost if he has to run into a dozen "side issues" after as many several packs of readers.

Thus when we compare an older day with the new we find ourselves in presence of a greater (but more manifold) bulk of force, while yet the means of political power are in no small measure weakened and confounded. So it seems to me, at any rate. I still believe that one journal alone had more influence on Government in Lord Palmerston's day than the whole press has at this moment. And that brings me to the particular reason for thinking so which was mentioned above: it is that Governments are far more indifferent to the newspaper press than they used to be. They can be annoyed by the press; they can be embarrassed by the press; on a balance they can be helped or otherwise by its multitudinous contention. But there was a fear of the press, and an anxiety to stand well with it, which are by no means what they were, though not yet utterly destroyed.

Of one sort and another, however, there is power enough, and a fine prospect of future prosperity. Yet as to the future of individual writers, I should think better of them were fewer gentlemen and ladies going into journalism as a calling more hopeful than wine-agency and more genteel than governing,—an influx from which no good of any kind can be expected.

FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

MR JOWETT AND OXFORD LIBERALISM.

PROBABLY no institution has undergone a greater number of superficial changes during the last sixty years than the University of Oxford. Its internal economy has been overhauled by two Royal Commissions. Religious tests have been abolished. In most colleges clerical fellows are the exception rather than the rule; while in many only a comparatively small proportion of the dons reside within the walls. "Research" has been liberally endowed. The scope of the examination system has been widened. The tenure of a fellowship is no longer incompatible with matrimony. The town (it has been averred by a quondam apostle of "progress") is "slummy and overbuilt"; the tone of the University is that of a "lively municipal burgh."

The change in the relation of the University to the outer world has been equally remarkable. Oxford has been knit close to London; and the depreciatory epithet, "donnish," no longer suggestive of celibacy and a cloistered seclusion from the "sparkling throng," must be held to embrace in its connotation some tincture of the extreme type of civilisation believed to exist in southmost Kensington. The Saturday-to-Monday Professor has come into existence and passed out of it; but distinguished visitors of every description frequently take their week-end recreation in the same way. On the other hand, a little army of Oxford men has within the last fifteen years invaded the realm of

London journalism. University intelligence in the old days, apart from matters of capital importance, was given in the barest form. Only the boat-race and the cricket-match taxed the energies of the descriptive reporter or the leader-writer. It has now been discovered that Oxford makes excellent copy in a thousand other ways. University slang and University gossip are echoed faithfully in the evening papers of the metropolis; and he is indeed a lucky man who, despite undeniable obscurity, can venture so much as to marry without the compliment of a personal paragraph from the pen of some officious contemporary, gaily recalling his pass in moderations, his third in history, and the fact, real or imaginary, that he has an unrivalled critical knowledge of the text of Lear's "Book of Nonsense," or Blair's "Grave," as the case may be.

Such are a few of the alterations which have taken place within the compass of her Majesty's reign and within the academic career of the late Master of Balliol, who won a scholarship¹ at the age of eighteen in 1835, and was elected a fellow of the college, while still an undergraduate, in 1838. By the time of his death in 1893, the new—the newest—order had completely supplanted the old. We need not here consider whether the revolution has had good effects or bad. There is nothing so good in this world but it might have been better, and nothing so bad but it might have

¹ We doubt whether between 1835 and 1881, when Mr Heather was elected to a mathematical scholarship, any such distinction was again obtained by St Paul's. A singular contrast to its subsequent series of triumphs!

been worse. The University, we venture to believe, is "sound at bottom,"—a quotation, by the bye, of which the Master had a thorough relish. Be that, however, as it may, Mr Jowett was not only an eyewitness of the process of transformation, but had also a considerable share in assisting it. His name was familiar far beyond the University. To some he appeared little less than a scoffing and malignant fiend. By others he was esteemed a very Socrates, "the wisest and best man they had ever known." Many anecdotes of varying degrees of authenticity clustered round his name: and many singular and erroneous conceptions were entertained of his character. His authorised biography,¹ therefore, for which Messrs Evelyn Abbott and Lewis Campbell are responsible, will probably appeal to a much wider circle of readers than that of those who knew him, or even of those who at some time during his career happened to be at Oxford. It is only, however, as we conceive, from the point of view of an Oxford man that the book can be adequately judged; and, so regarding it, we must congratulate the authors upon a well-conceived and well-executed piece of work. They have been extremely judicious in their treatment of the "mythology," and the stories and apophthegms to which they have given admission are for the most part fresh and pointed. The work is not "deformed by exaggerated affection and flattery," to borrow a phrase of the Master's; and the hero's shortcomings are sufficiently indicated, if not dragged into prominence.

Perhaps some of the secondary

characters are kept too studiously in the background. We should have liked to hear a little more, for example, of Dr Jenkyns. Dean Mansel's name is not so much as mentioned, though his doctrines were obviously a pet aversion of the Master's. Nor is adequate recognition made of the unique combination of scholarship and piety which distinguished James Riddell. *Per contra*, as Mr Owen would have said, a warm tribute is paid to the memory of George Rankine Luke, while a few well-expressed lines in a footnote bear eloquent testimony to the lasting impression made upon the college by the beautiful character and profound intellect of Charles Warrack. We have noted here and there a few trivial errors. After all, it is no very heinous offence to speak of the "Secretary of State for Scotland," or to suppose that Lord Dalhousie and not the Duke of Richmond was the first occupant of the office thus misnamed. To one rather curious omission we must, however, draw attention. At a certain memorable gathering of Convocation in December 1882—almost the last, we think, of the good old sort at which the country clergy were wont to assemble in their hundreds—Mr Jowett, then Vice-Chancellor, opened the proceedings in Latin, and then announced that to avoid mistakes he was about to speak in English. This was, of course, received with a roar of derisive laughter; whereupon he remarked, "I was afraid, gentlemen, that if I spoke in Latin, many of you would be unable to understand me!" The story thus told by Mr Abbott leaves the balance of advantage

¹ The Life and Letters of Benjamin Jowett, M.A., Master of Balliol College, Oxford. By Evelyn Abbott, M.A., LL.D., and Lewis Campbell, M.A., LL.D. Two volumes. London: John Murray. 1897.

pretty evenly divided; but if, as we have always understood, the Vice-Chancellor began by proposing to the meeting "*nomen vobis approbandus*," it will be admitted that those who laughed loudest were fairly entitled to laugh longest.

Mr Jowett's university life may be divided into three periods, in two of which the agreeable, in the other the disagreeable, element predominates. From 1836 to 1855 he was the good man struggling with adversity. His father, a superior Micawber, was absorbed in a metrical version of the Psalms, and the son's scanty resources were taxed to their utmost extent in supporting his parents and sisters, and in helping his brothers to start in life. He bore the burden of that trying time with manly fortitude and without complaint, though the effort made an indelible impression on his mind; and he may be said upon the whole to have enjoyed life and to have partaken of its modest pleasures with unaffected cheerfulness.

During the last period, again, from 1870 to 1893, he was the head of a large and prosperous college, plunged head and ears in new projects of activity and usefulness, grudging neither time nor money spent in the service of Balliol, given to hospitality, and thoroughly appreciating the opportunities now at his disposal for entertaining a great variety of guests, old and young. Honour, love, obedience, troops of friends, were certainly the portion of his declining years.

The intervening period from 1855 to 1870 presents a very different picture. It shows us Achilles sulking in his tent, the victim of wounded pride and baffled ambition: it shows us, alas! the

disloyal colleague, sedulously undermining the influence of the head of the college. Did we not know the weakness of human nature, the bitterness with which he resented Dr Scott's preferment would be incredible; for Scott had been consistently kind to him as an undergraduate, and had among other things advanced the money necessary to defray the expense of his installation as a Fellow. It is, however, the fact that almost from the moment of his rival's election Jowett ostentatiously withdrew himself from the society of the high-table and the common-room; and the persistency of his attempts to thwart the new Master in every conceivable way was never much of a secret. He was, indeed, pre-eminently fond of "getting his own way"; and the pertinacity with which, when in a minority, he would oppose and obstruct was only equalled by the pertinacity with which he would press his advantage with a majority to back him. Had he met with similar treatment when he occupied the post of Master himself (and with one or two of the ablest and most influential of the dons he can scarcely be said to have been congenial), the common-room would have been the scene of perpetual discord. The fact that any who differed from him invariably gave way speaks volumes, not merely for their amiability, but also for his strength of will and obstinacy of purpose. It was during this period, too, that Mr Jowett appeared in one of his most celebrated impersonations, the injured heretic; for, though his orthodoxy had been somewhat blown upon, it was only after his failure to attain the Mastership that he came to be looked upon as a ringleader of the Oxford Liberals.

Much—shall we say a great

deal too much?—has been written about the Tractarian movement, comparatively little about the counter tendency. Yet the latter would well repay judicious and discriminating investigation. The mere circumstance that for many years it was the fashionable thing for young men of parts and promise to call themselves Liberals is conclusive evidence of its strength, and of the powerful influence exercised by its champions. To survey it at this distance of time is to be supplied with a striking illustration of the vanity of human effort. Superficially successful in realising a much larger proportion of their ideals than commonly falls to the lot of man, the University Liberals are to be discerned in their later years clad in sackcloth and ashes and bemoaning the futility of their exertions and the eclipse of their dearest doctrines. Pearson gloomily predicts a *débâcle* when Western civilisation shall be engulfed in an overwhelming torrent of Mongolians and other yellow-faces. Pattison scents a hateful recrudescence of idealism and medievalism in the neo-Hegelian philosophy of Mr Green. Jowett is inclined to think "that the power of the Church has increased and (in England) is increasing, and ought to be diminished" (ii. 475). Most melancholy sight of all, Mr Goldwin Smith ruefully contemplates a political world for the creation of which he and his friends are largely responsible, and pronounces it all as bad as bad can be. If these are the feelings with which the march of "progress" is saluted by the veterans, what would their sensations have been if the forces of "reaction" had triumphed?

It is true that in their practical nostrums the Oxford Liberals were by no means unanimous. This one

clamoured for the endowment of research; that for the extension of university teaching to manufacturing towns; a third deemed that the millennium had arrived with the advent to Oxford of the humble "toshier." These and other innumerable fads are delightfully gibbeted in the inimitable "Phrontisterion." But a certain unity of principle and purpose undoubtedly animated the party and held it together, though its commonest expression was more than a little unfortunate. Human nature must change a good deal before unbridled arrogance becomes popular. Mr Jowett, with characteristic shrewdness, was able to see himself and his friends as the enemy saw them. "As university reformers," he wrote in 1852, "we must appear to the world rather as seeking an intellectual aristocracy, or, to express it more coarsely, to form good places for ourselves out of the revenues of the colleges, than earnest about anything which the world in general cares for or which can do any extensive good" (i. 212). In exhibiting this distinctive quality, the Oxford Liberals were, no doubt, merely continuing and developing the party tradition. Modesty was never a feature of the Whig or the Radical character. From the date when English politics "settled down" and the familiar division of Whig and Tory became recognised, the Liberals have never been slow to claim for themselves a very handsome share of all desirable qualities, whether mental or moral. Even in the writings of Steele and Addison we detect the calm self-complacency which tacitly assumed that the Whigs possessed a monopoly of good taste, good manners, and good sense; just as in Swift we recognise the violent recoil against all such ludicrous

pretensions. The phenomenon repeated itself a century later. The claim to ethical and intellectual superiority was shrilly reasserted by the 'Edinburgh' reviewers, and vehemently contested by the Tories of the 'Quarterly' and still more of 'Maga.' Cockburn's 'Memorials' afford perhaps the most typical instance of such a claim being advanced in perfect good faith and without the slightest conception that there was anything to be urged against it. Addison, to be sure, was humility itself compared with Jeffrey and Cockburn; but Jeffrey and Cockburn were the very embodiment of modesty compared with the Oxford Liberals. In their eyes, not to be a Liberal was to be *ipso facto* a fool, a jobber, an obscurantist, a knave, a sinner against the light, an enemy of the human race, and a great many other terrible things; nor must the Tory be allowed by any excess of civility or consideration to remain ignorant of his miserable plight. No; the "canker of ecclesiasticism" must be thoroughly eradicated; the incubus of an effete and brutalised aristocracy thrown off; and the world henceforward ruled by its natural leaders—the men of intellect!

We do not say that there were no academic Liberals free from the taint of this odious characteristic. Mr Jowett himself, though capable enough of rapping out a sharp and biting word upon occasion, was too wise to be deliberately and gratuitously insolent. Others, like Henry Smith, were mercifully preserved by a rich and genuine vein of humour; while others yet again, like Dean Stanley, were so essentially "light horsemen," and their type of mind was so palpably shallow, that though they took an active part in many a hot battle, they excited no permanent ani-

mosity. In Matthew Arnold, too, the elaborately veiled arrogance was often amusing, and nine times out of ten was vented, much to the patients' disgust and dismay, upon the "backbone" of the Liberal party in the country. To catch the quality in its highest manifestation the reader must peruse Dr Arnold on the "Oxford Malignants," or rub up his recollection of Mr Thorold Rogers's controversial methods, or refresh his memory with a few of Mr Freeman's outbursts of urbanity, or, best of all, turn to Mark Pattison's 'Memoirs.' There nearly every other person mentioned is either a "flunkey" or a "*crétin*"; this one is "puzzle-headed," that the victim of "abject piety," while the fortunate writer confesses to being so constituted that he cannot "see anything being done without an immediate suggestion of how it might be better done." Not a touch of kindliness, not a note of sympathy for the commonplace and less richly gifted orders of mankind, not a solitary gleam of humour! Rather than fight under leaders such as these, it were infinitely better to have made a stout stand for the losing side beneath the banner of the greatest metaphysician and philosopher who has adorned the Church of England since the days of Butler.

The intellectual arrogance to which we have referred may have found some justification in the exceptional abilities of many of the Liberal leaders at the University. The misfortune was that they contrived to impart it to many of their disciples to whom they could in nowise communicate a share of their brains, and in whom the quality was not only offensive but grotesque. It is indeed this self-satisfied vanity, this superlative conceit, which constitutes the

true *differentia* of, the species "prig," and assuredly in no age and in no country has that most detestable of the harmless varieties of the *genus humanum* flourished to the same extent as at Oxford during the last half-century. A few individuals of the class may by accident have been Tories, but an enormous majority have always been of the Liberal complexion. Some of the latter, it is true, have been lucky enough to eliminate the poison from their systems, more or less, and by more frequent commerce with the world at large—*e.g.*, in colonial governorships and other similar offices into which their friends have been only too happy to job them—have been brought into a much more healthy, and almost a normal, frame of mind. Others experienced an extremely peremptory awakening during the Home Rule crisis. But there are few exceptions to the general rule. Once a prig, always a prig; and most of the kind continue to be victims of the old monomania till their dying day. Such are the persons who used to brag loudly about the overwhelming predominance of Liberal principles among men of eminence in scholarship, literature, and science; and who since 1886 have been compelled to rest content with the empty satisfaction of railing at the Jebbs, the Leckys, and the Huxleys, who with all but absolute unanimity have rallied to the cause of the Union. No one who was not an eyewitness of the phenomenon would credit the "airs" which mediocre young men of Liberal opinions once gave themselves at Oxford on the score of some fancied superiority in ability, learning, and refinement. Happily the disease supplies its own best antidote. Liberal principles, or what pass for principles, are

naturally attractive to ingenuous youth; something to counteract their charm is highly desirable; and many a high-flying Tory has to thank his Radical contemporaries for involuntarily driving him into the right path by force of sheer repulsion.

As regards the country generally, the case has been much the same. A pompous parade of talent and "culture" does a party no good in the long-run. Give an academic Liberal plenty of rope, and he is certain to "put everybody's back up." The Tory party may have been from time to time unfortunate in losing the services of young men of ability whom the fashion of the moment drove into the Liberal ranks; but it has gained infinitely more by never having had a Courtney, a Morley, or a Lowe. The truth is that the Tories, alike from principle and tradition, are necessarily more in touch with every section of the community than their opponents. Now, the great mass of the English people understand and secretly like an aristocracy of birth judiciously tempered with wealth. They have no insuperable objection to an unqualified aristocracy of birth; and they would probably tolerate, with periodical fits of restiveness, a pure plutocracy. But there are two things which neither they nor any self-respecting race of men would endure for any length of time; and these are, an aristocracy of self-constituted "saints," and an aristocracy of "intellect."

We have not wandered so far from Mr Jowett as may be supposed; for Balliol was the chosen haunt of the prig, and many was the prig of promise who passed through his hands. While not really a prig himself, he got the credit of being the cause of priggishness in others, though perhaps he was

only to blame in not warning them off a very obvious and well-marked shoal. He did his best, we honestly believe, to clear his mind of cant, and we can imagine him secretly writhing at the loud-mouthed dictum of some egregious "social reformer," that "what Balliol thinks to-day, England thinks to-morrow!" He could certainly play the candid friend to some purpose, and there were several points on which he refused to subscribe to the orthodox Liberal confession. He was not ashamed to put in a good word for our old ally Napoleon III., and his sympathies were all with France in her struggle with Germany. He never took kindly to the movement for the higher education of women, and greatly feared that in the future there might be "a neglect of accomplishments, especially music and drawing, which I shall always consider a very important element of female, and, perhaps, of all education" (ii. 291). He nourished no great enthusiasm for "oppressed nationalities," and was a hearty Turcophil during the Russo-Turkish war. He had a liking for Lord Beaconsfield, but always distrusted Mr Gladstone, in whom, it is true, the Oxford Liberals, suspecting his clerical proclivities, reposed but little confidence. Much more to his taste were the pre-reform statesmen, whom he considered to have been more loyal and faithful to one another than the politicians of to-day (ii. 395). He was astoundingly ignorant of science. He rightly held it "impossible to convert Shelley into a decent and honourable man" (ii. 318). In a letter written in 1846 he expresses views as to the English aristocracy which Gifford or Croker, though they would have cheerfully inducted them, would have thought

twice before printing (i. 151). Above all, he was a thorough-going "Jingo." He complained that the Liberals in 1878 were becoming bitter and "un-English," and he would have repudiated with scorn Sam Rogers's complacent and disgraceful boast that he "had never wished well to his Majesty's armies."

These are notable divergences from the beaten track of Liberalism, and must have cost a considerable effort. But in other respects his independence of mind broke down, and he was content to go on mumbling the hallowed formulæ. He seemed to find a peculiar charm—and many others have done the same—in the very name of "Liberal." "I used to think myself a Liberal," he writes in 1882, "but sometimes fear that I am in danger of becoming a Tory, though I struggle against this as much as I can" (ii. 210). He seems to have felt himself "thirled" to the thing called Liberalism, and bound consequently to oppose and thwart its foes. How else could he have persuaded himself that the author of the 'Vie de Jésus' and 'L'Abbesse de Jouarre' was "a really great and good man"? For what other reason could he have invited Colenso to occupy the pulpit of Balliol chapel—Colenso with whose methods he had little in common? We readily acquit him of the deliberate desire or intention to wound the deepest feelings of those who still asked for the old paths. Yet he was by no means disinclined to irritate them, almost mischievously, in lesser matters. "I rather like," he writes in 1893, "when preaching in Westminster Abbey, to take the liberty of saying a word in favour of some great dissenter or saintly infidel, whose praise is *not* heard

in all the churches" (ii. 470); and he would maintain that Voltaire had done more good than all the fathers of the Church put together! The spirit of such utterances is the key to many little problems in the Master's conduct. It helps to explain the Sunday evening concerts; it entirely explains that memorable Sunday afternoon concert in the garden quad., when a military band discoursed quasi-sacred music to a disorderly mob of ruffians from the town who took the college by storm. The biographers say nothing of the incident; and the experiment was not repeated. The same feeling also supplies a clue to some of his public appearances which could well have been spared. In spite of his evangelical upbringing he had no real liking for dissent; but when the dissenters opened a seminary of their own in the town, dislike of the High Church party moved him to give his benediction to the venture. Nor can we doubt that he was animated mainly by similar "contrariness" when he instigated the singularly impudent attempt to elect a virulent dissenter¹ as one of the examiners in the Rudiments of faith and religion.

Another way in which the Master's strain of Liberalism displayed itself was his preference for being on the winning side, and his nervous solicitude to have a finger in every scheme that held out a fair prospect of success. He loved to be *dans le mouvement*, and would have hated it to be supposed that he had banned anything which ultimately turned out

to be popular. Thus he relaxed somewhat of his open hostility to the "higher education" of women, when he found the movement gathering strength. So too when the Toynbee Hall project was mooted, though his soul must have revolted at the deluge of nonsense which then swept over the college, he appeared at a meeting in hall and bestowed a few words of chilly approbation on the scheme. He was from the first a supporter of the preposterous "University Extension" movement, perhaps the most laughable of the many farces which have been played on the Oxford stage. It has, no doubt, the merit of providing many excellent young gentlemen of moderate abilities with a "living wage"; but there can have been little really to appeal to the commonsense of Mr Jowett either in its solemn affectation of seriousness, its impudent demands upon the public purse, or its month of picnicking at Oxford in the long vacation. It may be conjectured, indeed, that many developments of University "reform" which he lived to see, and against which he never opened his lips, were secretly distasteful to him. And he, too, like the other Oxford Liberals whom we have mentioned, was to taste the bitterness of fruition, and the vanity of ideals realised and aspirations gratified.

"There is greater discontent," he remarks with astonishing and relentless cruelty, "in Oxford now than formerly. The younger men want to marry, and they have no money. They want to write, and have no originality. They want to be scholars

¹ To a recent number of a monthly magazine the gentleman in question contributed a paper in which he very plainly demonstrated that every moral and civic excellence finds a congenial and exclusive home in the breast of the political sectary!

and have no industry. They want to be fine gentlemen, and are deficient in manners. When they have families, they will be at their wits' end to know how to provide for them. Many of them have the fretfulness of *parvenus*, and will always have this unfortunate temper of mind."

Had Burgon possessed either the heart or the head to formulate so pointed an indictment against the outcome of fifty years' agitation, what a howl of execration would have arisen against the ferocious bigot!

It was, however, far more in connection with the college than the University that Mr Jowett's best work was performed. It was the college that most occupied his thoughts, the college that lay closest to his heart. During the whole period of his Mastership his will there was law, and even during the latter part of Scott's reign he swayed its destinies. No human being could have ruled such an institution for so long a time without committing some errors, and there were, unquestionably, details in his management to which exception might be taken. Perhaps he permitted the college to grow too large, but we doubt if he could have kept it small. Perhaps he was too prone to encourage the residence of Parthians, Medes, Elamites, dwellers in Mesopotamia, and members of tribes even more remote. Yet we doubt if they did anybody any harm, though we are quite sure that any of their number who happened to be professing Christians from the Levant would have done so if they could. With much more force it may be urged that the introduction of the organ into the hall, with all its consequences, was a grave mistake. We should be disposed to concede that the Master's

better judgment deserted him in that matter, and to wonder how any one of his experience could bring himself to believe that second-rate music on Sunday evenings and occasional smoking concerts during the week could effectually cement the incongruous elements of which a college like Balliol is necessarily composed. Due allowance, however, being made for such failings, no competent judge will seriously dispute that, take it all in all, Mr Jowett was a first-rate Head of his House. Mr Abbott tells a pleasant story of how Dr Harper of Jesus, when walking with Jowett and on coming first to a small gate, stopped suddenly, and, holding it open, said, "No, you go first; you have done more for your college than I have." It was a fine compliment, and one which did honour not only to the recipient but to him who paid it.

It is often said that Mr Jowett was a worshipper of success; that he had favourites; and that those favourites by a curious coincidence were also the favourites of fortune, the well-born and the prosperous. That he did attach great importance to birth is quite true, and that he attached perhaps an exaggerated importance to the gifts which ensure popularity in good society is true also. "I daresay," he writes to a lady in India, "that you have already found a great solvent of political difficulties is to give friendly and agreeable dinner-parties to all sorts of people without regard to their views" (ii. 285). It is generally shy people who put the highest value upon the art of pleasing in company. It is, further, perfectly true that Mr Jowett had, as he himself puts it, "a general prejudice against all persons who

do not succeed in the world," and we shall never forget the very neat hit in a sermon at those "who say 'the race is not to the swift,' meaning themselves." It is probably a sufficient apology for a tendency to which he was thoroughly alive himself to remember the sort of man his father was. With such a conspicuous instance of fumbling and failure before his eyes, is it to be wondered at that he shrunk from the spectacle of opportunities neglected and talent frittered away? After all, in nine cases out of ten the world is rightly content to apply the rough-and-ready test of success to a man's capacity; and with the great bulk of those who passed under his observation Mr Jowett made no mistake, but, on the contrary, formed an extraordinarily accurate idea of the idiosyncrasy of each. He knew whom to stimulate with a word of encouragement, and whom to spur with a word of reproach. Yet, in the exceptional case, his method broke down; and we can recall more than one instance of some rare character, too finely tempered for the rough work of the world, which the Master seemed persistently to misunderstand and to which he never did justice.

To scholarship in the strict sense of the term Mr Jowett had no serious pretensions.¹ Philosophy rather was supposed to be his strong point. It is a little difficult, after an impartial consideration of his published writings, to understand why. During the last ten years of his life, at all events, he had very little of the philo-

sopher about him. The essayist who visited him at dessert would get a glass of excellent claret and some sound literary advice, such as "Never make a 'porch' to your essay," if he had opened with a long and irrelevant exordium. Or perhaps he would be pulled up for some piece of pedantry by the sharp inquiry: "Interrogate your consciousness!" Do you mean, 'Ask yourself'?" But he had no taste for following out the course of an argument, and though he clung tenaciously to the stereotyped views formed thirty or forty years before with no perceptible variation, he seemed to have no recollection of the chain of reasoning by which he had reached them, far less any desire to test or examine them afresh. He frigidly and firmly discouraged all discussion on the origin and explanation of evil, for example, and he held the dilemma in abhorrence. The latter savoured of logic, which was a "dodge"; the former of metaphysics, the popular view of which he avowedly shared.

His writings present the same characteristics. They abound in close and pregnant observation of human nature, and in searching analysis of many familiar philosophical and theological phrases. But take him on some question, such as Predestination and Free-will, and you find that he supplies nothing more than a graceful and elegant amplification of several obvious and elementary propositions. "Man is a creature of habit—man is a creature of impulse—man is a creature of circumstances. *Que voulez-vous?*"

¹ It used to be part of the mythology that the brilliant scholar whose help he invoked in revising the first edition of the 'Plato' would sit smoking and working in one room, and from time to time exclaim, "Another howler, Master!" To which the answer would come in a piping voice from the adjoining apartment, "Correct it, Mr ———! Correct it!"

he seems to ask. The *de quo quæritur* being precisely the relation of those truths to one another, and the possibility of their reconciliation, it is neither satisfactory nor stimulating to be told that they need no reconciliation at all, that everything is plain sailing, and that the difficulty of believing at once in an omnipotent and omniscient Deity and in man as a morally free agent is a silly invention of over-subtle divines. This ostrich-like attitude towards the primary difficulties which beset the threshold of every religious system he was most resolute in maintaining. The most flagrant contradictions are explained away by a jaunty reference to the "modes of thought" of a particular age and country, while the explicit statements of a divinely inspired writer are cavalierly brushed aside or reduced to vagueness by the convenient assumption that the author spoke "in a figure."

The more Mr Jowett's attitude towards religion is examined the more amazing will it seem. He was well enough aware that in his commentary on the Pauline Epistles, and later on in 'Essays and Reviews,' he was about to deliver an attack on the orthodox position. This is plain from his anxiety to pick his words, and to present his views in the "least repulsive manner." To the very end he systematically inculcated a degree of "reserve in communicating religious knowledge" (from his own point of view) which would have struck poor Mr Isaac Williams with horror. Yet he seems to have been genuinely surprised and hurt when the pleasant but thin disguise of language was instantly penetrated; when his adroit use of current religious phraseology and his unrivalled

dexterity in adapting the words of Scripture to suit his own construction were proved to have availed him nothing; and when the true drift of his argument was mercilessly exposed. The truth is, that while from one point of view the premisses of the "Essay on the Interpretation of Scripture" are musty truisms, from another they are sufficient to explode not merely the orthodox conception of Christianity, but also the shapeless and indefinite residuum to which Jowett so piously adhered. As time went on, his scepticism grew bolder and more outspoken. He threw miracles overboard altogether, and it is not easy to say which, if any, of the cardinal doctrines of the faith he retained. Yet on the subject of prayer, for instance, he was as hopelessly irrational (on his own hypothesis) as the most superstitious of his fellow-creatures. He makes, indeed, the proviso that no one should pray for anything that may violate the "laws of nature," for with all his dislike of metaphysics he was an abject slave to that most tyrannous and exacting of metaphysical abstractions. None the less he exhorts a friend on his death-bed to pray that he may be spared a little longer; as though his recovery were not, on Jowett's postulates, as much a matter of "law" as the rising of the sun or the precession of the equinoxes. His aim was "to place religion on a rational basis." His method of procedure is to eliminate the vital constituents of religion, and then to find a justification for preserving its lifeless remains, to which it turns out that "reason" is absolutely repugnant. Such solicitude for the shadow when the substance has been destroyed may be very touching and pathetic; but one

cannot wonder that it provoked the powerful invective and the trenchant sarcasm of Mansel's Bampton Lectures.¹

The fact is, that the bent of Mr Jowett's mind was neither scholarly nor speculative, but purely literary. Textual criticism he openly contemned, and he justly described the R.V. as a "monument of pedantry." He had a correct and fastidious taste, an acute sensibility to style, a sharp ear for the rhythm and harmony of language. Like his hero Dr Johnson, he read everything. All was fish that came to his net, from Aristophanes to Bunyan, from 'Pride and Prejudice' to 'David Grieve' (which he seems to have read without a murmur), from 'Adam Bede' (which he pronounced very good) to Comte (whom he pronounced very bad). The biography gives us an extraordinary picture of his industry, and in particular of the patience and assiduity with which he polished and repolished his own writings. The world that cares for such things is familiar with the effect; but the world was not before aware of the endless labour expended in perfecting that exquisitely easy yet dignified prose, full of charm and melody, so lucid yet so subtle, old-fashioned yet never archaic, adapting itself so

nicely to the matter in hand, charged with indefinable reminiscences of the best models, yet ever characteristic, ever individual.

We have purposely refrained from discussing Mr Jowett in private life: in the first place, because we desired to dwell on his public career; and, in the second, because to what his biographers say on that head there is little or nothing to be added. We venture to predict that his memory will long be cherished, both at Oxford and in the world, by thousands who were the recipients of his kindness; and to assert that those number not a few who, with strong propensities and temptations to sloth and indolence, will long be inspired by his example to industry and application. But when all who fell within the sphere of his personal influence have passed away we are equally confident that his claim to the recollection of posterity will be found to consist not in his theological or philosophical opinions, crude and ill-digested as they were, but in the fact that, in an age teeming with literary talent and activity, he above all others was imbued with the peculiar genius, saturated with the best traditions, and obedient to the true canons of English style.

¹ Why should not Dr Chase or Dr Bellamy give us a history of the orthodox, high-and-dry, Conservative party at Oxford from the date of the first Commission down to, say, the death of Dr Evans? Mansel would, of course, be the most prominent figure in such a work.

"THE SENATE AND THE FIELD."

THE Easter recess has come and gone, and Parliament is about to enter on that period of the session in which its character for good or evil is usually determined. This year, however, the Government have done so well in the months of February and March that, except as regards Foreign affairs, it may be thought that the critical period is already passed; and that during the next three months they are not likely to encounter any violent or formidable opposition. We must not be too confident on this point, of course. We have learned by sad experience that the art of making bricks without straw may by long practice, combined with some natural aptitude, be carried to a rare pitch of excellence. The goddess of obstruction, like other deities, helps those who help themselves, and is never wanting to her sincere votaries when they wish to make sham criticism look as much as possible like real.

"Dat inania verba,
Dat sine mente sonum."

But still, with the passage of the Voluntary Schools Bill the Government have got off their hands the most contentious measure of the session, and it is hardly likely that any of the principal Bills which remain to be considered will be met in a similar spirit, or resisted with the same futile pertinacity. Even if any inclination existed to repeat the same tactics, the punishment which awaited them as soon as Mr Balfour took the command into his own hands may perhaps deter the Radicals from running their heads against a stone wall a second time.

For the effect of Mr Balfour's combined tact and energy will not end with the triumph of the Voluntary Schools Bill. It will be felt all through the session. We have not changed our opinion with regard to the disappointment inflicted on many of his followers by the admission that the bill could not be passed in time for the schools to reap the benefit of it during the current year. But it, nevertheless, had to be passed before Easter; and no sooner had the battle fairly begun in the House of Commons than Mr Balfour put his back into the work, and showed what stuff he was made of. If any of his opponents calculated on finding him the same easy-going Minister which he appeared to be last session, they were soon undeceived. He has fully justified Sir William Harcourt's prediction which we quoted in 'Maga' last September; and we may venture, perhaps without undue vanity, to believe that he has not been wholly deaf to some advice addressed to him by ourselves. Sir W. Harcourt, after pointing out the cause of his comparative failure last year, prophesied that he would mend: and he has mended. We urged on his attention the absolute necessity of exercising with firmness the powers which Parliament had placed in his hands for carrying on the work of the country, and he has so exercised them. We readily allowed that the closure was not a weapon to which Conservatives were naturally inclined. We could all wish that it had been possible to dispense with such an instrument, and that both the dignity of Government and the practical utility of the House

of Commons could have been preserved by means less at variance with its traditions. But no other mode of saving either the one or the other presented itself. Within the last quarter of a century the character of the House of Commons has been completely changed. Old members of the House will all concur in this opinion. It has changed in two ways. First of all, in its constituent elements; and secondly, in its respect for those unwritten laws which were sufficient at one time to ensure the transaction of public business with all proper despatch and all due deliberation. For the latter part of the change we are indebted to the Irish members who first set the example of defying authority, and proclaimed their intention of reducing the House of Commons to impotence. For the other we are indebted, of course, to the extension of the franchise, which, though probably inevitable, and in many respects beneficial, has had a decidedly unfavourable effect on parliamentary debate.

The spectacle of insubordination and contempt for precedent and prescription acting on a new class of members ignorant of Parliament and thinking ignorance independence, destitute of that social education which is the best antidote to presumption and often supplies the place of experience, and having only to satisfy constituencies who know no more than themselves, has introduced a new leaven into the popular Assembly, making it nearly as unlike the Parliament of Peel and Russell as theirs was unlike the Parliament of Fox and Pitt. It is not all at once that changes of this nature are fully recognised and appreciated. Statesmen may,

for some years, find themselves perplexed by new conditions, the nature and tendency of which they only imperfectly comprehend. Leaders on both sides, with halting steps and doubtful minds, have been feeling their way towards a remedy. Sir W. Harcourt seems to have been the first to come to a clear understanding with himself upon this subject. And his employment of the closure while Leader of the House of Commons should have been sufficient to open the eyes of all parties to the real truth. But it took the humiliating lesson of last session to bring it thoroughly home to the Conservative mind; and now we have good reason to believe that another will not be necessary. It remains to be seen, we said last autumn, "whether better management alone can enable the Government to be equally lenient without being equally unfortunate." There has been better management, much better management; but it is evident that this alone would not have enabled them to pass the School Bill into law by the first week in April, had not Mr Balfour come to the conclusion that the closure must now be regarded as "a regular and necessary organ of our Parliamentary procedure."¹

We expect, then, as we have already said, that the decisive attitude assumed by Mr Balfour during the first three months of the session—and it was not only on the Voluntary Schools Bill that his intervention was required—will not be without a marked effect upon the proceedings of the three last. There is no reason to doubt that he will go on as he has begun. And if the Opposition once understand that Government

¹ See "The Closure and Common-sense," 'Maga,' July 1896.

are no longer to be trifled with, and that the means which have been sanctioned by Parliament for expediting the conduct of business will be employed as Parliament intended, they will probably desist in some measure from efforts which are manifestly fruitless, and can hardly even embarrass, much less baffle, the Executive. It has now been proved that obstruction has only to be looked boldly in the face to dwindle down from a giant to a dwarf, and the lesson is not likely to be forgotten. The closure, in fact, must be regarded as a kind of muzzling order, for the purpose of stamping out obstruction, to be enforced as long as this particular form of rabies continues to prevail. If the present Opposition is cured, and if the next Conservative Opposition is perfectly healthy, in time we may revert to the old conditions of parliamentary debate. All that the closure can do in any one given instance is to scotch obstruction. Nothing but the repeated application of it, extended over some period of time, can effectually eradicate it. Meantime, we must be content to regard it as one of the regular and permanent powers intrusted to Government for the management of ordinary business. In one sense, of course, it does not interfere with the freedom of debate. That is to say, it does not deprive the Opposition of the *time* that is required for the most ample and exhaustive discussion. They may use that time either for reasonable and legitimate criticism, or for the mere repetition of frivolous objections, as they please; that is their own affair. In the matter of the voluntary schools, they were allowed eighteen days for the discussion of a single clause. And as all argument had been exhausted long before the expiration of this period, and

the debate was kept alive only by recapitulating in a slightly varied form objections which had been repeatedly answered, it might have gone on for ever if no means had existed for bringing it to a close. As it is, the present Government have only applied the closure to three measures, while the late Government applied it to eight.

During the debates on the Voluntary School Bill obstruction certainly fared very badly. The Leader of the House was at his best throughout, and both Sir William Harcourt and Mr Morley knew the difference now that Achilles was to the fore. His chaff of the Scotch members was particularly happy. The member for Hawick, objecting to the English Catechism, which he had never read, though quite contented that the Scotch Catechism, which is far more dogmatic, should be taught in board schools, was not the worst sufferer. Sir William Harcourt, who had been making very merry at the expense of the "associations," counting perhaps on his superior knowledge of English country life and the rural clergy, must have been surprised at the ready retort which followed. "A hundred Harcourts, all in Holy Orders, scrambling for a share of the grant," was an impromptu caricature which completely took the shine out of Sir William's.

We did not sit down to write this article with any intention of discussing the Education Bill over again. But we have still a few more words to add with regard to the resistance it encountered. The accumulation of trivial or irrelevant amendments when a bill is in Committee is at once the most effective and the least conspicuous of all the methods of obstruction. Inside the House of Commons, of

course, it is palpable enough. But to the outside public, who merely glance over a debate in the morning's paper, it is in many cases scarcely perceptible. The reader scans the report. He sees that Mr Jones, and Mr Brown, and Mr Robinson moved their respective amendments, and "Why not?" he thinks. There is nothing out of the ordinary course of business in that. If he sees that the Minister complains of an amendment, he will naturally say to himself that this is what every Minister is sure to do. Thus he comes in time to disbelieve in obstruction altogether, and to look on the protests against it as mere party cries, accusations which every Government in turn is bound to hurl at every Opposition. Whoever wishes to understand the nature of the obstacles which Mr Balfour had to encounter in carrying the Schools Bill through the House must read the debates line by line, with the Bill itself on one side of him and the paper of amendments on the other. It is only by this means that he can ever appreciate the utter frivolity and superfluity of nine-tenths of the amendments proposed—amendments which, under the present system, are debated and disposed of with grave faces, though everybody knows that they either mean nothing or profess only to do what has been already done. Yet who will take the trouble to go through this detective process? The Opposition may indignantly deny that they have ever been guilty of obstruction, not only with a good chance of impunity, but with some prospect of damaging their opponents as the trumplers-up of false charges.

The behaviour of the Opposition on the Cretan question does not come exactly within the definition

of obstruction. But we are not sure that it is not even a more dangerous ebullition of democratic egotism than the pranks of Mr Lloyd George or Mr Samuel Evans. The daily interrogation of Mr Curzon was founded on the belief that the foreign policy of the Government should be dictated by the House of Commons; and that in the most delicate negotiations with foreign Powers, involving the most momentous issues, Ministers should inform the House day by day of the progress of affairs, and publish to the whole world the most private and confidential communications exchanged between allies, in order that "the people's representatives" might pass judgment on them and instruct the Government in their duty. The attitude of the Radicals on the Græco-Turkish complications means this or nothing. And it is needless to say that if this demand were conceded, the British Government would soon have no confidential communications to reveal. No foreign Power would enter into any relations with us on those terms. But the gentlemen in the House of Commons who worry the Under Secretary in this manner know no better. That is the worst of it. If they did, there would be some hope that this was only an exceptional display of party spirit on questions which ought to be exempt from it. But the Radicals in question neither know nor care anything at all about the conditions or necessities of diplomacy; and, if they had their way, would very probably some fine morning plunge us into war with half Europe. In their eyes all the long-established laws and customs which regulate our intercourse with foreign nations — official reserve, avoidance of premature publicity, respect for diplomatic obligations

—are, in their own elegant phraseology, "all rot."

But Sir William Harcourt does know better; and showed that he knew it, by his efforts to reconcile an attack upon the Government with that abstention from interference in the middle of a crisis which is absolutely essential to the safe conduct of foreign affairs. His responsibility for encouraging Greece in the disastrous policy she adopted, he shares with other members of his party. But he went no further till he was driven. "The good Samaritan" has thrown off the mask by this time, and has fully justified Mr Balfour's comments on Sir William Harcourt's Scriptural illustration. That charitable individual would scarcely have been handed down to all future ages as the proverbial example of pure and disinterested benevolence had it been known that while helping the wounded wayfarer he was helping himself at the same time to another man's estate. Sir W. Harcourt is too clever a man not to see the truth; and he has been unable to hide from his more eager followers the real state of his mind. But they won't let him off: and he has to choose, like Daddie Ratton in the 'Heart of Mid-Lothian,' between his place and his conscience. Every one can see the struggle; and his declamation will in England be taken for exactly what it is worth. Not so, however, with the Foreign Powers; and certainly not so with the Greeks; and Sir William must have an uneasy quarter of an hour with himself sometimes when he thinks of its probable effect upon them.

Those who are sincerely anxious for the welfare of a race to whom the whole civilised world is so deeply indebted would have

shown them more real kindness by pointing out the danger of the course on which they have now entered, than by encouraging them in efforts calculated to embarrass and disable the best friend they have in Europe. Sentiment and susceptibility and enthusiasm are very good things in their way, and are always to be respected when they do not clash with higher and more solid considerations. But respect for international law is the only guarantee we have for the peace of the world. Not a single nation, from the highest to the lowest, has any other security for its integrity and independence than the force of that general understanding which forbids the invasion of one country by another, except in case of actual war. To connive at the violation of this understanding is to undermine the foundation on which the settlement of Europe rests. If one country is to be allowed to defy the public code with impunity, and enrich itself by lawless aggression, why not another? The interests of Greece in particular shrink into very small dimensions compared with the tremendous consequences to the world in general which may result from her example. To forget the second in the first may be the act of impulsive generosity—generosity rather feminine than masculine—but is wholly unworthy of the sober wisdom and comprehensive forethought which we expect from a statesman.

The address which Sir William Harcourt originally proposed to move was to the effect that her Majesty would be graciously pleased not to employ British troops against the kingdom of Greece or the people of Crete. But as British troops had already been so employed, such an address

was clearly a vote of censure on the Ministry, and Sir William was told that if he chose to move one, a day should be given him, but not otherwise. This he declined to do, and the consequence was that the debate took place on a motion for adjournment on the day before the Easter holidays. As far as facts are concerned the debate was only a thrice-told tale, on which we do not propose to enter on the present occasion. "The integrity of the Ottoman empire," which lies at the bottom of it, is one of those familiar diplomatic fictions which, like many legal fictions, are found very convenient in practice, and which, being incorporated into the public language of Europe, cannot be ignored at the will and pleasure of any single nation. We all understand what it means, and to hold it up to public ridicule or execration is only to be excused on the score of that political ignorance to which we have already referred. Sir William Harcourt, however, cannot plead that excuse; and he is logically bound, therefore, to declare himself opposed to the policy which the phrase in question represents. That policy is to ensure if possible that the disintegration of the Turkish empire shall be brought about by a gradual and peaceful process; and to avoid precipitating a conflict of which time may do much to mitigate the violence, if not to avert it altogether. The stronger that empire is, the more desperate will be its dying throes; whereas if we believe, as all Liberals and Radicals are bound to believe, that it is growing weaker every day, the longer we wait the more easy will be its dissolution. Now Sir William Harcourt, by what he says of the "integrity of the Otto-

man Empire," binds himself to contradict all this,—binds himself to a distinct declaration that it is *not* desirable to defer the disruption of the Turkish empire till it can be effected with less bloodshed than would attend it now; and that it *is* desirable to precipitate a conflict, which the sooner it happens the more violent will it be. We say that this is the only logical deduction from his handling of a phrase of which he fully understands the meaning.

It is probable, however, that the war-cry of the immediate future is indicated by the concluding words of Sir William's rather pompous invective: "We cannot assent that the policy of the British nation should be made subordinate to, and controlled and environed by, the decision of other States. That is a policy to which, in my opinion, this great and free nation will never consent, and it is a policy which we at least will meet with a united and determined resistance." Brave words! the misfortune is, that they prove too much, for Sir William could hardly mean to assert that in the present state of the world, when neither the silver streak nor the British navy are the same protection to us as they were in the olden time, England ought to forswear all alliances. Yet if we have allies, it is a matter of necessity that they should to some extent influence our policy. Sir William then is, we presume, for isolation, complete isolation; no allies, no friends, no helping hand in the hour of adversity. Let this be made known to the country as the inevitable conclusion from Sir William's grandiloquent assertion. If the British people are to cut themselves off from all Continental sympathy, or to try hopping about from one

ally to another, as Sir William suggests, making use of each in turn as it suits their own purpose, a policy which it is needless to say neither Canning nor Palmerston ever practised, and which no Continental power would endure, let them, at least, do it with their eyes open.

Sir William should not have referred to Canning without telling the whole truth about him. But for the battle of Navarino Greece would not have gained her independence. And when the battle of Navarino was fought Canning was dead. With regard to the Conference of St Petersburg—that of 1824, not 1826—Canning's conduct is not exactly what is represented by Sir William Harcourt. In January of that year Russia laid before this country a plan for the settlement of Greece of which Canning approved. Part of this plan was the division of Greece into three Principalities under the suzerainty of the Porte, a fixed tribute to be paid, and the Porte to retain certain fortresses on conditions calculated to prevent the garrisons from coming into collision with the people. Canning agreed to go into the Conference at St Petersburg to consider this proposal, to which he himself was, as we have said, favourable, a fact conveniently omitted by Sir W. Harcourt in his statement to the House of Commons on the 12th of April. But before the Conference could meet, these terms had leaked out, and both Greece and Turkey positively refused to accept them. It was after this that Canning withdrew from the Conference and declined to take part in it, on the ground that it must either be absolutely futile, or else point to the imposition of these terms on the two belligerents by force: a step

against which he had always protested—even more strongly in favour of Turkey than in that of Greece. (See reply to Greek Deputies, 1825.) This reply is to be found in the second volume of Mr Stapleton's '*Life of Canning*,' p. 444. It deserves to be widely known. For it shows most clearly that Canning was not prepared for a moment to sacrifice either the principles of international law or the sanctity of Treaty obligations to any sentiment, sympathy, or prepossession whatever. It may perhaps be added here that the Austrian Government in 1825, and not Canning, was the first to recommend the recognition of Greek independence.

The danger which to Canning seemed imminent was Russian aggression. His object was to stop the war between Greece and Turkey before Russia should intervene, and, in his own words, "swallow Turkey at one mouthful and Greece at another." There was no necessity, then, for taking precautions against a general scramble. The situation had not arisen with which Lord Salisbury and Lord Rosebery were confronted: and we cannot compare the action of one Foreign Minister in 1897 with that of another in 1824, unless the conditions are the same. The question of the break-up of Turkey, followed by a free fight for the fragments among the principal European States, was not in Canning's time within the domain of practical politics. Had he been alive now there is no shadow of a reason for supposing that he would have refused to be a party to the "Concert" for the purpose of preventing or postponing this sanguinary conflict. English interests were Canning's first consideration. But it is one of the very highest English interests that

the Balkan Peninsula and Asia Minor should not become the theatre of a general European war. Is this end more likely to be attained by the separate action of Great Britain or by a general agreement between all the Powers concerned? If Sir William Harcourt argues that Canning would have answered this question in favour of the former because he retired from the Conference of St Petersburg in 1824, he must have discovered some new logical process unknown either to Aristotle or to any other master of the art, ancient or modern.

Now that war has actually broken out, the position of affairs more nearly approaches to what it was in the reign of George the Fourth. But the maintenance of the European Concert becomes only more necessary than ever. It has failed to prevent hostilities between Greece and Turkey. But war between these two Powers is a mere preliminary skirmish to what might be expected to follow if it led directly or indirectly to the dissolution of the Turkish empire, in the absence of any loyal understanding between the great Powers. If, in the event of such a catastrophe, every Power were to have "a free hand," God help the unfortunate provinces which would be the prizes contended for; and God help this country, which, with all her great Eastern and Mediterranean interests, could scarcely avoid being dragged into the *melée*! To avert the battle of Armageddon is the aim of the European Concert, and we hardly know what else can avert it. This is its final cause, and to this it must bend all its energies.

Sir W. Harcourt's big talk about "a free hand" is, with all due deference to that eminent person, ridiculous. We have a perfectly free

hand now. We joined the European Concert of our own accord because it seemed the best way of attaining the end that we desired. And we have certainly dragged the other Powers at our chariot-wheels as much as, or more than, they have dragged us. One can hardly help thinking that he must have had some special end to gain, over and above the necessity of satisfying the Radicals, by the extraordinary exhibition which he made of himself both at the Eighty Club and in the House of Commons. The European Concert is associated with the policy of Lord Rosebery. Has *that* got anything to do with it?

With the introduction of the Irish Board of Agriculture Bill the same night what is called the Lenten session terminated, and we may now cast a glance at our legislative prospects for the next three months. The Necessitous Board Schools Bill will, we suppose, have the preference; and we can see already the lines on which the opposition to it will proceed. The object of the Voluntary Schools Bill was to remove the gross inequality of resources between these schools and board schools, whereby the former were exposed to a competition which, if not checked, must lead to their extinction. It will be the contention of the Opposition that the assistance given to board schools should be exactly the same as that given to voluntary schools,—the effect, of course, being to rob the additional grant now allotted to the latter of all its value. Give the board schools an equal grant, and we practically replace the two systems exactly where they were before the new bill was passed. We re-establish the very grievance which the bill was intended to redress, and restore with one hand the inequality we removed with

the other. The debate which took place on Sir John Gorst's resolution of the 5th of April showed clearly enough what the Opposition meant, though we hardly needed any further evidence, as they have made no secret from the first of their anxiety to push back the voluntary schools into the position from which the Government has rescued them, in order that the process of "squeezing them out" may be steadily continued. Indeed the front Opposition bench has gone so far as to use a threat, very rarely if ever heard before within the walls of St Stephen's: and to threaten to repeal the bill if ever they return to office. The threat, as Mr Balfour said, will do them more harm than good. But it shows the excess of irritability from which they are just now suffering.

We must leave the details of the Necessitous Schools Bill to another time. It is sufficient to say broadly that the relief given will be on a sliding-scale in proportion to the rate that is required, and the amount which it represents per head. The 97th clause of the Act of 1870 and the amending clause in the Government bill are both worded with that careful attention to tautology and obscurity combined for which our Parliamentary draughtsmen have long been justly celebrated; and we should not have been able to tell our readers the little that we have told them without the help of Sir John Gorst's speech. But by dint of severe study we hope to master the full meaning of it before recurring to the subject. Why it is that Acts of Parliament should always be as difficult to construe as a chapter in Thucydides, we have never been able to ascertain.

The Irish Board of Agriculture Bill ought to pass without much

difficulty. But we suppose the old objections will be taken to the Employers Liability Bill, better called the Workman's Compensation Bill. This may not be carried into law without considerable friction. Next to these in importance—perhaps from one point of view we might say before these in importance—come two bills, of which one is in the hands of the Secretary for Scotland, and the other in that of a private member. Scotland certainly will have reason to complain if the Scottish Private Legislation Bill is not pushed forward this session. It is nonsense to postpone it in deference to the Irish members, who demand that an Irish Private Legislation Bill shall be passed simultaneously with the Scottish. Ireland has got quite her fair share of legislation for the present year in the Irish Board of Agriculture Bill and the Irish Poor Relief Bill, and Scotland may well insist on an equivalent in the shape of the measure for which she has waited so patiently, especially as her conduct in this respect contrasts so favourably with that of the Irish members where Irish questions are concerned. If Scotsmen see, however, that the only way of securing attention to their wants is to give the Government as much trouble as possible, they will perhaps be driven to take a leaf out of the Irishmen's book; and the Government should understand that this persistent neglect of the Northern province is scarcely a proper response to the warm support which they received from it at the last general election.

The second measure to which we have referred concerns the Church of England: we mean the Benefices Bill, of which Lord Cranborne is in charge. The friends of the Church of England, both in and out of Parliament, have been at

no pains to conceal their mortification at the little support which this necessary reform has received from her Majesty's Government. The opposition which it has encountered in the House of Commons is a piece of barefaced dishonesty. The Dissenters desire to preserve abuses in the Church, for fear the removal of them should weaken the case for disestablishment. Unless the Government takes up the question in earnest, these tactics will succeed. Of course unforeseen circumstances may make it impossible to pass the bill into law this session. But if its failure is due to the lukewarmness of the Government in its behalf, deep and lasting offence will have been given to the most powerful and influential section of the Unionist party. Already we have heard of "other political combinations." Vanity is gratified by the applause of opponents and by the thoughtless sympathy of the public with what they call "honesty and independence." But the question to be asked is this: Whether such movements have ever done any real good, and whether the political principles which they were supposed to be vindicating have ever really been served by such tactics? The malcontents, if successful, have generally had to laugh on the wrong side of their mouths. As for the dream that some other "political combination" might be more favourable to the Church, it is too absurd. Radicals would use discontented Churchmen for regaining power, and would then chastise them with scorpions.

At the present day, when the masses, with whom rests the ultimate decision, stand at a great distance from the political stage,

broad effects are necessary: unmistakable indications of intellectual and personal prowess, of perfect self-confidence, and unfailing intrepidity, such as the meanest can understand. Mr Disraeli was ever ready to take the biggest of his enemies by the throat; and if the battle sometimes ended in a draw, he was very much oftener the victor. It is the power of doing this that tells with the present constituencies. And whatever other deficiencies may be tolerated in the leader of a party, the want of this essential quality cannot. Now it is quite certain that Mr Balfour has shown himself above all criticism as a party leader, whether as to courage, statesmanship, serious eloquence, or ready wit. Twice this session at least he has beaten Yorick himself at his own weapons, and any dissatisfaction with him on personal grounds is entirely out of the question. With regard to any other, we shall do well to reflect that it could only end either in nothing, or in the loss of all that Unionists and Conservatives have been fighting for during the last twelve years.

All Governments now are necessarily more unstable than they were forty years ago. There is no reason to suppose that public opinion is certain to swing round every six or seven years. But it is certain that in proportion as the constitution becomes more democratic, the more are Governments at the mercy of caprice or impulse: and it is surely better that some sectional grievances should remain unredressed than that the whole Government, and the whole system of policy which it represents, should suffer any detriment.

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RETRIEVERS, AND HOW TO BREAK THEM.

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL HENRY SMITH, C.B.

"WERE I appointed to the command of the Channel Fleet," said a friend of mine to me some years ago—he wasn't a sailor—"I should endeavour to do my duty to the satisfaction of my superiors, in that responsible position; or were I offered the bishopric of London"—he wasn't a parson—"I should wend my way cheerfully and hopefully to Fulham or St James's Square; but I would not undertake the breaking of a retriever for the contents of the Bank of England." This gentleman's experiences had been unfortunate. I shot with him for many years, and never saw him with a well-broken dog or a capable keeper. He spoke strongly—I hope to prove to my readers too strongly;

but we must first define what a retriever is. With me it means solely and entirely the creation of a few years back—say five-and-twenty or thirty—the fashionable flat-coated breed, what might be appropriately called the Shirley race,¹ now brought to such perfection by Colonel Cornwall Legh, Mr Shuter, and others.² No one can deny that cross-bred dogs, and even mongrels of low degree, are often marvellously intelligent and clever; but they are uncertain in temper and infinitely more difficult to break than those of blue blood.³ A strong prejudice, I am well aware, exists, or I think I may say used to exist, among sportsmen against this fashionable breed, and the reason is not far to

¹ Mr S. E. Shirley, Ettington Park, Stratford-on-Avon.

² I have little or no experience of the curly-coated breed; but I am confident that for one admirer of that species there are twenty of this.

³ The reason why such dogs appear abnormally clever is that they are con-

seek. Until quite recently the best specimens one saw exhibited were found on inquiry never to have been broken. They were simply bred for show, and were moreover brought into the ring nearly as fat as a "Devon" or "Hereford" at Christmas-time. In the eyes of a man who keeps dogs to shoot over they were fit for nothing, not even to breed from. A sportsman likes to breed from dogs he has shot over, that he has seen at work, that he has spent many a happy day with. He and his keeper alike, if he be of the right sort, are pleased to watch a young one coming on. "He's as good as his father," or, "He'll beat the old dog yet," they say one to the other. Nothing can be more pleasant, nothing more natural. Yet notwithstanding all this, notwithstanding the care most people take to buy pups of "good working parents," it is the blood that tells; and I never would hesitate for one moment to breed from a dog or bitch, or from a dog and bitch—provided they are of high degree—that had never seen a hillside or a cornfield, but had spent a miserable unprofitable existence eating "Spratt's patent" on the show-bench, ignorant alike of heather and stubble. The celebrated "Moonstone" was never broken, his sister "Thoughtful" was similarly neglected—children and grandchildren of hers I have broken myself, tractable, persevering, and dashing retrievers. I

have bred from "Wiseacre," "Darenth," "Taut," and "Heedful." The first named, Mr Shirley's beautiful dog, is a splendid worker; so, I am informed, are "Darenth" and "Taut." "Heedful," on the other hand, is no use in the field, being, if all tales are true, "gun-shy"; but his pups have in no single particular shown a disinclination for work, or inaptitude to learn. On the contrary they have—notably in two cases—required little or no breaking, and have soon made a name for themselves. Another objection I have heard urged against the breed is that they are occasionally timid, or, as keepers term it, "soft," a fatal defect in the eyes of these functionaries, who—a good many of them at any rate—are fond of something to hammer. Some years ago, in conversation with one of the cloth—a good keeper, too, and as keepers go a humane one—when shooting in the south of Scotland, I explained to him the difficulty I had had with a bitch, whose working he much admired, from her extreme timidity, and told him several anecdotes in proof of what I said. He listened most becomingly, but I am under the impression he didn't believe one-half of what I told him. Be that as it may, he wound up the conversation by observing most emphatically, "Weel, me an' you differs on that pint. I would reythar at any time tak it oot as pit it in," which, being ren-

stantly with their masters. A poacher's dog does not live in a kennel, but in his master's cottage, and gets to know nearly every word he says. It is the same with shepherds' dogs, about whose extraordinary sagacity innumerable anecdotes are told. When the "runkled breeks, a' spiled wi' lying by for weeks," are produced, the dog knows "the day that this is," and, unless the cottage is in a pastoral district where colliers and Christians worship together, does not take the trouble to raise his head from the hearthstone when his master opens the door and leaves for the kirk.

dered into English, meant that he would rather flog a fault out of a headstrong dog than have the trouble of humouring and encouraging a timid one,—a true keeper, who spoke according to his lights! Both sorts of dogs, the headstrong and the timid—what this gentleman preferred, and what he did not—can be easily broken if you begin them at the right time, and use them the right way.

A perfect retriever, full of dash and a quick worker, a dog that goes out at a gallop and comes back at a gallop, keen and persevering, and absolutely steady at heel till told to go, is worth quite fifty guineas. How few change hands at such a figure, and how seldom one meets with such an animal! Are, then, retrievers almost impossible to break? I say emphatically, No. Retrievers are singularly docile and tractable, easy to teach and eager for instruction, and the reason one meets with so few good ones and so many bad, is simply that their preliminary education—that education, I mean, which should begin when the dog is very young—has been to all intents and purposes absolutely neglected.

In the early days of the Volunteer movement, now over thirty years ago, crack rifle-shots began to crop up all over the country. Grocers' apprentices, bank clerks, and men of all trades and professions, all were fired with enthusiasm; most paid diligent attention to their instructors, and many came to the front; and I have heard it said—I believe with a considerable amount of truth—that a "coming man" could be picked out before ever he had fired his rifle—that is, that a capable instructor could decide, by the aptitude of the pupil and his steady-

ness at drill, who was likely to make a good shot and who was not. So it is, and more so, with a retriever. A capable breaker ought to be able to decide how a young dog will turn out, and diagnose his future long before he has seen a bird fall on the heather or the stubble. But the vast majority of keepers do not recognise this. They seem to think little or nothing can be done till the shooting season comes round. Then, when "the Twelfth" does arrive, they have other duties to perform. Gentlemen want shooting, not dog-breaking, and when they see headstrong dogs running in, and timid ones running home, they not unnaturally lose their temper. Still, few blame the keeper. It is "that brute of a dog." "How did that young dog turn out?" I have asked I am afraid to say how often. "Well, sir, the family was only at the Lodge for six weeks last year, and the weather was so bad that there wasn't much shooting;" or, "The season was the very worst for partridges I ever remember; there was scarcely a bird in the country," were the sort of answers I used to receive: in fact, the most valuable time in the dog's life had been completely wasted, whilst puppies of the same litter that I had kept myself, and that I had had under instruction at most two days a-week, were already capital workers. That some keepers can break dogs, and break them well, I do not deny; but 95 per cent—I honestly believe I am within the mark when I say so—break them on totally erroneous principles. They take months to accomplish what may be done in days, and although they eventually reach the goal, it is by a most circuitous route, beset with difficulties of their own creation, the outcome of

either laziness or ignorance, or of both combined. Mr Bevan in his excellent work says that if broken too quickly, a retriever is sure to be wanting in perseverance. The question is, What is too quickly? In my opinion, a puppy thoroughly well grounded and properly handled—say from the age of seven or eight months—should prove of use and do some fair work the very first day he is shot over, and be brought gradually to something like perfection at the end of his first season. This is not too much to expect.¹ To attempt, on the other hand, to bring a young dog on fast by at once showing him a lot of shooting; to take him, absolutely devoid of proper grounding, as a friend of mine did to a very big drive where hundreds of grouse were killed, and tie him up in a butt, that he might get “a good doing his first day,” is about as great a mistake as one could make—in fact, a more unwise course could scarcely be followed. To think that this would steady him or teach him anything is absurd. ‘He is unduly excited, and unduly restrained; and you are more apt to break his heart than anything else by such treatment. Far better take him out alone and shoot two or three birds over him. First lessons should never be long, and young dogs should never be kept at work more than an hour or two at a stretch. Even if he has been well grounded and is ready for work, giving him a “good doing” is a fatal error. As he gets tired, so he gets care-

less, drops his birds, lays them down, and rolls on them, or commits some other fault. If he waits till told to go, seeks for, and fetches back at once even a brace of birds, he has had a capital lesson, and earned his dinner. Hunting men who indulge in the luxury of a second horse are accustomed to send “the young one” home early—a most sensible plan to follow. The same tactics should be pursued with young retrievers. Have two out, or four if you have them—not all at once, it is needless to say; but if you have enough shooting, let your men meet you with a fresh dog every hour or two. A long day, as I have just said, tires a young dog, and makes him careless: a short lesson improves him, and makes him keener for another; moreover, all your dogs get regular exercise and continuous instruction. How much better that than to tire a dog out and leave him fretting in his kennel for two or three days afterwards—for, tired though he be, he still will fret! Besides, you cannot cram all your instruction into a dog, any more than you can into a human being, at once; and it stands to reason that your pupil will learn infinitely more by having five brace of birds shot over him every day for six days, than thirty brace in one day.

Any lesson inculcating obedience and self-control is always useful; and before a retriever's education—properly so-called—begins, he should be taught to lie down when

¹ *Apropos* of this, when shooting in Buckinghamshire not long ago, I was explaining to my host that the dog I had with me had never been out before. Shortly thereafter, a very old lame beater hobbled up to me, and asked me if he had heard aright. “Yes, my man,” I said, “this is his first day.” He looked at me very steadily, shook his venerable head mournfully, and hobbled off again, doubtless saying to himself, “Well, he’s a respectable-looking man, but Lord, what a liar!”

you hold up your hand or say "down," and remain lying while you walk or run away from him till you beckon him up by a wave of your arm. Two or three lessons of ten minutes each will teach him to lie down. Put him in position, and check him when he offers to get up, praise him when he is still, gradually increase the distance you walk from him, go out of his sight, come back and reward him when you find him in his place. Should he follow without leave, chide him, take him back, put him down again firmly, and caution him. Do not keep him in position too long at first, and above all things never make him lie down when he gallops back to you.¹ A dog should bound back to his master with his head as high as he can carry it—as he ought to have it when retrieving "to hand." Dogs are always in a great state of excitement when let out in the morning, and the more dogs you have the greater the excitement. If you make them all lie down while you talk to your keeper or put off the time in any other way for a couple of minutes, walk away slowly for fifty yards, beckon them up, instantly checking them and making them "come back" when they get in front,—it is an excellent lesson to begin the day with. Needless to say, a young dog should be taught to swim and enter the

water freely, or he may be found wanting when you wish him to fetch a bird from loch or river. He should not be thrown in, and if the weather is cold he should be well dried before being put back in his kennel. Throw a piece of biscuit into the water close to him at first; then from shallow water into deeper, and he will find himself off his legs and swimming before he knows where he is. A retriever should be an "all-round" dog in the widest acceptance of the term. He should behave himself like a gentleman in the house, he should enter a dogcart, boat, train, or motor-car with equanimity; he should run in couples, answer to whistle, enter his kennel instantly when told, and do many other things of more or less importance, which the exercise of a little patience and common-sense will teach him; and not the least useful lesson he can learn is to look on sheep without excitement, even when they suddenly take fright and bolt in all directions, this part of his education being perfected by taking him into an enclosure in the lambing season. You need not, when you do so, be the least solicitous for the safety of the lambs. It is your dog you must take care of; for should he show an inclination either for lamb or mutton, the ewes will soon settle the question, and establish

¹ I recollect on one occasion being out with three puppies, teaching them the art of lying down. The lesson was being given in a park, and I had with me an old favourite to set a good example and make things easier. I had just succeeded in inducing all four to lie down and remain quiet, when an invalid lady came suddenly in sight from behind a clump of trees about a hundred yards distant. In an instant the dogs were on their legs—I had not time to realise how many—and were off in her direction, barking furiously. Fearing she might be frightened, I made after them as hard as I could, calling on them to come back. Although a little boisterous, they were very friendly, and when I got up, blowing like a grampus, the only thing she said was, "Oh! do look at that dog." Turning round, there I saw the old one lying where I had told him to lie. Notwithstanding three dogs and his master bolting incontinently, he had not moved one yard.

a funk which, in nine cases out of ten, is permanent.¹ How to make him come to heel or to his proper place is treated of later on; and how to handle him so as to put him at once beyond the possibility of being "gun-shy" is of vital importance.

A gun-shy dog, it goes without saying, is useless to a sportsman. The very mention of the word carries consternation with it. The wretched animal proved to be suffering from this vice, or disease, or whatever you please to call it, is straightway doomed to destruction; and were he the handsomest and best-tempered dog in the kennel, the sentence is ruthlessly carried out without loss of time; and so apprehensive are the purchasing public of being "let in," that advertisements akin to the following, which appeared in the 'Field' quite recently, are occasionally met with. Condensed it runs as follows: "Messrs Warner, Sheppard, & Wade will sell 'Bang,' 'Rex,' 'Don,'" &c., naming seven pointers. "All are steady and reliable dogs, and have been heavily shot over. 'Box,' a first-rate no-slip retriever. *All above are warranted not gun-shy.*" What would be thought, I wonder, of an advertisement describing a hunter as "a very fine fencer and temperate, suitable for an elderly gentleman, *has been broken.*" Yet the latter advertisement is no more ridiculous than the former. How dogs that are afraid of the gun can be described as heavily shot over and perfect no-slip retrievers passes my comprehension. If the adver-

tisement means anything, it means presumably to satisfy those who look upon the failing as some hereditary taint latent in the canine race²—a taint of a most mysterious nature, ready to break out with complications at any time, like the influenza, and conclude that "Rab and his friends"—I mean Bang, Rex, and Co.—having had many attacks, have outgrown the disease, and are not likely to have any more. "Shirley's dogs often turn out gun-shy," said a friend to me when we were one day conversing on things canine. Now, no dogs "turn out" gun-shy, whether they belong to Mr Shirley or to any one else; they are made gun-shy by the ignorance and imbecility of the keeper or breaker to whom they are intrusted for their education. A gun-shy dog is simply a timid dog mismanaged in breaking. The same dog would almost to a certainty be a whip-shy dog, or an umbrella-suddenly-opened-in-his-face-shy dog, to make rather a long adjective of it. Say that two or three puppies were playing in a farmyard, and a pack of hounds came suddenly through, the servants cracking their whips after the stragglers like pistol-shots, what would the puppies do? Bolt, every man of them—one to the stable, another to the byre, another among the ducks and geese. One, however, it might be, would stand his ground longer than the rest. Say, on the other hand, that the hounds were passing some fields away, with the

¹ "Goad, I wudna wonder if he's rinnin' the sheep," I once overheard a Lowland keeper remark, whose dog had unaccountably disappeared; and "rinnin'" them he was with a vengeance, being about three-quarters of a mile away with a lot of "Cheviots" in front of him; and this man had had the dog under his charge from puppyhood in a country where there was little else than sheep!

² When I advertised recently two puppies for sale, six weeks old, an individual wrote to ask if I would guarantee them not gun-shy!

same pistol-shots going off, what would the puppies do then? cock their ears all of them and trot a little nearer, led by the most courageous, to hear what the commotion was. Dogs and human beings are in nowise different from one another in some important particulars. Some are constitutionally bold, others timid, and *the more timid a dog is, the greater the distance should be between him and the gun when he hears it for the first time*, and when you propose to accustom him to the sound of it. If keepers appreciated this axiom, and would take a little trouble, a gun-shy dog would be a *rara avis* indeed; and *I am bold enough to say that any dog can be put beyond the possibility of becoming gun-shy in half-a-dozen lessons of ten minutes each*. Some keepers take a considerable amount of trouble in teaching their dogs to fetch and carry; but it never enters into their calculations that a puppy may fail in the most important particular, or that it is in their power to avert what possibly may happen on the twelfth of August, or the first of September. A young and rather timid dog is taken out, generally on a cord; a right and left, perhaps from more than one gun, is suddenly fired nearly over his back. The noise frightens him, the restraint of the cord makes matters worse, and he is thoroughly cowed. "Damn the brute, he's gun-shy," says some intelligent sportsman; "shoot him." "So he is," says Donald. "That is a peety; the very puppy the maister picket oot for hissel'—the best-looking o' the lot."

Neither he nor his master, when he draws him aside that evening and tells him with bated breath the result of the puppy's first day, has the slightest idea that any one

has been wanting in his duty. It is a dispensation of Providence—the puppy has "turned out" gun-shy, and the beautiful young dog's first day is also his last.

Let us look now at the method adopted by those conversant with the "disease," to secure immunity from it. A writer in the 'Field' who signs his name, and is evidently a sportsman, gravely advocates the following course of instruction:—

"Having taught him this lesson—to answer to whistle—take him one day on to the lawn, and crack off a half-charged cartridge. If he bolts off to his kennel, try the whistle. Probably no effect: then simply follow him and chain him up whilst comforting his shattered nerves. If your pup is shy the first shot, try him again shortly, making much of him: he will soon come to."

I have read many recipes, but this fairly beats all. A surer way of ruining your dog could not be devised. You are simply recommended in cold blood to create the disease and then give yourself the task of curing it. If the puppy's nerves are "shattered," the harm is done, and he will fear the second discharge more than the first. You have now got a gun-shy dog, and though you may cure him, it will only be by the expenditure of an enormous amount of patience and perseverance.

Some keepers are in the habit of firing a pistol before feeding-time, the meaning of this manœuvre being that the dogs may associate the sound with something pleasant, and in longing for their food, long for the noise that invariably announces it. The idea is not a particularly original one, and the success or otherwise of the system depends on the size of the pistol and the disposition of the dog. A large pistol would undoubtedly

frighten a timid dog; a pistol toy might not. Perhaps keepers with many dogs under their charge lay in a stock of the weapons in question, from the old-fashioned "horse" to the modern "Deringer," to suit their patients. But why, I would ask, run the risk at all? Why fire a pistol, large or small, near a young dog till you know he will not be afraid of it? I have said, and I repeat, that any puppy can be put beyond the possibility of being gun-shy in half-a-dozen short lessons. Gun-shyness in a dog is no more hereditary than train-shyness in a horse. The gun-shy dog and the train-shy horse have been made so by mismanagement. Both can be cured, and can be made in time to look on their pet aversions, the gun and the train, with equanimity—nay, more, in the case of the dog with affection; but, take my advice, educate the animals in question properly: you will find it very much easier than curing them when spoilt. If you have a pair of young horses that have never seen a train, to put them in the family barouche, containing the wife of your bosom, drive them to a level-crossing, and after fastening them to the gates, wait contentedly for the approach of the "Flying Scotsman," would be—putting it mildly—injudicious. Instead of adopting this plan, you halt your horses on the approach of a train at some considerable distance from the line, and if they are not frightened, take them a little nearer on the next opportunity; or—what is far better—you turn them out when still young into a field by the side of the railway, and leave them absolutely free and unfettered to gallop away as far as they like when they hear the engine coming. The very fact of their being free robs the situation of half its terrors,

the gallop gets shorter day by day, and before very long they take little or no notice of its approach. Pursue the same tactics with your dog when accustoming him to the gun. The *modus operandi*—simple enough in all conscience—should be as follows. Take him into a courtyard with a gate to it, or into a field behind a wire fence, or into any enclosed space where he can see what is going on outside. Do not restrain him by a cord or chain. Leave him free to run about or retreat should he feel so inclined. Send your keeper a long way off—say 150 yards (the more timid the dog, remember the greater should be the distance)—make him fire a shot, watch the dog, and you will at once see how much nearer—if at all—the shot should be fired next time. After a few shots he will probably be eager to get up to the gun, more especially if you make the day a pleasant one and give him something to look for. All this seems much ado about nothing, and keepers are above taking trouble of this sort, but if you have a valuable dog he is worth making sure of. I have two bitches just now, beautiful workers, very keen, and very fond of the gun. Both, I am confident, would have been made gun-shy had I not been careful with them. You must judge by the disposition of the dog how much care is necessary: never risk a shot close by at first, however bold the puppy seems; for remember once the harm is done it can't be undone save at a vast expenditure of time and patience.

When I began breaking retrievers many years ago, I had a wonderfully reliable old dog, and the method I adopted when commencing a puppy's education was to couple the recruit and the veteran together. The old one

was steady as the Rock of Gibraltar, and nothing would induce him to go till told, and when the young one forgot himself and sprang forward, I could instantly get hold of him, check him, correct him, and give him his head again. I broke dogs fairly well in this way, but it is not the right way: besides, if you haven't the reliable old dog, you are ruined—horse, foot, and artillery; for to couple a young one to one on which you cannot rely is to spoil both: moreover, one man one dog may possibly be in the programme "when we come in again." The reason I took to coupling, as far as I recollect, was to endeavour to prevent a pupil constantly straining on a cord. I had never in those days met a thoroughly capable breaker. I had seen dogs taken out season after season, constantly pulling at their keepers and their keepers pulling at them,—for a dog is like a horse, the more you pull at him the more he pulls at you; and by using the couples I hoped to restrain a dog without making a puller of him.

I was, as I have said, fairly successful; but, I repeat, it is not the correct way. A thing I detested and eschewed altogether was a whip: now I am never without one, because I have learned how to use it. If you see a dog afraid of a keeper when he cracks his whip, or skulking behind, or inclined to bolt, you can have no surer proof of the man's imbecility and cruelty. *When you call to a dog and crack a whip to emphasise your order, he should come bounding up to you, not run away*

from you. "Here I am," he says; "I've done nothing wrong, and I'm not afraid." He should look on the whip—and dogs which have been broken by a capable, even-tempered, and humane keeper do look on it—simply as a deterrent. They know when they deserve punishment, and they know when they don't; and it is beautiful to see a bold and dashing, yet perfectly steady, dog with as much confidence in his master as his master has in him—a dog which, after his education is finished, is never touched with the whip from one year's end to the other.¹ I have seen men flog dogs as you beat carpets—cruel and lazy ruffians, who have let the time go by during which with no correction they might have moulded the puppy into anything. Not even in the case of an old dog is this incessant and brutal flogging justifiable. If the animal has got to a certain age, you may kill him, but you won't cure him; and a man of experience ought to be able to decide when there is a chance of success if you persevere, or when education is degenerating into cruelty.

The education—properly so called—of a retriever may be shortly summed up, and may be said to consist of only two lessons. Not much to teach him, you will say; true, but you must keep him at both till he has thoroughly mastered them. These lessons may aptly be subdivided under two heads: Steadiness and Retrieving before you take him out shooting, and Steadiness and Retrieving when you have him in the field. It is impossible to exaggerate the

¹ I once bought a setter from a man in rather a large way, who had a shooting adjoining mine. A worse-broken dog I never possessed. After the purchase I saw on two occasions dogs of his on the public road in full retreat for home!—dogs, I mean, which he had out shooting with him. *A well-broken dog is never cowed.*

importance of lesson No. 1. On it depends the dog's whole future career—whether you are to keep him, present him to a friend who will give him a home, or endeavour to sell him. In the latter case, if you are an honest man, you will have to describe him as “partly broken,” “only wants work,” “will make a first-class dog under a good keeper,” &c., &c., all of which means that the animal has beaten you and you want to get quit of him. If, on the contrary, you are successful with him in his first lesson, you will be astonished how easily you will teach him his second. The very first day you have him out—be it on “the twelfth” or “the first”—he will be all but steady and retrieve his birds well, and before another month is over his head you will have a fairly good retriever.

Now, how are we to make a dog reliable and steady? The first thing towards that desirable result is to teach him his proper place; and that, whether on the Queen's highway or on the moor, is at your heel, or, properly speaking, at your left side, with his head in line with your thigh, and this position he should never leave without permission.¹ He should run when you run, stop when you stop, and wheel with you to the right or left as the case may be. In ‘Training

Dogs, and how to make them good Companions,’ a recipe for making a puppy come to heel is given. It is this:—

“Begin by calling the pup to you by saying ‘heel,’ keep him close behind you for a little while, then pat him and say, ‘hie on,’ giving a forward swing of your right arm. Practise this persistently, preventing him with your stick from going in front of you, and calling him up sharply if he lags behind. Severe cases may be met by leading with a strap, but if possible a lead should be dispensed with. Accustom your dog to come to heel on your waving your right arm backwards.”

This is dreadfully “happy go lucky.” “Keep him close behind you for a little while.” “Call him up sharply if he lags behind.” If you can do all this it is simple enough, the battle's won: but a headstrong dog would be all over the place; a timid one would probably lie down if you called him “sharply”—more especially if you are flourishing a stick about.

You will never teach a young dog anything, except disobedience, by such a course of instruction. The dog will not understand, and will not know what is expected of him. You must at first keep him always on the cord, but on no account allowing him to pull at it. If he lags behind or gets in front, give him a reminder by jerking the

¹ “Are the poor dogs, then, never to have a run?” I hear some one ask. Most certainly they are. It is of the greatest importance, more especially for young dogs, to have a grand gallop every day; and if you are fortunate enough to have a field, they should be turned out for half an hour, or longer if you can manage it, to enjoy themselves to their heart's content. During this time they should be entirely on the “free list.” To try to enforce discipline is a mistake; and this you should impress on your kennelman, should you be unable to be present yourself. A dog chasing or being chased by his companions, and tumbling over and over in the grass, pays no heed to whistle or word of command, and you should not expect him to do so. When the hour for exercise is over, assert your authority again, watch your opportunity, and call each dog up, put the couples on if young ones are unruly, and march them back to their kennels, as the gentlemen in variegated suits are marched after work to their cells across the shingle at Portland or the dreary waste at Dartmoor.

cord, instantly easing your hand again and accompanying the action by the words "Come back"—that is, "to your proper place." Have the whip ready in your hand to show him you are in earnest: a slight crack if your words are not attended to, or drawing the lash across his forelegs if he threatens to be wild, will be quite sufficient. When he understands this on a cord, keeps his place and does not pull at it, free him and try him without it; but on no account let him leave your heel, immediately you do so. Keep on cautioning him by word and deed, put him on the cord again, occasionally freeing him, and he will soon learn that you mean him to remain by you under either condition. Many young dogs are spoilt by keepers in their anxiety to get game. Rather than let one bird or even a wretched rabbit escape, they will slip a dog as if he was a candidate for the Waterloo Cup, often, by the way, instigated thereto by their masters, who, caring for nothing but the bag, shout at them if there is a moment's delay. Under such circumstances neither keeper nor dog has a chance. On the other hand, by keeping your pupil well in his place, watching a bird struggling in the heather, or a partridge running, as partridges only can run, for a fence, you may, it is true, occasionally lose your quarry altogether, but you will break your dog properly, and you will be rewarded in the long-run.

And now, having taught your pupil his proper place, how are we to teach him to retrieve? By pursuing the same tactics—beginning him on a cord, freeing him afterwards. Nearly every one begins

this part of a puppy's education by throwing something for him to fetch, and they are quite pleased if he bounds after it in the most perfunctory fashion, won't come near you with it, and finally, after you have entreated and retreated, throws it down under the impression that, notwithstanding all the trouble he has taken, you are rather displeased with him. The verdict of most keepers under such circumstances would be, "It's no' that bad for the first time." Now, it is as bad as bad can be. The dog has committed two faults, which, unless promptly eradicated, will cause you an endless amount of trouble. He has gone from your heel without waiting for leave, and he has failed in bringing the object "to hand"—that is, right up to you in his mouth, and keeping it there till you take it from him. A puppy, of course, is far more eager to go after a ball¹ when he sees it rolling away, or anything else when flung away, than when he is checked for a couple of minutes. Then he is discouraged, and in most instances seems to forget all about it. By adopting the following method, however, you will soon get him to take an interest in his work, and he will learn nothing he has to unlearn. Put the pupil on the cord, and the object you decide on using in his mouth. He will in most cases be only too eager to take it from you. If he should hesitate, a little persuasion is all that is required. Keep him in his place exactly as you have been in the habit of doing before you asked him to carry anything. Take the object from him and give it him back. Should he drop it, replace it in his mouth,

¹ A ball is a bad thing to use; they are apt to drop it, it runs away from them, and they take to playing with it. Something 10 or 12 inches long, and covered with cloth or leather, is much better.

always putting your hand under the jaw and keeping it there, telling him to "hold it." Make him wheel and turn with you as before, your great aim being to see that he carries the thing properly, comes right up to you when you tell him to "come on with it" or "fetch it," and holds it till you tell him to "give it up."¹ The lesson should on no account be prolonged beyond a few minutes, and the puppy should not be rewarded till he carries the object back to the house, or to his kennel, as the case may be; for he should be made to do this, teaching him that what he retrieves is of value (Bevan) and is never thrown away. The lesson may be varied later on by throwing the object into thick grass or any sort of cover, which will make the puppy put down his head and use his nose, or over a fence to see that he holds it to it under more difficult surroundings; but your main object at this stage, as I have just said, is to see that he retrieves quickly and cleanly, and always "to hand."

I generally finish this part of a puppy's education by making him retrieve a rabbit or two. It enlarges his ideas, and gives him a foretaste of what is to come. Accustom him to carry it first, then drag it across a field for a considerable distance, and let him find it by means of his nose. A rabbit is the best thing to use, for several reasons: you cannot get a partridge or pheasant at any time of the year; but the bunny, like the poor, is always with us, and he is particularly odoriferous, which is encouraging to a young

dog. Moreover, even if you can get it, a bird looks rather mean and dishevelled after rough treatment; but rabbits may be retrieved by two or three dogs, and dragged through hedges and across ditches with impunity. As Tate Sullivan said of the "ould families," they "keep their looks to the last."

Whenever the dog gets to where you know the rabbit is, call to him or whistle instantly. Do not let him linger if you can help it. "Why, you don't give him time to pick the beast up," said a friend to me when we were watching a trial together. "No dog of mine, if he gets up to his prey, will come back without it," was my reply, and back came the dog at a gallop. Many sportsmen—and good sportsmen too—will not let their retrievers carry ground-game till they are in their second or third season, believing that it makes them wild and inclined to chase. This I never could understand. If you have confidence in yourself, the more temptation you put in the way of a young dog the better, and hares and rabbits are the very things you require to steady him. I am convinced that Henry Michie,² if you put him on his mettle, and he had to work against time, would take a dog, without a cord, among any number of the quadrupeds in question in three weeks after the animal had been intrusted to him. I mean, of course, if it had not been handled—and spoilt—by some one previously.

Your pupil is now, let us suppose, perfect in this part of his education. He stays at heel with-

¹ It is useful to increase the length of the cord and give him more freedom, and eventually, of course, to dispense with it altogether.

² For fourteen years in the employ of Mr Lloyd Price, and incomparably the best breaker and the most humane I ever saw—master of his work in every detail, careful to a fault, and ready with a reason for everything he does.

out a slip, retrieves without a fault, and does not fear the gun. "The Twelfth" has arrived, and you take him out on active service. A careless or over-confident man has now an excellent opportunity of undoing in one short half-hour, or very much less, the work of many weeks. The dog up to date may be nearly perfect, but he has never had the temptation he will be exposed to to-day. He has never seen a covey of grouse get up at his feet or a hare bound off in front of him. He has never heard shot after shot fired in rapid succession, or possibly been accustomed to any one's company but your own; still I repeat that, under a competent man, he ought to do well the first day. Ignorant breakers are always in a hurry to make their pupils retrieve, and even should the bird fall within 20 yards, and lie exposed to view, they send them for it. Do not fall into this error. The use of a retriever, roughly speaking, is to find birds that you cannot find yourself, and an intelligent dog will soon understand this. Many a time I have walked forward to pick up a bird in the heather, only to find that it wasn't where I thought it was. Either I had marked the place badly or the bird had run. "Where is it, my man? I can't find it," I would say to the dog. "Let me try," he would reply with eyes and tail,

and off he would bound the minute he got leave, understanding the whole situation.¹ No. Steadiness is of more importance, to begin with, than retrieving. Of course you must put the pupil on a cord for the first few lessons. When a bird falls walk him up to it, cautioning him the whole way; pick it up yourself and put it in his mouth, make him follow you with it, keeping him in his place as of old, and giving him great praise when he does well. The bird, of course, will be strange to him, and he may not take hold at first readily, especially if it be alive; and feeling he has now got hold of something worth carrying, he may show reluctance to give it up when told: but if you have brought him up properly, I will undertake to say he will, before he has seen a dozen birds shot, receive them as readily, carry them as well, and give them up as freely as he did the article he was accustomed to in his more boyish days. How soon you may dispense with the cord and free him depends entirely on circumstances. Some dogs are much more headstrong and excitable than others, and must be treated accordingly; but one thing is certain, you can never be too careful with a young one. If you have more guns out than usual, and anticipate more firing, or if in cover-shooting you are sent

¹ I have a young bitch just now, a very dashing and persevering worker, and steady beyond almost anything I have seen in so young a dog. When a bird falls she is so far from running in that she turns round at once and stands looking up in my face asking for permission to go. In that position she will remain as long as you like till she gets the word; then, reversing herself on her own axis, she is off like the wind. She has also a beautiful mouth, and used, when "at walk," to retrieve the ducks incautiously straying from the burn-side, very much at first to the indignation, but eventually to the amusement, of the proprietor,—and I am almost inclined to think of the ducks. One bird, to my certain knowledge, was retrieved three times, and when released from a somewhat embarrassing position would give herself a good shake and walk off, "no' a preen the waur," with that graceful gait which is the distinguishing characteristic of this domestic fowl.

to a "hot corner," put him on the cord again for a few minutes to see how he behaves himself. Moreover, you must remember that many dogs get keener as they get older, and that even in their second season they must be carefully watched.

When a retriever, after a long and trying hunt for a dead or wounded bird, returns with it triumphantly in his mouth, he is—or at any rate ought to be—made much of and caressed. The bird is taken from him and the incident is closed. When, on the other hand, he fails to find the bird, he is uniformly—as far as my experience goes—allowed to potter away or lag behind as long as he pleases. He is then whistled up sharply, and heartily damned for having kept people waiting, and in many instances he may consider himself fortunate to escape with the condemnation only. Now, the dog may have done as well, or possibly much better, in the latter case than in the former. He may have hunted honestly for a bird supposed to have fallen (some men's birds always do fall, although they are not always found); or the bird may have got up a drain, or there may be little or no scent. Every hunt, successful or unsuccessful, should have a definite termination; and the dog, when he has done his best unsuccessfully, and when he is tiring himself out in what appears a hopeless effort, should be called up, caressed, and told the bird has "gone away." He will very soon understand, accept what you say, and fall contentedly into his place again.

I have endeavoured—I hope successfully—to show how a dog begun early, and properly handled, can be made a useful retriever. It is infinitely more difficult to cure a

dog of bad habits, more especially if of long standing: still, much may be done by bringing some intellect to bear on the matter; and if the animal is a favourite, and a handsome one, it is at any rate worth trying. The dog must simply be begun afresh; and patience and kindness, coupled with occasional correction, will work wonders.

I have read many recipes for curing hard-mouthed dogs. The best plan, if you have one, is to present him to a friend. Such generosity is its own reward. There is nothing more provoking than to have your birds mangled, and a perfect cure is seldom effected. When a dog is hard-mouthed with ground-game only—I have had three or four of the sort—he generally, according to my experience, improves as he gets older. It is certainly unpleasant to see a retriever shake a hare or a rabbit as a terrier does a rat; but do not be discouraged when he so conducts himself. Get him to come up with it as soon as possible, and take it from him, and he will in all probability outgrow the habit. Should he linger on the way, either to shake or to play with what he is fetching, a man should be sent beyond him with instructions to approach him stealthily as if to catch him. A whip may in some cases be cracked, but not too aggressively, or the prey will be dropped altogether. A dog followed up in this fashion will look round suspiciously and make for his master, always preferring to give up to him what he is carrying rather than to any one else. I had a young bitch once very hard on ground-game; so hard, indeed, was she that on one occasion when I was taking a hare from her she seized it by the head and smashed the bones with a very audible crunch. Not one minute after-

wards she brought me a winged grouse alive without hurting a feather, and in fact she never did hurt a bird all the time I had her.¹

To cure a gun-shy dog is not an impossibility, but it requires a great amount of tact and patience. I got one from a keeper in Sussex some years ago, his verdict on her being that she was gun-shy, and nothing would induce her to retrieve. I am quite sure a finer specimen of the genus could not have been found anywhere. She was so timid, poor thing, that her mode of progression was uniformly on her stomach. I was curious to see if anything could be made of her, and set myself the task of effecting a cure. I easily taught her to retrieve—by force of example—and very fond she became of her lessons; but she knew a gun-case whenever she saw it, and the instant I took the weapon out and began to put it together she bolted. She was, in fact, a typical specimen. I took her to Scotland with me, and at the end of six days—not consecutive, they were spread over nearly as many weeks—I shot a grouse when she was at my heel, sent her for it, and when she was hunting shot another right over her back, and the only idea in her head was to get the birds. Force of example again had a great deal to do with the cure. I let her go entirely free, taking a well-broken dog with me. For the first day or two she was sometimes 100 yards behind, but she came

gradually nearer. When a bird fell I encouraged her to retrieve it, sending the keeper some distance forward with the gun. She got keener and keener, and turned out an excellent and dashing worker.

The worst fault, perhaps, that a retriever can commit is to "run in." The animal puts up birds, demoralises other dogs, and leads to coarse and profane language. The owner is voted a public nuisance; and when every one is out of temper, he can only—like Wellington at Waterloo—"pray for the darkness." A dog that has run in persistently, and has reached a certain age, is virtually "past praying for." The idea of steady-ing him should be abandoned, and he should be constantly on a slip. Still I have seen a good job made of one when over three years of age by Henry Michie. The animal—she is still in my possession—when fourteen months old was a capital worker, and quite steady without a slip. I was too confident with her, took her to a grouse-drive—her first experience of driving, or of a "general action"—without even a bit of string in my pocket, took the right of the line, where not one bird came my way, and in less than five minutes she was ruined. It is quite possible that had I killed a bird or two, and she had seen them fall, she might have remained quiet; but the continuous firing on the left and my enforced inaction drove

¹ As recently as three weeks ago, on the 9th of May, a young dog of mine did what—as evidence of a perfect mouth—I have never seen surpassed. I had him out at exercise with two others in a grass field when I noticed he had something in his mouth. What it was I could not at first discover. He rushed off with it at full speed, followed by his companions, lay down two or three times, and off again—as dogs will do—when they got up to him. Presently, on his coming a little nearer, I noticed something like a bird's head protruding from his jaws, and calling him up, I took a young thrush from his mouth perfectly uninjured. Notwithstanding the excitement of play and the efforts made by the other dogs to catch him, he had carried it perfectly tenderly without ever closing his mouth.

her wild. She looked up in my face as if to say, "If you call this sport I don't," and bolted out of the butt. A wilder dog I never saw, and instead of coming back to her old form she got worse. I gave her up as hopeless, but as she was a wonderfully handsome one, and took second prize at the Agricultural Hall, I kept her to breed from. Michie, when he came into my service, was interested in her, but on hearing her history shook his head. Still he offered to do his best, and knowing that his breaking would never degenerate into cruelty, I told him to take her in hand. He began her at the very beginning, but that was not sufficient, and he had to take to the plan of tying her to a tree beside some rabbit-holes, ferreting the rabbits out, and shooting them in front of her, before she could be brought to see the unregenerate state she was in. This is more effectual and more humane than using a spiked collar. The rope should be, say, 12 yards long, and as the dog should never be allowed to get hold of a rabbit during a lesson, the holes should be outside the length of the rope. A wild dog is sure to run in when the rabbit bolts: keep cautioning him, call to him "Come back" when he disobeys, and when he is brought up pretty sharp—which he will be

with a rope of that length—pull him instantly back hand over hand, giving him some sharp cuts with the whip. The severity of the punishment will depend on circumstances; but if such treatment does not cure him, say, in three lessons, take my advice, and let him be relegated to a slip for the full term of his natural life. In this case two lessons were sufficient. The bitch is now a beautiful worker, and almost perfectly steady. Occasionally she will make a bolt forward, but instantly comes back when told, and although I should certainly not guarantee her as a perfectly broken dog, she makes few mistakes.

Her history may serve to show what I have always asserted, that easy as it is to make a dog it is easier to unmake one; that a thoroughly capable man—I wonder how many there are!—can successfully cope with an apparently hopeless case; and that any one who sends a valuable retriever "on trial" to people he knows nothing about, may as well tie the proverbial millstone about the animal's neck and cast him into the sea. I would conclude by asserting most emphatically that he who spareth the rod *loveth* the dog, and if I can bring the British sportsman to this way of thinking I have not written in vain.

"A GENTLEMAN OF FRANCE."

THE REAL MONSIEUR D'ARTAGNAN.

How many of the million readers who have drawn deep draughts of delight from 'Les Trois Mousquetaires' have suspected that d'Artagnan and his inseparable quartette of friends ever had existence except in the fertile brain of the author? They might have known otherwise, indeed, but for the pardonable habit of skipping prefaces to works of fiction, because Alexandre Dumas explained frankly enough in his preface to the first edition of the 'Mousquetaires' how, when he was collecting material in the Bibliothèque royale for his history of Louis XIV., he came across the 'Mémoires de M. d'Artagnan,' printed at Amsterdam by Pierre Rouge, "as was the custom of authors of that epoch who desired to tell the truth without undergoing an experience of the Bastille." Dumas by no means sought to conceal the source of his inspiration; on the contrary, he recommended such of his readers as appreciated contemporary portraiture to get hold of the book for themselves. "They will find therein," said he, "portraits drawn by a master-hand; and, although most of these sketches are traced on barrack doors and tavern walls, it is as easy as in the history of M. Anguétel to recognise the likeness of Louis XIII., Anne of Austria, Richelieu, Mazarin, and most of the courtiers of the period." But the 'Mémoires' thus unearthed by M. Dumas were practically inaccessible to ordinary readers. The historian of Louis XIV. was allowed to take the book home with him and devour it

at leisure, with results for which lovers of romance of the rapier and rosette school can never be too grateful; but it might be searched for elsewhere in vain. Dumas and his generation had passed away before the happy thought occurred to a firm of publishers in Paris to issue a new edition.

The first thought that arises after perusing this extraordinary narrative is one of gratitude for having been allowed to read first 'Les Trois Mousquetaires' and the continuations, 'Vingt Ans Après' and 'Le Vicomte de Bragelonne.' So far from being inferior in constant movement and thrill to that series of novels, this wonderful autobiography, if anything, excels them in those respects. D'Artagnan, like Edward Gibbon and most of those who have left memorable memoirs, was turned fifty before he began to write the strange story of his life, and of course one knows not how much allowance must be made for the proverbial luxuriance of a Gascon's imagination. Still, there is a soldierlike simplicity in his style, and a philosophic insight into the value of things, that convince one that the man is neither posing as a hero nor seeking to impose on his readers. Besides, the seventeenth century was prolific in literature of this kind. Saint-Simon, Tallemant des Réaux, de Gourville, and others cover a good deal of the same ground as d'Artagnan, who, by the bye, had some curious dealings with Bussy-Rabutin, another writer who may be

cited to check d'Artagnan's version of passing events.

Tallemant went out of his way to be scandalous, and was too wary to commit himself to print. He collected all the tittle-tattle of boudoirs and backstairs, and, lest that should not be sufficiently spiced to tickle the taste of his readers of both sexes, thrust in raw junks of sheer brutality, of which indeed there was plenty at hand for anybody who chose to look for it. Then he circulated his manuscript among his eager friends, and he had been dead for two hundred years before it came to light again and was published. The impression it leaves on one reading it at this day is that of a society in which honour, chivalry, public spirit, chastity, or even common decency, might be sought for in vain except as an eccentricity in either man or woman.

But the light reflected from d'Artagnan's pages is not so uniformly lurid. It is true that there are passages in his own career, and in the careers of others, of outrageous immorality; described, too, in terms which leave very little work for the reader's imagination. But at worst, they are only passages; told though they be with unblushing audacity, they only find a place because they actually happened, and they contribute not a little to the realism of the picture. Leave them out, and one would not receive a true impression of society in Paris under Louis XIII. and the Grand Monarque—that incongruous blend of piety and profligacy, with hardly an attempt to veil the latter and no shamefacedness about the former. There is an instance of this in the chapter wherein d'Artagnan describes an incident in the siege of Bourbourg. The Spaniards had made a sortie and were driven

back; d'Artagnan, with five of his comrades in the King's Musketeers, followed so hotly in pursuit that they were surrounded by the enemy. All five were shot down, but d'Artagnan escaped with three balls through his clothes and one through his hat. "Which proves," he piously observes, "that he is well protected whom God protects; that one has only to commend himself to God in the morning, and fear nothing during the rest of the day." On the very next page d'Artagnan begins the minute description of "une nouvelle bonne fortune" which fell to his share on his return to Paris. The husband of the lady was not one to suffer blemish to his honour without revenge. Accordingly, d'Artagnan having gone on duty to Amiens, the injured gentleman hired an assassin (there was never any deficiency either in the demand for, or the supply of, that article, which was technically known as *un bretteur*) to follow him. But d'Artagnan's movements were rapid, for the Cardinal Mazarin employed him on many missions, and it was some weeks before the *bretteur* overtook him in the trenches before Courtray. D'Artagnan was visiting some friends in these trenches, when word was brought to him that a soldier, severely wounded by a musket-shot, desired to speak to him. He found the fellow at the point of death, who, forasmuch as there was no priest at hand to shrive him, desired to make a clean breast of it to his intended victim. For this was none other than the hired *bretteur*. He had followed d'Artagnan from place to place for weeks, seeking his opportunity, which at last he thought he had found when he watched him go alone into the trenches. But as he lay in wait for d'Artagnan's

return, "the hand of God struck him" in the shape of a ball from the city walls. "I pardoned him," says d'Artagnan lightly, "and commended him to God, though I scarcely supposed that God would ever encumber Himself with *canaille* of that kind." His own offence which had brought him into such peril was the undoubtedly genteel one of adultery, which no gentleman would suppose likely to raise more than a temporary difficulty between himself and his Maker.

D'Artagnan's real name was Charles de Batz-Castelmore, but he took the name of his mother's family. The poverty of his Béarnais home, his departure therefrom to seek his fortunes by the help of M. de Tréville, his father's repeated injunctions never to suffer the slightest affront to pass unavenged, and the events on the journey between Blois and Orléans, are all set forth in his own narrative, just as vividly as in that of Dumas. Even the ardour with which, after his arrival in Paris, he set to work to discover the Unknown who had insulted him about his *bidet jaune* at Meung, and the violent way he would dash from the room in pursuit of his enemy at the most incongruous moments, are described in terms which show that Dumas, at least, was not guilty of overloading his canvas. M. de Tréville is there also—grave, intrepid, loyal, in the midst of a frivolous, intriguing, selfish Court—Captain-Lieutenant of the Mousquetaires, the corps in which it is young d'Artagnan's day-dream to be enrolled. But there is one disappointment in store for readers of these memoirs. Athos, Porthos, and Aramis—the immortal trio—appear, it is true, very early in the story: the acquaintance made with them by the raw Gascon lad

in the ante-room of M. de Tréville ripens into intimate friendship, and many a time in his early experience of Paris has d'Artagnan recourse to the magic cry—"À moi, mousquetaires!" But they are altogether subsidiary characters; they disappear altogether after the first few chapters; and they were literal brothers—not friends sticking closer than brothers—which impairs the artistic effect. D'Artagnan has to serve many years in the Gardes of M. des Essarts before he is allowed to don the *baudrier* of a Mousquetaire; and when at last he does so, there is no further mention of his three friends.

The fact is that these three types—the noble, haughty, unselfish Athos, the swaggering, roistering, fearless Porthos, the refined, scheming, insincere Aramis—are creations of the novelist. He has invested them with the qualities and made them the heroes of adventures assigned by d'Artagnan to a number of other real characters. Many of these qualities and adventures must have seemed outrageously exaggerated to readers of the 'Trois Mousquetaires'; but the exaggeration only consists in crowding them into the personality of three individuals. All of them are described in connection with various persons in the professedly veracious biography under consideration. Take, for example, the prodigious and wellnigh incredible drinking powers ascribed by Dumas to Athos: hardly more credible are those of the Comte de Rantzau as expatiated on by the real d'Artagnan. This count—"un bon homme de guerre"—would not have had his equal, but for his intolerance of spells of inactivity. At such times he would sit down, like Athos, to a deliberate drinking bout. It took ten or twelve bottles

of champagne to make the least effect upon him; half of that quantity was as harmless to him as "une goutte d'eau dans le mer." Rantzau's weakness was very nearly the ruin of him once. Louis XII. and Richelieu had invested Arras, and Rantzau was in command of a most important part of the lines, where he had constructed a fort. The Cardinal Ferdinand d'Espagne was hovering outside, waiting for a favourable moment to strike at the besieging army. Rantzau, as was his wont when on the alert, kept a severe check on himself, and was constantly in the saddle, riding round his defences. But there came a time when the Spanish Cardinal seemed to have abandoned the idea of raising the siege. Vigilance slackened in the French camp, and Rantzau, thinking he might safely indulge in a booze, invited the chief officers of the regiments in his brigade to his quarters for that purpose. But the Cardinal's spies were alert: no sooner was the company seated at table, than word was carried to him of what was going to happen. Four hours did the Cardinal allow this *bon homme de guerre* to fuddle himself; "il compta que le nombre de bouteilles vidées troublerait infailliblement les idées de son homme;" but it was not enough. Rantzau staggered to his horse, made a stout resistance till reinforced by Châtillon; and the attack was repulsed with much slaughter on both sides. Rantzau, who had already lost an eye at the siege of Dôle, lost further a leg and part of one hand in this camisade.

Extravagant as the degree to which the cut-and-thrust business seems to be carried in the romance, it is not one whit more so than it appears in the matter-of-fact pages of M. d'Artagnan himself. Duel-

ling, though strictly prohibited by the pious Louis XIII. under pain of a visit of indefinite length to the Bastille, was in full vogue, and was all the more sanguinary because of the prevalent custom which imposed upon seconds the duty of fighting beside their principals. The mortal rivalry between the King's Mousquetaires and Richelieu's Gardes, incredible as it may seem in the first capital of Europe, existed just as Dumas has described it; and the famous encounter in the *Pré-aux-Clercs* between d'Artagnan and the three Mousquetaires on one side, and Jussac and three of the Cardinal's men on the other, actually took place.

But the most remarkable feature in Dumas' treatment of his materials is that he has carefully expunged from the original narrative all, except one, of those *chatouilleux* incidents which one would have expected a French novelist to dilate on and expand. "Mon péché mignon," explains d'Artagnan frankly enough, "était de chérir les dames;" and he is more than sufficiently explicit about his numerous excursions into that field. Dumas has disdained to place the interest of his romance on that level. If one episode in the whole of his series were torn out—the chapters about "Ketty" and "milady"—all three novels might be put in the hands of any English girl. It is told that Dumas in after-life expressed bitter regret that the said episode had not been omitted with the rest of like nature; and there is evidence given by M. E. de Goncourt of how greatly Dumas differed in taste on these matters from less scrupulous French writers. M. de Goncourt tells us that he once heard Victor Hugo declare that, had he not been above filching

from other authors, he must have yielded to the temptation to appropriate the story of "Ketty," "et de lui donner une forme d'art."¹ "Think," exclaimed Hugo, "of the marvellously human *dénoûment*, far finer than any *dénoûment* of the utmost realism!" It is not difficult to imagine to what luxuriance these materials might have blossomed under the florid touch of Victor Hugo. Neither the fatal fleur-de-lys on the frail dame's shoulder, nor her trial and execution by the four Mousquetaires, has any place in the veritable story: they owe their existence to Dumas' imagination.

One exceedingly unpleasant characteristic of the times receives no veil in the pages of d'Artagnan. It does not seem to have occurred to him that it required any apology, yet it was one of a nature to taint intolerably the whole fabric of society. Men of birth and good position in the country flocked to Paris to make their fortunes, or at least to repair those incomes which the devastation of their paternal estates by incessant warfare had caused to disappear. The most profitable expedient was to secure some post, civil or military, it mattered not which, under Government, and to farm it to the best advantage. The command of the Bastille was intensely coveted, for by judicious management the allowance made to the governor for the maintenance of each prisoner might well be made to yield a handsome surplus: so was the command of a fortress or regiment, and d'Artagnan was far too good a soldier to speak without intense indignation of the way some officers pilfered their men. He expresses a fine scorn, also, for the avaricious civilians who filched

and levied blackmail with hardly an affectation of secrecy. But, morbidly sensitive as he was to real or fancied affronts to his own honour or dignity ("je n'ai jamais passé pour un homme," he mildly puts it, "qui souffrit qu'on lui marchât impunément sur le pied"), he felt no scruples in doing what was considered perfectly respectable by men of the sword, namely, winning the affections—or at least the favours—of a mistress, and then plundering her purse. Nothing can be more sordid or more cynical than the details of the many *liaisons* of this nature which d'Artagnan formed during his early years in Paris. Among the charms of the many fair creatures who succumbed to him, he seldom fails to specify how much each of them contributed to his pecuniary needs.

At the same time, his code prescribed that however meanly or dishonestly money might have been come by, it was inconsistent with a gentleman's character to be careful in spending it. Cardinal Richelieu was in office at the beginning of d'Artagnan's life in Paris; and it was soon explained to the young guardsman what vast sums he had appropriated for himself out of the public revenue. But d'Artagnan is never tired of praising the princely liberality with which he spent them. As soon as Mazarin succeeded, the chronicler changed his tone. The invincible avarice of the Italian, the astounding expedients to which he stooped to get money, only equalled by those which he employed to avoid spending it—his profusion of promises and perpetual want of faith in keeping them—form the constant theme of d'Artagnan's complaint. Both peace and war offered special op-

¹ Journal des Goncourt, v. 243.

portunities of peculation, though on the whole Mazarin preferred war; because, although in time of peace it was not necessary to spend so much on the army, and thus he was able to *save* money, war gave him the excuse to impose fresh taxes and so to *receive* money.

The ugliest part of Richelieu's character was his cruelty. When he died on 4th December 1642, a large number of prisoners, immured by his orders in the Bastille, were released by the king. Some of these—the Maréchal de Bassompierre, for instance, and the Comte de Carmain—had languished in that odious prison for more than ten years, simply because in some way or other they had been inconvenient or hostile when at liberty to the dreaded Cardinal; “nor was it probable,” says d’Artagnan, “that they would ever have seen daylight again had Richelieu lived.”

“For this Cardinal,” he adds, “was not a man to release the prey he had once stricken: he delighted to add sarcasm to the force he exerted upon those whom he took in hand to oppress. Madame de Saint-Luc, sister of the Maréchal de Bassompierre, many times entreated the Cardinal to relax the rigour with which he treated her brother. He pretended to listen to her with sympathy, and then, when she explained that her brother was suffering from a disease of which no one understood the cause, he inquired suavely (*doucereusement*) whether it was not possible that this malady did not arise from ennui. A pleasant question on the subject of a man who had been wasting for ten years within four walls, especially about one who had been so high in the world as the Maréchal.”

Nevertheless, Richelieu was as widely respected as he was deeply feared. For his successor, though d’Artagnan served him faithfully, he never can find strong enough

expressions for his contempt. Mazarin was not cruel—“il n’en voulait à la vie de personne, mais à la bourse de chacun.” No sources of income were so paltry as to be neglected. He set up *hocca* tables in his salon and ante-chamber; d’Artagnan roundly accuses him of habitually cheating his guests. At all events, it soon became notorious that the only sure way to gain promotion and the Cardinal's favours—“les *faveurs* qui ne lui contaient rien, s’entend”—was to lose money to him at *hocca*. Every step of promotion, every public appointment—“*mêmes celles qui ne s’étaient jamais vendues jusqu’à lui*”—were sold to the highest bidder. The supplies for the public service were cut down to the lowest figure, as the following story is told to illustrate.

In 1644, the year after the death of Louis XIII., the French army, under the Duc d’Orléans, was besieging Gravelines. The Austrian General Piccolomini was moving to attack them and raise the siege; d’Orléans ordered the issue of sufficient powder to the troops for a general action. The artillery officer in charge of the powder announced that he had none left, and in his own defence produced a letter from Cardinal Mazarin, which d’Artagnan professes to give at length, in which the said officer was reminded of the way the king was wont to be robbed by the extravagant use of gunpowder by the officers of his armies. “Therefore when you receive requisition for gunpowder, let the orders be repeated at least three or four times. Try every pretext for not obeying promptly. Otherwise you will not only render yourself unworthy of the reward I have promised you, but one will be forced to believe that you have a

share in these robberies." Wil-
lingly, no doubt, would both the
Duc d'Orléans and M. de la
Meilleraye, the Grand Master of
the Artillery, have hanged his
Eminence, who, as d'Orléans
bitterly observed, "*cherchait à
rogner à tout*"; failing that, they
shut up the defaulting officer in a
solitary chamber, with a big nail,
a hammer, and a rope, instructing
him to make the right use of them,
which the miserable man did by
hanging himself.

Notwithstanding his hatred and
contempt for Mazarin, d'Artagnan
was shrewd enough to perceive
that the best, indeed the only,
chance of realising his ambition of
entering M. de Tréville's Mous-
quetaires, was to serve the Car-
dinal faithfully, and turn a deaf
ear to all invitations to enter into
any of the numerous plots formed
to overthrow him. Mazarin, like
his predecessor Richelieu, had
made himself indispensable as
First Minister by his intellectual
superiority to all rivals. But
there was one man who, though
too loyal to intrigue against the
Minister of his infant king, hated
him and his corrupt ways, and was
perpetually thwarting him by his
inflexible integrity and intrepidity.
This was M. de Tréville, of all
others the character which shines
clearest in the murky atmosphere
of d'Artagnan's narrative. Mazarin
soon would have brushed a mere
soldier—even the Captain of the
King's Mousquetaires—from his
path, but for the trustful affection
reposed in him by the Queen
Mother, Anne of Austria. She
would listen to no detraction
towards one who had deserved so
well of her and her dead consort.
The crafty Italian, however,
wearied not in his endeavour to
undermine de Tréville. D'Artag-
nan entered the Mousquetaires

after the campaign of Gravelines
in 1644: "*Je ne saurais repré-
senter ma joie et mon bonheur; je
me croyais quelque chose enfin!*"
But his exultation was speedily
damped. Mazarin, having failed
to coax or frighten de Tréville
into abandoning his command in
favour of his (the Cardinal's)
nephew, the young Duc de Nevers,
resolved to abolish this famous
corps d'élite altogether, and, after
much difficulty, persuaded the
reluctant queen to consent to this
step in the beginning of 1648. So
this goodly company was dissolved,
precisely at the moment when the
monarchy stood most in need of
loyal defenders.

For the Cardinal's proceedings
had caused him to be universally
execrated. The people who had to
pay exorbitant taxes were fully
aware that they were merely
fattening this foreign incubus
that had fastened on the Govern-
ment. Paris threw up her barri-
cades; Broussel, the people's
deputy, was arrested, and the
Court was besieged in the Palais
Royal. D'Artagnan, by the Car-
dinal's orders, disguised himself as
an artisan, and mingled with the
mob at the barricades, in order to
ascertain the real source of the
discontent. If he had any doubts
about that, they were soon dissi-
pated. In order to keep up his
assumed character, d'Artagnan
harangued the populace on the
misdeeds of the Minister, "*which
was some solace to me, I must
avow, and rendered my task a
trifle less odious.*" He carried it
off so well that he was taken aside
and invited to join a conspiracy to
make away with Mazarin—for it
was against him, and not against
the king or the queen-mother, that
the rage of the people was raised.
D'Artagnan describes at some
length what follows, and it is not

bad reading; but the only quotation which need be made here is the unconscious revelation which the writer makes of his simple code of morals. On the details of the plot being laid before him—"I pricked my ears," says he. "Certainly I had no reason to be proud of my master; but he was the master I had chosen, whose bread I ate—dry bread though it was. I owed him faith and aid so long as I remained in his service; and before enlisting among his enemies, I was bound to resign my office." Therefore, though he assigned as the origin of the existing tumults, of the Prince de Condé's subsequent revolt and the long years of desolating civil war which followed, nothing but the hatred borne by the whole French nation towards Cardinal Mazarin, d'Artagnan continued to the end his unswerving fidelity to his employer.

The service was of a nature to suit the most ravenous appetite for adventure, for Mazarin, once convinced of a man's capacity, was not wont to hesitate about exposing him to the utmost hazard. D'Artagnan had already visited England in the suite of the Comte d'Harcourt, and, with the other gentlemen attending on that envoy, had charged under Prince Rupert at Newbury. He was chosen by Mazarin in 1648 to go on a secret mission to Oliver Cromwell. Already Queen Henrietta Maria had been for some years a refugee at the French Court; but hitherto Mazarin, whose policy it had been to support the Parliamentarians in their resistance to Charles I., had succeeded in steeling the heart of Anne of Austria against the English queen's entreaties for succour. Now, however, when the fate of Charles was closely impending, Mazarin consented to

send d'Artagnan to intercede with the Protector for the unhappy king. Simultaneously, the Spanish Government despatched a secret emissary to warn Cromwell not to listen to the dangerous counsels of the French Minister. This messenger, who, as d'Artagnan observes, was no more a spy than himself, had the bad luck to be captured in passing through France, and his papers fell into the hands of Mazarin. Accordingly, when d'Artagnan, having failed in getting any satisfaction out of Cromwell (whom he estimates as "un des plus habiles hommes de son siècle"), lands at Boulogne, he was met by some of the Cardinal's archers, having the Spaniard in custody. A letter was handed to d'Artagnan, containing a commission which, he callously observes, "was not difficult to fulfil." It was simply to convey the Spaniard out to sea and have him quietly drowned. "The Cardinal asked no more than that I should be an eye-witness, and, as I was in no way concerned in the execution of his decree, I did not think I could refuse to be present." He obeyed his instructions to the letter, though it was an incident little calculated to enhance for him the attractions of the diplomatic service: the wretched prisoner confessed himself to a priest they had on board for the purpose, and died with exemplary fortitude.

D'Artagnan's next mission was far more perilous, and brought him into such an extraordinary series of adventures that it is surprising Dumas resisted the temptation to weave them into his story. The civil war with the Prince de Condé was raging at the time, while the Spaniards were busily using the opportunity to recapture, one by one, the towns which the French had taken from them in the Netherlands. Condé's brother, the

Prince de Conti, was with the insurgents, besieged by the king's forces in Bordeaux: Mazarin had conceived the project of detaching him from the rebels by offering him one of his nieces, the Mancini, in marriage, with an immense dowry. But it was necessary first to detach Conti from the influence of a mistress with whom he was living in Bordeaux, and d'Artagnan was no unfitting instrument for a delicate game of that kind; for, as he remarks in telling the story, "I have always been of a temperament which renders me exceedingly susceptible to this kind of *amusettes*."

First of all, he spent some weeks in growing a long beard; then, disguised as a hermit, he made his way into the besieged city. It was an enterprise of frightful hazard, for, had he been discovered, he would infallibly have been hung as a spy. All went well with him, however; and the ex-musketeer soon struck up a friendship with Las Florides, the bandit captain of a troop known as the Ormistes—most sanguinary and unscrupulous of all the insurgents. Obtaining access by a ruse to the house of Conti's mistress, he speedily found means to get into the best of her good graces. Still more remarkable, he managed to enlist her sympathy in the scheme of the proposed marriage. Conti, though a hunchback, was insatiable in love-affairs; the lady was sagacious enough to be well aware that her reign as chief favourite could not endure much longer, and that it would be to her substantial interest to anticipate the moment when her lover should discard her, by forwarding his legitimate alliance with the Mancini. D'Artagnan had brought with him a portrait—*très appétissant*—of the Cardinal's niece: this was arranged

in a conspicuous place in the chamber of Conti's fair one: the attention of the volatile prince was easily attracted to it, his curiosity excited, and, to make a long story short, the mission was completely successful; Conti fell in with the Cardinal's scheme, and d'Artagnan, after innumerable exciting and perilous adventures, returned to Paris to claim from his employer the promised reward of a captaincy in the Gardes. Unluckily, the rumour of d'Artagnan's intrigue with the fair one of Bordeaux had got abroad: to his intense disgust the Cardinal, instead of praising him for performing a difficult service skilfully, reproached him for his immorality.

"You will always be the same, sir," he said; "the first petticoat—and serious matters fly out of your head. You were sent to Bordeaux on the king's service—not to make love."

D'Artagnan, thoroughly disgusted with such a rapacious master, resolved to serve him no longer, sold his commission in the Gardes, and prepared to retire to the privacy and poverty of Béarn. But the Cardinal had no intention of parting with such a useful and dauntless officer: at the last moment he appointed d'Artagnan to a captaincy, coupled, however, with the demand for 20,000 francs as purchase-money. This was a sum which it was clearly impossible for the needy Gascon to furnish; nevertheless it shows how valuable he was known to be to the Cardinal that several persons thought it worth while to ingratiate themselves with him by offering to advance the amount. In the end, a certain M. de Lyonne, who, owing to his holding some official position, had his hand in the public purse, handed him the money

in the shape of 400 double louis, just come from the Mint. There is a fine description of the interview at which d'Artagnan handed the gold to the avaricious Cardinal. Mazarin fingered and fondled the glittering pieces, then putting them in the bag, smelt at it, invited the guardsman to do the same, and asked him if it was not of exquisite fragrance.

The personal ambition of Mazarin grew in proportion to his ill-gotten fortunes: he cherished the idea of marrying one of his nieces to the King of France, and another to the King of England. But in 1654 it seemed very doubtful who was to wear the crown of England. Henrietta Maria had already offered the hand of her son, afterwards Charles II., but it was by no means clear that Richard Cromwell was not the real game to stalk. So the indispensable d'Artagnan was commissioned once more to proceed incognito to England, to find out the probable course of events. His adventures on this occasion in London were of an exceedingly piquant nature, but unluckily not of a sort that can be explained to the readers of 'Maga.' Enough to say that, disguised as a cook, he entered the service of a rich Englishman, and he does not scruple to describe how in that situation he became the successful rival of the French Ambassador, M. de Bordeaux, in the favours of the Englishman's beautiful wife. De Bordeaux, from whom the Cardinal had carefully concealed d'Artagnan's presence in London, surprised the lovers and arrested d'Artagnan, who was sent as a prisoner to Paris and lodged in the Bastille. For five weeks he remained there, maddened with the intolerable horrors of solitary imprisonment to that degree that, had he pos-

sessed the means, he would almost certainly have destroyed himself, "as did many wretches confined in this prison."

Meanwhile the Cardinal, in ignorance of the misadventure which had befallen his envoy, continued to address letters to him in London. It may be asked why d'Artagnan did not explain the real state of the case to the prison authorities, but that is to ignore the nature of the horrible system under which he had been arrested. M. de Bordeaux had simply intimated to the Cardinal as First Minister of the Crown that a certain prisoner, known to be dangerous, and suspected of being a spy of the Prince de Condé, had been consigned to the Bastille, and Mazarin's mind was far too full of lofty designs to trouble itself on such a small matter. The prisoner saw nobody but the turnkey, who was not likely to pay much attention to his complaints; until at last, having been brought before the *lieutenant-criminel* for interrogation, he revealed his real name, and sent word of the plight he was in to the Cardinal, who ordered him to be set at liberty and gave him 2000 crowns *de gratification*.

Brighter days were in store for our hero. The young king was beginning to assert himself, and becoming impatient of the perpetual dictation of his First Minister. Especially irritating were the continual injunctions on the part of Mazarin that Louis should practise economy. No precaution in the view of the Cardinal was too minute to prevent unnecessary expense. Thus when he took Louis to witness the siege of Montmédy, the soldiers were delighted with the indifference to cold and heat, foul weather or fair, displayed by their young monarch; but it was noticed also how, when

it began to rain, the Cardinal reminded him to take off his gloves and put them in his pocket.

But Louis soon shook himself free of these restrictions, being naturally of a turn for magnificence. The company of Mousquetaires was restored to its pristine splendour, the king himself being captain, the idle and dissolute Duc de Nevers, Mazarin's nephew, captain-lieutenant, and d'Artagnan, at length *au comble de ses vœux*, lieutenant of the corps—the Cardinal giving him two chargers of the proper colour out of his own stables. It was worth all the dangers and disappointments he had come through in his tortuous employment. De Nevers seldom came on parade, and troubled himself not at all about internal economy: d'Artagnan was practically second in command under the king, who made the regiment his favourite plaything, personally putting them through evolutions in the court of the Louvre, winter and summer, for three or four hours on end, to the intense ennui of his attendant courtiers.

Mazarin had long been jealously aware that his own system of speculation was by no means his monopoly. M. de Fouquet, upon whom the constitution conferred, as Superintendent of Finance, practical irresponsibility, had enriched himself to a degree, and acquired an amount of power, hardly inferior to those attained by the First Minister himself. The story of his fall, trial, and condemnation is well known; so is that of the rise of M. de Colbert: they are told in these pages with vivid details of a personal kind. Mazarin did not live to witness the end, as he died in 1661; but with his last breath he denounced Fouquet to the king, and prayed that measures might be taken to

bring him to justice. Fouquet, foreseeing the influential position to which d'Artagnan was attaining, had made repeated overtures of friendship to him, and offered to finance his affairs—for which the still needy Musketeer could not fail to feel some gratitude, although Mazarin had strictly forbidden the soldier to hold any intercourse with the financier. It was, therefore, a peculiarly unpleasant duty which the king imposed on d'Artagnan when he ordered him to arrest Fouquet, and not only so, but to be responsible for his prisoner, first in the donjon of Angers, then in that of Vincennes, and, lastly, in the Bastille. He gives a mournful description of how severely the imprisonment told on the spirits of Fouquet, who, of all men, had been *le plus vif et le plus remuant*,—but, indeed, the routine of a French prison under the Grand Monarque was of a nature to crush the liveliest temperament. Fouquet himself sought relief in reading and writing; but his confidential clerk and his equerry, who also were placed in solitary confinement, had not the same resources. Of these, the first went raving mad, and the other—named Pelisson—saved himself from a like fate by an ingenious device. He bought a thousand pins; every morning he scattered them broadcast in the room where he was confined, and spent the rest of the day in collecting them.

D'Artagnan soon became as enthusiastically proud of his new master as he had been ashamed of the old one. Of Louis he never speaks save with the deepest reverence, though he gives some amusing and scantily respectful particulars. He has some amusing passages about the Infanta Marie Thérèse, who, when she came to Paris for her betrothal with Louis,

etrayed too naïvely the frugal habits acquired in a Court which cultivated none of the prodigality of French society. The splendour of the repast prepared for her after the journey was such, the Princess supposed, as could only be appropriate for a special ceremonial occasion, and she greatly scandalised her *maître d'hôtel*, M. de Villacerf, by commanding him to reserve for the morrow the remains of a dish which particularly pleased her palate. Scarcely could she be persuaded to believe that what seemed to her a magnificent banquet was no more than an ordinary meal, such as would be served to her every day in her adopted country, and that the favourite dish could be repeated as often as she chose.

In truth, Louis XIV. was a prince to inspire enthusiastic devotion. Handsome, generous, intellectual, an accomplished soldier, and devoted to the service of beauty, men could not but love and admire him as a man, and willingly supported him in his far-reaching and impetuous schemes of reform. Reorganisation of finance, of the public service generally, and of the army in particular, were set on foot vigorously. The last-mentioned reform was essential to the young king's deliberate designs of foreign conquest, and it is interesting to note the reason for the change from personal to territorial titles of regiments. Hitherto it had been the custom to name regiments after their colonels, who were appointed to their commands as offices of profit, in token of the degree of favour each one had secured with the Cardinal, or, still more frequently, in consideration of the price each one was ready to pay for the post. There were only a very few famous old corps—such as the regiments of Picardy, of

Normandy, and of Champagne—which remained exceptions to the general rule. Now, however, when the king had determined that military capacity should be the sole qualification for the command of a regiment, the poorest officer had as good a chance of promotion as the greatest seigneur; and so it came to pass that a very needy but accomplished gentleman named Montpeyroux received command of a regiment: “Aussi puait-il comme un bouc, le plus souvent; mais à cela près, il était bon officier.” Montpeyroux represented to the king that it would be absurd to name a battalion after such a ragged cavalier as himself, so it was called the regiment of Rouergue, and from that day territorial designations came into vogue.

It followed on this terrible system of appointment by merit that many of the old courtly families found themselves out in the cold. None of them suffered more severely in this respect than the house of Mazarin. The great Cardinal's nephew, the Duc de Nevers, was still nominal commander, under the king, of the Mousquetaires. He was deprived of his command, which Louis conferred on d'Artagnan—“sans que j'osasse la demander.” Behold him then—the stripling starved out of Béarn to seek his fortune in the great world—the gallant whose name had become a bogey to all self-respecting husbands—the ruffler whose terrible sword had carved so many drinking-places for flies (“*abreuvoirs à mouches*,” as he grimly calls them) on the persons of those who crossed him in love, at play, or in everyday intercourse,—behold him at the very pinnacle of a soldier of fortune's ambition. No—not quite the pinnacle: there was a loftier eminence to which, had his life been spared,

he assuredly would have attained. So keenly was Louis XIV. alive to the merit of this excellent soldier that, as may be gathered from many writers of the time, d'Artagnan was certain to have been raised to the dignity of a *Maréchal* of France had his varied and stormy life been spared a few years longer.

The autobiography closes on 1st May 1673, the day on which d'Artagnan at the head of his well-tried *Mousquetaires* escorted Louis XIV. from Paris on his way to take part in the siege of Maes-tricht, which had begun on 27th March. On Saturday, 24th June, a general assault took place, the general of the day being the gallant son of Charles II. and Lucy Walters—our English Duke of Monmouth. It was sustained till Sunday morning, when the besieged managed to spring a couple of mines under the lines of the French, and the garrison under M. de Fariaux made a fierce sortie against their assailants, who had

been thrown into confusion by the explosion. The brunt fell on the *Mousquetaires*, of whom ninety-five fell around their beloved captain. D'Artagnan perished on the field, "de quoy," says the '*Gazette de France*,' "Sa Majesté témoigna être sensiblement touchée, pour sa valeur et la confiance qu'elle avait en lui."

To this fitting close was brought a soldier's life. I have done no more than mention a few of the more salient points in a story of unusual interest, but in truth there is hardly a dull passage in these thousand and odd pages. It is not a book to edify young persons withal—there is a great deal in it that is exceedingly reprehensible; but to those of us who have bidden "*bonjour lunettes! adieu fillettes!*" it presents a singularly vivid picture of a stirring epoch, and reveals the secret springs which moved some of the most leading characters on the European stage.

HERBERT MAXWELL.

DARIEL: A ROMANCE OF SURREY.¹

CHAPTER XXXV.—A RACE OF PLATERS.

OF the 26,250 days which (after due allowance made for the little jangles of the sun and moon) are the up-cast of our living-time according to the wise man, that sage complains that no one produces anything exactly like the produce of its brother one day old. If it were so in the almanac of Solon, what can be expected now, when every day is supposed to achieve a long stride in advance of all previous ages, clapping their laurels on its own pert head? So have I seen a pretty little dear, with her hair upon her shoulders, dash out in front of the village mile-race, at half a skip from the winning-post, and scream out, "I have won it."

To me, in my quiet slow-go pace, it would have been more than enough, if the morrow had been content with its yesterday, and backed it up in a friendly style. But instead of that, it only cared to indorse the safe corollary—"All in all, a human creature is nothing more than accident." Accident to wit, just out of luck, according to the word there used, which bears no merry meaning. Perhaps this on the whole was my disgrace; for a friend's good luck should be one's own.

But could I put Tom Erricker in the most romantic scale of friendship (such as the Romans cultivated) against the heavenly Dariel? Those Tusculans knew not such love as ours; because they had no such girls to love. However, let Tom have his say.

"BELOVED GEORGE,—You are my best friend. The only one that

understands me, in this smiling vale of tears. You may not have heard from me for some months, because I have had the finest shooting I have ever yet been blest with. It makes one despise all the partridges and pheasants, tame fowl of a lower order. Grouse, my dear boy, and blackcocks too, and we heard of capercaillie! Tell old Stocks-and-stones, who was so stingy about his rabbits, that I blow my nail at him, as the poet says. But that is not half of it. The grub—the grub—George, you never came across the like. I am seven pounds heavier than when I came down, in spite of walking off two pounds per diem. The wind seems to blow it back into you. And you make it up at dinner-time; and then you have cigars, such as you never put between your teeth; and then half-a-dozen lovely girls, all ready to scratch one another's faces, to draw you for their pal at billiards. And did not I show them a dodge or two?

"But that reminds me that I had my choice; and I chose like the man who put the broom across the walk. I might have had beauty; I might have had fashion; I might have had wit, though I hate it in a girl, because they soon give you the worst of it. And I might have had noble birth; but that would never do, because she might be nasy about the forks and spoons, at the height of the most festive enterprize. She was very sweet upon me for as much as three days; and my aunt, who has £80,000 to leave was wild to have a Lady Frances Erricker. But my Lady Fanny

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made a wicked slip about the new process, that the Governor has given five pounds for, and expects to clear five thousand by it; and it was all over with her chance. She repented with many tears, and I forgave her, but could not see my way to put her on again; for her outside value was about a thou.; and she would cost more per ann. than that to keep.

"Well, I was just putting on my blinkers for another trot in single harness, when a little thing comes round my nose, and looks at me, and strokes my ears, and, by Jove, it was all up with me. Oh, she is such a little Venus, George! Small, as all the true sort are; but no mistake about her. Every time you look at her, you say to yourself—This is a girl; not an Amazon, nor an owl, nor an owl-faced Athenè, nor even the one who changed her sex, every time she struck a serpent. I may be wrong about that; never mind, my Loo will never want to be a Louis. In plain unvarnished fact, she is a duck, and that is what you want of them. Swans are not for me, nor eagles, least of all a cormorant. Her sweet name is Louisa Box; and I said a pretty thing to her. You know my little knack that way. I said, 'Loo Box, you have boxed my compass, and fetched it all to looward.' She could not quite take in my point, for no girl ever knows north from south; but she said, 'Oh, Tom, you are so clever!' while some of them would have boxed my ears; and Lady Fanny longed to do it.

"To cut a delicious tale too short, Louisa Box—who has £20,000 on her nail, which is not to be sneezed at, with tin going down—and Thomas Erricker, of Lincoln's Inn, are to be joined in holy matrimony, at 11 A.M. next Saturday, and the devil take the hindmost. I have

been up to London for new togs, but could not get an hour to run down to you, and I know what a rumpus you are always in. This you will excuse of course. But I rely upon you, mind (and if you fail me it will not come off), to put yourself into your best array, and be best man on Saturday. You must come by the train which reaches Sheffield, 7.45 P.M. on Friday. I will meet you at the station, and we will have a blow-out at the Governor's, and I will put you up to everything. And it would be kind if you would call at old Puckerpant's before you start, and bring my vestments with you. I have paid his bill; so that you can swear at him.

"Now, my dear fellow, this is a solemn matter. I feel the vitality of holy matrimony; and I trust my old pal to back me up. Last night I had a spasm in the plaster on my chest. I am not so strong as I was at College, and I shall never pull through it without you. You are a sneak, if you desert the Tom who has done so much for you."

Any one of lofty altruistic soul, or even decent fidelity, would vote me a very paltry fellow, for doubting what to do in a case like this. It seemed an atrocious thing of Tom, and a pestilence piece of luck for me, to take me two hundred miles from home, at this very crisis of my life. Just when I meant to compel my father to call upon Sâr Imar; or if that could not be done, to bring sweet Dariel to see my mother, whose kind heart she would captivate. Then I would show her to Grace, and perhaps at some leisure to Jackson Stoneman; and look what becomes of their pride and their Saxon infatuation, after that! Was this and every other delightful plan to be put off, nobody knew how long, for the sake of a headlong cash and love-affair con-

cocted by Tom Erricker? I was sure that my sister would agree with me, for she always had made light of Tom, and I vowed to my reluctant self, that the decision should be left to her. What then was my chagrin and wonder, when she said, "You are bound to go, George!" And I fear that she wanted me out of the way, because I would not kow-tow to her "Jack"!

The terrible results of this sudden start have strengthened me for ever in my solid judgment, which for the moment I was much inclined to slacken under the arch spell of St Winifred. Listen deferentially to feminine opinion, but never let it go beyond your ears; until you have a good wife of your own. She will know how you look at things, and shape her wisdom to suit yours, and go beyond your own conviction in the certainty that you are right. And then she knows that she has done it all, whenever everything turns out well. But if peradventure it all goes amiss, she is the last one in the world to make it bad for you. It is your place then to take the blame on your own clumsy shoulders, and think scorn of outside results, while you have one true breast to comfort you.

These thoughts were far beyond me yet; for a young man believes himself wondrous clever, and airs his conclusions about womankind, as a boy blows his bubble, or a child upon the grass his ball of dandelion-seed. And this was just the very thing Tom Erricker had always done; and I had thought it very fine, until I met my Daniel. But now I felt disgusted with him, and his Loo of £20,000 and all that snobbish frippery about his togs. However, I must make the best of that and him.

To the life of my life I sent a line, as full of love as I could make

it, with any room for common-sense behind. And then off I set for all that humbug, show, and sham, and breakfast-speeches, women up to date with tears, and men beyond it with champagne, lovely bride with lips too sweet for marriage to melt inside them, bridegroom in tepid waxwork form, and looking for courage to his mother, whose mind dwells over his weaning.

All this was there, and a great deal more; and it seemed to me that my dear friend (who had lost his wit, and his wits as well) deserved our finest sympathies; though the girl was a harmless and good little thing, who wondered how her Tom could have thought so much of me.

But if ever there were kind and warm people, on the face of this cold-complexioned earth, these Yorkshire folk might fairly claim the warmest place among them. Not for hospitality alone (though in that they were beyond abundance) but also for solid goodwill without sham, and a hearty power of liking any one who met them frankly. There was something about them altogether different from our Southern style; stronger and deeper, and more true in the way they stuck to what they said. Also I found them very eager to have large and liberal views of their own in abstract questions of politics; and if they made mistakes, it was—so far as I could follow suit—from contempt of shilly-shallying. I went among them, with the tags of my Tory armour tied, hooked with steel I ought to say; and though they could not pull any of it off, they made the whole suit more flexible, and airy, and elastic.

Alas that I had so brief a chance of expanding under the broadcloth! None of them could unsettle me in what I was brought up to. But

having an equitable mind, and being worsted generally in argument, I began to see that the strongest principles may go too far in their own strength. There was one old man of mighty aspect, and immense benevolence, who must have brought me beneath his mantle, in three more nights of looking at me. I felt his influence, and feel it now.

But whether for any good or harm, all this was cut short suddenly. After Tom and his bride were gone, with the usual showers after them, all the guests and many more came together at Silver Hall, the abode of the ancient Tinman, as Tom in his impudence called his father. For why; it had been arranged among them to have the wedding-dance out there, with more room for enjoyment than Sir Benjamin Box could minister. And I was beginning to count my time, for I meant to go by the midnight train; and clumsy dancer as I am, there were several very nice girls indeed, who did their best in a charming way, to make me do my best as well. Especially there was Tom's younger sister, as pretty a girl as need be seen; in a formal mood of the masculine mind, "Miss Argyrophylla Erricker." Her mother had paid a poor Oxford man a guinea for invention of that name; and she was worth it, though everybody called her "Pilla."

It was a lucky thing for me that I had not seen Pilla too early in life, for I know not where I might have been. This very pretty girl was also of a very romantic tendency; which, with a little wit to quicken, and sweet brown eyes to sweeten it, stops you, in your course, like a double water-jump with a hurdle of furze between it. You pause to think; and you pause for ever. I had heard of her a hundred times from Tom, but had never imagined that she was so

nice; for he spoke of her with that fond condescension which made her look up to him as a mighty hero. And now I had to take care what I said, as she always got back to him at every other breath; and a great stretch of verity was needful on my part, to respond to her view of his merits. But this made me like her all the more, and I wished more than once that my sister Grace, who certainly possessed much more occasion for it, were gifted with an equal amount of this lovely philadelphia.

How many times I danced with Pilla, is a great deal more than I can say; but it was very far from being to the exclusion of everybody else; as people were found to say afterwards. She as the daughter of the house was bound to pay proper attention to the guest, who had come so far to please her brother, and would have to leave so early. And for my part I could not forget the duty of warm friendship to my dear old Tom. Every time she came back to me, I thought that her rich brown eyes grew brighter, and I told her how much they resembled Tom's; although infinitely more expressive. And she found me improving so fast in my steps, which had fallen into sad neglect among the furrows, that I feared to fall off again, if I failed to make the most of so rare a chance. But as to making love to her—what love had I to make? All my rights and dues of that were signed, sealed, and delivered to another lady—of a different grade altogether.

But away went all a man's thoughts of homage to anything but humanity, when after I had said "Good-bye" to Pilla, and seen my bag come down the stairs, and was casting a wrapper around me, while the cabman thumped himself betwixt the doors, the

sweet little creature ran up to me again, and tried to speak, but only mumbled, and would have gone down with her chin upon the floor, if I had not stretched both arms to catch her. Upon them she lay, like a lamb upon a rail, with all her body quivering, and the helplessness of her slack head thrown against my dancing waistcoat.

"What is it, dear child?" I asked in vain. All she could do was to spread one hand towards a big door; and then that hand fell, and she was all long hair and pink muslin. "Is there a woman here?" I called out, in terror of a fit, as I kept her from the floor; and a woman of great substance rushed up and caught her, and glared at me, as if I were a villain. "Poor lamb! Poor darling! The bad wicked man!" "Did you see how he swept her off her feet?" There were half-a-dozen handmaids now; and I left poor Pilla to them.

Then seeing how stupidly quick they were, I went to the door she had pointed at, and with heavy misgivings entered. It was a large high room, with a lot of gilt about it, and gorgeous books sprawling upon stamped leather; but the gas was turned down, and the light of the fire flickered with gushes of shape and shadow.

There was another and a darker shadow there. A dead man lay in the deep composure of a most luxurious chair; his head had fallen back against the rich morocco; and the fire that played on his dull wan eyes should warm no part of him any more. Theophilus Erricker, a man who had made his fortune, in the rush, and kick, and pell-mell of life—by fair play, no doubt, when the rules permitted; and with kindness to his fellows, when so be it, the facts went the right way for him.

It was strong hospitality, and

quick heart now, which had brought him to this sad extreme. Throughout the day, he had been doing too much for a man of his legs, and years, and weight, as several persons told him. But the old man kept up to the height of young time; and when Sir Benjamin Box (an alderman of substantial yet melancholy order) entreated him not to dance so much, stout Mr Erricker challenged him, though Box was ten years his junior, to jump over a dining-room chair with him! And thus he carried on for hour after hour, dancing, and slapping old friends on the back, and running about among the pretty girls, like a waiter who has to subsist upon tips; and ever so much rasher than that man is, because he was stirring up his intellect, to the same high scale as his body. What wonder then—with his doctor called away to a wealthy confinement, and his good wife too busy to frown at him—that he verified the warnings of those who knew, but could not at such a time remind him, that he had all but created a vacancy in the Town Council last Easter Monday, through juvenile impetuosity?

What an awful crash of buffers, in the midst of headlong gaiety! Even to me, so new a friend, it seemed to sweep aside all thoughts of self, and plunge it in the great tide of human fate, that pitiless gulf-stream, in which we cannot even endeavour a course of our own, but are whirled along like a dollop of froth, or a shred of pop-weed among other weeds.

Being (as a young man ought to be) entirely without experience of the sudden tragedies of life, perhaps I overdid my sense of duty in a case like this. If so, I erred on the better side; and in spite of all the sad home results I say that I would do the like again, whether others would do as much for me, or not.

Right or wrong, I could not bring myself to leave these unhappy people without any friend to help them. My services were but small of course; and yet as it happened there was no one in the house to be more efficient. The family lawyer had left the town, after seeing to the marriage-settlement; the execution of the will was committed to Tom and his mother. Tom was away on his wedding-trip; and his mother, in delicate health for some years, had now broken down entirely, and left her daughter to do the best she could. Only on one point the widowed mother still had the courage to insist. Whatever came of it, her son should not be called back from his honeymoon to the coffin of his father. He had set off for Italy, or the South of France—I forgot which it was for the moment—nothing but a telegram could stop him; and no telegram should be sent.

A miserable time it was indeed. The lawyer's junior partner came; but he was a young man without self-reliance, regardful of nothing but legal forms, and desirous of nothing but to please Miss Pilla, who could make a flexible stalactite—if such a thing there be—of him, by every crystal tear; and she having therefore little faith in him, all he did was to cast the burden of every doubtful arrangement upon me.

"The old man will cut up finely, sir," was the most practical of his remarks to me; "no expense must be spared on his funeral. Under the widow's instructions—poor thing!—you must now act as quasi-executor. The Corporation will not be pleased, unless everything is carried out *À l.* And if I may venture upon a private sentiment, it will all tell up, sir; it will be a sound investment, with an eye to the welfare of the business."

Then Sir Benjamin Box came in, and put his hat upon the very chair in which the Master of the house had breathed his last, and spake below breath impressively.

"Saddest thing I ever knew, in all my life! We shall never look upon his like again. My dear Sir George, what a lesson for us! But to jump over chairs, at his time of life! And eighteen stone, if he weighed an ounce. I, who am comparatively active—but we will not reproach him, when he cannot reply. Fine thing for Tom though; can you give me an idea? You are the acting Executor I believe."

"I am not an Executor at all, Sir Benjamin. And I am no Sir George, but plain George Cranleigh. I am doing what little I can, at the request of the ladies, and their lawyer. But you are more nearly connected, and if you would only take it off my hands——"

"No, no, thank you. That wouldn't do at all. I never could stand a house of mourning. My own heart is ticklish; this has given me quite a turn. But you are young, sir, you are young. My deepest sympathies to the afflicted ladies."

He was off with so light a foot, that even the ghost of the poor deceased would have found itself too heavy, if it ever came to finish the jumping-match. And then *Argyrophylla* glided in, looking like a silver aspen leaf in a coil of black ivy, as she took my hand.

"Oh Mr George, what a hateful old man! I heard what he said, and I saw him run away. And my brother has married his daughter! Cowards, how they fly at the very thought of death; and when their time of life should make them so glad to know more about it! But you are not like that, are you? Though it must be most sadly distressing for you. To attempt to

thank you would be so absurd and hopeless. How proud my brother must be of such a friend! If I live to be eighty, I shall never forget you. But I came to tell you two pieces of good news; if there can be such a thing as good news now. Dr Golightly has called upon the Coroner, and got him to dispense with an Inquest, as the case had been medically treated before. And then Aunt Gertrude is coming to-morrow, and she will bring Selina Petheril, who was at our school at Brompton."

Of Selina Petheril I knew nothing, but this Aunt Gertrude was the relative from whom Tom had great expectations; and her arrival made things much better, and relieved me of some anxiety. She approved of all that I had done; but I found it impossible to leave the house with any security that all was right, until the third day after the funeral. I had written to my sister, and heard from her once or twice, so that there could be no uneasiness at home. But of my dear friends in the valley not a word had reached me, though among all those dismal

duties my thoughts had been with them constantly.

It is not for me to pretend to say whether I acted well or ill. But to one thing I can pledge my honour, that no small motive and no tender claims of beauty in distress detained me. If Pilla had been the plainest girl in the county of many acres, my behaviour would have been just the same. I never said a word to her that was not of the purest pity and good feeling; neither did she think twice of me, except as a willing and warm friend. There is nothing in me to attract any girl; and even if there were, any man who imagines that a loving daughter in deep affliction would set up a flirtation with a stranger, the same is a bad man, and proves it by measuring women by his own low mark.

However no more of that. Enough that when we heard by telegram that Tom would be at home that night, I took the mail-train to London, and got home at breakfast-time on Sunday morning, having thus been absent just nine days.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—GONE, GONE, GONE.

A small and well-measured breakfast-party, with the tea and the bacon and eggs provided, to expectation and experience, should not be disturbed by the sudden irruption of a rough, unshaven, crumple-shirted, and worst of all, unfed young fellow, who cannot remember when his last meal happened. Therefore I only sent word of my arrival, and went for a swim in Stoneman's lake, as my custom was throughout the year, while Sally was preparing me some bread and milk. But while I was getting through this, and thinking of putting myself

into church-going gear, my sister Grace ran in, and embraced me, as warmly as if I were on the Stock Exchange.

"Oh George, I think you are so noble," she declared, as if she had found me at last too large for her understanding, "to stay away so many weeks"—I had not been away for a week and a half, but let her have a girl's arithmetic—"simply for the sake of other people's affairs, without even appointing anybody to look after your own, all that long while. I thought that I was almost as unselfish as anybody ought to be. But I am

not sure that I could quite have done all that."

"You don't understand things, my dear girl," I replied, with that superior tone which used to have a fine effect of closure upon the large feminine parlance. "I knew that hay was going up, and that Mr Joplin would have to put five shillings on to every pound he offered me in October."

"Hay indeed!" she exclaimed with scorn. "George, it is sweet hay—sweet hay—sour hay! And you have not made it, while the sun shone."

"Speak no more in parables. Speak plain English. What in common-sense are you driving at? There is no hay in the county to beat ours. And I defy any rain to have got into the ricks."

"But suppose the ricks are all clean gone. Oh, George, how stupid you are at metaphors! But if they are gone, without letting you know—oh, I never could believe that, of foreigners even! And after all the great things you have felt for such great people!"

"Out with it!" I said, while my spoon went dribbling. "You mean to tell me I suppose, if plain English can ever be got from a girl, that Sûr Imar, and his people, have left the neighbourhood."

"His people indeed! Well, if you can take it in that lofty spirit, you may as well know everything. I was quite afraid of telling you. But men are all alike, at least old Sally says so—though what she can know about it, the poor old soul——"

"When did it happen?" I asked quite calmly, for I wanted no pity about it; least of all from a girl who had never entered into any proper view of the question; because I never chose to run and gush to her.

"That is more than we can tell.

They must have packed up very quickly; unless they left all their dogs and diamonds behind them. But we only heard of it yesterday, through Slemmick, who had it from Farmer Ticknor. That seems a little rude, considering that you were to have taken me down so soon, to fall at the feet of the Lesghian Bandit. But of course we must not judge them by our own ideas. Perhaps, as we had never called upon them——"

"They would not have troubled their heads about that. They look at things from a higher level. But perhaps they might have sent a boy to tell me, if they had found any time to spare. My dear child, in a quarter of an hour I shall be ready; and then we will go to church together."

Let any man tell me what else he would have done, and I shall be much obliged to him. Not that it could help me very much—for such a thing can scarcely happen twice to any fellow; but that I should like to compare his view of it with what went on in my own mind. Nothing is easier than to talk, when you see the thing a long way off; or (which is even better) only read about it, or give a bold verdict without a glance; which is the wisest course of all.

All that I can say about my part, is that reason did not count for a halfpenny in the business. Pride (which is often a matter of temper, or self-esteem set up to crow; but when it arises in a modest nature is the proper power to keep it sweet)—pride said to me—"I am well aware that you never stuck up for being humble. You hate any fellow that goes in for that; because you believe him a hypocrite. And so he is, ninety-nine times per cent; the one per cent being a true Christian, a quantity altogether negligible. You are not up to that

mark. But you are a self-respecting Englishman. Show it, my fine fellow, by whistling at people, who have not known you better than to snub you."

I listened to this, and it all seemed true, as beyond all doubt it ought to be. And I went through everything so well, that Grace (who was watching me with tender interest, to learn perhaps how the Stockbroker would take it, if she vanished out of his investments) did her best to be pleased for my dear sake; and yet for joint-stock sake afforded me as cold a kiss, when she said good night, as any man insisting on the abstract woman can hope to receive from the concrete.

This alone was enough to show me that I was on the wrong tack altogether. Women are delightful in their talk, if nobody contradicts them, about their finer nature, and purer standard, and higher mission to ennoble us. All this we acknowledge, and should feel it more, if they said less concerning it. But the worst of it is, that if any man regards them as they demand to be regarded, he may stand with his back to the wall, while they go by.

Now a man, however dull-witted he may be, has sense enough to know that in any nice point touching his behaviour to the better half of life, a member of that half can show him what to do, far better than he can discover it. Nothing could be clearer than that Grace despised the haughtiness and the hardness which she herself would have shown in her own case. "How her eyes would have flashed!" thought I—and then came a vision of other eyes, gentle, true, deep-hearted eyes, sad with some dark mystery perhaps, compelled to keep their tears unseen; but wavering, jiltish, deceitful—never. And then I began to recall her kindly, and found it very comforting.

For when the sweet face came before me, with the soft radiance of those eyes, and the play of those lips that trembled lest they should open themselves unduly, and the movement of a heart that wondered whether it wanted itself to be understood, and a multitude of other little waverings, which a man is too dull to interpret,—when all this came home to me with unknown power (because I wanted it and nothing else)—

"Away with this stupid pride!" said Love, clinging to my breast, and whispering; "the Power that made mankind, made me; and ordered me never to be far off, in the worst of your tribulations. But I must have faith; as even He requires in all His dealings with you. I have offered you as fair a chance as ever was given to a clumsy mortal. The loveliest creature, a child of my own, as much too good for you as I am. Because the Wicked One has raised a mist, in his loathing of human happiness, are you fool enough to be untrue to me, and shut your blear eyes, and never open them, until nothing is left worth looking at? Go your own way. I have plenty of finer fellows to stand by me."

Though he may not have said it so distinctly—and he is not the fellow anyhow that should talk about a mist—it produced the same effect upon me. I felt myself, after a little thinking, very many cuts above Jackson Stoneman and his slippery stuff among the pats of butter. His love was as sound as a roach, and as merry as a grig; and he was welcome to it. A thing like a bleak that flits under a film of the water, and jumps at a midget, and so becomes fit to make pearl of Paris.

When the striking-weight of a clock is too heavy, it slurs the hours with such a tug, that you

cannot even count the strokes; and to me with that heavy weight upon my heart, time went by untimely. Slowly, heavily, and sluggishly, if ever I began to count the ticks; but out of all proper chronology, at periods when I kept no eye upon it. Moreover, I had a number of little things to see to, which had been neglected in my absence, so that it was Tuesday afternoon when I stood at the door of St Winifred and wondered whether she had fallen back into rust and ruin once again. The old wall fringed with ivy looked like a billow with a ruffled crest, before the white comb breaks from it, and the slumber of the valley was not shaken by groan or shudder of the water-wheel. No smoke was rising from the buttressed chimneys which had been repaired and pointed, neither was there any sign of life, or sound of the harsh Caucasian gabble in which many idle souls delighted.

In short, the settlement (which had been so long the puzzle of the neighbourhood, and the blessing of the rate-collectors, for Sâr Imar paid always every penny put upon him) was gone, vanished, a vision of the distance; a pleasant resource for the memory, when not too conceptive at dinner-time; a fact that would fade into a legend soon, and find matter-of-fact disproving it.

If I had not been reduced by this time to a meritorious humility—which I meant to keep up, let it suffer as it might—it would have gone hard with our language to forego one of its strongest and briefest words, which the weaker tongues try to pronounce against us, but condemn themselves by the effort. Being of the purest English birth, and therefore (as even our enemies admit) an embodiment of justice, I stood still, and made allowance for all of lesser privilege. They have quite as much right to their own

ideas as the largest of us have to ours. And it is our power of perceiving that, which has made us beloved throughout the world; or at least by as many as can understand us. Or if they be few, whose fault is that?

While I was full of these quick thoughts, and exceedingly sorrowful over them, lo, two streaks of yellow on the dark-green grass, and the self-possession of Albion was well-nigh rolled over in its own tricks. *Kuban* and *Orla*, as mad as March hares, threw all their wild welcome upon me; kisses, and licks, and the hairiest embraces, and the most lunatic yells of delight; if ever there has been true love, here was the prime of it to knock me off my legs.

Any one may laugh at me, and all my pride; for the whole of it went to the dogs in a jiffy. I am blest if I could help a gleam of moisture that made it difficult for me to see the loyal love in eyes that never told a lie. "You dears!" I cried, "you faithful dears," and they would scarcely let me say it, before they were smothering me again, and then they rolled on the ground, as if they had got no legs, and then they jumped up and looked at one another to be certain of their facts; and then with one accord they made the valley ring with glorious shouts of joy, and the dead leaves tremble on the lonely trees. And behold, they had roused a great figure of a man, who came from a door where I had trembled like a leaf, and put his hand over his eyes, and gazed at me, as if he had never seen a man before. And then a little figure ran almost between his legs, and I halloed to Stepan and Allai.

Stepan showed a warm desire to embrace me, which proved that to him I was guiltless as yet, while Allai put both hands on his head,

and bowed almost to my gaiters. Now if I could only make these fellows understand, and then get them to do the like to me, I should learn all about this sudden flitting, for the smallest of the Lesghians had always seemed to be in partnership with the greatest.

But alas! what a conflict of languages we had! I think it is St James who dwells with great eloquence upon the many miseries we suffer from the tongue; he has not, however, described for us one of its most diabolical conditions, when it cannot hit upon the word it wants, and flies into a fury of perplexity with itself, and indignation at the stupid ear that keeps it so in limbo. Stepan tried English, and that was very bad; then I tried Lesghian, but that was much worse. He could see that I wanted to know why his master had broken up their English home so suddenly, and without so much as a word of farewell; but all that he could do towards telling me was to shake his head, and make a great noise in his throat, and box the boy's ears for laughing at him. Then something not altogether devoid of true insight occurred to him, for he shouted in a mighty voice, "Stepan dam fool!" and gave Allai some order, which sent him to the buildings like an arrow.

Something had occurred to me also, so often are ideas simultaneous, and while the messenger was gone, I took that leaf of which I have spoken, from my pocket-book, and handed it to Stepan. He looked at it with great surprise, and then put it to his lips and on his forehead, and then tore off a fibre and tasted it. "Adul! Adul!" or some word that sounded like that, he repeated frequently, and did his utmost to show me that he felt great curiosity about it. Upon this I pulled out a pencil and drew a rough sketch of

myself being shot at, taking poetic licence to show the bullet in the air and the leaf dropping from it. Also I tried to represent a man crouching in a bush and popping at me, and although not a glimpse had been vouchsafed me of the villain on that occasion, I allowed imagination to indue him with the plumed hat of Prince Hafer. This I had no right to do; but surely a little liberty is pardonable with a gentleman who has taken a shot at one in the dark. At any rate Stepan fell in most briskly with the inference of this costumery, and seemed rather pleased at the confirmation of his own moral estimate and foresight.

Until I began to think, I was surprised that he should be so calm about that black attempt to annihilate me; but remembering what he had been through, I let him take it according to his nature. He liked me, he approved of me, he thought me a good Englishman; and yet it would have been no more than the finish of a bear-hunt to him to have carried me home on the hurdle I jumped, when I went to the rescue of Allai. And I looked at him, with some disappointment.

"Enemy!" he said; it was the word that had long been hanging in his windrop; and now he was so delighted with it that he said it three times over. "Good English; dam enemy. Stepan see all—all right, dam enemy!"

His wondrous baldric (better smocked with cartridge-loops than a parish-clerk could show of plaiting on his Sunday front, in the days when his wife was proud of him) bulged on his mighty chest with the elation of this grand discovery. And then he said, "Bad man, bad man!" in a manner which appeared to me too abstract and philosophical. "No doubt you consider it very

fine fun," I replied with some warmth of feeling, but the knowledge that he was no wiser.

Then up ran Allai, at a speed which made him resemble a hunted grasshopper, and I took from his claws a sealed letter, and looked at them both, in disdain of any hurry. "This will keep," I said very quietly; for though they knew not the meaning of my words, they might be asked afterwards how I received it, and they should have no flurry to report. So I put it in my pocket, like a Briton.

Stepan, and Allai, and one other man not equally well known to me, had evidently been left to finish the packing of some of the heavier goods, and the bales of books which had been printed, and to take them as well as the beloved dogs perhaps, by some slower route, and rejoin their master by arrangement. I knew that Sûr Imar had long been

preparing to move, when his period of banishment expired, but I was sure that he had no intention of departing so suddenly, when I had seen him last. Stepan contrived to let me know that the luggage was going by a smoker in a day or two from London pond, as he called it; and having no further business there, I took leave of him and Allai. The Lesghian giant was dignified and impressive in his long farewell, and gave me his blessing—as I supposed—and his invitation to the Caucasus. Also this comfort—"Enemy gone. No more shoot good English," which was some relief to a heavy mind. But little Allai, and the two dogs—I could scarcely get away from them, so loving and so sad were they. The short November day was darkening, as I left the valley, where I had found so much wild happiness, and so much deep sorrow to humble me.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—LOVERS MAKE MOAN.

Now when I had read Sûr Imar's letter, which I hastened to do by the light from the west at the very spot where he had told his tale, there was nothing (at least to a clay-headed fellow) affording definite answer to the questions which concerned me most. The first of these was—why on earth had my friends broken up and departed so hastily? And the second—no less of a puzzle to me—what had I done to give fatal offence? All Sûr Imar wrote was this, wherein I found that although he spoke our language so well and fluently and with better command of it than I have, he was not quite so familiar with the mysteries of our spelling. But let that pass unheeded.

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—So I desire to call you still, because I am

old, and an old man has learned that he must not listen to everything, neither yield without proof to assertions which contradict his own experience. My belief is that you are as full of honour as I was at your time of life; and it is always most hot in the young, until they are taught that justice is the first thing to be aimed at. And I have a firm belief from my observation of you, that any mistake you may have made was caused by the influence of the moment, and without any intention to do wrong.

"I am grieved that I shall have no opportunity of meeting you again in England. We are obliged to depart at once, having heard of an adverse incident, which threatens all my prospects of success. Probably we shall never meet again; and perhaps you will not desire it.

But Englishmen go everywhere, even to the inhospitable Caucasus ; and I would try to prove to you that the epithet is undeserved, if you would afford me the chance, and show that you still think kindly of your old friend,

IMAR, the Lesghian."

Vexed as I was with painful wonder as to the charge against me, I could not help admiring the large and peaceful nature of this man. He thought that I had wronged his child, the hope of his days, and the heart of his life ; and yet not a bitter word did he employ, nor even show a sign of scorn. Not in vain had he passed through the mill of tribulation. By loss of faith in woman's goodness, he had lost all the delights of love, of family bliss, and home, and comfort for the residue of his time on earth. And the lesson it had taught him was to doubt of evil in mankind, or at least in those whom his friendly nature led him to approve and like. Oh ! why was not his daughter of an equal trust and largeness ? Not a word had she sent me, not even one reproach, which might have told me that her heart was sore. If after all her knowledge of me, all the proof which her eyes alone must have rendered to her mind, one lying tale, whatever it was, had been enough to scatter to the wind all her faith and all her love, then none of it was worth having. So I reasoned, and yet in vain. The stronger my conviction grew, the less was I convinced of it. My heart was all with Daniel still ; and let the mind argue as it would, had logic ever looked at her ? Any cold dribble may be crystal clear ; but the current in the veins of man should be warm and red and glowing.

Under that sudden cloud could I rest without looking up to inquire

what it was ? All I could do was to guess and guess ; but I had no guilty conscience, which is the quickest of all conjecturers. If for one moment of charm, or caprice, any lure of the eye, or bewitchment of a smile, I had gone astray from my one true love, the memory would have come up at once, and suggested to my shame that I was served aright. But there had been nothing of the kind. I had only done what seemed at first the simple duty of friendship, and after that sunk my own delights in the stress of deep affliction. If for this, and no more than this, I was to be treated as a scoundrel, I had a right to know who had put that twist upon it.

Therefore on the following day I took an early train to London, and a cab from the terminus to Hatton Garden, and found Signor Nicolo finishing at leisure a delicate and skilful breakfast. He received me very kindly, and unpinned the napkin from his Italian velvet coat, and offered me a glass of something fine, which proved a great deal too fine for me. My impatience seemed to please him, and he was in no hurry to allay it. And his first words seemed to me to contain some rather impertinent assumption.

"The great point is to be calm, Mr Cranleigh. To be quite calm, and look at things quietly — ah yes !"

"I scarcely know what you refer to, Mr Nickols. What is there to prevent my being calm ? I am simply come to ask about some friends, as a — as a matter of business. You were kind enough when I was here before —"

"Come, come now. This won't do. We are not having a deal for a diamond. I know all about it, as well almost as if I had been in the thick of it. Ah yes ! But you find yourself bothered, don't you ?"

"Certainly, I don't like it much," I answered, as his black eyes flashed at me, and a merry smile lifted his long moustache. "I did not expect to be treated thus. And I was strongly attached to Sûr Imar."

"And to *Kuban* and *Orla*. Ah yes, I see! And to *Stepan* and *Allai*, and all the rest. What a pity there were no ladies there! You might have become attached to them as well."

"I call it very kind of you to spare me so much time," I answered rather stiffly, for I would have no vulgar chaff about *Daniel*; "I was almost afraid of encroaching upon business."

"Duke of K—— at eleven o'clock, Serene Highness of L—— at twelve, King of the *Malachites* at half past; and a bigger swell than all of them put together to a devilled bone at 1.30. Therefore we must touch the point. You want to know why our interesting friends have bolted so suddenly; and still more, why they did it without t-a-ta to you. That last point I am not clear about, though I have some shrewd suspicions. But I think I can tell you why they made a brief adieu to the neighbours who never came near them. You will acknowledge that they could not be expected to stand on ceremony there."

"You have got the stick by the wrong end altogether," I broke in, for the sake of justice; "we let them alone, for the excellent reason that we knew they wished to be let alone. No Englishman ever endeavours to push through a gate that is always bolted. Our neighbourhood took no notice of them, because it was known from the very first that they came there for that purpose. And living in a wilderness of ivied ruins——"

"You appear to have turned against them, even more than their behaviour warrants. But for all

that, Sûr Imar is a really great man. He looks at things differently from you and me; and it is not for us to judge him. For like all men who go in for what we don't care about, he is set down as a crank, a dreamer, a man with a tile off, a fellow you would like to toss for sovereigns with, and everything else that a cad of the gutter pities and sucks up to. But I can tell you that the *Lesghian* old man, as the idiots would call him at forty-five, may defy a Polish Jew to cheat him. For I don't call it cheating a man, when he knows it, and lets you do it, because he scorns you and the cash alike. When you cheat him you are like a man who steals his house-water from a horse-trough, and you deserve to get glanders for it. But what I call fine cheating is to get twice the value of a thing out of a wiry old screw, whose money is his life, and his life all money. Oh yes! There is some joy in that."

Signor *Nicolo* rubbed his hands, and then put them into the feeling of his pockets, with a warmth of some rich memory—not very old, I daresay.

"But you would never do such a thing as that?" I asked, with a little doubt quivering in the question. "You would be far above all such ideas?"

"Would I? Of course I would, when I couldn't get the chance. And I would never get the better of a real friend, beyond 25 per cent at maximum. And he would make 75 on that at the West End. But when a man I hate with a fine religious strength comes here to get the best of me, screwing up his mouth, and looking righteous, and as cordial as a stewed Spanish onion—'oh dear, how lovely! A little flat in the culet—would be perfect but for that milky spot below the zone,' and so on; for what did the Almighty

make a man except to chisel such a curmudgeon? Ah yes, I have done it a hundred times, and hope I may be spared to do it a thousand more. It is not for the money, it is the intellectual triumph. Everybody knows what I am. Come to me fairly, and I treat you fairly. Must have my living wage, of course. But no more, unless you try to rob me. Then you have got the wrong pig by the ear. And it's the very same thing in love, Mr Cranleigh. Have you tried to take a rise out of Dariel?"

This would have made me very angry with at least nine people out of ten. But I knew that I had a queer character to deal with, and that he meant no harm, but only to get to the bottom of the matter. So I told him that if there was anything of that sort, I thought it was rather the other way. And then I was quite in a fury with myself, for putting it as if she could have done a shabby thing. And I praised her ninefold, and could have gone on for an hour.

"You are all right," he said, "that is clear enough; you are as infatuated as a Goddess could require. We have all been so, some time or other. But you should have seen her mother, ah yes, ah yes! Signora Nicolo cannot bear to hear her name, though she ought to be grateful, for it kept me good, and plunged me, I do believe, into matrimony. A sweet woman never knows the good she does, any more than an impudent flippant one can measure her own mischief. For the sake of that noble Oria, as well as of Sûr Imar, who saved my life, I would go anywhere and do anything, to be of service to Dariel. And for her own sake too, I can tell you, for she is a most charming creature, though a little too soft, like her father. Ah, that's where the mischief will come in! How

can you save a man from himself? After all the lies he has suffered from, and the wreck of his life—I know all about it now, though I didn't when I saw you—would you believe that he is spoonier than ever about doing good to those cursed fellows? Saving their souls! Why, they've got none; or if they have, what are ours to be called? As different as quartz from opal, which are much the same thing though in different form. And as for their bodies, they are big enough already, and dirty enough, and as hard as nails. Let them all kill one another, is what the Lord intended, and Nature does her best to help him. Why, the country ought to belong to us; we could do some good with it. It should have been ours long ago."

"No doubt of that," I replied, for that seems to be the duty of every land; "I knew that Sûr Imar meant to go, and for years he has been preparing to civilise his people; but what has made him go so suddenly?"

"Well, I think it was through a tall young fellow, who has been prowling about for a long time. 'Prince Hafer' he calls himself, Prince of the Ossets, who are next-door neighbours to these Lesghians, when they have any door at all, I mean. I won't pretend to know much about him, but what I have heard is rather shady. He bore a most wonderful reputation among his own niggers, if I may call them so, for the Ossets are rather a dusky lot—never had there been such an Angel seen; too good, too benevolent, too holy. But Apollyon, the Prince of this village of ours, has been too many for our Mountain Chief; and he has carried on rarely at the Hotel Celestial, and other sparkling places. If he had not been a Prince, they would have had him up at Bow Street; but he

talked about Russia, and they thought he was too big. Moreover, our noble Policemen saw that there was nobody likely to interpret him; so they took it out in coin, according to the custom of the Country. He paid for a mirror and three electro-plated pots; and with mutual esteem they parted. But what a fiend of a temper he must have! For he never gets drunk to make us sponge him with our tears."

"That is most unjust on his part. I have seen him twice, and nearly felt him once. But never mind that. I shall square it up, some day. I beg pardon for interrupting. But how can Sûr Imar ever listen to him?"

"When you are as old as I am, Mr Cranleigh, one thing alone will surprise you. To wit, that you were ever surprised at the folly of the wisest of mankind. But I have no time for a homily. You want to know how I have learned these things. Have you ever heard of a certain Captain Strogue?"

"Yes, and I have seen him. And I formed a strong opinion, though all my impressions seem worthless now, that Captain Strogue is a man of honour. In his own way, I mean, and according to his views."

"Not a man who would try to pot you in the dark? I believe that you are quite right so far. Strogue is a man of honour, according to his lights. But, alas, an inveterate gambler; and that saps the foundations of honesty. God made honesty, and man makes honour, and shapes it according to the fashion of the day. Strogue has been here, he has sat in that chair, with his head in his hands, and shivering; for he is also a very hard drinker. I am well known all over Europe, as a purchaser of fine diamonds. Strogue had given

an I.O.U. the night before for £500, which he could not redeem. He had been fleeced, and he knew it too well, by paltry little all-round dealers, hucksters at the very bottom of the trade, who have only one test for gem from paste. If your brother Harold were a bit of a rogue he might have a fine game with them. But Strogue had the wisdom at last to come to me. Poor fellow! He has a very fine nature. He absolutely burst into tears, when he saw all the value he had thrown away. 'Signor, I am very hard up,' he said—which is just the right way to begin with me, though the very worst with any other in the trade; 'this is the last and the best of my jewels. A good judge has told me it is very fine. Unless I can raise £500 to-day, I shall have to put a pistol to my head. How much will you give me for this affair?'

"I examined it well, though a glance was enough. Then I tested him as to his ownership, to keep him on the tenterhooks, as he richly deserved; and then I said, 'Captain, I will take it, at a thousand pounds. But only upon one condition.' You should have seen his eyes. It was a lamentable sight to discover such joy in the face of a man, who had done such wonders in his better days. 'My condition,' I proceeded, for he could not speak, 'is that you shall sign a pledge prepared by me.' 'Anything, anything you like,' he answered; and in two minutes he had signed an undertaking upon his honour to abandon every form of gambling. Whether he will keep it is another question; but so far he has kept it, and I think he will hold fast. That is what I call doing good. And the stone was well worth the money."

I thought that it would have been still more beneficent, if the stone

had not been worth the money. But who could expect that, and of whom? Signor Nicolo looked for praise, and I gave it warmly.

"But you did not pump him, on the strength of it?" I asked; and meeting an indignant glance, I qualified my question. "What I mean is, you did not exactly endeavour—your duty towards Sûr Imar, and your desire to protect him from the schemes of that other fellow did not induce you to inquire, I suppose, what this pair of rogues could be driving at? I am not sure that I should have let him go without that."

"To a limited extent perhaps I did," Signor Nicolo answered with a candid smile; "not that I put any temptation in his way to make him turn traitor to his master. But simply that casually, as things came about he cast away in some degree that cowardly veil of caution, which is always so abhorrent to our better feelings. Nine people out of ten would have cross-examined him. But I did nothing of the sort. Only from some things he let slip I gathered a fair general idea of the game those two are playing. Or rather that other fellow; for to Strogue it can make no difference, unless the bargain is—no play, no pay. Hafer's game is to get possession of the lovely Dariel, as you must have suspected long ago; not for her beauty—those fellows out there pitch-and-toss for that kind of thing—but for the start it will give him, in the universal race of robbery. You must not be mild enough, Mr Cranleigh, to suppose that you have seen any sample of the Caucasus in the noble Sûr Imar, and his sensitive daughter, or even in the model henchman Stepan. If the camp in your valley had been of the general type, you would not have had a sheep left long ago, much less a

cock with a crow in his throat. 'Ragamuffins' is the proper name for most of them. And although these Lesghians, take them all in all, are about the pick of the basket, you would be in the wrong box altogether, if you took them for sweet innocents. They are simply under their chieftain's thumb; and by ancient tribal law, he can chop off their heads when he pleases. This keeps them in order; and they pay for their milk, instead of lifting cattle. Prince Hafer, however, is not under any fealty to Sûr Imar. So far from that, his great aim is to be Lord of the Ossets, and the Kheusurs too, and Karthlos Tower, which is a noble place, and might defy an army for a twelvemonth. Hafer is cunning, but has too much temper; and worst of all, he has not steered clear of the many traps set by civilisation for a young savage with his pockets full. He has fallen among a bad lot, a company of young rakes, contemptuous of women, and yet thoroughly in their power."

"What! would he venture near Dariel, after being in such vile company? We have heard that he was almost too good to live. She gave me so grand an account of him, that I thought it was all up with my poor chance. But what a falling off is here! The Prince of all virtues, the paragon of modesty, the hero of all chivalry—and now he won't even sham! Can you explain it, Mr Nickols?"

"No; that's no business of mine. Nature does it. But I shall hear more about it soon, and get a flood of light let in. In London you never know anything well, from hearing such a lot about everything. But it is not quite the same in the Caucasus. You don't hear much there; but you attend to it. And now you will be surprised to be told, that after so many years of

hearing next to nothing of that part of the world, and never seeing one of their celestial peaks, except in a dream, I am likely to know more about them than when I lived there. Ah, if I hadn't got a wife, and three daughters,—and I have let out so much, like a jolly fool, that they won't have French stuff on their birthdays,—I should be ready to be off again; though I could never do the *djedje* now; and the love of sport is not in me, as it is in all true-born Englishmen."

He looked regretful, and perhaps remorseful against his mingled parentage; for there was a vein of the Israelite in him, which saddens and deepens the outlook, without showing any sport, except a gold disc to shoot at.

"Never mind," I answered him, though sorry to have to do it; "you get your little excitements, in your way. And although they are not like ours altogether, they pay ever so much better in the end."

"Let us come back," he said, thinking in his heart, perhaps, that he could do very well without my sympathy; "my proceedings only bear upon your case in an odd sort of way, which may come to nothing. You remember that I told you of my Russian friend, whom I met at Odessa, twenty years ago, or more. Through him I first went into those savage parts, where he lost his life; and it was a narrow shave that I survived to tell of it; for which I have to thank Sûr Imar. You may have forgotten, but I think I must have told you that my Russian had a brother, an officer in the army then closing round the forces of Shamyl. Very well, who should call upon me a few days after I told you about that, but the very same Russian officer, now second in command of the Caucasus Division, General Stranglomoff himself. He was in London, about some military

business, and knowing my intimacy with his poor brother, he did me the honour of calling to hear some particulars of the sad occurrence. I described it as well as I could; and then he said, brushing up his English, as I brushed up my Russian, whenever there was a gap between us—'I am not a jeweller, Signor, and of precious stones I have not any knowledge; but place thine eyes upon this, is it good?' He wore a white glove of soft rat-skin, and upon it was the rich green light of the finest emerald I have seen, since I was at Warsaw.

"'Plenty, plenty, twenty, fifty—ten, a thousand! I pray you to accept this pebble, Signor, for my brother's sake,' he said with a very graceful bow; 'he was taken away through these, and I desire no advantage of them.' And with that he shed a tear which made me think how much we undervalue that fine race. There is no kinder-hearted man on earth, and no more perfect gentleman, than a Russian of the highest order.

"Well, sir, I sent my own nephew out—Jack Nickols, a wonderfully plucky fellow; not much eye for a stone; but sure to stick to his orders, and tell you the truth. If you can't be satisfied with that, good-bye to your chance of keeping anybody very long; for the sharp ones will soon begin to rogue you. Jack is as good a bit of English Metal as you could pick up from the lias to the granite. And not too clever. In fact, Mr Cranleigh, you remind me of him, at every turn."

I bowed very deeply at this lovely compliment, with a glance which I meant to be ironical. But Signor Nicolo was too busy with his thoughts to perceive the stern justice he had done me.

"Emeralds are going up," he proceeded, as if I were one of them, "and I should not be surprised if

the true grass-green became the rage for the next few years. There are only three gems that will always hold their own, diamonds, rubies, and sapphires. The rest go up and down, according to the fashion; and emeralds have been unduly in the shade. But now they are worth looking after again; and my nephew is the boy to do it. Hit or miss, he will do his best; and we have made an arrangement with the Russian General, under which he is bound to back him up. Jack is not very strong at letter-writing, and the post is not too brisk out there. But he has been on the spot for some time now, and he has made a very good beginning."

All this to me was little more than cold and cloudy comfort. Here was the winter close at hand, the winter of the frosty Caucasus; the friends I loved become strangers to me, and lost to my sight among savages; my own fair fame in some mysterious manner assailed and blasted; and the only hope of further tidings, or redress, yet visible lay in the chances of a roving jeweller's commission! Nickols might take it all quite calmly. His heart was set, and cemented—as one might almost say—upon precious stones, and hard enough, as it seemed to me, to grind them for trade purposes. But in my impatience I wronged him there.

"You must try to make the best of it, Mr Cranleigh," he went on, as if he understood my thoughts. "You have been horribly slandered, no doubt; and the sweet young lady has swallowed wicked lies, all the more readily because she is a sweet young lady, and for that reason credulous and jealous. But there are a lot of things in your favour still, if you will let me set them before you. I have not the least idea what you are charged with, any more than you have.

But whatever it may be, the charge will grow fainter, and the faith in it weaker, as time goes on; and the inventor of it will become more hateful. Probably Hafer has invented it; and even while she listens to it, her heart will turn against him. I know what a good woman is, because I have had to deal with them. A man who runs women down, is either a bad lot himself, or a most unlucky fellow. Moreover she dislikes that cousin of hers, if he is her cousin, for his violence, and roughness, and haughty ways. All that will increase, when he gets home again, and contrasts all their hard and uncivilised life with the luxuries and joys of London. She will turn against him more and more; and her father will never compel her to marry against her wishes. Moreover, there is likely to be some time yet before his schemes come to a head. My young savage has overthrown his cast, or that of his mother Marva. In his urgency to get them back straightway to the land of the mountain without the flood, he has sent them round by St Petersburg. He insisted so much on the peril they were in of losing all their Lesghian rights, that Sûr Imar resolved, very wisely as I thought, to assert them at headquarters. So Stepan and others were left behind to take the heavy goods straight to Poti perhaps. This was a floorer for Prince Hafer, and he gnashed his teeth, which he dyes yellow; for he is the Devil, and no mistake, when he can't have his own way. You don't consider me a suspicious man, Mr Cranleigh, do you?"

"A little too much the other way; as is the case with all fine natures," I replied, according to my thoughts; for he was evidently taking my part now.

"In that case, listen to my firm

belief. I am not at all up to the tone and style of what those mountaineers do now. And of course I may be as much behind the age, as Sâr Imar wants to be in front of it. But to my mind men are men always, and you can't improve them suddenly. A lot of sham comes in with some races; but not with stubborn chaps like these. Sâr Imar may print a million copies of the Sermon on the Mount; but it won't go down with them. Or it goes down, and never comes up again. You may as well pour gold into a cesspool. My firm belief is that this Prince Hafer intends to get our noble friend out there, marry his daughter, and then shoot him, and combine that heritage with his own. Ah yes!"

Nickols had a very quiet and even pleasant manner of imparting the most atrocious thoughts, that could ever drive another man out of his mind. I looked at him to ask whether he could mean it; and he smiled and answered, "You may take it for a fact."

"But his own sister, his twin sister, the darling of his childhood—Marva! How could all such wickedness go on without her knowledge? It is impossible to imagine that she would allow it."

"She sent her son to England for that very purpose," Mr Nickols replied, in a tone of deep conviction. "It may not sound sisterly; but it is true. There is the blood-feud between them. That they have been in the womb together only makes it deadlier. I know what I am talking of."

If he did—and he spoke as if it were an ordinary matter—I can only be certain that I did not. My brain was quite stunned with such horrible ideas; and I almost felt as if Daniel herself would be too dear, at the price of any connection with such vile and blood-thirsty savages. Then I felt bitter reproach at blaming a sweet gentle darling for what she could not help; and after providing for quick communication, I hurried away, with my heart in a whirl.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—BLACK FRIDAY.

In whatever condition a man may be placed, under the will of Heaven, there is generally something to alleviate it, if he seek perseveringly; and always something to aggravate it, without any exertion on his part. In my present trouble I had several consolations; and the best and sweetest of them was the kindness of my sister Grace. She had leaped, without looking for any signal, or even any ground to jump from, to the solid conclusion that her poor brother George had been treated most cruelly, shamefully, shockingly, and if there be worse than this, put it on the pile. And yet she never spoke of it—never at

least to me (though she may have filled the world with it to her beloved Jackson), but let me know her sympathies by a silent lift of cover, as a large and capable ham-boiler does; when a tin saucepan would have blown its top off. A man loathes sympathy, if he is of English race; nothing irritates him more than for other fellows to come prying down into what goes on inside him. Even to his dearest friend, he does not stretch out his heart, like a washerwoman's line; what may be inside it is his own concern; and like a gentleman, he must not be too curious about that, so long as it leads him into nothing mean. All I can say is that I

never felt inclined to be savage towards the female race, because one of them had disappointed me. And the beauty of it was that I could not hold one spark of rancour against her. The great generosity of love was in me; and all the fault I had to find went abroad among her sex, but never touched herself. So do jilted poets wail about all other women, but acquit the one they love.

But Grace showed her sympathy more delicately, according to her sex and education. What pleased me most in her behaviour was that she never brought her own little whiffs of love—and lovers are always having either whiffs, or tiffs—into her placid pretty interviews with me. She even broke out against her own sect, now and then—for the women had begun to make sect of sex even then, as they feign to do now altogether—and expressed a contempt of them, which any man would have been extremely rash to acquiesce in. She meant it for the best, and I was much obliged about it; but not the faintest fibre of my heart was put in tune by it.

Then all of a sudden it became the duty of my life to comfort her. One evening, getting on for Christmas-tide, I was sitting in my beloved den, after a rather hard day's work, as glum as a Briton can wish to be, but soothed by my pipe, and the smell of saddles, when in came Grace very quietly and kindly, but without saying anything at first, as if I were too busy to notice her. She began to sweep a trifle of tobacco-dust which had dropped on the table contradictorily—for I am a wonderfully tidy fellow—into the pink cup of her palm; and then she went and put something straight that was straight enough before for any man; and then she pretended not to hear me, when I asked—

"What is the matter, dear?" for I knew as well as a thousand sighs could have told me, that she was in trouble; and being up to every trick of hers, I was sure that her eyes were full of tears, although she would not let me see them.

"Butter returned on your hands again?" I suggested in a feeling tone; for there was an old lady, quite a double patent screw, at the further end of the parish, who was never tired of boasting—as old Croaker told us more than once—that her butter was made by a baronet's daughter, yet sent her such messages as no Duchess would think of sending to her dairymaid. "Returned on my own hands," Grace seemed to mutter, and I let her take her time, unable as I was to make this out. Then without caring properly where she might be in the narrow little room, she hit upon, by force of a gleam from the fireplace, that very same cracked and spotted looking-glass, in which my friend Tom had admired himself. With infinitely better reason—however feminine and wavering—Grace Cranleigh might have regarded herself, and defied any one (except Daniel) to peep over the snowy shoulders. But instead of pride, what came? I know not. Only that I flung my pipe away, and had my darling sister in my arms, where she cast away all pretence, and would have spoiled any waistcoat, that was not worn out.

"He—he—he," she sobbed. And I said—"What he?" and she answered "him," as if there was only one man in the world, though he might go into fifty cases. "Jackson?" I asked. But she would not have it even at such a crisis.

"My Jack," she declared, looking up at me, as if every George was rubbish; "my own Jack—will you never understand? And when I was getting so fond of him."

"Getting indeed! Why you have thought of nothing else, for at least three months. You have made too much of him; with the usual result, I daresay."

"Oh don't touch me! Don't come near me! No wonder your Dariel ran away. You have not the least sense of noble things. What have I done, to have such a brother?"

"There must be a crack in the family," I said, as she cut away into a Windsor chair, and fixed all her soul on the fire, as if it were the only warm thing left on earth.

"Wonderful, wonderful," I pursued my own reflections, till she should come round.

"And you don't even seem to care to ask what it is he has done to me!" Grace began to show her pretty nose over her left shoulder, while I snuffed the candles, and began to fill a pipe. "Though you know the high opinion I always have of your opinion."

"You had better not say a word about it," I answered in the kindest manner; "no doubt it is the usual thing. You told me that all men were alike, till you made such an idol of poor Stocks and Stones. Now you see that he is just like the rest of us."

"I have long ceased to hope for any greatness from you; but I did expect some fairness," my sister spoke as if I had not allowed her to say a word all this time: "you know that I cannot argue, George; or at least you pretend to think so, which comes to the very same thing with a man. Then how thoroughly ashamed of yourself you ought to be, as soon as you can spare me time to tell you the simple truth. Mr Jackson Stoneman, the gentleman you, with such admirable taste and such lofty humour, call 'Stocks and Stones,' is not tired of me, as you kindly imagine. In fact he

thinks more of me than ever. If you had only seen his face——"

"Don't cry, my dear child. Now don't cry any more. I am very sorry if I misunderstood you. But how could I help it? You do take such a time. What can be his reason for behaving in this manner?"

"Because he is ru—ru—ruined!" She never was much of a hand at crying; but this terrible word, and her effort at it, served as the cord that brings down the shower-bath. "Hoo—hoo—hoo!" she went, and it was no good for me to say anything. "Oh that Dariel were crying for me like that!" was the thought that came into my selfish heart. "I should not mind being ru—ru—ruined, if I could only hope for that." Then Grace got better, as girls always do, if you let them have their cry out.

"What makes it so—so distressing, so heart-breaking, is that the whole of it has been through me—through me, whom he chose without a single penny—me, who had nothing more than poverty to bring him, poverty, and faith, and a very ordinary mind! And then, not content with that, I must do my best to rob him of every farthing of his noble fortune. Perhaps one of the wealthiest men in the world, until he set eyes upon unlucky me. Oh George, it will never be in your power to understand my pure contempt for money! Yet you ought not to rob anybody of it; and I have robbed the noblest man that ever lived of every penny, every penny!"

"In the name of the forty thieves, and Morgiana, and the man they cut into four pieces, how can you have done all this?" I asked, being certain that there never was a girl more reasonable, yet remembering how the wisest of them love a little speculation.

"To anybody but you, George, it would be too self-evident to require any explanation. Why will you drive me to a thing so painful? Do you mean to say that he does not love me?"

"Better than his life, I believe; and better even than his money. But how does that bear upon the matter? They don't quote love upon the Stock Exchange."

"Oh George! And you think you are a business man!" Grace smiled gloriously through her tears, possibly through her triumph over me, probably through the joy of my assurance. "Can anybody do two things at once? Could my Jack attend to ups and downs, keep his whole mind intent on Argentinas, contangoes, fundangoes, holdovers, and holdunders, and even unspeakable Turks with fifty wives, when the whole of his pure heart was down here? Why he only went up about once a-week, if he could get me to go out nutting with him."

"Alas, I see. Neglected business. Left understrappers, and dashing young clerks, and trusty old codgers with pens behind their ears to stick to the stools; while he made sweet hay. But there must be something more than that."

"You turn everything into vulgarity, George. And you are capable of laughing at the most sacred things. But there was more than that, and a great deal more than that. You may have heard him speak in his grand confiding manner of a man named Franks, who has been with him many years. He has promoted him from place to place, and trusted him with almost everything; and I do believe that Franks had no intention of doing anything crooked. And he spoke in the most enthusiastic terms of me, though of course they never mention such a subject in the office.

And when Black Friday came, as you know it did, through some very stupid error of the Government, Jack only laughed at first, except for the sake of some dear friends of his, who were hit rather hard; it appeared so ridiculous to suppose that a firm like his could be affected. But there proved to be something, I cannot quite understand it, although I keep my books so clearly that I know every farthing owing to me, something, some involvement, some terrible affair, which will force him to give up the Hall, and the shooting, and the pedigree Butterfly cows, and even me."

"Don't let him do it. Don't hear of it for a moment. You will never get such another fellow," I exclaimed, as she turned away to wipe her glistening cheeks. "He'll come round as right as a roach in the end. You didn't let him off on that tack, I hope."

"As for letting him off, dear George, is he a trout that I should treat him so? He is not like a slippery fish for a moment, but a deep-hearted, true-hearted, wonderful man. Why his conversation is as different from yours—but I will not depreciate you, unless you go against me. Only I should like to know how I can help myself. When a gentleman says—'I am truly sorry, but I can't have any more to do with you'—oh dear, oh dear, what can any lady do?"

"Lay hold of his coat, and say: 'None of that nonsense! I am the best judge of that question, and I have settled it the other way; unless you put up the bans within a month, you must favour me with the address of your Solicitors.'"

"Don't laugh at me. I have never laughed at you. I did tell him over and over again that the money could never make any difference to me, and indeed that I was

very glad, except for his sake, because then nobody could ever say—but he talked of the duty of a man, and so forth, and the crime of allowing me to sacrifice myself, and a Cranleigh the wife of a bankrupt, and I don't know what else, for I broke down then, and he was obliged——”

“Of course he was—any amount of physical sustentation, as the reporters call it. But leave it to me, my dear. Where is he now? Too late for him to go back to London, I should think. But I wonder he didn't come to see me.”

“He did. But you were not to be found. Oh George, I am thinking of every one of us. What shall we do? The Hall will be thrown upon our hands again, at a time of year when you would as soon live in a hearse. And Harold has made another of his great hits, which always cost a hundred pounds, and never produce a penny. How often I wish that I were like old Sally, without any pedigree Butterfly blood, and allowed to go and rout my husband up, just as Mrs Slemmick is!”

“She routed him out from the root-house, last week,” said I, being glad of any frivolous turn that might bring the dry colours into the rainbow; “she believed that he was gone for ever, without leaving his wages in his Sunday waistcoat pocket, and Snowdrop Violet Hyacinth just wheezing into the whooping-cough. But no; she underrated the nobility of man. He had tucked up his legs on a big flower-pot with a pipe in his mouth; and his heart was so full that he was going without breakfast. Are women alone to be considered faithful?”

“You mean that I am worse than Mrs Slemmick.” Girls never take the moral of the proverb aright. “Very well, I daresay I am. But I will never tuck my feet upon a

flower-pot, and wait to be coaxed home, when the tea is getting cold. There is something very large in the character of Slemmick, and he shows it by his confidence in feminine affection. At the same time, it does appear a little small of you, to quote Mother Slemmick against me. She is married, and cannot help herself.”

“Hear, hear!” I cried, leaving her to put the point to it; which she did with a blush, and a very cheerful smile. Then she gave me a kiss, to make up for little words; and I set out to see what I could do for her.

I found the poor Stockbroker looking stock-broken, and sitting on a hard chair, with his long legs crossed.

“Off for the Mediterranean?” I asked; and he said—“Bay of Biscay, or Bay of Fundy. Going to the bottom anyhow.”

“Rot!” I replied, with less elegance than terseness. “Don't try to make me think that you would ever throw the sponge up. I know you a bit better than that, Jackson Stoneman.”

“Would you like me to be a thief, George Cranleigh? If I choose to be a thief, I can slip out very lightly. But if I prefer to be an honest man, there is very small chance of my doing it.”

He told me in a few words what his position was, owing to a panic which had ended in a crash, through the roguery of a few, and the folly of the many; and how his own firm had become involved in thoroughly unsound transactions, mainly through his own inattention and his confidence in a very clever fellow, who had cut things a little too fine at last, as very clever fellows nearly always do.

“We must lose a quarter of a million,” he said, “even if we pull through at all, which is more than

doubtful. All depends upon to-morrow. But it is not for myself that I care, George. It is for your darling sister—the best, and the bravest, and the most unselfish girl—why she wanted to stick to me through everything! She behaved as if it could make no difference between us.”

“I should hope so indeed. I would disown her if she did otherwise. Did you think that she was going to have you for your money, Jackson?”

“I am not quite so bad as that, you may be sure. Still you must excuse a modest fellow for thinking his money the best part of him.” Here I was glad to see one of his old dry smiles. “But the point of it is this, as you know well enough without my telling—I can have nothing more to say to Grace; who was worth all my cash, and my credit, and ambitions, and everything except my conscience to me.”

“That is all very fine, and very lofty in its way,” I answered with a superior smile, which refreshed him as it was meant to do; “and among City people it may hold good, or the big world of the Clubland. But no sound Englishman takes it so. You don’t suppose that my father approved of your going in for our Grace, because you then were a wealthy man, I should hope.” I spoke with strong confidence; but perhaps the strength of it was chiefly in my voice.

“God forbid!” he replied with horror; while I tried not to doubt that God had forbidden. “No, I am well aware that Sir Harold disliked it from the first, and Lady Cranleigh even more. It was nothing but the goodness of dear Grace. And that makes it such a frightful thing for me. Why, that Angel was ready to stick to me, like—like a brick; if I only would

allow it. A man who knows the world would never believe it for a moment.”

“Then he must know a very bad world, and be a worthy member of it. What do you suppose I would have done to my sister, if she had been mean enough to shy off, because of your misfortune?”

“How can I tell, George? You are one of the most pig-headed fellows going. But you could not have been angry with her, for not being quite as stubborn as you are.”

“Jackson, this is what I would have done. I would have taken the mane-scissors that hang above my mantel, and shorn off her great crop of hair to her ears. No gold for her there, if her heart were all pinchbeck.”

Stoneman looked at me with outraged feelings. “Not even a brother could do that,” he said, “brutal as brothers by nature seem to be. But without any humbug, George, do you really mean that you wish it to go on?”

“If I did not, I should be a wretched snob. It was not for money that you wanted Grace; and you insult her by fancying that she wanted you for yours.”

“All this is very pleasant doctrine, and an edifying parable for little boys and girls;” the stock-broker had a peculiar trick of showing his keen eyes as if in a gable, when his mind was puzzled or excited; “but it would not hold water, George, either in a court of honour, or a council of wisdom. Grace is entitled, both by birth and beauty, and I am sure that I might say by intellect as well, to a position which high rank alone, or wealth on her husband’s part can secure. High rank I cannot give her. Wealth I could have given. But the prospect of that has vanished, and with it vanishes all my hope of

her. Oh that she had only thrown me over! I could have got over it then. But not now."

"Now look here," I said, as a Briton always calls attention to the knock-down blow he is delivering; "all that would be worth listening to, if it had anything to do with the matter. But as it happens, my sister Grace doesn't care a flip about position, any more than I do, or you, or anybody else with a ha'porth of common-sense. We value the opinion of good people; and we like money for the comfort of others, as well as ourselves. But as for that mysterious affair you call 'position'—the more you poke your head up, the harder cracks you get on it. Grace will be contented with whatever pleases you. That holds you together, and you never slip away. People who have only got a lawn enjoy it a thousand times as much as a lord enjoys his park. And a man who loves his wife does not want to lose her among a thousand men and women he has never heard of, all pushing about to please themselves, and sneering at them both, by way of gratitude."

"You will make a fine domestic character, George, if you only act

up to your theories. I shall never forget your true friendship and noble behaviour in this matter. I shall take my own course however, as I always do. I know what is right: and you may talk for ever. There is only one voice that could move me, and that one shall have no chance of doing it (even if desired) for her own sweet sake. But everything will depend upon to-morrow, if things are as bad then as they have been to-day; there will be no escape for me. Grace shall never be a bankrupt's wife. If her sense of honour urges it, mine forbids. And it is not only honour, but common-sense, my friend. Your family has fallen in the world too much already. It shall not be dragged lower by any connection with a defaulting Stock-broker."

His face showed no sign of emotion now; and I owned to myself that from his point of view no other course was possible for a man of honour. Whether his point of view was right or wrong, is quite a different question; but in spite of all my reasoning, I have very little doubt that I should have done as he did.

MARLBOROUGH'S UNCONSCIOUS TREASON.

"THE basest of all the hundred villainies of Marlborough," "the foulest treason," according to Macaulay, was Churchill's betrayal to James II. and Louis XIV. of the English attack on Brest, in June 1694.¹ By announcing to James, in a letter variously dated "May 3" or "May 4," 1694, the start, on May 5, of the English expedition to Camaret Bay, "the traitor of Salisbury" enabled Louis to fortify the point of attack, to defeat our forces, and to deprive Marlborough, then in William's disgrace, of his chief rival, Tal-mash, who was mortally wounded.

This is the accusation brought by Macaulay. Before examining the apologies of Marlborough's defenders, it may be as well to explain the military circumstances. After the defeat of La Hogue (May 19, 1692), the French fleets kept within their land defences, but a war-vessel would slip out, now and again, and prey on our commerce. William, therefore, determined to attack Brest, believing (and rightly believing) "that the state of its defences was such that the place might be taken by open assault if suddenly attacked before the French could have time to strengthen the works or to reinforce the garrison. But should it become known at Versailles that danger threatened Brest, the place could be easily rendered secure against any attack short of a regular siege. Secrecy was therefore of the first moment."

So writes Lord Wolseley in his 'Marlborough' (ii. 305), and every word is of importance, Lord Wolseley being one of Marl-

borough's defenders. In pursuance of William's scheme, 7000 troops were encamped on Ports-down Hills, and transports were collected at Portsmouth. This was in April 1694. The expedition started on May 5. Yet Lord Wolseley writes: "For *months* before the troops put to sea the intended attack upon Brest had been the common talk of London dinner-tables." How could this possibly be, the preparations beginning "in April" and the expedition setting out on May 5? In fact, L'Hermitage, in his diary for May $\frac{1}{2}$, says that many projects were talked about, "but not one of them came to the knowledge of the public."² Marlborough gave James and Louis notice of the adventure against Brest the day before Russell set sail. Brest was instantly fortified and reinforced, and England sustained a disastrous defeat, through the treachery of Marlborough. So argues Macaulay.

To Macaulay's charges Mr Paget replied in 'Maga,' June 1859. His brilliantly logical essay is also published in one of the most entertaining of volumes, his 'Paradoxes and Puzzles.' "It must be admitted," said Mr Paget, "that in no view of the case can the conduct of Marlborough be justified." But Mr Paget argues that Marlborough purposely told James nothing which Louis and he did not know already. He revealed *le secret de Polichinelle*; he betrayed facts which he knew to be already familiar to the French Court, and "his offence seems rather to have been against James, in seeking

¹ Macaulay's History, 1858, vii. 134.

² Ibid., vii. 134, note.

credit for a service of no value, than against William."

This is absolutely certain, it would seem, as Lord Wolseley proves. Say that Marlborough's letter was written on May 4 (May 14, new style, as used in France), Louis could not receive the deciphered and translated version before May 8 (18). But in the French archives is a letter of Louis's, dated April $\frac{4}{1}$, in which he warns Vauban of the English attack, about which he has received intelligence, bids him assume command of Brest, and promises to send reinforcements.¹ Manifestly, then, Marlborough's news was calculated to arrive nearly a month late. Hence, Lord Wolseley decides, "Tollemache's disastrous failure was due, it is proved beyond doubt, to the completeness of the preparations made by Vauban, in obedience to orders from Louis *three weeks before the date of Marlborough's letter on the subject.*"

Mr Paget had not studied the French military archives, but he also demonstrated that Marlborough deliberately sent what boys call "stale news." The very Jacobites themselves were not persuaded by this, or by any other such step, of his loyalty to James, as the writer of 'The Life of King James II.' (about 1708) declares.

But what was Louis's real source of earlier information? Partly town talk. "Many guessed that Brest would be the point of attack, but they only guessed this," says Macaulay. This, indeed,

Marlborough indicates in his letters. Admiral Russell, he says, had known the fact for six weeks, but it only became a certainty on May 4. This constitutes Marlborough's claim of merit in James's eyes. He sends a *certainty*! But Louis had issued his orders as if on a certainty three weeks earlier. Again, how did Louis know? Our earliest hint of information previous to Marlborough's was only presented to Louis on May 1. The source of our knowledge is the 'Original Papers,' published by Macpherson in 1775. There occurs, in French, in the hand of Nairne, secretary to Melfort, one of James's Ministers, "Accounts brought by Captain Floyd" (usually written Lloyd) "lately arrived from England."² Godolphin told Lloyd "that Russell would infallibly appear before Brest." Lloyd himself suggested Brest to Russell as a probable point of attack. Marlborough's letter of May 4 could not reach Louis till several days, say a week, after he had received the same intelligence, through Lloyd, from Godolphin. According to the 'Life of James II.,' the king also had previous intelligence from Lord Arran—later, and immortally, Beatrix Esmond's Duke of Hamilton.³ From one or another source news had reached Louis long before Marlborough's letter, and *William well knew it.*⁴

It seems proved, then, to demonstration that Marlborough merely "hedged" against the off-chance

¹ Wolseley's Marlborough, ii. 314.

² Macpherson, ii. 479.

³ Life of James II., 523. The name of Arran is a later insertion into one of the blanks usually left for names in the MS. 'Life of James.' The author of the Life here indicates his strong suspicions of Marlborough's sincerity as regards James.

⁴ William to Shrewsbury. Coxe's Shrewsbury Correspondence, 45, June 18, 1694.

of a Restoration; merely made friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, James, by sending intelligence of no real value. This, therefore, argue Lord Wolseley and Mr Paget—this, and not “the basest of his hundred villainies,” is the real measure of Marlborough’s roguery.

This contention seems satisfactory. Marlborough is a sly dog, but not a perfidious murderer. But now arrives a new defender, Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Arthur Parnell, who will prove that neither Marlborough nor Godolphin sent any intelligence at all. Colonel Parnell’s remarkable essay is entitled “James Macpherson and the Nairne Papers.”¹ As Colonel Parnell’s theory would upset English history during much of William’s reign, as he thinks that the treacheries of the Revolution statesmen — Godolphin, Danby, Shrewsbury, Sunderland, Marlborough, and Russell—have been accredited on evidence which is “waste paper,” I propose to examine his contention. The “waste paper” is, first, the “Nairne Papers,” published by James Macpherson; next, to some degree, the anonymous ‘Life of James II.’ (1816), of which extracts, pretending to be from a MS. in James’s autograph, are also published by Macpherson. The Colonel, for one argument, superfluously impeaches the character of Macpherson, the illustrious bard of Clan Chattan, and introducer of Ossian. He was a Government hack in 1775, and would stick at nothing to disparage the Whigs of 1688. Again, he gave us a tawdry sham epic, and forged the Gaelic originals. But, we reply, in these days, and later, a man would forge a ballad, or “fake” an epic, who

would not forge a historical document. Surtees of Mainsforth is an instance in point. The Colonel then impugns the authenticity of the Nairne Papers, one source of our knowledge of Marlborough’s letter. He asks what is the real *provenance* of the Nairne Papers, which, according to Macpherson, Carte procured, and which, later, “were placed in the editor’s” (that is, Macpherson’s) “hands, as materials for a history”? Now on this question Macpherson is certainly vague, with good reason, as we shall make probable. He says in his preface: “Mr Nairne’s papers came into the possession of Mr Carte some time before his death. . . . How Nairne’s collection came into the possession of Carte is as unimportant as it is imperfectly known.” The Colonel cries, “Observe the impudence with which he again faces the crucial point of the whole affair!” To this crucial point we shall return in a moment. Meanwhile, it is said in Macray’s ‘Annals of the Bodleian Library’ that, in 1753-54, Carte consigned a vast supply of his MSS. collections to the Bodleian. He died, perhaps heart-broken, when Prince Charles broke, for Clementina Walkinshaw’s sake, with the English Jacobites in 1754. In 1757 Carte’s widow presented nine more volumes of MSS. to the Bodleian. The rest (including the Nairne Papers) remained with her second husband, Mr Jerningham, to whom Macpherson paid £300 for leave to read and publish them. The Colonel is very angry with Macpherson for saying that these MSS. “were placed in his hands” for purposes of history. Well, we could scarcely expect Macpherson

¹ English Historical Review, April 1897.

to publish an explicit account of his pecuniary dealings with Mr Jerningham! He says: "It is needless to explain minutely why papers of such value lay so long neglected and almost unknown. They are jumbled together in a mass of confusion." And the Colonel asks: "Why did Carte think them so unimportant as to leave them huddled away in this style, and to maintain perfect silence on their existence?" And why did he omit them from the parcels consigned by him to the Bodleian? "Is it not possible . . . that, knowing, as he must have known, something of their antecedents, he may have looked on them as especially worthless, and may therefore have especially avoided to send them?"

Before raising these "crucial" difficulties, and making these conjectures, the Colonel might have examined the romantic life of Carte himself. After George Kelly was arrested in 1723, Carte acted as agent between Atterbury and James III. He characteristically uses "manuscripts," not the usual "muslin," as a cant word for money or munitions of war.¹ But the excellent Carte, in his later years, had little time for historical composition. Manuscripts were his heart's desire; the delightful sport of document-hunting Carte never abandoned. Deep in the intrigues of the hidden Prince, he tasted the joys of trying to make secret history; but he was the collector all the time. He was the conspirator first, but he never ceased to be the amateur. Till his death, in 1754, Carte was coming and going to and from France as an emissary to Prince Charles. He helped to get George Kelly

dismissed from his secretaryship to the Prince. Pickle the Spy says (December 1752), "Mr Carte, the historian, has carried frequent messages," in the thick of the Elibank Plot to kidnap George II. Again (March or April 1753), "Carte has been several times over, *he is trusted*, and it is by his means chiefly that the P. turned off Kelly," to whom the P. was much attached.²

Now, it must be said that Mr Pickle's intelligence, as far as it can be tested, is usually accurate. A great Highland chief, he had access to the best information, and he frequently marks the limits to which his exact knowledge does not extend. We see, then, that just before his death, in 1754, Carte was often in France, and was in the highest trust with Prince Charles. What cheaper yet more satisfactory reward could an impoverished prince grant to an enthusiastic collector of documents than the papers of Nairne, the secretary of his father's and grandfather's Ministers (1689-1718), and of his grandmother. Carte, like Bishop Forbes, must have dreamed of presenting his History to the king, at St James's!

Very probably Carte was only permitted to borrow the MSS. from the Scots College, the Jacobite Record Office. If so, of course he could not, and did not, send them in 1753 to the Bodleian. But even if Carte got the papers from the Nairne of 1753 (at whose house near Paris a spy reports Charles to have lain concealed), it would have been very unsafe for Carte to send them to the Bodleian. "How and whence did you get *these*, Mr Carte?" would

¹ See "The Report of the Lords' Committee on Lyster's Case."

² Pickle the Spy, pp. 178, 190.

have been a natural and damaging question. Again, if Carte got the Nairne Papers while he was actively engaged, just before his death, in a plot to seize St James's and the royal family, he would not have leisure to arrange them. They would come to Macpherson, as the Stuart Papers avowedly came to George IV., when Prince Regent, "jumbled together in a mass of confusion," as Macpherson says. Finally, Macpherson, writing in 1775, shortly after the marriage of Charles, and while there were French and American schemes for raising the royal standard in America, while Nairne, as ever, was true to his king, would not, could not, be explicit as to how Carte got the Nairne Papers.

Thus the information of Pickle the Spy, which could not conceivably have been designed to that end, shows at once how Carte may have got the Nairne Papers into his possession, why he "kept silence about them," why Macpherson could not explain the facts in public, why the papers were in a jumble of confusion, and why Carte, and, later, Mrs Carte, did not send them to the Bodleian.

The circumstances which Colonel Parnell thinks suspicious really afford presumptions of the truth of Macpherson's statement.

Next we turn to the anonymous 'Life of James II.,' the other source of information as to the treasons of Arran, Godolphin, Shrewsbury, Danby, Russell, and Marlborough. The MSS. of the Life have their own romance. Burns's "Bonnie Lass o' Albany," Charlotte, daughter of Charles Edward and Miss Walkinshaw, died within a year

of the death of her royal father. She bequeathed to the Abbé Waters, of the great Jacobite banking family, Prince Charles's confidants, the papers "found in her father's library at Florence," including four volumes of a MS. 'Life of James II.' The Life, says the Abbé, is "asserted to have been collected from Memoirs written in his own hand, to which they bear continual references, citations, and long extracts."¹ Nobody denies the existence of the autograph Memoirs of James II. On March 24, 1701, he deposited them in "Our Scotch Colledge of Paris," under the care of Lewis Innes, the Queen's Almoner. On January 12, 1707, his son, James III., had them sent to him at St Germain, and then and there, probably, the 'Life of James II.' was compiled from the king's own autograph Memoirs. We know, from a letter of worthy James Edgar, the loyal servant of James III., dated January 10, 1740, that Carte was given access to "the Complete Life of the late King"—that is, to the Life founded, in or near 1707, on his autographs. That Carte saw *these*, is doubtful; and, in 1802, Charles Fox was informed, by survivors of the Scots College, that Macpherson never saw them.² They were destroyed, in the Reign of Terror, by a timid lady at St Omer, to whose husband they had been intrusted. She did not like to have royal MSS. in her possession. Thus perished, in all probability, the ciphered original of Marlborough's famous letter of May 4, 1694, with all other original reports from Arran, and from Godolphin, Shrewsbury, Sunderland, and the rest of William's

¹ Life of James II., 1, xiv., January 12, 1805.

² Edinburgh Review, June 1816.

dubious Ministers. For these we have only the evidence of (1) the drafts of translations into French, for Louis, in the Nairne Papers, and (2) the extracts and reports in the 'Life of James II.'

But Jamie Macpherson, who could never run straight, has mystified the facts. In his introduction to the "Original Papers" (1775), he says that Carte (in 1740) obtained access "to such papers, belonging to the family of Stuart, as LAY OPEN in the Scotch College at Paris. . . . In particular, he made very large and accurate extracts from the 'Life of James II.,' written in that Prince's own hand."¹

The blushless Jamie now insinuates that he, as well as Carte, made extracts from the autograph MSS. of James II. But Edgar's letter of 1740 does not admit Carte himself to these sources. Macpherson doubtless worked on the anonymous 'Life of James II.,' perhaps receiving information from Jesuits who had seen the original. Thus our Celtic bard mystified matters, *more suo*: it does not follow that he forged documents.

Colonel Parnell's first difficulty, then, as to the *provenance* of the Nairne Papers, as to how Carte got them, why he was silent about them, why he left them in disorder, and did not send them to the Bodleian, we have tried to solve. Next we have admitted that, as an able writer in the 'Edinburgh Review' showed long before Macaulay wrote (June 1816), Macpherson equivocated, or even fabled, as to his use

of King James's autograph Memoirs.

We now turn to Colonel Parnell's other objections to the Nairne Papers. They are not "*original*." "All are *projects* or *drafts*, with corrections. All are written by Ministers of James. Six are in the handwriting which Macpherson attributes to Nairne," the other two, Colonel Parnell admits, are in the writing of Melfort, attested by "harmless papers in the same collection, which would not repay the trouble of forging." Again, none of the papers have been folded, or show signs of having been transmitted to Versailles. No fair copies are in the French archives.

That drafts of letters afterwards despatched in fair copies are not *original* documents, one can hardly admit. What can be more "*original*"? Such drafts are not folded or sent anywhere; they are kept by the writer or by his secretary. As to the absence of fair copies from the French archives, I have reason to know that the absence of later Stuart memorials, certainly sent, from the French archives (as far as they have been searched) is very inexplicable. But Macaulay (iv. 158, 159, 166) avows that one, at least, of the fair copies from the Nairne drafts—King James's Memorial of November 1672—is actually in the archives of France. The question of "the handwriting attributed by Macpherson to Nairne," can be tested by Nairne's other letters, which must exist at Windsor, and, probably, in the possession of his representative. Moreover,

¹ Macpherson adds, "But his most valuable acquisition was the papers of Mr Nairne." Edgar says nothing about giving to Carte Nairne's papers. Jamie himself says, in the next page but one, that how Carte got Nairne's papers "is imperfectly known." Then it is *not* known that he got them in 1740. My hypothesis that he got them in 1752-53 is unshaken.

such an "innocent" document as his preface to James's devotional papers is actually in the Bodleian. Nairne's handwriting is therefore as certain as Melfort's. Again, Melfort himself undeniably made corrections, in his own hand, in these Nairne drafts, even in the draft of the translation of Marlborough's letter of May 4. Consequently the papers must have been written by his secretary,—who was Nairne. Thus Colonel Parnell does not succeed in disparaging the authenticity of Nairne's handwriting. He does not speak of comparing it with other specimens, or of any search for them, though he visited the Bodleian, where they lie. He cites no expert's opinion. All these objections, therefore, fall to the ground. The Nairne Papers, so far, are just what they were bound to be—a secretary's drafts and *brouillons*.

The first document is a draft of a French translation of James's Memorial to Louis, dated November 1692. Macaulay accepts it as "James's words," "James's concise narrative" of his dealings with William's English Ministers. This is the paper in which he describes Marlborough's plot for his Restoration (1691), and the disclosure of that plot by indiscreet Jacobites, who thought that Marlborough was fighting for his own hand. Colonel Parnell dismisses all this as a specimen of "the brazen style in which poor James was deluded by the Ministers and secretaries who designed and drafted his Memorials to Louis." But Macaulay supports James's statement by one of Burnet's, in the Harleian MSS. (6584). This the Colonel does not notice.

In the next document (October 16, 1693), we find Melfort's Instructions to William's Ministers. "His Majesty" (James) "trusts

in what Admiral Russell sent him word of by the Earl of Middleton, and Mr Floyd" (or Lloyd). We shall presently prove the reality of Lloyd's dealings with Admiral Russell. Colonel Parnell says that the date is after Melfort was superseded as James's secretary by Middleton. Middleton arrived at St Germain's in April 1693, but Macaulay says that he was joined with Melfort as secretary, not that he superseded Melfort. Macaulay is right.

The third document need not detain us: the fourth calls itself, "*Draft of certain reports from England*," and is in Melfort's hand. It inculcates the usual English nobles, and Colonel Parnell supposes it to be, not a true copy of reports, but a thing concocted by Nairne and Melfort, in collusion with their English reporting agents. This is only his theory. The fifth document, another draft of English reports, by Nairne, implicates Sunderland, Arran, and Churchill. As Macpherson points out, the passages concerning them are deleted by pen strokes. For some reason Melfort and Nairne did this, and we can only conjecture at their motive. The paper represents an abandoned project. Why abandoned, as all the characters were already implicated, we do not know. Then we have a French rendering, by Nairne, of a letter from Arran to James, implicating Sunderland. It is, says Colonel Parnell, "considerably corrected,"—as drafts of translations usually are.

We now come to a human being, Captain Lloyd, whose report of what he did in England (in April 1694) is done by Melfort into French, and is indorsed "carried to Versailles, the 1st of May 1694." Lloyd reports on his interviews with Admiral Russell,

Marlborough, and Godolphin. Russell, he says, made vague promises, Marlborough paid compliments, Godolphin betrayed the attack on Brest,—familiar to Louis weeks before. Colonel Parnell decides that “if not a later forgery,” Lloyd’s report “was quietly composed at St Germain by Melfort and Lloyd in concert,” to delude Louis, who, the Colonel thinks, was easily deluded about Englishmen. Louis was not so simple! Of Lord Ailesbury he said, “This is the first man of quality with a great estate that hath repaired to you; the first man that came over about an affair of the most high importance; and the first that never asked anything for himself.”¹ This is not the tone of credulity.

But did Lloyd in fact have interviews with Admiral Russell, as Melfort makes him say? He did; and for William’s admiral to receive an agent of James and France is sufficient treason. Lloyd was no ordinary man; he had served James on the deck as captain of a ship, on shore as groom of the bed-chamber. Lord Ailesbury, who hated him, says:—

“He was the very picture of Captain Surly, in the Comedy of ‘Sir Courtly Nice.’ . . . I was most credibly informed that once he went from my Lord Marlborough and Admiral Russell, and I know that, at his return, he did alight at the house of the latter, and was carried into his closet in the presence of Captain Priestman, and Captain Matthew Aylmer, and other sub-officers. And a little before, the two last had told it as news of the town, that Lloyd was in France, and he coming in soon after, the old Admiral said, ‘See, gentlemen, how you are mistaken!’ This Lloyd, as I said, went often over, but the secret was to be kept from me, to my great satisfaction. When he

arrived at St Germain, King James used to ask him if he had seen me, and he saying ‘No;’ ‘What, in the name of God, do you come over without imparting it to my best friend?’”²

Captain Lloyd, adds Ailesbury, was “a *snarling creature of my Lord Middleton.*”

Thus Lloyd’s dealings with Admiral Russell were well known at the time. He was also a “creature,” not of Melfort’s, but of Melfort’s coadjutor and rival Middleton.

Now, observe, about May 1 1694, Middleton’s creature and Melfort are (Colonel Parnell says) “concerting” a report for Louis. But Colonel Parnell makes it an argument against Marlborough’s letter of May 4—three days later—that Sackville and Marlborough are communicating news, not to the Protestant Middleton, but to “the displaced and more or less disgraced” Catholic, Melfort. “Does not this alone destroy the possibility of the paper” (the French draft of Marlborough’s letter) “being authentic?”

Alas! Marlborough’s letter is *not* to Melfort, but “to the King of England,” James. It is enclosed with one from Sackville, to whom addressed we do not know. But, as the Lloyd report of three days earlier shows, even Middleton’s very “creature,” Lloyd, had, when preparing memorials for the French Court, to deal “in concert” not with Middleton, but with Melfort. This was the regular course of business. So Colonel Parnell’s argument against the authenticity of the letter vanishes. Vanishes, too, his theory that the letter was “a design of Melfort’s to show Louis and his Ministers that, though a Roman Catholic and nominally

¹ Memoirs of Lord Ailesbury, i. 335, May 1693.

² Ibid., i. 273.

dismissed, he was still, in the eyes of Marlborough," more important, and more to be trusted, than Middleton.

Melfort was not, then, "dismissed" at all. In January, February, April, and May 1694, the Nairne Papers show Melfort acting as agent between James and Louis. Thus Marlborough's letter cannot be "a design of Melfort's" to keep up his importance. The theory is absurd. Louis needed only to ask James, "Had you a letter, of which I possess a translation, from my Lord Churchill?" and Melfort was ruined if he had forged.

The colonel has another string to his bow. The letter "forms the apex of the pyramid of falsehood under which Macpherson has striven to bury Marlborough." But if the design was Melfort's, what has the wretched Macpherson to do with the matter? Why, Colonel Parnell, nimbly shifting his ground, suggests that Macpherson forged the French draft of the letter of Marlborough, a draft in Nairne's hand, with a dishonest interpolation in Melfort's! No expert's evidence is cited for the forgery. Clearly the letter cannot be an imposture by Melfort, and also by Macpherson.

How did the Celtic bard, *ex hypothesi*, work the forgery? Thus, — in the 'Life of King James II.' (taken from his Memoirs, now lost) occurs a copy of part of Marlborough's letter. This Macpherson read, copied, and forged the rest, doing it into French, in Nairne's hand, and adding, with infernal cunning, a roguish interpolation, in Melfort's interest, and in the hand of Melfort. But how did the copy of

Marlborough's letter get into the 'Life of James'? Is that a forgery too, and, if so, to what end? For the author of the Life, while giving the letter (as far as essential), states his doubt as to whether Marlborough, after all, was sincere.

Unluckily, Macpherson, constitutionally false, added to his copy of the Nairne French draft translation of Marlborough's letter this note: "In King James's Memoirs there is the following memorandum, written, upon receipt of the letter, in his own hand: 'May 4th, Lord Churchill informed the King of the design on Brest'" (p. 521, ann. 1694).

Macpherson lied. He never saw James's autograph Memoirs. He merely copies the marginal note of the Life. What did he mean by "p. 521"? The references in the Life to the original Memoirs, from 1694 to 1696, cite the Memoirs from "vol. ix. p. 390" to "vol. ix. p. 395." There is no room for "p. 521"! We admit Macpherson's roguery, but a complete forgery needs proof by experts' evidence. Nor is Marlborough's letter in the Life accounted for by Colonel Parnell, unless by a suggestion that it is a Jacobite slander, — and it is enough to damn him.

There is another puzzle. Macpherson dates Sackville's letter "May 3." The Life dates it "May 4." Colonel Parnell has a theory to account for Macpherson's forging the date "May 3," but it fails, for Macpherson himself dates it "May 4" in his History, founded on the papers, and published in the same year. More, he gives the date "May 4" in his "Extracts from the Life of King James."¹ The date May 3 is a blunder by some-

¹ Original Papers, i. 244.

body, not a fresh *supercherie* of Macpherson's. We have no doubt whatever that Marlborough wrote the letter of May 4, and that the Nairne draft of a French translation is no forgery of Macpherson's. Not that he had a grain of honesty, but because no kind of proof of forgery is adduced.

Colonel Parnell has yet another means of exculpating all William's treacherous servants. They *were* in correspondence with James, but by William's permission, and for the purpose of extracting, for William's use, information as to his designs. It is a pretty employment for English gentlemen who first betray their king, and then act as spies on him, and as *agents provocateurs*. Colonel Parnell proves his point by "the Ailesbury admission"—that is, assertion. Lord Ailesbury says, "It is very certain that King William gave leave to" the old set "to correspond with my Lord Middleton at St Germain. . . . *The plausible pretext* was that Lord Middleton should be deluded, that he should know nothing of what passed in England of high secret moment, but that they four would wire-draw all out of my Lord Middleton." This *pretext* Ailesbury attributes to Sunderland. His meaning is clear. By the *pretext* of "wire-drawing" Middleton, the old set of double-dyed traitors got William's leave to correspond with James. Having got it, they could use it exactly as suited them; could betray William to James or James to William; and, at least, could "hedge" against a Restoration. Colonel Parnell assigns to Marlborough the noble part of swindling James, even when he was in William's disgrace—"to complete the great work of

the Revolution!" *O Sancta Simplicitas!* But, this being so, "it is impossible that Marlborough could ever have penned" his famous letter of May 4, "for it clearly exceeds anything that William could have sanctioned." Certainly it does! If Russell had acted expeditiously, when he started for Brest on the day after Marlborough's letter was written, he would have found the place half fortified and half garrisoned. Talmash would have taken the port.

This is the disclosure to which I have been leading up, while stating the arguments of Marlborough's defenders. The case is clear. Marlborough wrote his warning on May 4. Russell set sail on May 5. He might have been in Camaret Bay, say, on May 8. He must have found Brest undermanned and undefended. For Vauban himself did not reach Brest till May 13, and, later, reported that "as yet no reinforcements have arrived." He then, after May 13, made all the subterranean passages bomb-proof; mounted ninety mortars and three hundred guns in good positions; removed the ships beyond the reach of English shells; and had large reinforcements.¹ All this was done on the first possible moment after the intelligence sent by Marlborough could reach Vauban from Versailles, and not till then. Before that moment, before Marlborough's letter arrived, nothing was done. Till that fatal letter had been received by Louis, Vauban made no preparations at all.

Louis's letter to Vauban, announcing the intended English assault on Brest, is indeed of April $\frac{14}{4}$. But, for reasons best

¹ Wolseley's Marlborough, ii. 315.

known to himself, Louis does not enjoin haste. Vauban is not to go to Brest till "he has seen the other ports of Normandy," which were not threatened.¹ Vauban got Louis's letter on April $\frac{14}{26}$. He answered it next day, "saying that as the king had mentioned no date for his arrival at Brest, he would" first "finish his work at St Malo." For some reason known to Louis, there was no occasion for hurry. Nor, in fact, did Vauban go to Brest at all, till after receipt of Marlborough's letter. He found it without reinforcements. He found it devoid of the bomb-proof subterranean passages. He found the shipping exposed to our guns. He found the "good positions" unsupplied with artillery. He got the reinforcements. He made the bomb-proof passages. He mounted ninety mortars and three hundred guns. He placed the French ships beyond the reach of English shells. He organised victory—all after receipt of Marlborough's letter, and, on June 7, he defeated England.

Thus it is certain that, even if Vauban's arrival at Brest just after Marlborough's news must have come to him is a casual coincidence, yet *Marlborough gave his warning in time*. It reached Louis before Brest was ready to meet our attack.

To quote Lord Wolseley again, William held "that Brest might be taken by open assault if suddenly attacked before the French could have had time to strengthen the works or to reinforce the garrison." Marlborough's traitorous letter came to Louis before the garrison was reinforced, or the works strengthened. On receipt of the letter conveying the *certainty* and

imminence of Russell's approach, the works of Brest were strengthened, and the garrison reinforced, and not before. Marlborough had over-finessed. Trying to save himself with James by sending news which was stale,—betraying James, in fact,—he betrayed William and his country. Such were the statesmen of the Glorious Revolution. Spies, by their friends' admission, on the king whom they had betrayed, in Marlborough's case they also betrayed the prince to whom they had betrayed him!

The one hope for Marlborough, then, is in Colonel Parnell's plan—namely, to denounce the Nairne Letters as of uncertain *provenance*, concoctions, forgeries by the Celtic bard in the interest of the Tories of 1775. This Colonel Parnell does, with what success we have tried to explain. We have shown that Nairne's handwriting is certain; that the possession of the papers by Carte is easily accounted for; that they could only be what they profess to be, *brouillons*, drafts, translations, projects; that Lloyd really trafficked with Russell; that Melfort had not the supposed motive for forging Marlborough's letter; that there is no kind of attempt to prove it a forgery of Macpherson's in the only possible way—by expert evidence; and that, if the letter *were* a forgery of Macpherson's, that does not invalidate the copy of the letter in the 'Life of James II.'

Thus Marlborough is left with the stain on his renown of a crime which he committed, but probably did not intend to commit. Marlborough thought, we may say, that he was only sending news which Louis had already received and acted on. The news was not acted on, however, till after it was received, as a

¹ Wolseley's Marlborough, ii. 314.

certainly, from Marlborough. So tragically fares the man who tries to serve two masters.

But probably there was other treason, there were other traitors. Why did Russell on May 5 sail away, and "return after an absence of eighteen days, having ascertained that the French fleet had quitted Brest"? Why did he again dally "for a few days with his whole fleet, troopships included"? Why did he give Vauban a delay of three weeks? According to Oldmixon, whose version Macaulay, as Mr Paget shows, unscrupulously perverts, the dying Talmash "named the traitors, . . . those pernicious counsellors *who had retarded the descent*,¹ and by that means given

France time so to fortify Brest as to render all approaches to it impracticable."² Oldmixon is a bad authority, but—the advance *was* retarded! Macaulay inconsistently enough (if he believes Oldmixon) attributes the delays to bad weather. An instant blow, by Russell, would have left Marlborough's letter as innocuous as he may have intended it to be. Who were the traitors in council? We have from Captain Lloyd a view of the loyalty of Godolphin. According to Colonel Parnell, Godolphin, then First Lord of the Treasury, was "one of the most faithful Ministers of William," and was Marlborough's "congenial comrade." *Arcades ambo!*

A. LANG.

¹ Marlborough could not be one of these counsellors. He was in William's disgrace.

² Oldmixon, iii. 92.

A DOUBTFUL ACQUISITION.

"In der Liebe ist anders. Du verdienst sie weil du dich nicht darum bewirbst."—GOETHE.

As he sat in the *Pavillon Henri Quatre* waiting for his *déjeuner*, Everard West was wondering why he had come to St Germain. It could not be the conventional joy of obeying the guide-book; for that does not appeal with exhilarating force to a man who has roamed over three-fourths of the globe: no, it was clear that his chief reason had been the commonplace desire to extinguish one phase of boredom by another. For bored he certainly was, in spite of surroundings worthy of inspiring even a *blasé* traveller. Here was a glorious morning in May, a comfortable seat, and a unique landscape. The trees of the forest in their tenderest green smiled coquettishly from the Terrace down the vine-clad slopes to the glittering Seine basking in lazy loops at their feet; thence over the plain the hot white roads stretched pitilessly under an ultramarine sky, past villages and chateaux, until they were lost in the sullen heights of Montmartre and Mont Valérien—a quivering horizon of battlemented haze only broken by the impudent tracery of the Eiffel Tower. Yet from this scene West turned away wearily, with the blasphemous comment that it would provide a fine artillery-ground. Within the *salle-à-manger* man was commendably vile. Tourists eating or expecting to eat are not fascinating, even when they include a French party whose *père de famille* was naïvely conscious of his red button, a couple of English parsons squabbling over Baedeker and their bill, three shrill emancipated American young ladies quarrelling with the waiter be-

cause he did not understand Americanese, and a quartette of French bicyclists in the most irrational English costumes. To this bilingual assemblage West formed a grim contrast. His wiry figure and keen face, tanned as only an Eastern sun can tan, not to speak of that honourable scar seaming his left cheek, proclaimed that he had some right to look as soldierly as he did. As he sat beating a tattoo on the tablecloth, his wandering attention was arrested by the entrance of an obviously English pair,—the man a delicate intellectual-looking young fellow, but as uninteresting as average intellectuality always is; the woman—well! despite her severely plain black and white dress and hat, there floated about her something of the subtle witchery with which birth and breeding when aided by art will always invest womanhood. She could not be more than five-and-twenty; "beautiful" she could hardly be called, and "good-looking" was an outrageously commonplace term to apply to that refined profile and girlish figure, which seemed so conscious of their sex. She was laughing merrily enough as she and her companion strove to convey their wishes in intelligible French; but with the sudden intuition which sometimes flashes across even men, West felt that those joyous eyes and smiling lips were at best a mask. What lay behind, who could say? But it was certainly not laughter. Yes; Life—Life which had carelessly scrawled its trite text on his own face—had begun early with her too. As she sat down she had

cast from under her long lashes a negligent look round the room, and her eye had rested for a moment on the table in the corner. West perhaps had met her gaze with unnecessary sympathy, for it was hurriedly withdrawn, but in that brief second he had been overpowered by the uncomfortable feeling that between this young woman and himself there existed some mysterious bond. He began to survey her narrowly, admiring the pose of her head with its coils of brown hair, the easy vivacity of her gestures, the insinuated delicacy of her exquisitely appropriate dress and hat. He even detected her slyly taking stock of himself, and it was almost with a sense of relief that he settled that her companion was her brother, and swore to himself that he had never seen her before. Then followed a shock. In drawing off her gloves she revealed to West's keen eye the unmistakable glitter of a wedding-ring. He promptly called himself an "ass"—or something worse. Why should she not be married? What was it to him where her husband was? Yet he was so annoyed that he left his lunch half-finished and retired to the Terrace. There, lapped in a nirvana of tobacco-smoke and sunshine, he made the amazing discovery that he was no longer bored by St Germain.

He had hardly finished his first pipe when he was joined by the unknown woman's companion, and in five minutes they had exchanged newspapers and views on the beauties of the landscape. There was much of his sister's charm in this young man's smile as he remarked with a frank laugh—

"We must introduce ourselves, I fancy. My name is Jackson; by compulsion of no profession, by taste a dabbler in literature and a dram-drinker in history."

"And I," replied West, "am called West; by profession a soldier, by taste a piratical *condottiere*."

"What! *the* Captain West?" ejaculated the young man.

West smiled. "I don't know about the 'the,' but I must own to being a Captain West," he replied, somewhat brusquely.

"But I mean," persisted Jackson, "*the* Captain West, the West of the Illustrated Papers, the West who——"

"I may as well own up," broke in the other, hurriedly. "I can't help those confounded journalists making copy of me; but really——"

"I am in luck. You must let me introduce you to my sister" (it was his sister, then!), "if it won't bore you. For you know, of course, that half the women in England are off their heads to know you."

"That is why I am here. I couldn't—pardon me—stand all that absurd rot just for doing what any one would have done quite as well, and so I fled where as yet no one but yourself has discovered me."

Despite this naïve confession they continued to chat. When their pipes were finished Jackson suggested a stroll in the Forest to find his sister, and West readily agreed. Fate clearly had ordained that he should make this woman's acquaintance.

They very soon found her, and West observed how she flushed when her eyes first fell on himself. He was, of course, not aware that his own tanned skin perceptibly browned a little too—if that were possible.

"Ida," said her brother, "may I introduce my new acquaintance? Captain West, my sister Mrs Heathcote."

This time it was West's turn

to start most unmistakably as her name tripped innocently from her brother's lips. He always prided himself on not having a nerve in his body, yet Mrs Heathcote's searching eyes made him very uncomfortable. As their hands touched there again shot through him the weird feeling that in the dim recesses of the past there was a mysterious bond between them.

The conversation was at first irredeemably stupid. The weather, St Germain, the Forest, Paris, the Americans—all had their turn. Young Jackson, however, was not to be balked, and before long West had to tell in embarrassed jerks the story of that wonderful campaign on the Indian frontier—the revolt, the great ride, the holding of the fort, the sortie and its victory—with which England had been ringing. By the time that the fort was relieved they had regained the Terrace, now bathed in an afternoon sun. After all, it is not so very unpleasant even to a modest hero to dilate on one's achievements when the audience includes a young woman who will adroitly punctuate your stories with the silent homage of glowing eyes and deep-drawn breaths. Nor was the place so incongruous. True, the Forest was sinking into the blood-red peace of a perfect sunset, and round them the nurses and children played in blissful contempt for the English tourist; but not so long ago this smiling valley too had suffered the long-drawn agony of a heroic siege, and had shuddered at the shriek of Prussian shells. In answer to Mrs Heathcote's questions, West gaily rattled on from skirmishes with dervishes in the Soudan to dacoit-hunts in Burmah and the "twisting of the tails" of restless Indian tribes. South Africa of course could not be forgotten.

"Then you have been in South Africa too?" Mrs Heathcote asked with peculiar eagerness.

West smiled with dry satisfaction. "As far as I can make out," he said, quietly, "there are few countries in which I have not shed blood, either my own or that of others—generally that of others," he added, with grim humour.

Mrs Heathcote was fingering nervously the white lace on her parasol; her brother also had become very attentive. West felt that the conversation had reached a crisis.

"You are interested in South Africa?" he asked, carelessly. "Perhaps," he went on, with an awkwardly light laugh, "you have shares in —."

"Oh no!" she replied, almost petulantly. Her voice dropped. "I had—a friend who went out there." Then she stopped abruptly. But her look, West asked of himself, what did that look mean? There are some looks, surging up from the depths of the soul, whose tragedy no one can mistake—looks like those of a dumb animal in inexpressible torture—and this was one of them. He felt rather than saw that his questioner was on the verge of tears.

"Hullo!" he cried, jumping up and pulling out his watch, "six-thirty. I must be getting back to Paris. I had no idea it was so late."

Mrs Heathcote rewarded his adroitness with a glance of deep gratitude, but she left her brother to speak.

"What! you are going back to Paris!" the young man said, in genuine dismay. "I thought you were staying here, and I was hoping——" he turned appealingly to his sister.

Captain West wavered. Why not stay? But he waited for Mrs Heathcote to decide. She had,

however, already divined the meaning of his glance.

"Oh, do stay, if you can!" she intervened, almost pleadingly. "You have not half told us all I want to know. You have still got to tell me all about South Africa."

With a little more coaxing he agreed to wire for his things. The piquant aroma of mystery which hung round her stirred him vaguely; but even apart from this, an hour in her society had created in him a longing to sip a few more draughts of the refreshing spell which her voice and eyes had to offer. He flattered himself, too, that he had read in her looks that kind of interest in himself which deserves the reward of further self-indulgence.

Yet, when alone in his room, he took himself severely to task. "Come, come," he said, "you haven't come to Paris to make a fool of yourself over a woman who is already married—you, too, who have been wooed by women until you are sick of the sex. Dash it all!" with a vicious dab of the brush at his hair, "you know better than that. But I mean to see it out," he added, firmly. Then he broke into a long whistle. "This is rum, deuced rum," he muttered, as he produced his pocket-book and drew from it a scrap of yellow foreign notepaper. His fingers trembled as he looked at it, and he swore softly. The soiled fragment was merely the end of a letter, but the faded ink distinctly bore the signature "Ida Heathcote." "I thought I could not be mistaken," was his comment at last; "no wonder I jumped in the Forest." And he swore softly again. He stuck his hands in his pocket, sat down on the bed, and gazed stupidly at his boots. Presently an idea struck him. He hurried off to the *portier* and demanded the visitors' book. Once safe in

the *fumoir*, he put his yellow relic beside the entry of the day. The recent writing, "*Mrs Heathcote, England*," was certainly more fully formed, but even to the unpractised eye it was clearly the same hand as that which had penned the scrap in his possession. "And her name is Ida," he murmured. "Dash it all! this is rum. I am glad I am staying."

To his disappointment, however, Mrs Heathcote did not appear at dinner. She had gone to bed, her brother apologetically explained, with a bad headache. So West perforce had to defer further unravelling of the mystery until a more favourable season. He tried to dismiss the subject from his mind, but when bedtime came he was reminded in the most provoking way that even "V.C." heroes are human. West, who had slept on a rain-soaked ridge to the lullaby of a sputtering musketry-fire, found it impossible to sleep, and in the early morning, vanquished by the unusual struggle, he sallied forth to explore the Forest.

If St Germain had looked splendid the day before, it was positively entrancing in all the cool glory of the rising sun. To eyes long blistered by the glare of Egyptian sands or the scorched plains of the Punjab, this sylvan paradise of winding paths and coy glades just awakening from their dewy sleep, this riotous maze of ever-changing greens, was an intoxicating dream. In this magic fairyland new charms revealed themselves at every step—now a peep of the Seine a dazzling ribbon of silver grey, now a vista of the plains reluctantly parting from the embrace of the dawn, now some unexplored copse wreathed in a broken aureole of dancing light. Before the soothing breath of the breeze, the carolled matins of the birds, and the lingering

fragrance of the lilacs, the feverish visions of the night dissolved as before an enchanter's wand. In a fit of sheer ecstasy West had to fling himself on the grass, as if nothing but physical contact could enable him to drink deep enough of the beauty lavished all round him. Lying there he heard a bush rustle, and turning over lazily, found himself confronted by Mrs Heathcote. He bounded to his feet, and they gazed shyly at one another.

"Your head is better?" he remarked, with a sedate twinkle in his eye.

She nodded brightly.

"The morning," she replied, "has made a headache impossible. But how early you are!"

"I am sorry," he answered, gravely, "to have disturbed your walk. Early rising is one of those vices which I acquired in the East, and I am not yet civilised or young enough to have learned to drop it."

"After that speech," she said, avoiding his quizzing eyes, "you can only pay the penalty of accompanying me." Accordingly they rambled off together. West observed that she had discarded her black frock for one of clinging grey, which harmonised to perfection with the fresh tones of her complexion, so piquant a contrast to the sallow brunettes of Paris, and a sprig of lilac thrust with artful carelessness into her bosom supplied the subtle relief in colour for which the eye craved.

Their conversation rapidly became confidential. "Do you know," she remarked, thoughtfully, in answer to one of his sardonic aphorisms, "I am going to say something rude—but will you tell me why a hero must also be a cynic?"

"A cynic! Pray explain."

His voice rang with a reproachful note.

"Well, you are a cynic; that is to say, you value human motives very low."

"On the contrary," he replied, quickly, "I have a high opinion of my fellow-men. Generally speaking, they are at bottom a good deal better than they appear."

"And your fellow-women?" she slipped in, with a mischievous tilt of her parasol. Captain West's face bronzed. "I cannot speak of women," he said, quickly, "I know so little of them."

Mrs Heathcote stopped to confront him. "Is that quite candid?" she asked, boldly. "I should say that you knew a great deal about them—or fancied that you did."

"Oh, the latter of course," he said, laughing. "'Fancied' is the right word. What man can——"

"There is the cynic," she put in, smiling up at him.

"But really, Mrs Heathcote, you must admit that——"

"I admit nothing of the sort. You say you take men as you find them. Why not be equally generous with women? Why insinuate motives when they don't appear?"

"Well, to be candid, because I am convinced that women are so different from men. All my experience——"

"Which you admit is small," she interrupted. Then she flushed. "I am bothering you. It is very extraordinary of me to talk like this; but you will understand, I hope——" She supplied the remainder of the sentence by an eloquent glance.

West was prevented from replying suitably, for at this moment Mrs Heathcote tripped on a branch which had caught in the

bottom of her skirt. She turned aside to wrestle with the offending obstacle.

"I am afraid," she said, with excusable petulance, "I must go back. Walking is impossible with a loop in one's petticoat like that." She looked down comically at the edge of her dress. "I know what you are burning to say," she added, with a provoking side glance,— "only another proof of the inferiority of the sex." She shook the delicate pink *ruche* impatiently.

"Cannot I assist you?" he asked, mischievously.

She glanced reprovingly at him. "To get yet another proof of feminine vanity—vanity, as usual, on a silken foundation."

West was searching in his pocket. "Old campaigners," he remarked, "can do most things. Let me relieve you of your silken inferiority." He had whipped out a pair of scissors.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, with a gay nod, "man, cynical man, can of course provide what woman needs." She stooped down to hold up to him with dainty gravity the pale pink frilling of her silk petticoat. West applied his scissors, and their hands met on the guilty frippery.

He had hardly begun to cut when he felt her start back with a sudden paroxysm of horror. "Good God!" he heard her gasp in a choking whisper which was almost a moan. He dropped the scissors like one shot, and turned to her. Her face was blanched into a death-like pallor, and she had almost fallen back against the nearest tree.

"What is the matter?" he asked, with the brusqueness of genuine fear. She recovered herself with an effort and looked at him, a strangely excited light in her

eyes. "That ring!" she panted out, pointing to his left hand. "In heaven's name, where did you get that ring?"

West drew the ring off—a plain signet-ring with a small figure cut on its worn face. "You know it?" he queried, half to himself.

She took it with burning fingers and examined it. The pallor on her face deepened; he could see the pitiful heaving of her bosom.

"Know it!" she repeated with a bitter laugh. "Know it! It was my husband's. In God's name, where did you find it?"

"Your husband's?" he muttered, confusedly. They stared at each other in desperate silence. "It is a strange story," West at last stammered out, "a very strange story." Then slowly, "But I believe I am near the solution now. When you feel better I will tell you all I know; it is not much."

"I am quite calm now," she replied, bravely. And indeed he could not help admiring the magnificence of her self-mastery. Save for the pallor on her cheeks, she was as composed as she had been a brief quarter of an hour before.

"I am sorry to have alarmed you," she said, with the ghost of a smile on her still quivering lips, "but some day you will understand. Women," she added, "after all, I suppose, are different from men. But before we talk, suppose we finish off my skirt."

In that prosaic operation they found the necessary sedative for shattered nerves. Five minutes later, when they emerged on to the Terrace, they were apparently only an ordinary man and woman.

"I am quite ready," she said in a low voice, as she sank into a seat. "But you must promise to conceal nothing—nothing."

"I promise," he replied, "and

will be brief. I warn you, though, it is not a pleasant story." He shifted uneasily on the seat, and then began. "Some six years ago I was in command of the police on our South African frontier." ("South Africa!" she murmured.) "One afternoon I had ridden over to the inn in the town—we call them towns, you know—which was my headquarters, and there I came across two strangers. New-comers are always interesting, especially to a police-officer, and I can remember them distinctly—I have good reason to. One was a man of about thirty, a loafer if ever there was one, with that sort of face one would not trust round a corner——"

"And the other?" she broke in, eagerly.

"The other was rather younger—a gentleman, but——" he pained nervously.

"You promised to tell the truth," she said, reproachfully.

"Well, he looked as if—as if—pardon the expression—he had not been altogether wise in his life. I liked his face, but it was a weak face, and I pitied him for being found in such company as that other rascal was. I noticed particularly two things. He had a slight mole high up on his left cheek——"

She buried her face in her hands. "My husband," she said, with a sob.

"And he was wearing that ring. They rode away together shortly afterwards, and I never saw him again. How, then, did I get the ring? Strangely enough. Some six months later I had news that a farm in my district had been raided, and it was my duty to collar the raiders. These things, you know, don't get into the English papers, and it is well they don't. They would cause com-

plications. When I reached the farm there was not a soul in it, man, woman, or beast. But in the sitting-room I found"—his voice deepened as the memory surged over him—"that loafer, face downwards, in a pool of his own blood. An assegai had gone through his back and had ended his miserable life. No one knew anything about him, and so we buried him in the farm-steading. I made discreet inquiries, but no evidence as to his identity was forthcoming. The only clue was the ring. I found it on his finger. How he came to have it I can't say: I only know that the last time I had seen it, it had been on the other man's hand. I kept the ring, and told no one. The miserable creature had ended miserably; that assegai had sent him and his story together into death. I kept the ring, hoping that some day I might meet its real owner, but from that hour to this it has remained with me. I can only suppose that the real owner died or was murdered—who can say?"

Mrs Heathcote still sat with her face in her hands. "Thank you," she whispered,—"thank you."

West was awed. A terrible consciousness of human helplessness in the iron grip of fate had numbed his mind. Presently he was able to add, "I ought perhaps to tell you that I did find something else. In one of the cupboards there was a coat, and in one of its pockets I came across this scrap." He fumbled for his pocket-book and produced the tiny relic of yellow notepaper. "Perhaps I was wrong," he went on, "but of that discovery also I told no one. It confirmed my worst suspicions, for the coat no more than the ring belonged to the dead

man. But what was the use of publishing it? And so I kept it with the ring, and can now restore it to the writer."

She had looked up bewildered when he had begun to speak, and she took the soiled morsel mechanically from him. As her eye lighted on it her parched lips moved in pathetic silence. "It was the last letter that I wrote to him," was her brief comment, uttered in the hard voice which sounds most cruelly in a woman. Her eyes told more than her words; they were eloquent of long years of cankering pain and unceasing remorse.

West rose. Delicacy bade him leave her alone with her memories. "I shall make a fool of myself if I stay here," was his uppermost thought. He was slipping away, when she held out a hand.

"Thank you," she said, simply. "Some day you will be glad you kept that—that terrible story to yourself. Do not ask me to explain at present, . . . and do not tell my brother yet: he is not so strong as I am, though I am a woman."

A mad desire to stay and offer her some comfort swept over West. He half turned back. She was sitting with her face still in her hands, and the morning sun played saucily on her hair and neck; but when he saw her fling herself on the seat in a blinding passion of tears, for the first time in his life he fled from a position in which it would have been braver to have stayed. "Well, I am jiggered!" was all he could say, when safe in his own room. "I have known some queer things in my day, but this beats all." He shook his fist at his face in the glass. "Own up, you fool, you are a damned ass! I don't know which was worst, in the wood or on that seat

—'pon my word, I might be a beastly young sub! I'm hanged if I wouldn't rather face Maxims or those cursed Boers than—— What is there in the woman?" he wound up, beginning to pace up and down. "It is high time, Everard West, you were going."

Needless to say, having made up his mind to go, he did precisely the opposite. A week later saw him still at St Germain, getting more and more enmeshed each day. The spring was kind. There followed a series of flawless days; and what happy days they were in that inexhaustible Forest!—days in which they explored haunt after haunt of undreamed-of beauty—days of *al-fresco* picnics, of childish gossip over old, unhappy, far-off things—the forgotten glories of Francis I., Henry II., and Diane de Poitiers, of "Notre Henri Quatre," of Anne of Austria and the pompous youth of the "Grand Monarque," of exiled Stuarts learning too late what charity meant: or maybe they lived breathlessly through fights with Afghans and Zulus, through perils in snow-bound mountain-passes, in waterless deserts, or the monotonous veldt, until these peaceful glades were alive with the ghosts of desperate men, and resounded with the unholy sob of shells and the pitiless crack of Martinis.

They had arranged to journey on together to Versailles, but it was not until the evening of their departure that Mrs Heathcote broke silence on the topic which had brought them together. West and she had strolled out after dinner on to the moonlit Terrace to bid it farewell. But after a few commonplace remarks on the magic panorama slumbering before her, Mrs Heathcote sat down on the seat, and by a quiet move-

ment of her skirt invited her companion to do likewise.

"I may not get another chance," she began, calmly; "but I owe you—shall I call it a confession? I have been making up my mind as to how much I should tell you, and have now decided to tell you all." She stopped as if to gain strength, and West struck in hurriedly—

"I don't think you owe me any explanation. Had we not better forget the ring and its story?"

"So I have thought," she replied; "but no; on the whole, you had better hear. I owe it to myself if not to you."

West nodded. "You are the best judge," he remarked, almost to his cigar.

"Let me begin from the beginning, then," she said. "I was born and brought up in a country rectory in an old-fashioned way. My knowledge of life was absolutely *nil*: at best it came from sheepish flirtations with a callow curate—every girl, you will say, I suppose, can flirt by the light of nature; at its worst, from the gossip of a few girls as wise as myself. I married my husband when I was a child of eighteen, who knew as much about marriage as any uneducated child of eighteen can." She stopped to draw her cloak about her with an expressive shiver. The next sentences came with a pathetic rush. "My husband was a mere boy, with much more money than was good for him or for me. Unlike myself, he had been educated on modern methods. We plunged into the whirl of society, and for a time I was as happy as any girl could be who discovers what wealth and social status can give her. Then came disillusionment. It must come, I suppose, to us all; it came to me when I was but a

young wife. No doubt, if I had been brought up differently, I might have accepted my awakening with equanimity. Any way, I didn't. My husband was rich, and he was weak. Worst of all, he was as clay in the hands of every woman who chose to exercise her power; and women, God knows!—some women—can be merciless as well as vicious. We drifted apart; it was my fault—I didn't think so then, but I think so now—for I was too angry to put out a hand to save him. He knew he was—was not what he ought to have been. He loved me after his fashion—that I also believe now, but I didn't believe it then—and—and then he took to drinking. It is the old, old story; there were quarrels, and the breach grew wider. Our differences came to a head. We were both young and hot-tempered, and I had been trained to look on the life he was leading as worse than death. We parted—I returned to my father, and he, after a few solitary months in London, went to the Cape." Her eyes had filled with tears, and she had crumpled up one glove into a tight ball—these were the only signs of what the recital was costing her.

"Before he left," she continued, "he came down to the Rectory—and I let him go. I was mad, drunk with indignation if you will, and I spurned him from my presence. He went; and the rest you know." Her voice had choked. "That ring," she added, drawing it softly from her finger, "had been a present from myself. I had given it him in those happy days of my courtship and girlhood, when love had first come into my life." The wistful cadences of her voice seemed to haunt the air with the balm of moonlight summer nights and lovers' vows. "That

scrap of a letter which you found—ah! I am glad he got it, for in it I had asked him to come back, and let the past be forgotten.”

She broke off, and turned to him with eyes that awaited his verdict.

Moved by a sudden impulse, he held out his hand. “I am both sorry and glad you have told me,” he said, with deep emotion: “sorry to have given you the pain of telling a stranger what he had no right to hear; but glad because”—his voice wavered in spite of himself—“if I honoured you before, I honour you still more to-night.”

She glanced back at him, the flicker of a happy smile in her pain-stricken eyes, and took his hand. It was as if they had clasped hands over a grave. “It seems so long ago,” she went on, presently, “that I can now talk about it calmly. I often wonder whether I am the same woman who went through that terrible ordeal. The past seven years have taught me much—they have taught me to forgive that poor boy all his foolish dissipation; and, thanks to you, I know that he had forgiven me. I was no fit wife for him—believe me, I was not. I ought never to have married him; but, like so many young girls, I mistook mere physical admiration for love. I now see that I never really loved him. If I had, I should have been more forbearing, for the quintessence of a woman’s love is the divine gift of charity. Yes, yes,” she added, almost impatiently, “it is; and the cruelty of my act lies here. My marriage ruined his life, while it saved mine. It taught me that love is not something which comes to a woman unasked for—that is the view of most girls and some women; but it is hopelessly wrong. Love, like everything else worth having in life, is something you

must win. You remember the saying of Milton about the beautiful life and the beautiful poem. Well—love, real love, can only be won by a woman, can only be inspired by a woman, when she makes her life beautiful. Ah! but I mustn’t perplex you with my metaphysics—a woman’s metaphysics,” she added, with a smile. “You have your own creed, have you not? Supposing you go and fetch my brother, and forget all I have been saying.”

She rose, still smiling, and the interview was at an end.

But if Everard West was reluctant to leave her before, he was doubly reluctant after that evening. And yet, abuse himself as he might, he could not point to any conclusive reason for staying. Mrs Heathcote was not beautiful—that is to say, she had eyes whose mystery was inexhaustible, and a voice whose *timbre* had an uncanny way of vibrating long after words had been uttered, but most distinctly she was not beautiful—from the military point of view. West knew a dozen women who in beauty were vastly her superior, to talk to whom, however, he would not have walked across the Terrace. No; it was not her beauty which kept him at her side. But had Captain West been a psychologist, he would have recognised that in reality it was under the spell of character and personality he had fallen. He was only beginning dimly to feel that in a woman, as in a man, mind can be a far more potent wizard than mere beauty of face or body. Her care for her delicate brother; her touching ways with the infants on the Terrace; her child-like purity of thought, shining in every word and look; her virginal daintiness of soul, of which the twist of a ribbon in her hair, the posy of

flowers in her belt, the subtle harmonies in her dress, seemed to be the outward and fragrant symbols,—these were what stole with hourly triumph over him. She seemed to move, to think, to have her being in an atmosphere which awed his senses and left him bewildered. Experience of life cannot be too dearly bought—that had been his own creed—and he had seen the world in its most naked and dirtiest aspects. But here was a woman who, like himself, had come into contact with human beings in their vilest phases, who had been forced to drink of sorrow and degradation, and who had come through the ordeal unscathed. Not one speck of mire had soiled even the hem of her robe; she had seen the mud, had walked through the mud, and it had been powerless to hurt her. West had known beautiful women, clever women, honourable women; he had been intimate with women who were neither beautiful, clever, nor honourable; he had been “in love,” as most men, a dozen times; but not until this week had he even dreamed of what reverence for womanhood could mean. It was as if a new sense had suddenly swum into his ken, and had trampled contemptuously on the philosophy which had taken fifteen bitter years to build. And then there would surge over him, as he tossed on his sleepless bed, the hot consciousness that this new light had dawned on himself, who had been—ah! what had he not been?

“May I tell you how glad I am we met you?” she surprised him by remarking one afternoon at Versailles as they had fled from perfunctory tramping through its fatiguing splendours to a seat in the gardens. “My brother has become a different man. I cannot be too grateful for the medicine

of your society.” Her words touched him to the quick.

“I never know when you are chaffing me,” he replied, tilting his straw hat nervously over his eyes.

“That is unkind,” she replied, at once. “I meant it sincerely. You have given my brother a new lease of life.”

“He is not the only man who has been altered,” West boldly rejoined; “I too——”

“Might I not say something about chaffing?” she interrupted. “I thought cynics never altered. Cynicism is like the laws of the Medes and Persians, is it not?”

“But why persist in calling me a cynic? Is it quite fair?”

She looked at him in puzzled simplicity. “Perhaps you are right,” she said, thoughtfully. “Cynics, after all, are not enigmas, and you are a terrible enigma. Oh yes, you are,” smiling down his protest, “and you delight in the fact. What foolishness it is to say women are riddles! It is men who are the riddles. Man, I am sure, is the last riddle that will be solved by woman.”

“But how does this apply?”

“Well—pardon my frankness—but I often wonder what you are going to do with yourself?” The interest in her eyes and voice was unmistakable.

“Do with myself?” he repeated, as if he disliked the idea. “Oh, I suppose do as I did before.”

“What! go back to spill more blood in South Africa? If I were you, that is just what I should not do.”

“May I hear what you would do?”

“Oh, certainly!” She fiddled with her parasol. “I should retire and——”

“Retire!” he laughed. “Retire and become a fat squire with an uncomfortable past—become a de-

corous citizen, subscribe to the Primrose League and growl at Democracy—live a life as viciously respectable as was lived in that deplorable monument of impeccable taste." He waved his hand at the *façade* of the palace, which surveyed them with its chilly glare of self-conscious breeding. "Mrs Heathcote, if you had lived my life you would know that *that* was impossible. I should be as much out of place in English country life as the Siamese ambassadors were at the Court of Louis XIV."

"Impossible!" she echoed, warmly. "You of all persons to use that phrase, you who have——" He winced, as he always did, at such allusions.

"I retract," he said, slowly. "It might have been possible once; it is no longer so." She was gazing at him questioningly. "I don't think," he replied, gently, "you quite understand what I have been. Perhaps I am a riddle, but it's not of my making. There was a time when your ideal was my ideal; but, after fifteen years of cutting throats, it only remains for me to continue cutting the throats that civilisation in its own interest says must be cut. You tell me my view of life is all wrong—perhaps it is. I have never told you my story—I couldn't tell you all—but I will confide to you one episode. Have you guessed that I first went to South Africa because of a woman? That was fifteen years ago. I was a young sub, and knew everything. I was engaged to be married—in order to be jilted, I suppose. I was betrayed by a woman I had loved—vilely betrayed. So I went to South Africa and the devil together—I beg your pardon, I was forgetting. Any way, I had my chance of being domesticated, and I made a mess of it; and since

then the women I have met have done nothing to make me alter my verdict on the sex."

He paused, expecting her usual reproaches, but instead she was looking at him with the tenderest sympathy. "I am sorry," she said in a whisper, "very sorry. We women have much to answer for. I had no idea that *that* was your story. Forgive me for having spoken so lightly." A smile broke into her eyes. "The riddle is solved," she said, quickly.

"And, like every bad riddle," he replied, "there is no proper answer."

"Oh no!" she rejoined, warmly, "the answer is yet to come. You simply made the same mistake that I did. You mistook physical admiration for love. Love can only be won."

"By the beautiful life," he interrupted, bitterly. "And my life has been so beautiful."

"Not altogether, I fear," she replied, half sadly. "But you have at least been unselfish—we all know that. Come, be honest, and admit that on that chord of unselfishness you can, if you will, build up the beautiful symphony."

"Ah! if I could only believe you. But I have no sister, as you have your brother, to train myself on. I have no one—no one."

She flushed. "No, not at present, but you can find a woman who would——" She broke off. Was it, West asked himself with a delicious throb, because she could not trust herself?

"And then suppose I made another mistake? All women are not as you are—always saying they ought to be," he added, seeing her troubled look.

"Alas, no! I know that. But, believe me, there are women——" in her eagerness she put a hand on his arm.

He shrank back from her touch. The movement was cruelly pathetic. "No, Mrs Heathcote," he said, almost fiercely; "your optimism does you credit, but I am too old to change now. I shall have to go back to South Africa. Men of my life are not made to make any woman happy. If I had married that girl, I should have made her unhappier even than she is to-day. I do not know the woman, unless——" he turned unconsciously towards her.

"See, there is Tom," she said, hurriedly, "waiting for us."

He accepted the reproof humbly. "Forgive me," he said, contritely; "I hardly knew what I was saying."

"There is nothing to forgive," she replied, in a low voice. As they rose he saw her eyelashes sweep her burning cheek, and they were wet with tears.

The next day he marched out into the hotel garden, where she was sitting with her Tauchnitz unread in her lap. He waved a slip of paper.

"I need your advice," he began. "There is trouble in South Africa, and they want me to leave at once. Shall I go?"

She looked up at him and caught a quick breath. "Yes, go," she said; "go with our good wishes."

He bit his moustache. "But yesterday you told me to stay at home."

"I thought," she replied, with a slow smile, "that your experience told you that women were fickle. You surely don't want further proofs."

"Then I must go?" he queried. She nodded, and without a word he went away to pack his things.

When he returned they chattered idly for some minutes. "I am going," he said at last, looking

her full in the face, "because you bid me. If I had decided for myself, I should have stayed."

"You are going to South Africa because of a woman," she interposed, lightly.

"You are very cruel," he broke out.

"But you will come back," and she smiled up at him.

"Who knows? Even a Matabele shoots straight sometimes." Her smile faded away. The grey wings of the grim angel seemed for a moment to throw a shadow of pain across her face. "I want to come back," he went on, "for life is beginning to be worth living. May I tell you—in case I should not have another chance—that, thanks to you, I have recovered my belief in women."

She flushed a happy red. "Then I shall look out in the papers," she answered, brightly, "because I shall see the belief in the telegrams."

He lingered. "Life is worth living," he repeated, sadly. "I only wish I had something to live for. May I not hope?" he slipped in, pleadingly. A waiter came out with the unwelcome news that monsieur's *fiacre* was *avancé*.

He held out his hand. "Good-bye!" he muttered, huskily. She gave him her hand in silence and he raised it to his lips. She snatched it back, and then, as if repentant, drew off the signet-ring and handed it to him.

"I may hope, then?" he cried in a joyous burst.

"You will miss your train," was all she said. "*Au revoir!*" and without further words they parted. But as he drove away in the merry sunshine, the ring on his finger long continued to flash back the look of tender trust that had dawned in her moistened eyes.

C. GRANT ROBERTSON.

ELRICK WALKS.

It was soon after moonrise on the eve of full moon, the 2d of October, a year ago, when in crossing the bridge over Elrick¹ burn there appeared to me the strangest, weirdest illumination upon the old stone parapet on either side. Opposing lights were cast from a great gold harvest moon and from the green glow of a frosty west. Neither light did seem to gain the mastery, for both alike threw shadows on the walls. On the right hand burned the moon's light, warm as the reflex of some dying conflagration, while cold and crystal-pure as beryl itself shone the western sky upon the left. Past the bridge the road lay between lines of slender ash-trees casting half-transparent shades. Did ever any one before, I wondered, walk thus between two shadows, shadowing him right and left? Better so than none, for that is no good sign. Long ago it was said, by the country-folk, of at least one man of evil repute among lairds of his day, that "neither on moonlichty nights nor in broad day had he ever a shadow to him."

As I stood still for a moment considering the curious effect, I thought a *third* silently, slowly went by. It might have been a mere momentary illusion, though certainly I saw a shadow pass. There was just a little shock of surprise, nothing more; for who can tell what strange things may not happen on such an evening in the North? It is likely that on no other evening, in any other month of the year, would moon

and sky combine to make one feel linked with the outland race of them who, as a poet told, dwell "east of the sun and west of the moon," wherever that fair land of dreams may be.

Along these lonesome country roads, when labourers have gone home and lights begin to stream from windows on the hillsides far apart, few might be the belated wayfarers who marked the crossing shadows by the light of the harvest moon. When summer is past and happy daylight walks are done, there comes the joy of the moon, with her mysterious charm. When the Empress of the Night rules in splendour, flooding the earth with seas of silver broken by blots of ebon blackness, they need not be all so-called lunatics who respond with a kind of exaltation to the strong influences of her reign. But when she floats a crescent bark, serene in the soft atmosphere of an autumn evening, then is her sway hushed and gentle—divine with thoughts that are not of earth. Whether by sunlight or by moonshine, long hours of solitary walks inland of this north-east coast of Aberdeenshire are to be counted amongst the purest of life's common pleasures. Then is the time for dreams. Then are composed essays and poems,—every one of them perhaps to fade away, unwritten and forgot. Then are there pictures painted which never know paint or canvas. Then also is it that a subject—for pen or pencil—first forms itself in the mind, and in many a happy walk is pursued until "the idea shines." And when this is thus, we confess

¹ *Elrick*—field of the fairies.

the hours not idly spent. Yet how deeply soever the mind may be at work, the eye sees and takes in with delight details of rocks and grass and wild-flower, each varied outline of trees or fields, of hill-top and of cloud. Wild woods and mountains and river-sides may be more full of romantic beauty, yet, for everyday wear, these familiar roads with their old stone dikes are best. There are the roadside flowers and herbs, changing ever with the changeful months; the purple distance of wooded heights: with the field life, and birds,—and the human interest, which last never can be least.

This Elrick countryside is very old—a truism that only means old cottages, old landmarks, old stones. There is a hilly road from which the prospect on a sunny late September morning is as beautiful as the breeze that blows over it is bright and health-giving. It is the very picture of prosperity. Amidst the upland corn and pasture are scattered clumps of trees and islands of white farmsteads. Around each farm lies its little enclosed bit of garden and a labourer's cottage or two, and the shadow of them aslant upon the hill. A black heap under every farm gable and beside every cot is the winter hoard of peat. Later in the month dark loads creep all day along the winding far-seen roads. It is the season for "leading" peats. Pasturing in the fields beside the cattle are flocks of white sea-mew. The birds rise and settle and rise again in a perpetual twinkle of white wings. The weather is so fine that "stookey Sunday" must be near. On stookey Sunday the corn-stocks stand in ordered ranks everywhere up and down the wide deserted

lands. The last of the harvest ("clyack" they still call the last sheaf, sometimes) has been cut by the youngest lass in the field, and only carries for the "leading," or carrying, as they would say in England. There is a deeper quiet in the air than even on any ordinary Sabbath day, by contrast with the busy jollity of last week's end. The very silence speaks, while the Bible word keeps running in our mind,—the word which said, "and the land had rest." The sheaves will stand as they are, all a-row up and down the fields day and night, for long. They have to await fulfilment of "the flailer's prayer"—the welcome shower that makes the threshing easy. An old rhyme formerly in use was written down nineteen years ago from the lips of an old ploughman crooning by the farm-kitchen fire—

"Trembling strae maks trottin' owsen;¹
Trottin' owsen maks red lan' banks;
Red lan' banks maks a thin corn-yaird;
A thin corn-yaird maks a hungry
farmer!"

That is true Doric; but, whether in rhyme or prose, "the flailer's prayer" is now but an empty sound, for the big deafening threshing-machine needs none of it. Yet, rain or shine, the stooks will bide a wee, and hold the field. If to-day were Sabbath, the sea-birds would be away. Birds, &c., as we all know, have their own ways of spending it. On Sundays gulls are not seen inland. Rooks choose it for the first day of nest-building in the spring. Caged doves almost invariably lay an egg on Sunday. The heron alights by the burn near the house for an hour's quiet fishing while the people are at kirk. Salmon get up the river unscared

¹ Owsen—oxen.

by mills, and bees are said not to swarm.

The aspect of a certain quiet full prosperity, so characteristic of this part of Scotland, is no mere idle show. The black peat neatly stacked at the gable end of the poorest dwelling, alone might mark the difference. New slated houses are many, but there still remain dotted about near the roads or on the hillsides old low-roofed dreary little dwellings of the poor (poor, almost without *poverty*!), the same as were in existence a hundred years ago and more. The old thatch grows deep-green crops of moss; the wooden lum is swathed round in hay-ropes; the doorway is only just high enough, or barely, for a man to walk in without knocking his head; little deep-set windows not made to open, with one like an after-thought worked in the wall beside the ingle-neuk. Sometimes huge boulders, built in as corner-stones, give a sense of solidness and security. How well the colour-tone of roof and walls blends with the colouring of all the land around! Dreary little northland cottages! how pleasant is their look of homely comfort, how engaging their bit of bright garden, and how seldom would it gain a prize for tidiness! Sweet simple flowers, such as are sown in spring, grow there, with a patch or two of so-called English iris and blue monk's-hood, all blooming as they never bloom in milder regions. If a few tall splendours of crimson sword-lily perchance aspire above the humbler flowers, they are guilty of giving no shock of incongruousness, as would a scarlet geranium or yellow calceolaria, or any other flowering foreigners. Deep-rooted in Scotland, in the hearts of her people is their love for gardens. It is a love born with their birth, and it forsakes

them never. Even the children play at gardening, and make small pleasure-plots by the road, in rough waste-grounds, or in corners of the crofts. One such miniature garden I pass in walks along the Elrick roads. It is the joint property of a family of four children. The little space is carefully fenced round, and laid out in walks and flower-beds. Two tiny wooden gates, fastened with a loop of old string, admit—or keep out—the brownies, the only people who might be supposed to wish to trespass there, or sit under the shade of a tall tree of spiced southernwood in the midst! A fairy path leads to a thicket of spotted pulmonaria; and in a sunny corner are the strawberry beds, where is room for just one large strawberry root. Sometimes I have known the children make their "brownie" gardens among the foundation-stones of some poor ruined cot; and there I have seen a fairy farmyard too, with little corn-stacks of wild grasses thatched with rush.

Bound up together with this native love for flowers and gardens is the faculty of vivid imagination. It dies down as the years increase, but in the bairnie's breast, as a rule, it glows and burns. With flame more faint perhaps, imagination does also not seldom illuminate the daily life of cottage children in the tamer South. In Berkshire field-paths, for instance, one may often come unawares upon little altars piled within recesses of big tree-roots, decked out in freshly gathered flower-heads. It is the children who build these high places, and make their little offerings there of red clovers or buttercups or blue veronica. A tiny survival it may be of Mariolatry, or perchance of some remoter pagan age. The remnants of that

ruin at the foot of the Gallow Hill (where I found the little fairy farm and flower-garden) wear a dreary aspect, more desolate even than those frequent ruins of desolated homes—just two gaunt roofless gables—that are seen afar in distant fields from the windows of some passing train. There remains only a heap of big foundation-stones smothered in weeds and thistles.

Nothing certain is known about the Gallow Hill, or the meaning of its gruesome name. Straight up the steep brae leads the path to the spot where it is said the gallows stood. All who came and went through that cottage door must have seen it. From the peep-hole window by the hearth it would be for ever in sight. One can fancy how, as years went on, the little home would become distasteful to the dwellers in it, and it was at last deserted and pulled down. The hillside grass is fine and short, and thick with flowers. The track climbs through a plantation of young spruce and between the hoary boles of a few ancient beeches, and then, the summit reached, one may rest upon the heather, all interwoven with blaeberry and thyme, and dream away a sunny August hour. All around, above, below, reigns profoundest silence. No living creatures can be seen save the feeding cattle and white sea-gulls, down in the low-lying pasture-lands. A wide landscape fraught with the stillness of deep peace spreads away and away to the far horizon-line of lilac hills. The sun shines sweetly on near farms and woods. On such a day, it might well have been, took place the last tragedy connected with the gibbet when it stood there, reared up on the hill-crest where we now take our ease, resting among

the honey-scented heath-bells. From the highroad a mile away, and from every path and every house within sight, the awful Thing could be seen, silhouetted black against the sun-bright sky. The half-forgotten tales that with difficulty may be extracted still from the country-folk round about are of the vaguest. Whatever happened here must have been at least 150 years ago. The parish archives—a part of which perished by fire—are silent upon the subject. Some say this was the place of execution for the whole of New Machar; others, that here stood the gallows-tree of the lairds of Elrick, in the ugly old times when the lairds, or barons, “had power of pit and gallows.” No deep loch—like the loch of Spynie—being near at hand, the maintenance of a gallows was of course a necessary expense! “The oldest inhabitant” tells a tradition of his boyhood. Two herd-boys posted on the hill to watch the cattle (the land was not in those days enclosed) were playing together, and one hung up the other in sport upon a tree. Returning in an hour, the lad was dead as he hung. Then the boy suffered death himself, on the gibbet set up for him alone. Yet another and more ghastly tradition lingers, and would seem to point to the first idea, of a place of public execution. They say that one hot summer a hundred years ago the ripened berries had to be left to hang ungathered on the bushes in cottage-gardens within a certain distance of the Gallow Hill. Whatever may be the truth of all that is said to have happened here in those far days, time has since so wrought as to mellow into wild loveliness the once drear aspect of the hill of doom. We only know it now as a flowery brae from whose summit is seen the prettiest

home-view in all the countryside. Children love to play there; and thither will many a lover and his lass stroll out on Sunday afternoons. They never trouble about the old grim past! whilst I, who forget it never, often turn my steps that way in fond iteration. A part of the attraction simply means, it must be owned, that after a long walk southward, to return round by the Gallow Brae is usually the nearest way home.

Across the moss—rich in June and July with golden sedge and bog-buttercup, or white with downy tufts of *pussies* (cotton-grass)—the uncertain track is lost—at times a little unaccountably—in a great voiceless pine-wood. It may be found again on the margin of a little lonely loch, whence it leads back through the pines, out into the cheerful roads. The Great Wood (so named by none except myself!) is not really very large, only its extent is greater than some other neighbouring woods. The charm of it is ideal. Even in autumn it is all suffused with the fragrance of the firs. The tall trees stand apart, and give breathing-room for every kind of wood wild-flower to push up and thrive, through the brown carpet of fallen fir-needles. Patches of purple heather, with intervals of rosy ling, mix with the bright emerald of wood-sorrel. Hosts of small scabious toss light balls of lilac wool in all the more open greener spaces, above a network of creeping tormentilla. Ferns there are in profusest, daintiest variety, half-hiding scarcer crowberry with dark polished foliage. Thinly scattered through all the outer fringes of the wood—luxuriantly crowding the deeper, cooler shades—the eye is conscious of pale-brown triplet leaves on delicate inch-long stalks.

It is wintergreen (*Trientalis europæa*), pride of the northern woods. Why our English name is wintergreen were hard to tell. When in June their prime was done, the little white flowers loosed hold and fell away—not petal by petal, but whole, like scattered snow-stars. Then, along with fresh green summer, the substance of leaves and stalks decayed, until all the plant seemed dipped in a brown autumnal dye. By-and-by each sombre coloured triple leaf upheld a pearly seed or two. Often in warm September days has this white seed deceived unwary strangers, who, forgetting how the flowery time is long past, think to find fresh blooms upon the wintergreen. Soon these brown reliquiae with their pearls shall perish and burn away into oblivion—small mimic flames of crimson.

Signs of some small arboreal life are not wanting in the wood. The ground is littered with short ends and tassels of fir-twigs nipt off from upper branches. Squirrels mostly are accused of the mischief (mischief far more likely to be the work of the insidious pine-beetle). A surer token of the unseen active presence somewhere of these little sportive beings is, that every red “tode-stol” has been skinned on the very first day of its appearing. In the brisk clear atmosphere of the fir-wood no such unwelcome guest as a “corpse candle,” so called, will ever peer in among the throngs of fine tawny *agarics* springing up from under tawny fir-needles. These, with shy violet ones that enliven sometimes the moist dead leaves lying underneath isolated beech, seem to escape attention from the squirrels. They are never peeled as are the scarlet and orange. Do the little rascal

"shadow-tails" taste a sugary flavour in the fine colour? They hide away so cleverly that rarely does the whisk of a tail of one betray it. Later in autumn they become more fearless, and are bold enough to chatter and scold, at hide-and-seek among the branches. Then is the time to scatter nuts and almonds for them on the lawn close under our windows, and look for repayment in watching the delicious grace of their gambolling. The shadow-tails will dance about the lawn light as withered leaves,—with frugal forethought, in contrast to their usual frivolity,—sowing the turf with every nut they do not crack and eat. Could one but be a St Francis and attain the gift of charming wild creatures of the woods! There are those at whose call a squirrel will climb down from some high branch and take a nut from the hand, or perch inconveniently on the book in their lap if they happen to be reading under a tree. There is a lady I know, one who draws to her all living creatures. She was visited last week by a fine hedgehog, on the morning of her eighty-fifth birthday. When she opened the garden door, there sat Prickles waiting on the doormat. He was regaled with milk, and next morning came again for more, bringing a pair of young ones with him. Such examples, however, of the power we covet are rare. Whilst at play with the shadow-tails, dare it be whispered how the only bit of a sermon I ever remembered much of afterwards, occurred in one (preached by the Bishop of Oxford) at the service of completion of a village church-tower in Bucks. Referring to the old towers as land-marks, the sermon went on to describe that particular district of Mercia as it was in the olden days. "For forty miles

in a straight line," the Bishop said, "a squirrel might leap from tree to tree." A suggestive enough sketch this, of the country Milton knew and loved, with its small old villages set in the midst of forest-land.

Other, lesser forms of life abound in late summer days in this woody wild. There is a curious semblance of a transmigration into winged life, in the hosts of new-born, yellowish, filmy moths fluttering just above the yellow withered grasses! They have just escaped from silky cells where in their chrysalis state they lie; and until they rise and fly, one would scarce guess the existence of these living leaves, these faded moths, so exactly are moth and dry grass matched in colour, to a shade. Should the spinning of cocoons not yet have begun, and the hour for retirement from the world not come, the eye may chance upon some lovely caterpillar fattening on the heather. Nature truly gives rein to fancy of a marvellous order in her decorations of some of these amongst the lowliest of her creatures. Nature's consummate taste and infinite variety are here displayed in endless combinations of both form and tint. A favourite type—one sees it everywhere—is done with ornamental side-stripes of electric blue and black velvet cross-bands, set off with a head decoration of black peacock's crests and tufts of spun silver all along the back. Not one in ten thousand of these art masterpieces in miniature is like to be seen of men. But to the serene grandeur of the mind of Nature, what matter? The heather in the shaded woods is not broad or deep enough to sustain with safety a caterpillar so grand as one we once met on a grouse-moor over the hill, within sound of the sea. The girth of it was huge, and in length it measured

nigh four inches. The green of it matched the heather leaf on which it fed, and it bore on each segment tiny raised rosettes in pink, set on rings of black velvet, closely imitating the pink heath-buds. The copy was so true that living creature and flowering spray were one in appearance. This black velvet, so much used for insect patterns of all varieties, may possibly be meant to represent an effect of shadow or of empty space, behind or under the mimicry in the pattern, whatever it may be. Another beauty, a good-sized hairy caterpillar, who has a habit of crossing the path, is clothed in sleek chestnut fur, with the customary trimmings of black velvet. He is a fine fellow in his way, feeding on and on till the end of autumn; so the warm fur coat must be comfortable. There are no bright pigments in reserve for the painting of the imago's wings, at least of these species. When the perfect moth comes forth it is dark night. In the dark they take their pleasure, and dark colours suit well the brown heathlands where they play.

On dry autumnal afternoons, though sundown be near at hand, there seems no need to hurry homeward. It is so sweet to sit down a while, cushioned among blaeberry and ferns, and let Time's steps steal past uncounted! The stillness is profound—like the still silence in a dream; for now the "squirrel's granary is full, and no birds sing." Between the red pine-stems a level ray strikes along the glistening pathway netted over with gossamer, weaving a silvery web which stretches endlessly afar, till lost at last in the golden sun-mist. The way home takes us by the edges of the little loch. Since this time last year how spoilt it is! The great December gale flung down

its tallest pines along the right bank. Down into the water they fell, and there ever after they are likely to lie neglected and decaying—for it is worth no one's while to remove them. All the repose of the tiny lakelet with its clear reflections has vanished. The pretty water-looking-glass is shattered, without a hope of mending. Earlier in the summer we might have forgotten all this ruin, in the pleasure of watching the dragonflies on the reedy margin. Strong, swift, hungry hunters! arrayed in lucid tinsel, coursing up and down in the glory of the latest sun-glance. Myriads of ephemere there are, in the plenitude of their monotonous enjoyment. There is a kind of pathos about them as they rise and fall by the million in rhythmic dance above the water, to the tune of "a short life and a merry one"! Two hours is the longest allotted to any one of them—cut short to a few minutes by many a greedy trout. This is how an observant parish minister describes ephemere, in a county history of the last century (it may be concluded they are the creatures alluded to): "About sunset the loch is infested by flies of the gnat kind, which fasten in great numbers on every part of the fisher's clothes, and, leaving their skins, fly off sportive as from a prison. The incumbent has often returned home covered with their *spolia opima*." Flies of the gnat kind, and others, are but a by-interest. It is the spoilt loch that for the moment fills the thoughts with unavailing regrets. Happily the wood itself was not laid waste by that outrageous gale in 1894. Folk talked of the "blind fury" of it. It might be more graphically true to affirm that the storm fiend that luckless day deliberately picked out for ruin the loftiest old trees, the fin-

est woods, the shelter that could least be spared, the choicest and healthiest plantations throughout the land. And then woods even of the grandest were overthrown with no Salvator-like picturesqueness. Fifty broad acres on one estate have been seen prostrate; yet the effect is not fine. The trees fell all one way as the wind blew, and lay along the ground in rows. But for the upturn roots it might have been the work of the estate woodman. In wooded spaces of less extent the effect is often less formal, the timber more tossed about and broken up, as though the trees had made in vain a brave stand against the wind.

Meanwhile, with a quiet persistence, Nature repairs herself. I have seen an unthinned plantation, the first standing so thick that for years sunlight had never penetrated the gloom. During a storm down they crashed, and a broad way through was cleared. The wood was ruined. But in less than six months after, a faint film of green had overspread the bare ground; and wood-sorrel and foxglove and vigorous stinging nettles, with seedling sycamore and chestnut and green things whose existence was unguessed, came up from the earth, obedient to the law of sunshine. The reproach of barren gloom was lifted, and the whole place smiled in living green. In the pleasure of an old house near the river Dee, no repair like this seems possible. In the middle of a beech-grove one giant tree made as fine a picture as heart of landscape-painter could desire. For generations the group of trees had stood on guard, overshadowing "The Bride's Well," a shallow pool of clear translucent water, where, tradition tells, a bride who had fled from the house on her bridal night was drowned.

None now can say what might have been the forgotten tragedy that drove her to despair. The bare fact has come down to us. The old ground-officer, when questioned, will half angered repeat: "It was juist a bride, an' she drooned hersel' as brides wull," as if quite a usual thing to occur! That fatal winter, when the blast of the Terrible One rushed past, not all the magnificent girth and strength of the great beech availed to save him. In one moment he and his brothers fell, and the dark pool lay bare to winds and weather. Not always indeed by any means are Nature's laws kind to man. The great tract of wood a few miles off, where upwards of a hundred thousand Scotch fir and spruce went down, felled by the stormy power of the wind, knows since another power, in its way as great—the resistless might of the infinitely little. The tiny pine-beetle, always at work more or less undermining the bark, found his labour made easier by the prone condition of the timber. So they increased enormously, until their multitudes, becoming tired of the fallen logs, unscrupulously transferred themselves to the healthy trees that remained upright. Under the beetles' persistent onslaught these soon grew to be diseased and useless. There seems no way of getting rid of the plague, except to burn up the whole wood. Meanwhile, the little *curculii* go on prospering and multiplying to their hearts' content.

And now the little spoilt loch is left behind, and we are on the road once more. Long ago—yet well within memory—a certain fairy ointment, the recipe whereof is lost, used to be rubbed over the eyes of children as they slept.

I myself remember, when a child, lying awake in the long Northern

summer twilight listening to the nurses gossiping together in the nursery. Talking of their former places one said to the other, "Mr Wilson came up ilka nicht while the bairns were sleepin', to rub ointment on their een to mak' them see the fairies"! Something of the kind is wanted now to enable many of us to see and enjoy in our walks things whose chiefest charm lies not in size or rarity. There are wild gardens at our gates that for the many simply do not exist. No one takes a walk purposely to see and enjoy them; yet there they are, ever at hand, ever ready to enchant the eye that sees. These narrow gardens need no care—indeed care would destroy them. The gardener is never seen to sow a single seed there, though one sees a thousand unpaid labourers at work in them all summer, till frost sets in and snow hides them. The birds of the air know well their labour rights! The gardens that lie on the edges of the roads between two stone dikes are fascinating indeed! The farther north one travels, the richer and more varied is the flowery edging. The sight of these flowers in their brief bright season of delight is joyful enough to beguile the longest walks. Miles of road are never wearisome, even on that almost treeless north-east coast, with such an accompaniment of blooming flower-borders. Endless are the varieties of vetches. One—*Vicia cracca*—is the commonest of all, covered with lilac clusters. I have seen a long quarter of a mile of beech hedge on the Peterhead road literally netted over with lilac vetch. One would toil on a long way to feast the eye on such wealth of ethereal loveliness. A botanist,

however, would not look twice at my wayside gardens, for they contain, as a rule, nothing scarce or curious. They are charming solely because of the silent jubilation, as it were, of these crowded flowers and green leafage of them down there at your feet as you pass. The magic of them is their boundless variety—not of species, but of individual growth and manner. It is the *gaudium* of them. Most joyful gauds indeed, with their fresh yellows and pure whites, their blues and their purples! All seem to be there at the same moment; nevertheless, week by week, one after another, each separate beauty takes the lead. Deep beds of *Galium*, yellow or white (ladies' bedstraw), give place to starry firmaments of the little stitchwort, luxuriant yellow balls of giant bird's-foot trefoil (*Lotus corniculatus*), and spotted persicaria, delicately pink. Here and there, where green rushes betray some underthread of a little roadside runnel, is pale forget-me-not, or a large-flowered yellow and brown-speckled *mimulus*, standing erect, looking what it is—a wanderer from the garden.¹ Ragged-robin and rosy statice and a hundred others, with ladies' mantle (*Alchemilla*), and too many far for naming, add variety and colour. Latest of all comes little quaint *Euphrasia*. And then, lasting long into the bad weather, there is sometimes seen the exquisite *Galeopsis tetrahit* (it bears no plain English name that I know). This belongs to the turnip-field over the dike—chancing now and again with the others in the road. It is like a glorified "archangel" or dead-nettle. But if an angel, then did its flower-change surprise it suddenly, while

¹ Now entirely naturalised as a wild-flower, it forgets it was ever otherwise.

yet the iris-light of Paradise had not faded from its wings. (A freak of fancy! must be tolerated, with the wonder of this small field-flower under our very eyes.) The colours are a lovely blending of primrose yellow with tenderest lilac. One other bright gem must not be unmentioned. Scotland's beloved little wild heart's-ease grows everywhere, haunting the dullest roadside, the stoniest most barren spots. The velvet glow of its purple seldom dies away until extinguished in the snow. Autumn may come in with cold or wet, and go out in sleet or snow; the little flower that rejoiced us, freely blossoming all summer long, allures us still with its brilliant beauty. There is always just one more flower to be seen—and one more still as a surprise when all seems over and done; and then the very last is gone—and then comes yet another! and so on into dead winter. As summer slowly dies, the shining bloom of the roadside insensibly tones down into seeding. Black vetch-pods begin to cluster in the tangle, overtopped by spikes of red-brown sorrel. Carlododdies¹ stamened powdery heads are no more—they ceased their play ere August waned—and richly scented white clover disappears at last. But although we cannot ourselves tire of wild-flowers, and yet to talk of them too long is tedious, one word must be said for the loveliest of all. For what would our "narrow gardens" be without their bluebells? "The bluebells of Scotland" naturally know their place! and here are their clans assembled wheresoever there is foothold in crannies of the stony dikes. Or their airy bells wave suspended on delicate stalks all

through and through the grassy banks where the road dips down between, and Elrick burn flows across under the bridge. There are bluebells of every shade of that wan greyish love-tint we call blue. Now and then, to our joy, comes one pure white, ineffable in its perfect purity.

The wild birds delight in these old stone walls or dikes, where no cover exists to screen them. They seem to be for ever hopping up on to the topmost stones of them, and darting across or dropping down into the field before one can get near enough to see them close. Especially tantalising in this way is the fieldfare, or "Hieland pyat" as it is popularly known in Aberdeenshire. A pair of them will pretend to be quite familiar—will perch just a step or two in advance, and then fly off, perching again a bit farther on. And this little game will be kept up till at last off they go, flying far afield. All the time one has been vainly longing for a good look at their handsome plumage. Chaffinches number most, of all the small common birds. They are everywhere. Easier to tame than sparrows, and without question more delightful, they flit close round one's feet, learn to fly in at the window for food, or follow one about the garden in their pretty confidence. As winter draws near they gather into families, and are seen in lonely places, a few together in the trees. Poor little chaffinches! may they have a good time wherever they betake themselves, and no cares to damp their saucy brisk *insouciance*. Yellow-hammers, who look at one a moment and are gone, are but few hereabouts, and are lustrous as gold in the sunshine. Fewer still are there of that

¹ *Plantago lanceolata*.

slender, gracefulest of birds, the yellow wagtail. Rarely are they met by burn or road. Yet they are tame enough to run up and down all day long on the roof of a house, peeping in at the windows. Out in the stubble is a great blackness of rooks. Thousands are feeding, with one or two black awkward fellows sitting on a fence as sentries. Country-folk have a way of foretelling the weather by the rooks' movements. What the secret of it may be I know not. Half the world knows no more about their neighbours the rooks than the old Scotch farmer who, on the occasion of a village meeting, when the lecturer proposed to read a paper about rooks, remarked, "What can he have to say about the crow? It's juist a bird that eats 'taties." Nevertheless, both wise and wonderful are the ways of the "crow."

It is at dusk of an October evening that the "tuwhit storm" descends upon the land, settling down on some big field that is in grass or stubble. Then the ground is grey with an innumerable multitude of peewits, or plovers. With them comes a mixed lot of starlings or of smaller birds. It is the eve of migration, and the plovers move jerkily about and are very silent. It is an excited crowd, however, incessantly in motion. When the plovers rise, the noise of their wings is as the sound of many waters. They need hardly make such a fuss, though, for they do not mean to cross the sea. It is only a short trip into Berwickshire that they propose. But what of those other birds who boldly dare the seas? How many, or how few, will land safe on the other side? There is a remarkable description printed somewhere of night-watchers in a lighthouse seeing the white breasts of hundreds

of birds beating like a snowstorm against the windows of the lantern, and of how the morning light showed rock and sea around strewn thick with their dead. The passionate impulse that urges a migratory bird has been known to impel one that is caged to dash itself against the bars so soon as the fateful hour has struck. The subject has deeply engaged many minds. It does so still, and it remains one of the profoundest of Nature's mysteries.

Round by Moneykebbock (corrupted from the ancient name Mony Cabbucks, or Many Roebucks), past "the highlands of St Machar," or New Machar, is to my thinking a pleasant tramp—all the pleasanter because unknown to any tourist's guide-book! Bushes of wild rose (we have none too many here), with broom and gorse and bracken, border all the way up to the heathery fallows or highlands. A steep line of road rises through land broken with wood and corn and turnips, passing within sight of an old walled graveyard,—the church was moved up to the village a long time ago,—in the middle of a field, by the farm of Chapel of Elrick. No path leads up to it; it stands like an island in the fields, overgrown with sycamore and wych-elm. One can enter by the small unlocked iron gate, and give a passing glance within to the long melancholy grass that hides a few forgotten names and dates graven on flat gravestones. When the trees are bare, a grey and ghostly tomb surrounded with rusty iron rails, in the centre of the enclosure, can be seen from the road, above the wall. In gusty winter nights the glint of a light has been seen to rest upon the central tomb. This is only when a wild west wind sweeps the country; and then, they say,

the flame burns steady, unflickering. Half a mile up, towards the heathy wild, the road passes by a long low cottage, of the familiar bygone type, with wide chimney and wooden lum. A wilderness of weeds and flowers slopes down from the door. If we make our way through the tangle, and knock, and enter the little dark house-place, we shall most likely find its mistress—a bent old woman—sitting idly by her dull peat fire. The place is all smoke-embrowned, from the open chimney to the settle under the window-ledge, and shelves with the dusty row of discoloured old willow-pattern plates, and little jugs and bowls. The dark cavernous box-bed in the wall is brown, and very brown the big worn Bible resting on the little brown table. The very shadows are brown. The framed photograph of a brand-new Aberdeen steamer strikes the sole false note in the Rembrandt-like effect of the whole. The woman is too old and feeble to work any longer in the flower-tangle at her door. Half unwilling, she will, perhaps, speak of her youngest boy, who died so long ago, and tell how he had cared for that little bit of garden; how he planted every plant in it, and how for his sake she loved every one of them—the orange lilies and tall white Canterbury bells, the polyanthus and candytuft, columbine and snow-in-summer, and above all the blue cornflowers, which have bloomed and seeded and bloomed again for many a year, never letting go their hold of the soil. Such azure blue are these cornflowers! She don't mind if I gather one on taking leave. Could we but more easily get at them, how often in the life-story of cotters whose doors we pass by unthinking, might be found pathos as deep as any in printed books! Sometimes

we come to know something of it when for a moment the veil drifts aside.

After this the road goes on past “the most beautiful tree in all the world!” So says the eye, each time I look upon that tree. It is a willow—grand, immense, in both bulk and height. It is mirrored in the glassy farm-pond near, where cattle cool their feet, and drink, and shelter beneath the shadow of it when the sun is hot. Walk past a little way, then turn and look back, and gaze upon the tree rising up into the blue, in the glory of its countless silver! The grey of it is like an olive grove on the hillslopes of Esterel. The shimmering leaves as the light breeze lifts them are like the silvery turn of olive sprays when the south wind blows. One longs to sit down before the tree with an easel and a big canvas. Most hopeless of tasks! Word cannot paint the rhythm of its triad foliage; no painter's brush could give the glimmering grey of it. Walking backwards is sorry work; so the many-yearred willow must be left behind as we walk on, the charm of its wandering sheen exchanged for richer green of woodland beech. It is in this direction that our old friend, the man with the little yellow dog, may oftenest be met. Robb is the man's name, and Jamie is the other. The man breaks stone for the roads, while the dog lies on his coat, guarding it. This man went beyond seas, and stayed abroad twelve years, and sore disliked the climate. Then the homing-hunger set in and prevailed, and back he came. There is no earning so much in a week here as he earned in a day out there. But what of that? It is Bonnie Scotland, and it is Home! The man's companion is the exact copy of a tiny yellow fox—sharp-pointed ears, brush, and all; and it

is a pattern of faithful endurance. One day Robb was summoned in haste to a funeral at a distance. He left work and was off at once, forgetting Jamie, who lay guarding his red necktie in a neighbouring shallow sand-pit. After two nights' and two days' absence the man got home from the funeral, but no little dog met him at the door. For the first time he remembered he had never called Jamie to follow, that day, as he left work. Robb started for the sand-pit; and when the place was reached late in the afternoon, there lay the little yellow dog upon the handkerchief, still faithfully on guard. They believe he had never moved; and, dog-like, he bore no grudge.

"A country enclosed with stone walls" might in a way describe this part of Aberdeenshire, but it would convey no accurate idea of the picturesque old fences. The stones of them, laboriously gathered, as the land became cultivated, from surrounding waste or muir land, are rounded like boulders,—relics of the age when glaciers slid over all this region, bringing down from the mountains moraine and river-rounded stones. Wherever the largest of them are hewn or blasted, they sparkle in the sun with mica. These dikes were built up long ago,—many of them so far back that moss, green as a tourmaline, girds them in thick velvety swathing; or lead-coloured lichens roughen the surface. Long lengths of wall are often dappled with gold-dust of that slowest yellow lichen which has been said to take a hundred years of growth before its increase shows. Delicately fronded ferns peep from holes and crannies, or vagrant crane's-bill or aromatic thyme smile out from between the boulders; and the *styme* or turf, lying deep upon the upper

parts, is often rich with all kinds of flowerets and fern. Dear to the secret heart of true sons and daughters of the North are these old stones of Scotland.

A grey moraine lying desolately amid ferns and moss, where for centuries the stones have lain on a fir-grown brae, gives the passer-by strange thoughts of other times when the world was young—before the old road that cuts straight through was thought of. Sometimes, here and there, one comes across some huge block of granite built up in a dike—mute witness that somewhere not far off existed once a stone circle. In the midst of open fields, where a wide horizon extends all round, these ancients were not in former days uncommon. Latterly the few that still remain have been in a great degree protected. But it is not so very long since, that if the great stones interfered with the plough, they were recklessly broken up and used for the *bigging* of new farm-houses or for gate-posts; or one would be left standing for the cattle to rub against. Some way off there is a place marked on the county map "Standing Stones," and once we journeyed there, hoping to find at least some signs of a circle. Alas! the name is all that remains, with a few big stones built into the walls of a most modern farmhouse, and a pair of them set up at the farmyard gate. Miles away in another direction, on a high hill-moss above the wild east coast, other stones of antiquity, I suppose as great as these, are found. There was a length of dike built chiefly of round grindstones and rounded pudding-like anvil-stones (great pebbles of quartzite with picked hollows), which were used in the manufacture of flint arrow- and spear-heads, and knives, &c. The

heathy, sandy ground was thickly strewn with chips and fragments of spoilt missiles. The strange thing is, that not a flint exists naturally anywhere near this ancient flint factory. Once I came suddenly upon an arrow-head or elf-shot lying on the edge of a turnip-field near a plantation of ilex-oak. It was curiously fashioned, like the pointed leaf of an ilex, and hardly distinguishable from the brown ilex leaves around it. These elf-shots, when one has the luck to find them, are sure to have just been shot; they never lie long, or such is the universal belief among the country-folk. A tale is told of a lady and gentleman on horse-back quietly riding along a country road, when the lady's hand unwittingly closed on an elf-shot that instant lodged in the folds of her habit. In Scotland any weird may be believed; nothing there is too strange to be true. It is the land of mystery.

The "sculptured stones" exist still in great numbers. Too mystic and awe-inspiring for love, they are venerated by all *who know*. Two of these have remained unheeded age after age, within the low-walled graveyard of a roofless church some distance south of Elrick woods. After crossing "the crooked Don," and climbing a steep rough bank on the other side, the ruined church is reached. It was, but a few years since, the parish church. The ancient font, long cast out, still lies half-smothered in rough grass and weeds among the graves. If one climbed on to an old "table" tombstone under a window, one might peer through the small greenish pane and mark how a long green ivy streamer had pushed through the roof and waved just over the pulpit, and how cobwebs hung round the decayed unpainted

pews. One glance would be enough at such a ghostly uncanny-looking place! The old roof has fallen in, and nettle-beds fill up where pews and pulpit stood, and a brand-new kirk, with solid roof and no ivy, has arisen near. The two sculptured stones of the graveyard wall have, however, been promoted to outside the blocked west doorway. From the recess loom the well-known enigmatic figures,—strange outlines, sharp and distinct as if graven yesterday. There are the *harpoons* and *spectacles*, and the great Beast with trunk curled over his back. It appears over and over again on these stones, and is by common consent an elephant. They say the figure might have been evolved from descriptions of the elephant learned from travellers who returned from the far East. It is the same as found on carven stones at this day in India. Many are the speculations of the learned. As one of the unlearned, I too have my theory, which shall not be spoken.

The lost key to all these hieroglyphs has been discovered by none. And all the time, with slow sure pace, farther and farther away, the centuries travel on; and ever more and more remote, more faint and small, shines apart the old old Past. Even as year by year the hundredth part of a few grains of surface may be weather-bitten from the stone, so slow yet certain is the ultimate effacement of these undeciphered signs. The Maiden Stone of Bennachie (beyond the limits of a walk from St Machar) bears sculptured signs, some of which are the very same in character as those in the ruined doorway. Ten feet tall, gaunt and grey, stands the Maiden in the field upon the fell-dike, close to the public road that passes on round by the foot of Bennachie. Ages

of storm and tempest has she endured—alone, unshaken. Generations of men, in long and vast procession, have been born, and lived, and perished, while she has stood there, where first they set her, on the dreary muirland. Infinite toil must it have cost to cut the enormous monolith out of the quarry and bring it down the mountain-side; infinite care and skilled art in that rude age to work, in such bold yet finished relief, the hard uncompromising granite—it is coarse red-toned granite of Bennachie—and make it tell the story that all the coming races of the earth were to understand and know. The granite and its sculptured story were to last for ever. And now, poor stone! all outworn and crumbling, only when the sun shines full upon you an hour after noon-day, late in summer, can your carved images be made out at all with clearness, and then only by the transparent lilac shadows of them. The elephant is there, and the harpoon or scales; there is a mirror and a comb, and over them the ass-centaur is represented with action true to nature and full of spirit. What avails the labour and the skill, since now the whole is empty of meaning? A large notch in the upper part remains in proof of the legend which tells how the Fiend pursued the Maid of Drumdurno farm as she fled towards Pittodrie woods, and clutched her shoulder, when on the instant she was turned to stone. Men of science travel long distances to see the strange thing. Tourists hire carriages and come out from Aberdeen and picnic under its shadow. The dike has to be scaled; and while they walk round and scrutinise, and are none the wiser, the driver, a little way on, nods asleep on his box. And then they sit

down and eat their sandwiches, and the young colts in the field come round and sniff and have to be scared away. One or two may pluck a tiny heart's-ease from a bevy of them growing there, and then the carriage-load drives off. They have seen the sight, they have lunched, and are content. Twenty or more years ago the moss had not been ploughed up, nor the new road made, and the stone was still knee-deep in heather. Yet even now, alone in a field hemmed in with common life—stared at, desecrated—the impression made by a first sight of that great melancholy stone is one not to be forgotten. A hundred wheels might rattle past, noisy crowds might surround it, but the Maiden Stone of Bennachie would seem to stand for ever as it now is standing—rooted in solitude, wrapt round with silence.

Far, far have we wandered from the sweet home-walks of Elrick! and in memory alone their charm may be retraced. Could I but answer when the spirit calls, how would its flowery lanes and foot-paths bear again the print of eager feet! how would the dreams once more thicken amongst the green beech leaves and amid the darkness of the firs, or glow within the fire of sunset clouds! how would the ear hear with delight the low song of the osel,—half outsung by the bubbling burn around him,—or hearken the harsh cry of some grey sea-gull overhead gravely winging to the sea! Recalling in the fogs of London lost joys of sun-bright summers, one forgets that winter reigns supreme, and that the Field of the Fairies lies flowerless and drear, hid beneath the soft white winter snow-sheet.

E. V. B

JOHN CABOT: AN ANNIVERSARY STORY.

WHEN the historian comes to write of England in the last ten years of this century, not the least splendid of his themes will be the sentiment of Empire which budded and flowered in them. The years of the decade that have still to run may hold in store for his pen most momentous events,—peoples and dynasties trembling in the balance of war, or, it may be, the re-partition of continents accomplished: but still we may be sure this Imperialism will stand out among them all, conspicuous in his eyes. Even we who, living in the whirl of them, are least able to distinguish clearly the signs of the times, cannot doubt to what they point here. The offer of Australia to aid us with troops at a pinch, and the fiscal action of ever-loyal Canada, are purple incidents upon the significance of which, indeed, it would be possible to lay too much stress. More expressive are the motions towards Federation among the colonies themselves, and the quickened interest of the rulers at home in the Greater Britain across the seas: an interest, it is true, that is no more than becoming, yet, because of previous indifference, not to be overlooked as a sign. Most significant of all, possibly, is the new awakening of all England's sons to see that the seas which separate them do but bind them closer, and that their concern must ever be for the ships that sail them—"swift shuttles of our Empire's loom that weave us, main to main." And there are not wanting evidences of how close and intimate is this sentiment with the body of the people. There is, for example, the tendency of popular journalism.

That is a test which, perhaps, before our day was not available. It would be wrong to say that hitherto public opinion has followed where the journalists have led; but certainly there is a mass of journalism to-day which throws its weight at the bidding of the public in a manner undreamed of twenty years ago, and the shrewdest conductors of this popular journalism have been striking the Imperial note very loudly of late. Evidences of the sentiment, indeed, are everywhere,—in the talk of the man in the street, in the bus, in the office, in the club, and most of us, no doubt, are conscious of it chiefly in some uplifting of spirit within ourselves.

There are many explanations given for this renaissance. It is accounted a reaction from the Commercialism which marked the middle of this century, as the spirit of war marked the close of the previous. With more reason, others see in it, not a reaction from that Commercialism, but, its evolution,—the natural instinct of commercial England, hard pressed by Continental and Transatlantic rivals, to turn in the direction where her future superiority must lie. Others, again, are content to trace it to more acute and immediate causes: the blustering of a cock-a-hoop section in America, the notorious telegram of the German Emperor—quick-matches, at least, to fire the train. And we may believe that the writings of Mr Rudyard Kipling are not the expression merely of the Imperial spirit, but partly its inspiration also. All these immediate causes and special manifestations the historian will marshal in the order

of their true importance, as we cannot now; but behind them all he must find, ultimate spring of this new Imperialism, the old singular and intense loyalty which is born under the English flag.

Its singularity and intenseness were never discovered so clearly as in an article in one of the American magazines recently by Mr W. D. Howells. Mr Howells was writing of 'The Seven Seas' by Mr Kipling, whom he calls the "Laureate of the Larger England," and here is what he said:—

"If Mr Rudyard Kipling should remain the chief poet of his race in his time, his primacy would be the most interesting witness of the imperial potentialities of that race in literature. He was not born English, if that means born in England, but the keynote of his latest volume is a patriotism intense beyond anything expressed by other English poets. He is so intense in the English loyalty which always mystifies us poor Americans, that one has a little difficulty in taking him at his word in it. But he is most serious, and in the presence of the fact one cannot help wondering how far the ties of affection, the sentiment of a merely inherited allegiance, can stretch. If we had not snapped them so summarily a century ago, should we be glowing and thrilling at the name of England, which now awakens only a cold disgust in us, or at the notion of an anthropomorphic majesty, which only makes us smile? One cannot read 'A Song of the English' in Mr Kipling's new book without thinking we might, though as it is we read it without a responsive heart-throb, or any feeling but wonder for its beauty and sincerity.

"Its patriotism is not love of the little England,

'Encompassed by the inviolate seas,'

on the west coast of Europe, but of the great England whose far-strewn empire feels its mystical unity in every latitude and longitude of the globe. It has its sublimity, that

emotion, and its reason, though we cannot share it; and it is only in asking ourselves why a man of any nation, any race, should so glory in its greatness or even its goodness, when he has the greatness, the goodness of all humanity to glory in, that we are sensible of the limitations of this out-born Englishman. Possibly when we broke with England we broke more irreparably with tradition than we imagined, and liberated ourselves to a patriotism not less large than humanity."

Here a man of culture and imagination, an American, too,—one of ourselves we should have said a century ago,—is brought face to face with this English loyalty, and it is easy to see that he is puzzled and distressed by it. If it were merely Jingoism, he could understand it: that is a product of all countries, not least of his own. But Mr Howells is too keen and too honest to miss that it is more than that. Coincident with it at the present moment no doubt are certain incidents, certain displays of national passion arising out of these incidents—Jingoism, if any one likes; but large sections of the public and the press have already condemned these. On the other hand, this Imperialism—"this feeling of mystical unity," Mr Howells aptly calls it—is welcomed with a wonderful unanimity; even the Little Englanders, Greater Englanders in spite of their creed, pay it tribute. And Mr Howells says that they in America cannot understand it or appreciate it. It seems so certain to him that it must be a limitation in us, that this emotion, so intense, must swamp all other emotions, and that this tradition as he calls it must blind us, not only to the larger patriotism of humanity which he speaks of as the single charge of America, but to reasonableness even, and to a humorous

consideration of our own position and tolerance of that of others. But we know that it is not so. If we were asked to single out a living writer, the intensity of whose patriotism drives it into a channel deeper and narrower, perhaps, than most of us would care to see our own running in, it would be Mr Blackmore. Yet in his story of 'Dariel,' running through 'Maga' now, Sûr Imar gibes the young Englishman pleasantly. "In going round the globe so much," he says, "you never care about any race that is beginning to get better. Your own, for instance, is nothing to you. You can hope for the best about them; and believe that the Lord, who governs the earth for the benefit of the British race, will make it all right for the worst of you. Upon that point you have no misgivings, any more than you have about any others, when you feel yourself summoned to improve the world." Of course the novelist here is putting the appropriate thoughts and gibes into the mind and mouth of his character; but it is easy to see, too, that he has a kind of proud relish in being able to acquiesce in the criticism of an attitude which nevertheless he would maintain with an equally proud intensity. It is this that Mr Howells, and a great many more than Mr Howells, do not understand: that the race to whom this intense emotion has been bequeathed is not blind to its limitations, but, while conscious of them, not with tongue in cheek, but out of an instinctive wisdom, treasures it as a folly—one of the great follies from which all that is good and wise proceeds.

It is by a happy chance that this sentiment of Empire-loyalty comes to full bloom in this par-

ticular year, and by a happier still that in this year, four centuries ago, the same sentiment, though all unconsciously, first came into its own. Four hundred years ago, almost to a day, on the 22d of June, when her Majesty will go to St Paul's to give thanks for her long reign and the triumphs of it, an expedition sailing from the port of Bristol sighted the continent of North America, planted the flag of England on the new found land, and thus set the first stake of the enlarged borders of the empire whose singular and perfervid loyalty will find expression on that day. That is a coincidence which gives the Cabot anniversary a wonderful hold upon the imagination. But there is more. For nearly four centuries the Cabot expedition was wrapped in mystery: even now few rays shine upon that voyage across the "Sea of Darkness." Within recent years, however, our knowledge of it has become immensely richer through the patient labour and research of Mr Henry Harrisse, and many others, the results of which, with not a little original comment and suggestion, Mr Weare has admirably summed up in the volume¹ which he has published on the eve of the anniversary. And this is the chief of them. Hitherto the hero of the expedition has been Sebastian, the son. Now he is the hero no longer, and John Cabot, the father, is re-established in the honour awarded him by his contemporaries, and filched from him by his son.

The documents which establish the resuscitated title of John Cabot to the discovery of the continent of North America are singularly meagre. Those on

¹ Cabot's Discovery of North America. By G. E. Weare.

which the false title of Sebastian Cabot has been based for three or four centuries are scarcely less meagre, and in addition they are contradictory and of doubtful authority. We are not going to go through the evidence here, with a view to arguing the father's case against the son's. That is a maze none but the experts can move in freely. John Cabot's claim is set beyond dispute now, and his fame established once for all. The manner in which this has come about demands our attention only because it enhances the picturesque of John Cabot's story. His voyage is engaging in itself, and the unravelling of the history of it has something of the fascination of detective fiction.

The first of the known existing documents throwing light upon John Cabot and his expedition is found among the State Archives of Venice. It is an order to record, under date March 28, 1476, the granting of the privilege of citizenship, within and without, in favour of John Caboto, in consideration of a residence of fifteen years. Further, in the Book of Privileges, in which are set forth privileges of various kinds granted between 1435 and 1562, there is a list of these grants of citizenship, within and without, in which John Cabot's is the thirteenth. In the case of Cabot the date is not given, and his nationality is not stated, as it is in most of the others; but from the preamble to the list, and from what is known of the conditions of naturalisation in Venice at this period, it is clear that the recipients of the grants were not natives of the city, or even of the Duchy, but were aliens, and possibly inhabitants of the conquered territories, who had resided in Venice for fifteen years, fulfilling during that time all the duties of

residents and paying their taxes. The next notice we have of John Cabot occurs twenty years later, in a petition, filed by him and his three sons, Lewis, Sebastian, and Sanctus, and presented to Henry VII. of England, praying for "your gracious letters-patentes under your grete seale in due forme to be mayde according to the tenour hereafter ensuyng." This petition is dated, as delivered to the Chancellor at Westminster to be acted upon, March 5, 1496, and that is the date of the letters-patent which the king granted to the Cabots in answer to it. Now the "tenour hereafter ensuyng," there is reason to believe, was "to seek out, discover, and find whatsoever isles, countries, regions, or provinces of the heathen and infidels, whatsoever they be, and in what part of the world soever they be, which before this time have been unknown to all Christians." The letters-patent, while repeating this, expressly limit the right of "full and free authority, faculty and power of navigating to all parts, countries, and seas of the east, west, and north." The style of the petition and the omission of the seas of the south from the letters-patent should be kept in mind, for they have a bearing on a later part of our story. On the 10th of August in the year following—that is, in 1497—there occurs an entry, among the Privy Purse expenses of Henry VII., of a gratuity "to hym that founde the New Isle." In a letter written on the 23d of the same month by Lorenzo Pasqualigo, a Venetian in London, to his two brothers in Venice, it is stated that John Cabot, "the Venetian, our Contry-man," had returned from his voyage of three months, in which he had discovered "the territory of the Grand Khan," and had

planted on this newly found land "a large cross, with one flag of England and another of St Mark, on account of his being a Venetian." One point this letter fixes is the date of Cabot's sailing at about the middle of May 1497. At this time Raimondo di Soncino was the ambassador in England of Ludovic the Moor, who then held Genoa as a fief of the French crown: and in a despatch to the Duke of Milan, dated August 24, 1497, Soncino mentions, among other things about Cabot and his expedition, that they sailed from Bristol, a western port of this kingdom, "some months since," which in a measure corroborates Pasqualigo's date. On December 13, 1497, Henry VII. granted a pension of £20 per annum to John Cabot, which was to be a charge upon the port of Bristol; and five days later, Raimondo di Soncino sent a second despatch to the Duke of Milan, in which he went very fully into the particulars of Cabot's discovery, concerning which he had conversed with Cabot himself. New letters-patent were granted to John Cabot (this time there is no mention of the sons) by Henry on the 3d day of February 1498, and it would seem that the king made several loans to companions of the admiral "going to the newe ile." On July 25 of that year, Pedro de Ayala, the junior Spanish ambassador in England, addressed to Ferdinand and Isabella a despatch in which he mentions having "seen the map which the discoverer has made, who is another Genoese, like Columbus"; and statements of a similar kind as to the nationality of John Cabot (who by this time had sailed on his second voyage) are to be found in the despatches of the Spanish ambassador De Puebla, a man intimately

acquainted with the Genoese in London.

These are the only original documents extant bearing directly on John Cabot and his expedition, and out of them we might fairly construct the story of the discovery as it is generally accepted now. John Cabot, born, probably, in Genoa, and somewhere about 1450, resided in Venice for the fifteen years necessary to qualify for Venetian citizenship, married in Italy, and had three sons—Lewis, the famous Sebastian, and Sanctus. Of his doings between 1476, when the privileges of naturalisation were conferred upon him, and 1496, the date of Henry's first grant of letters-patent, we can do little more than conjecture. He had become an experienced navigator, and had settled in England: so much is certain. According to Soncino, he had sailed along the Arabian coast and visited Mecca.

"He says that he was once at Mecca, where from remote countries spices are carried by caravan, and that those carrying them, being asked where those spices grew, said they did not know, but that they came with other merchandise from remote countries to their home by other caravans, and that the same information was repeated by those who brought the spices in turn to them. And he argues that if the oriental people tell to those of the south that these things are brought from places remote from them, and thus from hand to hand, presupposing the sphericity of the earth, it follows that the last carry to the northern, towards the west."

According to Pedro de Ayala, again, he went to Lisbon and Seville to seek help for the enterprise he contemplated. Some, putting these two statements together, argue that Cabot forestalled Columbus in his great idea, or, at any rate, was not forestalled by

him. The argument is not the less stupid that it is plausible, and even probable. No one supposes for a moment that Columbus was the first or the only man to dream of reaching Asia by sailing constantly westwards down the Trades. All this, however, although it occurs in the authentic documents we have referred to, is unsupported, and only a little more worthy of acceptance than the not improbable statement of Anspach that Cabot conducted a successful negotiation in 1495 with the Court of Denmark, on behalf of the merchants of Bristol, and in consequence was brought to the favourable notice of Henry VII. Three years after the news of the success of Columbus, at any rate, he presented himself and his scheme to Henry VII., and received that monarch's countenance to his expedition. Early in May 1497 he sailed out of Bristol in the *Matthew*, and after a voyage of some fifty days reached the coast of North America, landed, claimed a new country for Christendom by erecting a large cross, and for England by planting beside it the English flag.

"And then," Tarducci says, "drawn by that mysterious bond which at every distance of time and place brings us to the image of those dear to us, especially in the most solemn and consoling moments of life, he crossed in thought through the ocean, passed over England, traversed Europe, and sought on the shores of the Adriatic the glorious queen of the Lagoons. Twenty years had passed since he left her, but neither length of time nor distance of place could weaken his tender affection. And in the new land he had discovered, by the side of Christ's cross with the banner of England he planted the flag of Venice."

On shore no human beings were met with, but there were signs of

occupation in felled trees, and in some snares set to catch game, and a needle for making nets, which Cabot brought back for the king. Evidently the *Matthew* delayed not a day in setting sail for home, for it was on St John's Day, June 24, that land was sighted, and she was back in Bristol by the end of July. On the return voyage two islands were passed to starboard, and with a little human upliftedness of spirit, Cabot gave one to a Burgundian, "a companion of Messer Joane," and the other to his barber, a Genoese. Had he not discovered the territory of the Grand Khan, and, as Soncino wrote, gained for his sovereign a part of Asia without a stroke of the sword? When he was at home awaiting the fitting out of the new expedition he dressed in silks, Pasqualigo reports, and swaggered just a little, perhaps, but no more than became a lion of the season to whom great honour was paid, and after whom "these English run like mad folk." The new letters-patent were issued on February 3, 1498, and in the summer of that year the five ships of the second expedition sailed from Bristol. One vessel was driven back; the four others reached Newfoundland, and then sailing in a southerly course, made Cape Hatteras. So much may be gathered. After that John Cabot drops completely out of our knowledge, and is as if he had never been.

That is the plain history of John Cabot as generally accepted: indeed there is scarce a point in it which will be disputed by any writer who has had access to the documents, recently only discovered in the archives of Europe, from which it is derived. As late as 1831 Richard Biddle set forth the story with a wonderful acumen,

for the first time making it clear that there were two voyages of discovery, and so bringing order out of the contradictory evidence at his command. But Biddle's hero is Sebastian, not John: he had not seen the letters of Pasqualigo and the despatches of Soncino and Ayala and De Puebla. For this is what has happened. Almost all our knowledge of the Cabot voyages was based upon the statements of Sebastian himself. These were the fabric out of which was fashioned his world-wide repute. And nearly four hundred years elapsed before there were brought to light these indisputable documents, on the evidence of which Sebastian is convicted of falsehood and unfilial conduct, and is thrown down from the pedestal which he had usurped from his father.

To understand this part of our story we must gather up the facts about Sebastian Cabot's life which are not in dispute. Whether or not he sailed with his father in the famous expedition of 1497, he was living at Bristol in these twelve months before the second voyage, when the admiral was dressing in silks and being run after by the English folks in a fashion that made Pasqualigo sneer. At this time Sebastian must have been at least twenty-two years of age. The ensuing years were spent in the study of navigation and cartography, and he was paid a gratification of 20s. for a map of Gascony and Guyenne for the use of the expedition of Spain and England against the south of France in 1512, and in some capacity or other he accompanied the expedition. Probably his fame had gone beyond the bounds of England: in Spain, it is certain, the name of Cabot the discoverer of the new found land

would be familiar, and it may well be that Sebastian was sought after; at any rate, in October of this year he entered the service of King Ferdinand, who gave him a post as naval captain, with a salary of 50,000 maravedis. In June 1511 he was paid a further allowance of 10,000 more; two months later he received nine months' arrears of pay as *Capitan de Mar*; and by the end of the year he was appointed pilot to his majesty. His wife and home were still in England as late as the autumn of 1512, when he removed his household to Seville: it included a daughter, Elizabeth, who in 1516 received a small legacy from her godfather, a chaplain in London. Whether her mother was the Spanish Catalina Medrano mentioned as Sebastian's wife in later documents, we do not know. He may have made a second marriage after settling in Spain. Curiously, among the meagre information we have of Sebastian's career is the testimony of several witnesses that Catalina was a high-spirited woman who kept her husband "under the thumb," and instigated him in some of his ill-doings.

Sebastian Cabot reached the height of his career in February 1518, when Charles V. made him pilot-major. It was about this time that he made the acquaintance of Peter Martyr, of which we are to hear more. Meanwhile, at the moment of his success, when he was enjoying the confidence of his sovereign and possessed of all the secrets of his adopted country, he was carrying on an intrigue with Venice to transfer his services and his knowledge to the Republic. Of this there can be no doubt. For centuries his treachery was hid, but at last the archives of Venice gave up the despatches of Contarini, the Venetian ambas-

sador to Spain, in which the whole story is laid bare. Cabot's overtures to the Council of Ten were made through a Ragusian adventurer: we can trace in Contarini's despatches the whole course of the negotiations, down to the concoction of a plan to get leave for Cabot to visit Venice on the plea that his immediate presence there was demanded in connection with a claim arising out of his mother's estate and dowry. Sebastian's statement to the ambassador was that, when in England three years previously, he was offered high terms by Cardinal Wolsey if he would sail with an *armada* on a voyage of discovery, and had replied that he would give his services if the King of Spain granted him leave. His heart, however, smote him to think of his benefiting foreigners and forgetting his native Venice, and he had requested Charles to refuse him leave to serve the King of England. Now, therefore, he was ready to disclose to the Republic "a passage whereby she would obtain great profit, which is the truth, for I have discovered it." The date of these negotiations, 1522, is important. Magellan's discovery had just been made known, and Mr Harrisse's conjecture is that Sebastian was referring to a still shorter passage, of which he took the credit of discovery—"which is the truth, for I have discovered it."

These negotiations with Venice fell through. In 1524 Cabot was employed as an assessor in the Conference at Badajoz concerning the rights of Spain and Portugal to the Moluccas. In 1526 he commanded an expedition to discover the Spice Islands, sailed for La Plata, and explored the Parana to its junction with the Paraguay. On this voyage he took high-

handed measures against some of his companions who disagreed with his instructions; and for these he was brought to trial on his return to Spain in 1530, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. A year later the emperor pardoned him; and he was in Seville again in June 1533, and remained chief pilot for fourteen years. In 1547 he made an offer, which was accepted, to enter the service of England, and in the following year he arrived there on leave of absence from Spain, to which he never returned. Charles did all he could to get him back, but Cabot would not go, and England would not send him. Thereafter he fulfilled in various ways the duties to English maritime concerns corresponding to those of the Grand Pilot of Spain. In February 1555 he was named governor for life of the newly founded Company of Merchant Adventurers. Two years later he resigned his pension. He was at that time at least eighty-three years of age, and full of honours; and we hear no more about him. But now more documents have come to light which smudge his memory even in these closing years in England. It is clear that while enjoying the favours of Edward VI. he was intriguing, though fruitlessly, with Venice. There was an almost exact repetition of the treachery of thirty years previously—overtures to the Council of Ten, colloquings with the Venetian envoy, even the plan to get leave of absence to Venice based on an imaginary claim arising out of his mother's estate.

These are the undisputed facts about Sebastian Cabot. It is not a pretty story. He was an adroit and able man, of fine address, a good navigator, with a European reputation as a maker of maps.

At the same time, it must be admitted on these undisputed facts that he was a man not to be relied on as to his word, and a betrayer of the secrets of his offices. And this is far from being all that is alleged against him. His official treachery is counted of importance chiefly as giving weight to the charge that he reared for himself a monument of fame at the expense of his father's memory.

We have no certain information about Sebastian Cabot's birthplace. His mother, as we have seen, was an Italian woman. Of the three sons mentioned in the letters-patent of 1496, he comes second, so that we may suppose that he had an elder brother. As the grants were made to the sons personally, they were almost necessarily of age. Sebastian, therefore, must have been at least twenty-two in 1497, and so born before 1474. But 1474 falls within the fifteen years of residence which gave his father Venetian citizenship: thus the presumption is strong that he was born in Venice. The point, however, is that he could not be at once a Venetian born and a native of Bristol, yet that is exactly the conclusion we come to from his own statements. During the first negotiations with Venice, while he was still in the employ of Spain, he told Contarini that he "was born in Venice but brought up in England," and a special envoy of the Council of Ten employed on that occasion reported that Cabot "says he is of our city." Peter Martyr, who knew him well, and Oviedo spoke of his Venetian birth. On the other hand, Richard Eden, in a marginal note appended to his translation of Peter Martyr's '*Decades*,' says, "Sebastian Cabot told me that he was born in Bristowe, and that at four yeares old he was carried with his father to Venice,

and so returned again into England with his father after certain years, whereby he was thought to have been born in Venice." The inference is pretty clear: Sebastian Cabot made his birthplace suit the designs he had on hand.

It was on the strength of statements of his own, then, that English and Bristol chroniclers have enthusiastically claimed Sebastian Cabot as a countryman and a townsman. That was before the documents discovered in the Venetian archives made plain the man he was. And upon statements of his own, also, as we must show next, rested that fame as the discoverer of America which was his until these documents established his father's claim to it. Here is the evidence. Peter Martyr was intimately acquainted with Sebastian Cabot. "He is my very friend," he wrote, "whom I use familiarly, and delight to have him sometimes keep me company in mine own house." Now, in Peter Martyr's account of the discovery of North America, John Cabot's name is not so much as mentioned; but it is stated—and Sebastian was at Court with him when the book was published—"These north seas have been searched by one Sebastian Cabot; . . . he therefore furnished two ships in England at his own charges." "The son had a gift of reticence concerning others, including his father and brothers," Dr Dawson says drily. Further, according to that mysterious and interesting witness in the case known as "The Mantuan Gentleman," Sebastian himself said to him—

"When my father died, in that time when news was brought that Don Christopher Columbus, Genoese, had discovered the coasts of India, whereof was great talk in the Court

of King Henry VII., who then reigned, . . . I thereupon caused the king to be advertised of my device, who immediately commanded to be furnished two caravels with all things, . . . and I began therefore to sail. . . . After certain days I found, &c."

The salient points of these statements we know not to be true; that about his father having died before the news arrived of Columbus's discovery is a singularly impudent falsehood. It is second-hand evidence; but few will doubt that the man stands convicted of a most unfilial filching of his father's honours.

In the famous planisphere of 1544, frequently, but not with undoubted reason, ascribed to Sebastian Cabot, there occurs the legend, "This land was discovered by John Caboto, Venetian, and Sebastian Cabot, his son." But it is by no means clear that Sebastian accompanied his father in the 1497 voyage. As we have seen, the letters-patent of 1496 were issued in the names of the son as well as of the father: it is somewhat to the point that those for the second voyage, that of 1498, were in the name of the father only. In the letter of Pasqualigo describing the hero-worship of John Cabot on his return, it is said that the king had given him money wherewith to amuse himself until the second expedition was ready, and that "he is now at Bristol with his Venetian wife and with his sons,"—language which some think—we do not lay stress upon it—not quite applicable to the case had one or all of the sons sailed with him. Again, Peter Martyr—"a very friend"—records that "some of the Spaniards deny that Sebastian was the first finder of the land of Bacallaos region, or that he ever sailed so far westward,"—a denial which goes far

beyond the 1497 voyage, and is curiously supported later. In 1521 Henry VIII. was preparing an expedition "for a voyage to be made into the newfound lland," which was to be commanded by Sebastian Cabot. For the fitting of it out he made heavy demands upon the Twelve Great Livery Companies of London. In the name of the others, the Drapers objected to the king's levies, on the ground that "we think it were too sore a venture to jeopard five ships with men and goods unto the said lland upon the singular trust of one man, called, as we understand, Sebastian, which Sebastian, as we here say, was never in that land himself, all if he makes report of many things as he hath heard his father and other men speak in times past."

Mr Harris, the unswerving detective of Sebastian Cabot's infamy, goes further: indeed, he goes too far, we think, for the good of his case. He attempts to show that Sebastian's map is untrustworthy, being "faked," so to say, at the instigation of his natural instinct for intrigue; that the scientific claims advanced for him have no basis, he being but a very sorry cartographer, and not the discoverer in magnetics that is generally supposed; that his methods for finding the longitude at sea are errors, and not even original errors; worst of all, that he was no navigator. Herein, surely, Mr Harris proves too much. Most of the evidence of Cabot's treachery and deceit would fall to the ground but for the assumption that for nearly fifty years he held such a European reputation as a navigator and a maker of maps that his services were run after, and his words on these subjects treasured; and a man could not hold such a reputation for nearly

fifty years without some cause. Mr Harrisse's conclusions, indeed, sometimes seem to bear witness to the natural tendency to bias in the human mind, quite as much as does the fact that for so long Sebastian's claims were supported. On the planisphere of 1544, the date of the first voyage is given as 1494. It seems quite clear that this was a paleographical error for 1497. The date is given in Roman numerals, M CCCC XCIII. The map was printed most likely in the Netherlands, from the Spanish. Sebastian Cabot had no opportunity of correcting the proof-sheets, and the substitution of III. for VII. clearly is a simple blunder. All the evidence proves the date 1494 impossible. But it is easy to see why it has been stuck to. Starting with the statement of Sebastian that he was born in Bristol, we can claim that North America was discovered by an Englishman. Most certainly John Cabot cannot by any alchemy be changed into an Englishman, and on that ground it is convenient to ignore him. And by assuming the 1494 date, we throw the discovery still further in advance of the making of the mainland of America by Columbus. Many do so; and a similar predisposition to find certain things in the evidence is shown now and then by Mr Harrisse in his determination to prove Sebastian's unworthiness. And, chiefly, Mr Harrisse has a theory to prove connected with the greatly vexed question of John Cabot's landfall. The 1544 map fixes it at Cape Breton, and that is generally accepted. He, however, is convinced that the true landfall is on the north coast of Labrador. It is a question for the experts, and of course the experts disagree, as they may be excused for doing on the scanty facts.

But setting out to prove that the landfall was between 56° and 60°, Mr Harrisse has to account for the *Prima Terra Vista* appearing on 48°, in the Cabot map, and he does so by saying that the wily Sebastian's motive was to establish British claims for the region at the mouth of the St Lawrence which the voyages of Jacques Cartier had shown to be valuable, and so to make a bid for the favour of England, which he visited shortly afterwards. For this, however, he puts in no proof, and there are strong presumptions against it.

It is remarkable, indeed, how many and how varied are the points in dispute in this story, arising out of the meagreness of the material to our hand for constructing it. Out of the misty cloud of evidence, however, this emerges clearly: John Cabot, not Sebastian, was the discoverer; after nearly four hundred years of an honoured reputation, Sebastian Cabot has been convicted of being a wily and untrustworthy man, howsoever able; and there is sound reason to believe that an unfilial baseness to his father's memory must be attributed to him, inasmuch as he appears to have instigated the statements upon which for so many centuries his name has been set in the ascendant, and his father's kept under a cloud.

When John Cabot sailed from the Port of Bristol on his memorable voyage, Europe was in a fever of discovery. The veil of night that enwrapped them was rent, and men's minds soared upwards with a morning hope. Traveller's tales, passed from mouth to mouth, fired their imaginations with the gorgeous colours of the Orient, and their lust for her gold and spices. They saw the Italian cities, through

command of the Mediterranean, grow rich upon the treasures which the caravans of the East poured into their markets; but they saw, also, beyond the Pillars of Hercules, an ocean on whose untraversed waters already in imagination they were borne to Cathay, and the gold-roofed palaces of Cipango. Bit by bit, Portuguese ships felt their way down the coast of Africa, until Bartolomeo Diaz faced an ocean open beyond the Cape, and at last, in this wonderful year of 1497, at the very moment when Cabot with the swelling heart of a discoverer was doling out islands to his Genoese comrades, Vasco di Gama rounded the Cape, and filled his sails for the Eastern seas.

It was the dawn of the new order, in which the power of Empire has passed into the hands of the nations commanding the ocean. The Italian cities, Venice and Genoa, must have seen that their day was waning. They were hemmed in. It is interesting to notice that Contarini knew it. When Sebastian Cabot proposed to him to show Venice his shorter passage to the East—

"With regard to the possibility of such an issue I am doubtful" (Contarini wrote); "for, I have some slight knowledge of geography, and, considering the position of Venice, I can see no way whatever by which she can undertake these voyages. It would be necessary to sail in vessels built at Venice, or else they must be built outside the Strait. If they are built at Venice, they will have to pass the Straits of Gibraltar to reach the ocean, which would not be possible in face of the opposition of the King of Portugal and the King of Spain. If they are not built at Venice, they can only be built on the shore of the Western ocean, for they cannot be constructed on the Red Sea without infinite trouble. . . . Nor can I see any possibility of building ships on the Western ocean."

It had been the policy of the Italian critics, therefore, to keep back their navigators from these enterprises on the Western seas. But the navigators would not be held. The instinct of maritime adventure was in their blood. They had the compass to guide them now. Visions of Ophir lured them on; and the learned men of their own country sped them—men like the Florentine Toscanelli, who sent the sea-chart to Columbus to aid him in his "magnificent and great desire to find a way to where the spices grow." When their own critics would not employ them, they gave their services to the Kings of Spain and Portugal, whose opposition to her voyages of discovery in consequence Venice soon had very good reason to fear. In May 1493, shortly after Columbus returned to Spain, Pope Alexander VI., by a bull, drawing a line from the Arctic pole to the Antarctic, a hundred leagues towards the west and south from any of the islands which are commonly called De los Azores and Cape Verde, gave to Spain all the islands and firm lands, discovered and to be discovered after the Christmas of 1492, to the west of this line, and to Portugal all to the east. By the Treaty of Tordesillas a year later, this line was redrawn to pass, north and south, three hundred and seventy leagues west of the Cape Verde Islands. Thus we have the islands of the Portuguese called the East Indies. Thus, too, we have the Southern seas unmentioned in the letters-patent of Henry for the voyage of 1497, lest the Portuguese and Spanish envoys should take alarm. And thus we find, years later, Magellan, a Portuguese, in the service of Spain,—for it was the interest of Portugal, not to encourage, but rather to thwart, his particular

schemes of discovery. And while the New World was in the making, thus, John Cabot, the Genoese, settled in England.

It is as likely as not that he made his home in Bristol. Anspach, it will be remembered, accounts for his introduction to King Henry by his successful negotiations with the Court of Denmark on behalf of the merchants of Bristol. That is not improbable. Hundreds of years before, the Vikings had searched the northern seas, found the Faroes and Iceland, fought the ice to Greenland, and, almost beyond a doubt, sighted, it may be even landed on, Labrador. This legacy of sober enterprise had been bequeathed to the English sailors. By the beginning of the fourteenth century, English voyages to Iceland were numerous. By the fifteenth, a flourishing trade existed between the two countries. In this intercourse with Iceland, Bristol was always to the front, and once she had a monopoly of it. So important had it grown that an interruption of it could become a *casus belli* between England and Denmark; and it is not impossible that Cabot was engaged about 1495 in prosecuting the claims of the Bristol men for ships seized and cargoes sold by the Danish king in the war which had just ended. But besides trade and sober adventures in the north seas, the Bristol mariners had those visions and fancies to which so greatly, as Nansen says, England owes her territory to-day: visions of ice-free seas, dreams of the Antilia, the land that the Portuguese in the Canaries saw shining in the west in the setting of the sun, the "green isles of the flood" that vanished at the fisherman's approach. We find Columbus, in a

letter describing a voyage to Iceland, recording that a mariner of Bristol sailed from there on July 15, 1480, with ships of 80 tons burden, to discover the mysterious land of Brasylle or O'Brazil, reputed to lie in the Atlantic; and between then and 1497, seven times, Bristol men set out for the island of Brazil and the Seven Cities. They were "dreamers, dreaming greatly," who "yearned beyond the sky-line where the strange roads go down"; and among them came Cabot, learned as they in all navigating arts, with a greater knowledge of geography, and his own hot fancies about a western way to Cipango, which the spice caravans at Mecca had fired, and the news of Columbus's voyage were to set ablaze afresh. And they and he, sailing out once more, came to the continent of North America, and realised their dreams in a discovery such as they never dreamed of. For just as Columbus set sail for the land of spices, and when he came to Cuba made sure that it was Cipango, nor ever thought but that the land he found was the territory of the Grand Khan; so John Cabot, when he discovered the island, where the land was fertile and temperate, and fish so plentiful that the trade with Iceland must cease, had his thoughts still directed to the greater undertaking of sailing "along the coast to the east, where he believes all the spices of the world grow, and where there are also gems," and hopes to make London a greater place for spices than Alexandria. Even so, two hundred years later, La Salle named his estate on the rapids of the St Lawrence Lachine, in the belief that it was on a waterway that led to China. From that greater undertaking, so far

as we know, John Cabot never returned. In his second voyage to the north, in 1501, Corte-Real found in Nova Scotia or Cape Breton "a broken sword, gilded, which was certainly made in Italy," and in the ears of a native boy two silver rings "which without doubt seem to have been manufactured in Venice." It is believed that these must have been relics of John Cabot's second expedition. Mr Weare makes the interesting suggestion that Cabot reached the mainland and was there met and killed by Alonso de Hojeda, who with La Cosa, the map-maker, as chief pilot, and Amerigo Vespucci as one of his "useful companions," set sail for the north in the spring of 1499. Certainly, Hojeda would have little scruple in putting out of the way any Englishman whom he found on lands dedicated to Spain by the papal bull. And we might thus explain the presence, in La Cosa's map of 1500, of English

flags on territory of greatly wider extent than that discovered by Cabot in the 1497 voyage. But all this is conjecture. It is enough that we know that John Cabot discovered North America, and that this year of rejoicings throughout the empire is the fourth centenary of the expedition by which the foundations of the empire were laid.

"When Drake went down to the Horn,
And England was crowned thereby,
'Twixt seas unsailed and shores un-
hailed

Our Lodge—our Lodge was born
(And England was crowned thereby!)"

Such is the "Song of the Dead," who call on their sons to follow after "by the bones on the way." And we may say, this year more surely than ever, that these sons still living are a Lodge—a Lodge of Empire, born when John Cabot discovered America, long before Drake went down to the Horn. And England thereby is crowned!

AN INDIAN ROMANCE.

A LESSON OF THE FAMINE.

It was the evening of a burning Sunday in June 1844, in an out-of-the-way village in the southern plains of India, when, seated in my long arm-chair in the verandah, I fell asleep and dreamed.

I had been reading Grimm's Fairy Tales, and my mind was full of Rumpelstiltskin, the little old man who could spin straw into gold ; and while I was thinking of this, and of how delightful it would be to have such power, I thought some one touched me on the shoulder and said, "Come with me, and I will show you how you may do even greater wonders than Rumpelstiltskin ; for you shall spin water into gold, and cinders into cornfields, and ropes of sand into strings of pearl."

And I looked, and we seemed to be standing on a bare hillside commanding an extensive view of a vast level plain, bounded in the far distance by the sea. And somehow I thought that, notwithstanding the great distance, I could distinguish every detail of the landscape as if through a telescope : and a more desolate scene I had never beheld. The whole plain seemed to be one vast desert of burning sand, without a blade of vegetation, and here and there were clusters of wretched mud hovels, the only human habitation ; and at the doors were gathered groups of the most miserable, emaciated creatures—men, women, and children—that I had ever seen.

Then I perceived, to my astonishment, that through this desolate region there ran a great river, with branches like the veins on a man's

hand, provided by nature, so it would seem, for the fertilisation of the soil. And I thought of Egypt and the Nile, and could not help wondering why, with all this abundant water, there should be no sign of vegetation. Then somehow the scene changed, and I thought I was in some great hall crowded with people, to whom I was going to lecture. By my side was an easel, and on it a huge map of the same vast desert, with all the features I had just seen.

And again my thoughts ran on Egypt, and the words of Moses, which I had heard that morning in church, kept coming into my head. "Must we fetch you water out of this rock?" Then I took up a pointer, and, with Moses still in my thoughts, began to touch the several arms of the great river on the map, as if to illustrate my lecture ; and behold, as I did so, each branch of the river seemed to break into a thousand tiny channels, like silver threads, and at once the colours of the landscape changed,—for I still seemed to be regarding the actual scene,—and gradually stretch after stretch of the burnt-up sand was transformed before my eyes into fields of waving corn. The clusters of mud hovels, baking in the sun, became well-built villages shaded by groves of palm ; and under the trees were groups of well-to-do country people, and troops of children in school play-grounds. The reaches of the river too seemed to widen and grow beautiful, with a fringe of dense and lovely foliage ; and on the broad shining water-

ways I saw, following each other in succession, huge barges loaded to the water's edge with merchandise of every sort and description. Among them were market-boats, with their picturesque cargo of fruits and country folk, forming a scene such as once led to the comparison of a well-dressed Eastern crowd to a garden of tulips. And as I watched them dropping down the stream, a strain of sweet music smote my ear, and voices of women and children singing in chorus rose in the clear morning air. In a word, the whole land had suddenly awakened from death to life, and the desert had been turned into a rich and beautiful garden. And as I was wondering by what magic so marvellous a transformation had been wrought, I awoke, and behold it was a dream! And on the table by my side lay an unopened letter "On her Majesty's Service," ordering me to headquarters, and inviting me to take charge of a great scheme of public works in another part of the Presidency.

We can imagine that it was in some such fashion as this that, fifty years ago, the brain of a gifted engineer was inspired to undertake and carry to triumphant completion one of the most extraordinary and fruitful works of the present century—a work calculated at any time to fill Englishmen with pride, but at the present moment one of vital importance to the empire, not only in itself, but in the help which its history may afford in a crisis of the gravest magnitude.

In all the literature of Indian administration—that vast library of yearly reports whose fate is for the most part to gather dust on

the shelves of our palatial offices at Whitehall—we doubt if there is to be found a volume of more dramatic interest, or more rich in practical lessons, than the modest and at first sight strictly technical record cited at the foot of this page.¹

Embedded in its 150 pages, and half hidden under the statistics and technicalities with which they bristle, there lies a veritable historical romance, hardly a whit less wonderful than the airy fancy we have sketched above, amounting as it does to nothing less than the literal and practical realisation of exactly such a dream as we have imagined. 'The Conquest of the Godavery,' in the hands of a master, might indeed be so presented in the form of drama or romance as to rival many a more famous work which has given immortality to the writer of fiction.

It is the story of a herculean task set for execution, of a foresight in essaying it amounting almost to inspiration, of undaunted courage and perseverance in face of overwhelming obstacles, and of a success far surpassing the most sanguine anticipations, such as would at all times be deserving of careful study, but which has special claims on public attention at the present time, and paramount claims on those responsible in any degree for the welfare of India.

And are we not all at this moment realising our share of that responsibility?—face to face as we are once more with the hideous spectre of Famine, threatening millions who depend on us for their daily bread. Day after day our withers are wrung by detailed reports from those on the spot, of

¹ The Engineering Works of the Godavari Delta; a Descriptive and Historical Account. Compiled for the Madras Government by George T. Walch, M.Inst.C.E., Chief Engineer for Irrigation, Madras (retired).

increasing thousands employed on relief works, and of heroic efforts to arrest the tide of impending starvation, till such time as nature shall again furnish the seasonable floods on which the life of the people depends.

Nobly have England and her colonies come forward to give all the help that money and affection can afford; and not less nobly have others joined in the work,—kindred States under native Indian rule, and countries far less bound to India than ourselves. The spectacle which India presents to-day is in truth unique in history, and affords striking evidence, if any were needed, of England's capacity for the great charge she has assumed as an Eastern Power, and not less perhaps of the unnoticed but commanding influence gained over mankind by Christian sentiment. No more eloquent proof could be found of the progress of the past hundred years, alike in Indian administration and in popular feeling, than in the contrast presented by the records of the present great famine with the story told in Sir W. Hunter's '*Annals of Rural Bengal*' of that which in 1770 turned Bengal into a howling wilderness.

But when all has been done, and when the threatened lives of helpless thousands have been rescued, we remain still confronted by the uneasy consciousness that the root of the evil is untouched. Like some irresistible tidal wave, Famine in India recedes for a time, only to gather strength in the interval, returning in a few years with overwhelming volume, to find us still unprepared, and driven in the last resort to heroic remedies. Yet surely here is matter for amazement, at least to the unlearned. Shall we, who stand in the forefront of scientific research, who

can bridge Forth and Tay and Menai, who make light of mountain railway or submarine telegraph, and, above all, who pose as the first of oriental Powers, sit down helpless in presence of natural phenomena so familiar as those on which depends the periodical return of famine to a tropical country? Is it possible that there are no means by which we may render India once and for all independent of such well-understood conditions of Eastern life? With money poured out like water, is it the cost we shrink from? Have we sunk so low that any sordid thought of private interest stops the way? or have we not trust enough in our children of genius? In vain we search report and speech and lecture and narrative, official and unofficial, past and present, of those most interested in and best acquainted with the country, for any really satisfactory answer to such questions as these. In all alike it seems to be taken for granted, as a foregone conclusion, that there can be no thought of ridding the country for ever of the periodical visits of this tremendous calamity, and that all that the resources of man can hope to achieve is to battle successfully with the enemy when he is at the gates. But the note of a more hopeful strain is in the air, and we make bold to say that in this most opportunely published record of a great work actually accomplished is to be found an answer at once convincing and full of encouragement—an object-lesson of incalculable value in the treatment of Indian famine, writ so large that he who runs may read.

It needs exceptional courage, we are well aware, to essay an excursion into the records of a public office, and to face the chilly

reception to be met with, alike from liveried porter, from gentlemanly clerk, and from distinguished secretary; but there are times when such an ordeal may be faced, and when we may be rewarded by something even of greater interest than the last Society novel.

If, attracted by the photographs and maps in which this volume is rich, the visitor is enticed to dip into the narrative they illustrate, we can promise him that he will have his reward. It is a chapter of Indian history familiar enough to those on the spot—too familiar, strange to say, to some of our highest authorities—and it is one which needs only to be more widely known so to react on public opinion that its lessons shall not be lost. For we learn here how within the last fifty years a great district covering 3000 square miles, which fifty years ago was in so deplorable a condition as to compel the active intervention of the authorities—decimated by famine, and with population and revenue decreasing year by year—has been permanently converted into a rich and prosperous province, with revenue and population steadily increasing, and which, when famine visits the land, serves as a granary for starving districts on every side.

Of the twelve short chapters into which the story is condensed the two first contain a brief but clear and interesting sketch of the geography of the Godavery delta, and of the original plans for the utilisation of the waters of the great river for the twofold purpose of irrigation and navigation. In the succeeding chapters, from the third to the ninth, we have the detailed history of the works carried out in the delta, and a deeply interesting history it is, notwithstanding its necessarily technical character,—with its ex-

citing incidents of varying success and failure, its full extracts from official correspondence, lifting the curtain upon bygone scenes of hot official warfare, of heroic struggles with disappointment and disaster, of battles with overmastering obstacles in storm and flood, in official mistrust and opposition, in sickness and exhaustion of physical strength. In the tenth and eleventh chapters are recorded the means by which the waters, finally bridled by human genius, have been compelled to serve for ever the double duty of irrigation and navigation, to the immense advantage of the country. Finally, in the twelfth chapter are summarised, with a brevity more eloquent than pages of comment, the net results of the works as affecting finance, revenue, population, cultivation, and communications. The theme is illustrated not only by statistical tables showing at a glance the results of the system at work, but by a series of clearly drawn maps and plans and of admirable photographs, enabling the general reader to realise vividly the nature both of the country itself and of the gigantic work whose history is here recorded.

Enthusiasm, it is well known, begets enthusiasm, and we professy with confidence that no reader—however little acquainted with India or with the mysteries of engineering science—will lay down this book without having caught something of the infection of its hero's spirit, and sharing his earnest, almost pathetic, desire that its lessons should be applied throughout the length and breadth of India. It was in the year 1843 that the lamentable condition of the Godavery district, with its "decreasing population and dwindling revenue," "forced the Government into action." The "sad

case" into which it had fallen is thus concisely set forth :—

"The abolition of the East India Company's factories and the competition of Manchester and other European looms had deprived it of nearly all its cloth trade; . . . an unsuitable form of land-tenure, badly administered, pressed heavily on its cultivators; its few irrigation works were neglected; and it frequently suffered from droughts which withered the crops, or from floods which drowned them: for the noble river which runs through the district, and now enriches it, then carried nearly the whole of its treasure of waters uselessly to the sea, or poured them in destructive floods over the most fertile parts of its delta."

By a happy coincidence the government of the Presidency was at this time in the hands of a statesman of exceptional capacity;¹ and at the same time, among the subordinates of the Public Works Department a young officer of the corps of Madras Engineers had just brought himself into prominent notice by his successful completion of a work of great difficulty and importance in the southern district of Tanjore, where the conditions were remarkably similar to those of the Godavery delta.

Sir Henry Montgomery, "one of the ablest of its servants," was deputed by the Madras Government to inquire into the causes of the decline of the Godavery district, and to advise as to remedial measures. He had himself been Collector of the Tanjore district, and his experience of the remarkable success which had been there achieved by bringing under efficient control the waters of the Cauvery river, led him to the opinion that "much could be done with the Godavery" in a similar

manner. He recommended that the officer by whom the Tanjore works had been carried out, Captain Cotton of the Madras Engineers (now General Sir Arthur Cotton, K.C.S.I.), should be deputed to the Godavery district to report on the subject. The hero of our romance now appears on the scene. In August 1844 Captain Cotton submitted his first report, from which dates the initiation of the work which has turned that great delta from a desert into a garden, by the simple, if arduous, process of directing and utilising the forces abundantly supplied by nature in the great river-system by which the district is traversed.

From the outset the story is not wanting in the elements of romance. One of the twelve holy rivers of India, the Godavery, in its uncontrolled state, is described by Sir Henry Montgomery as "a fearful stream, carrying before it all improvements in its course."

Rising 900 miles away, where "its first trickle issues through the mouth of a sacred idol," it is endowed with all the sanctity afforded by the shrines of the faithful dotted along its course, and with all the wild beauty of a passage through mountain defiles, till it expands at last into an ocean of sandy levels, and melts imperceptibly into the sea. For centuries this giant among the rivers of India had brought down only poverty and destruction instead of prosperity to the unfortunate people living within its influence,—alternately withholding the water on which depended the very necessities of life, and overwhelming life and property in one widespread ruin. "Ravaged by great rivers" is the expression

used by a gifted Anglo-Indian writer of the districts of Lower Bengal in the last century, and one which well describes the condition of the Godavery district at the opening of our story. One need not have been in India to realise something of the scene of hopeless desolation which the district must have presented at this time, with its limitless flats of waste and water, sweltering under a scorching sun, unredeemed by shade of hill or vegetation, and with a sense over all of poverty and decadence and oppression by irresistible forces of nature.

But neither sentiment nor physical obstacles affected for a moment the judgment of the young expert, and Captain Cotton had not been long on the spot before he was able to open the eyes of the Government both as to the causes of the decline of the district and the nature of the remedies required. In an able and convincing report he showed that the district was, by soil, climate, and natural features, one of vast capabilities; that its decline was due solely to the failure to utilise its great natural advantages; and that if, following the precedent of the very similar district of Tanjore, a comprehensive scheme of irrigation were established, it could not be doubted that similar success would follow.

This initial report is of special interest, both in the clear light which it throws on the work to which it is the prelude, and on account of the insight we gain from it into the character of the principal figure concerned.

It is no part of our object here to sing the praises of those by whom this miracle of reclamation has been achieved; but it is impossible to dissociate from any

single act of the drama the conspicuous personality of the man who was from first to last its informing spirit, nor is there any need to minimise the credit due to one of the most eminent of English engineers. It was a daring scheme which this young officer had the courage to recommend (though we learn that a similar plan had been suggested by a kindred spirit half a century earlier)—viz., to stem by artificial means the course of a river four miles across, and to reclaim from the waste of centuries 800,000 acres of land; and this under a tropical sun and with the untrained labour of natives of the country.

Yet so complete is his confidence in the judgment he had formed, that he looks forward to the results with as much certainty as to those of some mathematical problem; his plans are laid as coolly as if the land to be treated were a home-farm of 1000 acres, and as if the cost of the work were to be reckoned in hundreds instead of in tens of thousands; while again and again the spirit of the man comes out in an enthusiasm which cannot be restrained. The district "can scarcely be surpassed by any part of the world" in its capabilities; "the whole tract is one noble expanse of rich alluvial land, fit for almost any cultivation;" and if only his plans may be adopted, "the last drop of water in the river may be brought to the surface of the country, so as to command the whole of this vast tract." No wonder that to such a mind, foreseeing clearly the ultimate triumph, considerations of immediate financial difficulty seemed of minor importance, and sums of £120,000 or £130,000 were regarded as "an absurdly small

sum" to devote to the object in view. In the later correspondence the true foundation, as we venture to think, of so much confidence and coolness is revealed in the simple and genuine piety of a singularly humble character. But caution, too, is coupled with foresight; for he foresees no less the opposition which such plans as his will meet, and claims earnestly that every objection shall be open and public, that he may have full opportunity to reply. He concludes by asking for means to explore the district thoroughly, considering it "one of those things impossible to explain," how a district with such immense natural advantages "should have greatly retrograded under our management."

The results of this exploration are set forth in a second report submitted eight months later—in which the nature of the country to be treated, of the treatment proposed, and of the results anticipated, are stated with force and clearness. We English are often congratulated on our capacity for dealing with strange countries and with alien races, and it is from such records as these that we may learn something of the secret of our success. In their simple eloquence they are models of what such letters should be, and, for all their official and professional character, they are full of interest even to the general reader—that personage so hard to capture and of so much importance.

"It required neither time nor attention," we are told, "to discover what was required" for this unhappy region; and so sure is the writer of his ground, that "it is rather the question of how a man may be best clothed and fed than whether he needs clothing and food." With the same character-

istic and almost childish simplicity, he proceeds to explain that this is to be effected "by converting the water of the Godavery into money instead of letting it run into the sea."

The gigantic plan thus introduced might seem a doubtful project when it was seen that the river, across which a masonry dam was to be placed, was seven times the width of the widest part of the Mississippi; yet to this audacious dreamer the work proves on examination to be "practicable, simple, and easy," and he does not hesitate to promise, in addition to "a complete system of internal navigation," that "a famine in this or the neighbouring districts will be placed out of the range of probability."

He proceeds to consider possible objections and to estimate the cost of the work. And here, as we come upon the earliest forecast of the results, we cannot help turning, as in a novel, to the end, to compare fulfilment with prophecy. The interest of the intervening battle need not be diminished by a glimpse of the striking contrast thus presented between the figures "before and after." In 1847 there seems "a fair opening for an increase of revenue to the extent of 20 lakhs"; in 1894 we find the year's revenue 88 lakhs of rupees, in addition to receipts from local taxation. And whereas at the outset the designer "would not be surprised" if the goods traffic on the projected waterways were to average 50 tons a-day, the actual traffic in 1893-94 was twenty times that amount. How this revolution has been brought about we have now to learn.

It is to the credit of Indian administration that these reports were at once recognised as the work of no ordinary official. The

Collector of the district, the Chief Engineer of the Presidency, and the Government of Madras were at one in supporting Captain Cotton's proposals, and recommending to the Court of Directors an immediate allotment for the work of a sum of £50,000. The curtain falls on the first act with the sanction to the expenditure and commencement of the work.

As it rises again in the third chapter, we are introduced to the site and design of the great work; and if the record here becomes somewhat technical for the lay reader, its substance, which may be given in a few words, is surprising and interesting enough. For the site is the bed of a river nearly four miles wide (a bed of pure sand), broken at intervals by islands, the whole being swept by a torrent of which the picture makes the brain swim to contemplate, for it is estimated at a million and a half cubic feet of water per *second*. Such being the site, the design of the work consists of a masonry dam or "anicut" 12 feet high from bank to bank, linked by embankments on the islands, the whole to be of such strength as to withstand not only the force of stupendous periodical floods, but the perpetual scouring of under-currents, and the shock of gigantic timbers borne down from the forests and dashed with great velocity against the works. Of the proportions of this huge barrier, some notion may be gained by the incidental statement of the quantities of rough stone thrown into the river below its face. "There can be no doubt," we read, "that one million tons of stone, in addition to that used in constructing the anicut, have had to be deposited below it to secure its safety."

But the by-play of the introduc-

tion now gives place to the serious action of the piece, and the next chapter contains at length the history of the construction of the great dam, from the receipt of sanction in 1847 to its virtual completion in 1852. To the professional engineer a more exciting record could hardly be presented; and even the layman who has been enticed to follow the story so far, will almost have his breath taken away as he realises the scale of the work, and the conditions under which it was done. Only to look at the photographs which accompany this chapter, is to gain some idea of the herculean nature of the task so gallantly undertaken and so brilliantly executed—the enormous breadth of the river (of which the farther bank is hardly visible), and the dull featureless landscape broken only by the boat-loads of country people, for whose benefit and by whose labour the entire work was executed.

And every page adds to the interest and excitement of the narrative, which suggests nothing so much as the despatches of a war-correspondent. At one time a great siege seems to be in progress, with mine and countermine, sally and repulse; at another it is a hand-to-hand fight in the open against overwhelming odds, with thrilling alternations of hope and despair, and the lives and fortunes of millions depending on the issue. Now it is a war of Titans,—genius pitted against dulness, or against rival genius; and giants of indolence and self-seeking against heroic self-devotion. A civil war it was in truth, between departments of the same administration,—the revenue authorities with eyes fixed on the columns of the yearly budget; the engineers, under the command of a genius, fired with enthusiasm, looking to an ultimate

prosperity, in which budget estimates would form only a minor part of the profit assured. Meantime, once the order was given, there was no lingering in the camp. Ten thousand workmen were assembled in no long time, and there is no doubt that their collection was facilitated by the popular appreciation of the benefits promised by the undertaking. Yet it is only those who have lived in India who can realise what is meant by dependence on unskilled native labour, or who can appreciate the patient devotion required to bring such a work to successful completion under such conditions. The principal difficulty, we read, has been "in keeping the people to their work, it being almost impossible to find a *peon* (or overseer) who is not more idle than the men he superintends." In a subsequent chapter the heart-breaking nature of the struggle is thus illustrated by Lieutenant Haig, one of the most devoted and distinguished of Colonel Cotton's subordinates :—

"In a work carried on in this country at the rate at which this was, one European to every 400 coolies would be only sufficient ; whereas the most I ever had was one to 1000, and for the greater part of the time one to 2000. The coolies are grossly idle, the bricklayers worse, the peons worse still. It is not too much to say that there was scarcely a native employed on the work who, if unwatched, would not have sat still half the day and done nothing."

It was a race, too, against time—for every season gained meant a gain of tens of thousands to the revenue. Cost, therefore, was of secondary moment, and it was "a question not how cheaply, but how quickly, the work would be executed." In the first year good progress was reported ; but with the opening of the second, disap-

pointment and disaster set in. Expenditure is greatly out of proportion to progress ; there have been miscalculations as to time and material, and too little account of the eccentricities of the great river itself, which behaves like some live monster. Finally, just when things are going from bad to worse, the mainspring gives way in the health of the guiding spirit, and Colonel Cotton is driven to take leave of absence.

Now the plot thickens indeed, and the whole scheme comes near to total collapse. Untimely "freshes" of the river in June had caused serious damage, and before a first supplementary estimate had been complied with, a second has to be sent in. The tone of the engineer's reports is not less hopeful than ever ; but already the courage of those on whom supplies depended had failed them, and the reply of the Directors, even to the first supplementary estimate, showed their undisguised mistrust of the whole vast and costly design.

It is impossible not to sympathise to some extent with the timidity of men who were placing the fortunes of the country in the hands of a specialist whose success was at least not a certainty, and at this moment there is no doubt that the fate of the whole invaluable work hung on a thread. Its continued prosecution being avowedly due only to the reluctance to sacrifice "the large expenditure already incurred."

In May 1849 Captain Orr, the officer in charge, hopes to have "all safe" before the first freshet descend ; but a week later the river suddenly rose eighteen inches in an hour, and on one branch there was "a breach of forty-four yards in the centre of the work," while on another "both dams

went" in the same manner. In a month's time the damage has been repaired, and it is hoped that "all will still be well,"—the patient is *in extremis*, but while there is life there is hope,—but in three months more, under stress of storm and flood, three hundred feet of the anicut "settled and cracked," and a fresh estimate has to be sent in of £2500.

In the following year there was a turn of the wheel, and in June it seemed as if all serious difficulties were over; but the river "did not yet submit to the curb," and a fortnight later a heavy flood on the Ralli branch caused a wholesale ruin of the masonry works; "pier fell after pier," as though of some child's castle on the sea-shore. At this most critical juncture Colonel Cotton returns from leave, and it is no disparagement of the gallant and loyal efforts of his lieutenants to say that his arrival had the effect of a *deus ex machinâ* on the course of events. It was as if the river owned its master's hand, and there is an immediate change of tone in the record, and even in the fortune of war.

A succession of determined and happily successful struggles is now witnessed, not less with the authorities for the essential supplies than with the great river itself. Colonel Cotton's report of December 1850, explaining scientifically enough the causes of failure in work and estimates, must have been anything but pleasant reading to those ultimately responsible for the great venture. Yet it was impossible to resist the confidence of a report which contained the gratifying announcement that the anicut was in effective operation. The ground thus at last made good was never again wholly lost, and the next working season was so fruit-

ful that the "virtual completion" of the anicut and head-works was achieved, and in the spring of 1852 Colonel Cotton is able to submit a report amounting to an announcement of victory along the whole line, and the complete success of the great experiment. Like the rest, it is a report both interesting in itself and eminently characteristic of the writer. For between the lines of the official record we read the transparent honesty and loyalty of the man,—fearlessly avowing his own mistakes, and warmly giving the chief credit of success to his subordinates; the enthusiast's impatience of red-tape delays; his eager anxiety for the best interests of the people; his unaffected reliance on a higher than human power.

There is a characteristic story of how in the course of the work he applied to Government for the services of certain military subalterns, but was told he could not have them because they had not passed an examination in Hindustani (not the language of the district!). To which he replied, "Let me have men that are deaf, let me have men that are dumb, but let me have somebody."

Even among the technical details we come upon some surprising discoveries, as when we learn that (provided it can be secured from currents of water) "there is no better foundation for masonry than sand"—a statement to be accepted on such authority, but which seems to contradict some of our most elementary notions.

Of the completeness of an engineer officer's equipment for his work it is hardly for us to speak; but each succeeding report makes it clearer that it was not only as a designer of great works that Arthur Cotton was conspicuous, nor only as an accomplished

administrator, securing a devoted loyalty from his subordinates, and inspiring them with his own enthusiastic zeal, but no less as an executive officer and master of minutest details. The very grass growing on the margin of the river, by which the formation of sand-banks may be modified, has to pay tribute to this far-seeing engineer. The central act of the drama now ends with the order of Government cordially congratulating Colonel Cotton and his officers on the complete success of the work—an order to be shortly followed by Colonel Cotton's promotion to be Chief Engineer of the Presidency.

But if the fate of the great experiment is no longer in doubt, so that the chief excitement of the story is ended, there is abundance in the remaining chapters to keep up the interest of the reader to the end, illustrating as they do in vivid and picturesque detail the nature of this truly sensational contest against the combined forces of man and nature.

Immediately after the record of the triumphant completion of the work there follows such a chapter of accidents that one is disposed to think all congratulation has been premature. We have to remember, however, that the history is spread over a long period; that five-and-forty years separate us from the date when the work was completed; and that such works are, after all, not self-supporting. Through these years alterations and repairs and new works follow each other so thickly, that it almost seems as if the whole design has been recast. Yet it will be seen that the victory has been a real and gigantic one, and that there has been no failure in the large promises held out from the first,—notwithstanding that in the interval the initial estimate of 16 lakhs has been swelled to the

undreamt-of figure of 130 lakhs of rupees expended on the Godavery delta.

In the first year after the completion, one of the main locks at the head of the delta collapsed, and had to be rebuilt at heavy cost; and five years later, in that year of disaster to India, 1857—and as if in sympathy with the political convulsion—a huge breach was made in the main anicut. Similar minor catastrophes have followed in later years, but through all there has been no shadow of anxiety as to results, and no outlay that has not been abundantly recouped.

Exceptional interest attaches to the account which follows of one of the most exciting episodes of the history, in the building of the Gunnaram Aqueduct, the great artificial water-way which crosses one of the arms of the Godavery and serves with water from the river a tract of 32,785 acres. The photographs here inserted give a clear and intelligible picture of the nature and importance of this great structure, while there is no lack of excitement in the narrative of an almost unexampled race against time under circumstances of extraordinary difficulty. There are special features, too, in the story which stamp it as something altogether unusual, and seem to justify the enthusiastic terms in which it has been always mentioned by the profession.

For example, it was in pursuance of an ancient native principle that the masonry pillars of the aqueduct have for their foundation shallow wells of eight feet in a bed of pure sand; while there is sensation enough in the story of how the bricks were burnt on the spot, how their size was gradually increased till one brick formed a man's load, and how, so great was the haste, that these monster bricks

were borne from the kiln to the works when so hot that they could hardly be touched by hand.

When it is further remembered that, among the six thousand natives employed, not one was a skilled workman, and that this great work—as it still stands—was finished within three months of its commencement, we can understand how Colonel Baird Smith, an eminent officer of the Bengal Engineers, on visiting the spot in the following year, could hardly find words to express his astonishment and admiration. “Any-where,” he says, “it would have been a noteworthy achievement, but under the circumstances it was an extraordinary feat.” For this exploit the credit was due to Lieut. (now General) Haig of the Madras Engineers, of whom Colonel Cotton recorded that he had “never yet seen such energy displayed by any other man.” But the whole chapter will repay perusal, ending as it does with some general remarks on the policy of public works in India, which may well be laid to heart at the present day.

The interest of the next succeeding pages lies mainly in the incidents of the hot official warfare which raged round this gigantic enterprise from beginning to end, and which seems to have been in no way relaxed even when the victory had been assured. The records teem, we are told, with remonstrances from Colonel Cotton, and with replies, “now wrathful, now penned more in sorrow than in anger,” on account of surprises sprung on the authorities in ever-increasing demands for funds. Well worth reading, as a commentary on Indian administration, is Colonel Cotton’s despatch of November 1852 (sent direct to Government in violation of all ordinary routine) with its pent-up

indignation, restrained only by the soldier’s sense of discipline; its withering complaints of the want of support; its entreaty for inquiry and inspection, for his “disappointment is that too little, not too much, interest has been shown respecting the works.”

An angry reply from the Governor seemed likely to bring things to an *impasse*, but the tide had happily turned, and the next report was so highly encouraging that henceforth money was more readily granted; so that on one page we find a list of sums sanctioned on these works at thought of which a few years earlier the revenue authorities would have stood aghast. The pace now quickens, and in 1882 we have a notable despatch from the Secretary of State in which the total expenditure of £1,300,000 is reviewed, and which contains a cordial and gratifying acknowledgment from the Home Government of the success of the works.

We are now rapidly brought down to the year 1891, when a full report is submitted on the “Construction Estimates” by Mr G. T. Walch, the able compiler of the present record, who was himself for twenty years in charge of the works as Chief Engineer for Irrigation.

How completely the tone of those in authority had now changed we may read in the order of Government on this report: “In recording the completion of this magnificent project, which, while amply remunerative to the public exchequer, has conferred tenfold benefits on the people of the district, the Governor in Council cannot but claim for the works that, in conception and execution, they are such as any State might well be proud of.”

The two following chapters, filled though they are with technical and

professional details, contain a mass of information of great general interest, rendering complete in every detail the history of the construction of this monument of engineering skill.

Before parting with our author, we are acquainted with the actual main results of the work in the two great departments of Irrigation and Navigation.

As regards *Irrigation*, it is well known that rice, the staple crop of the district, requires throughout its growth an abundant supply of water; and under this head we may be content to learn that "it enables valuable crops to be grown with certainty year by year over 1000 square miles, where without it there would be but a comparatively small area of uncertain cultivation; and it thereby not only prevents the famines which used to ravage the district, but provides a large surplus of food grains for export to less favoured regions." Incidentally we gather also that the "aggregate length of irrigation distributaries in the whole Godavery delta system is nearly 2000 miles." Moreover, a further indefinite extension of the irrigated area seems to be only subject to provision for the regulation of the water-supply of this inexhaustible river—which, while excessive during one period of the year, is inadequate at another.

For such a state of things the main remedy seems to be arrangement for the storage of water, of which even yet vast quantities "flow uselessly to the sea." And it is to measures for effecting this on an adequate scale that the attention of hydraulic engineers will probably be devoted at an early date, whenever the value of water to India is fully understood and its utilisation undertaken in earnest.

On this most important subject

Sir Arthur Cotton has long ago written with great earnestness, pointing to the noble example set by the natives themselves in their innumerable works, and showing that "there are very few countries that have such facilities as India for the storage of water, which he regards as "one of the very first questions" in the management of the country, for "the returns from it alone would be far beyond those from any gold-mine."

Under the head of *Navigation* we catch sight for the first time of one of the principal battlefields of Indian administration,—a field where the fight still rages, and where the victory is even yet not finally declared, though the spoils of war have so far gone almost exclusively to one side. In the great war of canals *versus* railways the genius of Arthur Cotton has for years maintained an unequal struggle against the advocates of land-transport; and notwithstanding such evidence as is furnished by the too little known story of the 'Conquest of the Godavery,' his opponents have hitherto prevailed.

The case for and against the employment of irrigation canals for navigation is here presented with great fairness, and if it is made clear that there are difficulties in the system, and much room for development in the means of transport by water, the net result, as illustrated by the example of the Godavery delta, seems to be a distinct triumph to those who have so strenuously maintained the superiority of water-carriage over land-transport for India—both as regards economy of construction and cheapness of carriage.

An interesting comparison is added with the Erie Canal in the New York State, where after many trials steam is now increasingly used. But we need not go to the far West for an example of

how water-carriage has been the making of great countries. Nothing is perhaps more striking in these papers than to learn how much knowledge of practical engineering was possessed by natives of the East from very ancient times. And if India has had her early hydraulic engineers, we may go still farther East and learn a lesson from the great Imperial canal of China, which serves, through a course of near 700 miles, for both irrigation and navigation, and regarding which we read that "the fertility of its soil and the advantages resulting from the internal navigation afforded by the great canal and its numerous branches, have rendered this plain"—a plain seven times as large as that of Lombardy—"the most populous spot on the earth."

As regards irrigation, signs are indeed not wanting that some effect has been produced by the spectacle of the contrast presented this very year between the irrigated districts of India and those dependent only on the aid given by a network of railways. So high an authority as the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces—the most famine-stricken region of the continent—writes as follows in reviewing his Provincial Budget estimates for the current year:—

"It is an interesting fact that the total area irrigated by canals will, for the first time in the history of canals in these Provinces, exceed 3,000,000 acres, and that the receipts, direct and indirect, of the canals will, also for the first time, exceed a crore of rupees. The estimated value of the crops raised on canal-irrigated lands is likely to be more than twelve times that sum, or about 50 per cent more than the total capital cost of canals from their beginning to the present time. The whole of these crops have been secured by canals, and but for

them, a very large portion would never have been sown."

There is at least nothing visionary in such a statement as this, and the pity is that it should have to be followed by the 'Times' correspondent's pointed remark that "the annual Imperial grant for irrigation is still only 75 lakhs, while over ten crores yearly are being allotted to railways." For that it is in the reversal of these proportions that the salvation of India lies, the story of the Godavery delta is surely enough to prove.

Meantime the lesson has not been wholly lost, and the example of the Godavery works has already been imitated with great success in the Bengal provinces of Orissa and Behar, and in the Punjab, as well as in the North-West Provinces. On this subject much light is thrown by a most interesting lecture lately read to the Society of Arts by Sir Charles Elliott, one of the first authorities on Indian famine, who takes a broad and statesmanlike view of the whole question. Nowhere has more emphatic testimony been borne to the efficacy of water as the primary agent in dealing with famine. By fact and figure the lecturer demonstrates not only that "irrigation is the only possible remedy for drought," but that wherever the remedy has been applied, there is perfect immunity from famine, and this at less than no cost to the State; for while in nearly every case the works are even financially remunerative, the least "paying" of them have at all events saved the region affected from both the expenses and the horrors of famine. The lecturer proceeds to show that the result even of the partial adoption of this remedy is that "the irrigated area raises half the food-supply required by the entire country."

It is a surprise, therefore, to find that, with such evidence before him, Sir Charles Elliott here turns aside, and abandons as hopeless any attempt to place this one acknowledged panacea in the forefront of our future measures. With strange inconsistency he argues that "a famine arising from drought is a calamity which human efforts are unavailing to prevent." "For," says he, as if with conclusive emphasis, "canals cannot be constructed everywhere"; for success in their construction certain conditions are essential, and "there are not many tracts which satisfy these conditions"!

We wonder who was consulted before this lamentable conclusion was reached. The point is not revealed; but on this high authority the word goes forth that it is not to prevention but to mitigation only that we can look, and even the Secretary of State feels quite happy in drawing the conclusion that "railways are almost a panacea for the mitigation of famine." Be it remembered here that the famine is upon man and beast alike; that on their cattle largely depends the welfare of the population, and that in the railway there is at least no salvation for cattle.

We are far indeed, however, from having any quarrel with railways, which in their place are invaluable. We grudge only the absorption, by this avowedly partial remedy for the evil, of the lavish funds which would suffice for one of an infinitely more far-reaching and permanent nature. What is wanted, in short, is that certain elementary truths should be borne in upon the minds of all who have at heart the welfare of India. These are: That India can be set free for ever of famine only by an adequate supply of water to the land under cultivation; that in the great river-systems of the

peninsula there exists a supply of water abundantly sufficient for this purpose; that at present in the greater part of the country (as in the Godavery delta prior to 1847) almost the whole of this plentiful supply (a supply of untold value) is allowed to flow uselessly into the sea; that, given the engineering skill competent to deal with the continent on a large and comprehensive plan, there is no reason whatever why the greater part, if not the whole, of the area should not be permanently rescued from all fear of scarcity; that the cost of such plans would be as nothing compared with that already devoted to railways; and that once the necessary hydraulic works were in active operation, the outlay on their construction and maintenance would be repaid again and again in the ever-increasing prosperity of the country.

When the truth of such propositions has been fully realised by public opinion, no long time will elapse before the necessary steps are taken, and among them we may look forward to a modification in the direction given to the training of our Indian engineers. Whenever Cooper's Hill devotes its energies more exclusively to the subject of hydraulic engineering, there will be better hope for the future prosperity of India than there is at present.

But there must be no hasty submission to the apparently impossible, and the spirit which should animate our teaching is that expressed in some well-known lines of Arthur Clough, where the forces of outward Nature—

"Rise to provoke thee against them;
Hast thou courage? enough, see them
exulting to yield.
Yea, the rough rock, the dull earth,
the wild sea's fuming waters
(Violent, say'st thou, and hard, mighty
thou think'st to destroy),

All with ineffable longing are waiting
 their Invader,
 All, with one varying voice, call to
 him, Come and subdue;
 Still for their Conqueror call, and but
 for the joy of being conquered
 (Rapture they will not forego) dare to
 resist and rebel;
 Still when resisting and raging, in soft
 undervoice say unto him,
 Fear not, retire not, O man; hope ever-
 more and believe."

Let this veritable fairy tale of science tell its own story in conclusion of the wonders it has worked, and which in truth read more like some fable of the 'Arabian Nights' than the dry record of a Government department. The record is a professional one, but it needs no professional knowledge to understand the evidence of "direct money returns," or of a clear surplus of receipts over expenditure down to the end of 1894 of 284 lakhs of rupees. Whereas in the twenty years preceding the construction of the works the yearly revenue of the Godavery district had dwindled from 21 to 17 lakhs, in the twenty succeeding years it rose by steady yearly increments to 88 lakhs of rupees. During the same period it is officially recorded that the imports were increased tenfold, the exports twentyfold.

Whether the rapid increase of population, which is one of the consequences of English rule, is an unmixed blessing to India may be questioned; but we cannot omit from the list of the fruits borne by this great work that a gradually dwindling population of 560,000 has been transformed to a population of over 2 millions, showing a density greater than that of Belgium, the most populous country of Europe. The area of irrigated land rendered safe for a yearly crop has been increased in the same period, and by the same means, from less than 150,000

acres of precarious cultivation to near 700,000 acres on which the crops are grown "with almost absolute certainty." While for communications, in lieu of mere rough and devious footpaths, the delta has been furnished with 500 miles of navigable canals and an equal length of roads constructed from local funds, raised through the prosperity of the country.

In the words of the 'District Manual,' with which the record is brought to a close—

"Famine is unknown. It is the garden of the great Northern province. Its revenue is more elastic than it has ever been—its population has more than doubled—its commerce has flourished, and its trade has developed to a marvellous degree, and it may be confidently asserted that it is in as peaceful, happy, and prosperous condition as any part of her Imperial Majesty's dominions." "That these results," adds the writer, "are largely due to the great Engineering works of which this history treats is not open to question."

One word more of the hero of this memorable episode in the making of India. It is a strange thing that, for all his triumphant justification by the inexorable logic of results, the name of Arthur Cotton is to this day regarded in influential quarters as that of a "visionary." "His estimates are not to be trusted," they say, "his figures are too large," "the scale of his plans too heroic for practical adoption. He deals in nothing less than millions." But, in the name of common-sense, in what else should he deal, with an area to provide for like that of India? And what are his millions to those which crowd the columns of our daily Famine reports at this moment?—millions of rupees thrown into the breach, like the stone into the Godavery, and millions of famished people barely

rescued from death by starvation at an unheard-of cost.

If ever there was an authority who has proved his right to be heard on such a subject as this, assuredly it is Arthur Cotton. And the fire of this fruitful genius is not yet extinguished. It is only four months since the old lion was roused to write to the 'Times' by the sight of this very record of which we speak, and which must have brought to him as pure a pleasure as was ever vouchsafed to a devoted and too little understood public servant. Very pithy and characteristic is his comment on the situation, in a letter published in the 'Times' of the 1st February last, and of which an extract may fitly be given here:—

"Surely," he writes, "this is an amazing lesson at this moment. The remedy now proposed for the famine is to spend 45 millions sterling on railways, but the question is not one of carriage for corn, but of corn for carriage.

"The railways will not produce a grain of corn, and consequently the world is being searched for grain to import.

"This sum would irrigate from the great rivers, which never fail, many million acres, producing in rice sufficient for two persons per acre, besides providing some thousands of miles of steamboat canal, carrying so cheaply as really to meet the needs of India with its long distances.

"At present the Government irrigation works in all water 11 million acres, applying to the land about 3 per cent of the rich water of the great rivers, containing abundance of all the food which grain crops require beside moisture, and the remaining 97 per cent are annually carrying to the sea, and so to waste, hundreds of millions of tons of water and plant food for want of which hundreds of thousands will now perish.

"If one-fifth of the money expended upon the small branch lines of

railway had been expended upon irrigation works scattered over India, there is every reason to believe there would have been no deaths from famine at this time. The great rivers in the worst years bring down abundance of rich water for food for hundreds of millions more than the present population.

"I should remind readers that the statements I have given above respecting the Godavery district are entirely free from estimates, being purely facts brought forward in the Madras Government report."

There are those who think so bare a statement of the truth to be injudicious, but there is a time to speak as well as a time to be silent, and unquestionably now is the time to speak the whole truth on this momentous subject. Nor is there any conceivable reason for silence. At this moment, in his ninety-fourth year, we do not doubt that the writer of this letter could draft for our Indian authorities, if they would have it, such a programme of hydraulic works for the whole continent—so comprehensive, so well thought out, so entirely to be trusted—that it might be accepted on his *ipse dixit*. The skeleton of such a plan might indeed be formed from his extant writings on the subject—writings which we feel confident will one day be estimated at their true value.

And so we come back in the end to the point from which we started. For, while India sits wringing her hands in despair, weeping for the dead and hopeless for the future, somewhere in the folds of the Surrey hills there lives a venerable old man who even yet knows the secret, and for love of India would gladly impart it, if she would only listen, of spinning water into gold, and cinders into cornfields, and ropes of sand into strings of pearl.

A CLOSE-TIME FOR TROUT IN SCOTLAND.

BY SIR JAMES FORREST, BART.

ALL classes of Scotsmen from the peer to the peasant, from Shetland to the Solway, are devoted disciples of Izaak Walton, whether their object is the capture of the lordly salmon in the pool, or the luring of the more humble trout from the tiny streamlet. But the law does not lend the same protection in the one case as in the other. The salmon is protected by innumerable Acts of Parliament, Scots and British; for upwards of five centuries he has been the peculiar favourite of the law. The trout in Scotland, however, has been practically left to work out his own salvation for himself; and the result has been his gradual deterioration both in numbers and in size. It is a matter of common knowledge that trout-fishing in Scotland has gone down greatly of late years, though it must be admitted that it is not easy to prove the fact, owing to the scarcity of genuine records of takes. Perhaps the most detailed account of sport in the old days is to be found in Dryden's 'Hints to Anglers.' He gives part of a season's fishing in 1858 on the Gala, Ettrick, Leader, and Tweed: in nine days in June of that year he killed with worm sixty-seven dozen of trout, weighing 177 lb. Further he says:—

"The largest number of trout I believe which I ever made was in the Leader in the spring of 1840 with fly. I did not note either the number or weight, but I filled three large baskets. They took the fly readily, even when the dressing was nearly worn off it. In the Gala, in the month of June, I once killed 51 lb. weight—a statement which I can prove by the testimony of credible witnesses."

Stewart in his 'Practical Angler' states that "he is not worthy of the name of angler, who cannot in any day of the month (June), when the water is clear, kill from fifteen to twenty pounds weight of trout in any county in the South of Scotland." The largest basket, however, of which any mention can be found comes from the Meggat water:—

"It has been recorded," says the author of the 'Border Angler,' "that a late famous Peeblean angler captured nearly 100 lb. in it with the worm in one day; and many anglers have often, long before the day was done, found their baskets all too small for the captives of their rod and of their line in the Meggat."

The Ettrick Shepherd in the 'Noctes' says of that once famous river—

"Anither day, in the Meggat, I caught a cartfu'. As it gaed down the road, the kintra-folk thoct it was a cartfu' o' herrins—for they were a' preceesely o' ae size to an unce—and though we left twa dizzen at this house, and four dizzen at that house, and a gross at Henderland, on countin' them at hame in the kitchen, Leezy made them out forty dizzen, and Girzy forty-twa-aught; sae a dispute ha'in' arisen, and o' coorse a bet, we took the census owre again, and may these be last words I shall ever speak, gin they didna turn out to be Forty-Five."

This, of course, is one of the Shepherd's pleasing exaggerations, but it gives some idea of what sport used to be in the Meggat. How are the mighty fallen! The most experienced angler in the country would not now get 6 lb. in any day on that river, and I am afraid

that there cannot now be said to be any one in Scotland "worthy of the name" (to use Stewart's words) "of angler."

The reasons given for this falling off are various. One of the commonest is that of the pollution of the rivers, owing to sewerage and manufactories. Certainly a great deal of harm has been done in this way to the trout; but it is doubtful if the damage has been as much as might have been expected. It is very seldom that one sees a dead trout in a river. That would be chiefly in the summer-time, when one could hardly help seeing them if they were poisoned. The fact is that pollution does not so much kill the fish as drive them down to the bottom, where, as a rule, they won't take. Still, good baskets are made even in polluted waters. For instance, in the Mid-Lothian Esk, where the papermakers work their own sweet will under the controlling hand of the law, it is not an uncommon sight to see in a heavy spate the angler landing a number of trout just below the mills. The modern system of drainage, too, is blamed, to a certain extent, for the deterioration of the trout. It is obvious that the rivers in Scotland are now much less regular in size than in the old days. At times they are too small, and at others too full; and in spates the natural food of the trout is apt to be carried down, and thus the trout have not sufficient sustenance to thrive on as in the earlier days. The amount of water, too, is much less in many of the streams, owing to the water having been taken from them for the purpose of the water-supply of the larger cities. That is very much the case in Mid-Lothian and Peeblesshire;

and the new Talla Scheme for Edinburgh may damage the tributaries of the Tweed.

Another cause for the gradual deterioration in the number of the trout caught by individual anglers is to be found in the overfishing that takes place, especially in the streams in the South of Scotland. That is due greatly to the increase of late years in railway facilities. But the chief reason is that there is no proper protection for trout afforded by the law, and this ought to be rectified as soon as possible; otherwise there will soon be no trout left for anglers to capture. In England and Wales the capture of trout and char is prohibited from the 2nd of October till the 1st of February, except in Norfolk and Suffolk, where, under a local Act, the Conservators have fixed the close-time, for nets only, from the 10th of September till the 25th of January, and on the Thames, where the close-time runs from the 11th of September to the 31st of March. Further, the local Boards of Conservators have, by an Act passed in 1876, the power to vary the close-times for trout and char to suit the requirements of their respective districts, provided that such close-time does not commence earlier than the 2nd of September nor later than the 2nd of November, and is not less than 123 days. In addition to this, there is a further protection to trout in England from the fact that in most of the streams a limit is put on the size of the fish, below which they cannot be taken. And there is a still more important aid to the protection of the trout in England in the fact that all packages containing trout or char must, between the 3rd of September and the 1st of February, be distinctly so marked. In Ireland, too, the

trout is under the protection of the law. The close-time for salmon applies also to trout. The netting close-time must never be less than 168 days, and neither salmon nor trout can be sold in Ireland in the close season. The close-time for rod-fishing varies in the different districts. In the Dublin district it is three months, while in other districts the period is longer. Further, by the Pollen Fishery (Ireland) Act of 1881 a special close-time for pollen is fixed.

But what is the case in Scotland? There is no close-time in Scotland for trout or other fresh-water fish. They can be, and are, killed and sold all the year round, whether in season or out of season, and thousands of pounds of unseasonable fish are sent off during the winter months from the Tweed and other Border streams to glut the London market. The only protection that trout receive by the law in Scotland is afforded by the Fresh-Water Fishery Acts of 1845 and 1860, which are directed against netting, double or cross-line fishing, fishing by set lines or otters, burning the water, pointing, striking the fish with any instrument, or putting into the water any substance destructive to the fish. Further, section 18 of the Salmon Fisheries (Scotland) Act 1868 makes it illegal to use any fish-roe for the purpose of fishing, or to buy or sell or have in possession any salmon-roe. Even these enactments, however, unfortunately, are practically a dead letter, as the poacher, in divers ways, manages to ply his nefarious trade with practically no chance of detection. One of the most common means of capturing the trout is the use of the net; and, as the law now stands, it is almost

impossible to put a stop to this practice in the winter months. Even water-bailiffs can do nothing to prevent this, as they have no power of search for trout; and as there is no restriction in the sale of trout in November, December, and January, the result naturally follows that what is taken thus illegally by the net finds a ready market. The extent to which netting is carried on in the Teviot at the present day may be imagined, when I state that the Hawick Town Council, as recently as the 11th of May, resolved to stake the burgh waters to prevent such netting. Further, the poacher catches innumerable trout by means of salmon-roe. In the months of October, November, and December they kill in the Tweed and its tributaries all the spawning trout which congregate in thousands at the back of mill-dams, or rest at the sides of strong streams and pools. On a good fishing day you may see dozens of men and boys fishing, and catching fine trout pretty nearly every cast. These so-called anglers never move more than a few yards down, and as fast as they pull one trout out another comes in to rest on its way to the spawning-grounds. These poachers soon fill their enormous baskets, made for the purpose to hold 2 or 3 stone-weight or even more. If any one is seen coming along during the operation, a whistle or sign is passed along, and the roe, which is generally carried in the angler's mouth, is knocked off the hook and a worm put on. It is thus most difficult to detect this illegal method of capturing the trout; and the poacher, as a rule, comes off scot-free.

There have been various attempts of late years to improve

this unfortunate state of matters with regard to trout-fishing in Scotland, but up to the present time these efforts have proved unsuccessful. In 1894 Lord Lamington introduced in the House of Lords a Trout Fishing (Scotland) Bill. This bill provided that

"it shall not be lawful for any person whatever, at any time after the passing of this Act, between the first day of November in any year and the first day of February in the year following, both inclusive, to fish for common trout (*Salmo fario*) in any river, water, or loch in Scotland, by net, rod, line, or otherwise, or in any way whatever to take such trout from any such river, water, or loch; or within such dates, both inclusive, to have possession of or expose for sale such trout; and if any person shall so fish for or take such trout from any river, water, or loch in Scotland, or shall have possession of such trout, or expose such trout for sale at any time within the said dates, both inclusive, such persons shall forfeit and pay a sum not

exceeding five pounds for every such offence."

Further, it was provided that this new Act should be read and construed along with and as part of the Trout (Scotland) Act, 1845, and the Trout (Scotland) Act, 1860, which have been already referred to. Unfortunately Lord Lamington's bill was blocked in the House of Commons, and nothing further came of it. The Fishery Board for Scotland, however, determined to ascertain the opinions of all the County Councils in Scotland on the subject of a close-time for trout. They were each asked to state if in their opinion a close-time for trout were desirable, and, if so, during which months such close-time should extend. Herewith are appended the answers to these questions, which Mr J. B. Balfour, the ex-Lord Advocate, kindly gave me liberty to publish:—

COUNTY.	OPINION.
Aberdeen	Approve unanimously, but think it should extend to 1st March.
Argyll—	
Ardnamurchan District Committee	Approve of proposal.
Cowal do. . . .	Do.
Islay do. . . .	Consider any restriction unnecessary in their district.
Kintyre do. . . .	Approve.
Mid-Argyll	Approve; but would prefer 1st November to 1st March.
Ayr—	
Ayr District Committee .	Approve; should be from 1st October to 1st March.
Kilmarnock do. . . .	Approve.
North Ayr	Do.
Banff	Close-time for trout should correspond with salmon close-time; no difficulty would be experienced in enforcing it.
Berwick—	
County clerk	Believes it would be acceptable and could be enforced.
East and West District Committees	Do. do.
Bute	Representative Committee think it would be of advantage; public would not object.
Caithness	County Council think it would be of advantage.
Clackmannan	Resolved by a majority to recommend proposal.
	Approve; would meet with general acceptance.

COUNTY.	OPINION.
Dumbarton— Western District Committee	Expedient in interests of trout-fishing.
Dumfries	Proposal desirable and would meet with acceptance. Think time should be 1st October to 1st March for Dumfries; dates in other counties should be fixed by local bodies—say, County Councils.
Elgin	County Clerk says there is an unwritten law among fishermen to observe close-time for trout during salmon close-time. County Council thinks there is no necessity for an enactment on subject.
Forfar	Approve proposal.
Haddington	Approve proposal; suggest it should be extended to 1st March.
Kincardine	No opinion expressed.
Kirkcudbright	In favour, but close-time should be from 1st October to 1st February.
Linlithgow	Close-time would be very advantageous.
Mid-Lothian	Close-time should be from 1st October to 1st March.
Nairn }	{ Close-time desirable, and could be enforced without much difficulty.
Orkney }	
Peebles	Finance Committee consider close-time from 1st November to 1st February, or during Tweed close-time, desirable, and that it would meet with general favour.
Perth	Four District Committees and Finance Committee approve of the bill. One of the District Committees and Finance Committee in favour of 1st October to 1st March. It is believed that close-time would meet with general acceptance.
Renfrew	Close-time approved; might be even longer. Would meet with acceptance.
Roxburgh	Approve; but think it should extend from 1st November to 1st March.
Selkirk	County Clerk thinks all public bodies should favour close-time; each County Council should fix close-time for its own district.
Stirling	Convener of Council is of opinion that the matter is one on which Council would not care to express an opinion.
Sutherland	Close-time proposed would be in interest of trout-fishing.
Wigtown }	{ Close-time considered advisable; not likely to be objected to.
Zetland }	
Angling Associations	Out of 44 circulars sent out, replies were received to 25, all of which, with one exception, were in favour of the bill. Many expressed the opinion that the close-time should be even longer than that proposed in the bill, while some desired the extension to 1st March, but a larger number wished it to begin earlier—say on 1st, 10th, or 15th October. A considerable number of the secretaries made no reply as to whether there would be any difficulty in enforcing the close-time, but, with one exception, those who did send an answer anticipated no difficulty.

Summarising the reports from the County Councils in Scotland, it may be said that, with the single exception of the Islay Board, in which district there is comparatively little trout-fishing, the whole of the County Councils have expressed themselves practically

in favour of a close-time for trout, while most of them wish the period mentioned in Lord Lamington's bill to be still further extended. This bill, as has been stated above, failed to pass the House of Commons. So in 1896 Sir Herbert Maxwell brought before the House

of Commons a new Trout Fishing (Close Time) (Scotland) Bill, which has the backing of, among other sportsmen, Sir John Kinloch, the Liberal member for the East Division of Perthshire. Sir Herbert Maxwell's bill follows closely on the lines of that of Lord Lamington, but introduces one very important modification. The first clause is, to all intents and purposes, identical with that of the bill above quoted, with the exception that the period proposed for the close-time is considerably extended. The clause runs as follows:—

"It shall not be lawful for any person, except as hereinafter specified, at any time after the *passing of this Act*, between the *fifteenth day of October* in any year and the *twenty-eighth day of February* in the year following, both inclusive, to fish for common trout, . . . or within such dates, both inclusive, to have possession of or expose for sale such trout."

Further, a special exception is made in favour of stews and artificial hatcheries in the addition—

"Provided that nothing in this Act shall render liable to a penalty under its provisions the owner, occupier, or lessee of any stew or artificial pond or other water where trout are kept in captivity, or artificially reared and fed, nor any person employed by such owner, occupier, or lessee, nor any person to whom such trout may be consigned for sale or otherwise by such owner, occupier, or lessee, or by a person or persons employed by him."

It may have been remarked that the Convener of the Stirling County Council stated that the matter of close-time was one on which Council would not care to express an opinion. This course was adopted on the recommendation of Sir James Ramsay Gibson

Maitland, whose fish-hatcheries at Howietoun are known all over the world, as there was no exception in favour of such hatcheries made in Lord Lamington's bill. I have the personal authority of Sir James Maitland for the statement that he highly approves of the present bill of Sir Herbert Maxwell, and that he has signed the petition in its favour. And not only has this bill received the cordial approval of so noted a pisciculturist, it has been welcomed with joy by almost every Angling Association throughout Scotland; and the petition in its favour prepared by Mr Gordon Mason, the Secretary of the United Edinburgh Angling Clubs, contains over 10,300 signatures.

Further, in the report of the Royal Commission on Tweed and Solway Fisheries, appointed by Lord Rosebery's Government in 1895, it is unanimously recommended, among other things, that the general law of Scotland should be amended in this respect:—

"E. A close-time for trout, of not less than 150 days, should be introduced, to extend from the 1st October to the 28th February, both inclusive, subject to variation by district boards, with the approval of the Secretary for Scotland; and the sale and possession of trout during such close-time should be prohibited."

In their report on the evidence the Commissioners state:—

"A close-time for brown trout was strongly supported by almost all the witnesses, as much in the interest of the salmon as of the trout themselves, inasmuch as it is said that salmon-poaching is now often carried on in the close-season under cover of trout-fishing. One witness only, Mr A. L. Brown, who, when M.P. for the Hawick Burghs, had introduced, with others, a bill to confer the right on

the public to free fishing for trout with certain limited exceptions, objected to any close-time being enforced unless that right to free fishing were first legally established. According to the evidence from all parts of the Tweed, it appears that the proprietors in whom at present the legal right to trout-fishing is vested are extremely liberal in granting facilities to the public to prosecute trout-fishing to their hearts' content. *Under these circumstances we are unable to recommend such an alteration in the law as Mr Brown suggests; but, though it is somewhat beyond our province to do so, we recommend that the general law of Scotland should be amended so as to provide a close-time for trout, and that the sale and possession of trout should be made illegal during the close-time.*"

Mr A. L. Brown, having thus failed to influence the Tweed and Solway Commissioners in favour of a bill for free fishing, has now proceeded, in conjunction with his successor in the Border Burghs, Mr Thomas Shaw, the ex-Solicitor-General for Scotland, to concoct a scheme whereby to defeat Sir Herbert Maxwell's bill for a close-time for trout. In order to do this effectively, he has entered into an unholy alliance with certain Irish members who have blocked the bill. It may very reasonably be asked what the Irish members have to do with blocking a bill for a close-time for trout in Scotland, especially when, as I have shown above, the trout and pollen in Ireland have the benefit of a close-season. The reason Mr Brown has had the audacity to make public in the press: it is that "the Border Burghs have helped the Irish cause." Thus, for party purposes, certain members of the Irish gang are blocking a bill about which they, in all probability, know nothing and care less! But in whose interests is

it that Mr A. L. Brown and Mr Thomas Shaw are so anxious to acquire this free fishing? Is it for the benefit of the respectable angler in that Border constituency? Not so. I defy Mr A. L. Brown or Mr Thomas Shaw to produce a single respectable angler from the Hawick Burghs who has expressed himself in favour of such an enactment. I may here quote, as of more weight than any words of my own, a memorandum regarding the origin and progress of the Upper Teviotdale Fisheries Association, the largest and most important association of the kind in Scotland, prepared for the Duke of Buccleuch by the secretary of the Association on April 9, 1894. These fisheries, it may be mentioned in passing, are connected chiefly with the very constituency which had for its representative in Parliament Mr A. L. Brown in the past, and possesses Mr Thomas Shaw for the present. After showing that the Association was formed in 1881, so that "all respectable anglers could obtain liberty to fish, for the payment of a small annual fee, and which Association would have the power to enforce an annual close-time for trout, and to protect the waters from unlicensed fishers and poachers," the report goes on to show what has been done in that direction since the commencement of its operations. Licences have been granted, the waters have been protected, and the trout-fishing has improved enormously. But a still further benefit has been conferred upon all the decent anglers in the neighbourhood through the action of this Association. The memorandum thus puts it:—

"By preventing any one fishing for a livelihood, by prohibiting any angler

allowing dogs to follow him to the riverside, and *by refusing its licence to all parties who have infringed its rules, or who are suspected of poaching, of whom there are at present no less than 106 on the Black List*, the Association has, in a great measure, put a stop to poaching in the district."

It appears to me that this report of the Upper Teviotdale Fisheries Association conclusively proves that the respectable angler will have nothing to do with the free fishing bill proposed to be granted by Mr A. L. Brown and Mr Thomas Shaw, and that the only persons that will reap any benefit through the passing of such a measure would be the 106, or thereby, so-called anglers who, from their poaching methods or

wilful breach of the regulations of that society, have been publicly debarred from receiving licences to fish. It has been further alleged by Mr A. L. Brown and Mr Thomas Shaw that the bill of Sir Herbert Maxwell is one in the interests of the landlords of Scotland only. This, I consider, is a deliberate misstatement of fact. The bill has been carefully prepared for the benefit of the respectable angling community, and has, as I have shown, the support of the representatives of practically the whole of Scotland. It is to be hoped that Mr A. L. Brown and Mr Thomas Shaw employ more sportsmanlike methods in their angling than they appear to do in dealing with political questions.

HARCOURT AND CANNING.

"It is clear that they [the Greeks] had everything to gain by complying with the wishes of the Powers instead of taking the law into their own hands. They would probably have done so, had all the Governments of the six great Powers been able to adopt simultaneously prompt decisions. But three of them were hampered by Philhellenic manifestations at home, which are in a measure responsible for the war."—*Vienna Correspondent of the 'Times,'* April 30.

In the May number of '*Maga*,' we suggested that Sir William Harcourt, if he really sympathised with the Greeks, must sometimes have an uneasy quarter of an hour with himself when he reflected on the probable effect of his own violent declamation on that excitable and vainglorious people. We added, "Those who are sincerely anxious for the welfare of a race to whom the whole civilised world is so deeply indebted, would have shown them more real kindness by pointing out the danger of the course on which they have now entered, than by encouraging them in efforts calculated to embarrass and disable the best friend they have in Europe." Were these idle words, written only in the spirit of a partisan? No; events have only too abundantly justified them. The "unwise Philhellenism," allowing it to have been sincere, to which the '*Times*' refers, has brought about the result which we foresaw, more completely and more quickly than we expected. Greece has been humbled in the dust; and her Radical friends are principally to blame for the result. Whatever terms of peace may be ultimately arranged, no favour or indulgence

now extended to Greece can wipe out the events of the last six weeks, or restore her to the position which she has lost, and which it will take her at least half a century to recover. Dissipated for ever are the idle dreams which native revolutionists and foreign sympathisers had so long cherished. The action of the English Radicals, with Sir William Harcourt at the head of them, has had an effect exactly the reverse of that which they professed to have in view. Their object was to exalt Greece and trample upon Turkey. Now Turkey is stronger—stronger both morally and materially—than she has been for the last twenty years, and Greece is crushed.

We wonder what the gallant "one hundred" think of their handiwork now. But however the war had ended, our opinion of their folly, and of the attitude adopted by their leader, would have been just the same. It is this mischievous meddling of the English Liberals while negotiations with foreign Powers are in progress that has constantly been the source of the gravest embarrassment to Ministers and Governments, whether Whig, Tory, or Liberal. Let us appeal again to Sir William Harcourt's hero, Mr Canning. The singularly close parallel between the European situation in 1823, when Mr Canning was straining every nerve to prevent a war between France and Spain, and the situation in March, when Lord Salisbury was doing his best to prevent war between Greece and Turkey, has never, we think, been noticed. The situation arose out of the Spanish Revolution, which made Ferdinand VII. virtually a

prisoner in the hands of the Cortes. The great Powers, including France, were determined to restore him to liberty, and at the end of the year 1822 a French "army of observation" was already encamped on the Spanish frontier. It was certain that if nothing could be done towards improving the position of the king, and allowing him the exercise of those functions which formed part even of the new constitution, war would follow. If the Spanish Revolutionary party chose to set Europe at defiance, they must take the consequences. "If the Spaniards were not wrong-headed," said Mr Canning, "all might go well." But they behaved exactly as Greece has done: they *were* wrong-headed. The Cortes turned a deaf ear to all Canning's suggestions, when a very slight concession would have prevented war. War followed; with the complete discomfiture of the Liberal Party, and the restoration of the old despotism: and who, in Mr Canning's opinion, were mainly answerable for this result, by encouraging the Spanish Radicals to resist? Why was it that the English advice tendered through Lord Fitzroy Somerset was summarily rejected? Hear Mr Canning's own words:—

"Spain, then, I repeat, has never been misled by the British Government. But I fear, nevertheless, that a notion was some way or other created at Madrid, that if Spain would but hold out resolutely the Government of England would be forced by the popular voice in this country to take part in her favour."

Exactly the notion that was created at Athens. Mr Canning goes on—

"And I do firmly believe that such

a notion had great share in producing the peremptory refusal of any modification of the constitution of 1812."

Spain, when she discovered the truth, must have been bitterly disappointed:—

"This disappointment, sir, was from the beginning certain, inevitable: for the mistake of those who excited the hopes of Spain was not only as to the conduct of the British Government, but as to the sentiment of the British nation."

This mistake "thwarted the policy of the British Government, and aggravated the difficulties of Spain."

"For myself, I declare that even the responsibility of plunging this country into an unnecessary war would have weighed less heavily upon my conscience than that which, thank God, I have not incurred, of instigating Spain to war by exciting hopes of assistance which I had not the means of realising."¹

Are not the above passages every whit as applicable to the English Radicals and Greece at the present moment as they were to the English Whigs and Spain seventy-four years ago? *Mutato nomine de te*. Could the effects of that unwise Philhellenism spoken of by the 'Times,' and more recently rebuked with eloquent gravity by the Prime Minister, be more accurately described? Sir William Harcourt has referred us to Canning, and to Canning we refer him back. *Mutato nomine de te*. We say that Lord Salisbury's position before the war broke out was very much what Canning's was in 1822: that he has been "thwarted" in a similar manner, and with similar results: and that the strongest condemnation of Sir W. Harcourt's

¹ Hansard, April 30, 1823.

conduct comes from the lips of the very Minister whom he is always quoting in his own favour, and whose authority he places far above that of any living statesman. Undoubtedly the fact that before the delivery of Somerset's message the great Powers had withdrawn their Ambassadors from Madrid did something to harden the Cortes against all concession. But we see where Canning himself thought that the chief responsibility rested. The impression made upon the Cortes by the English Liberals was largely responsible for the peremptory rejection of the advice tendered by Great Britain—advice which would have prevented war and saved the Spanish constitution.

The impression made upon the Greeks by the words and actions of the English Radicals a few months ago was exactly similar in kind, and followed by similar consequences. But besides encouraging the Greeks, it had a bad effect upon the Powers, which was visible at once in the different position of England before the meeting of Parliament and afterwards. The influence of Lord Salisbury, which was predominant during the autumn and winter, has latterly been overruled; and who can question but that the change is due in great part to the mischievous behaviour of the Opposition, who, refusing a pitched battle when the Government victory would have reassured the other Powers, have kept up a dropping fire, which leaves them still uncertain which way English public feeling is tending after all. They have deceived not only Greece, but Europe, and "not only as to the conduct of the Government, but as to the sentiments of the British nation."

To this very danger Lord Salisbury adverted in the impressive

speech which he delivered on the 20th of last month at a London political club. Now that the war is over, our difficulties perhaps are in one sense only just beginning; and it is, said the noble Marquis, "of great importance that neither the Sultan of Turkey and his supporters, nor the Government of Greece and their supporters, should be under any illusion as to the state of feeling in this country with respect to the present passing events." The Powers are all agreed that no Christian population must be replaced under the dominion of the Sultan. Turkey must understand that. But we must be careful to prevent any impression from getting abroad that public opinion in Great Britain is prepared to relieve Greece from the natural consequences of her own acts of folly and injustice. The penalties which she has incurred by them she will have to pay—if not by the cession of territory, by some other amercement only a little less agreeable to her. Greece must understand that. If English opinion is misrepresented on this point, as it was on the question of Crete by those who, without the smallest right to constitute themselves the spokesmen of this country, persuaded Greece at all events to regard them in that capacity, they will only bring on their unfortunate clients the repetition, in some other form, of the disasters which they have already endured. The hundred members who disgraced the House of Commons by an act which contributed so largely to mislead the Greeks, and so to lure them on to their ruin, are chargeable with the sin of blood-guiltiness; and this should be a warning to all politicians and all sympathisers with Greece at the present moment—of whom, indeed, Lord Salisbury is

one—to refrain from language which may produce a similar impression, and to remember that the policy of nations cannot be regulated by sympathy and sentiment alone. “The policy of nations must be guided by international law and justice, and by the obligations which nations have undertaken to each other, and by the high duty which is imposed on all of pursuing that course which may lead to the maintenance and security of the peace of the world.” Here spoke the voice of Canning: the real voice, and not the sham one which issues from the lips of Sir William Harcourt.

But a still more flagrant example of the same mischievous propensity, which treats the highest imperial interests as so much food for party, and sticks at nothing so long as a blow can be delivered at the Government, is supplied by the debate of April 29 on the Chancellor of the Exchequer’s financial statement. In commenting upon this, the leader of the Opposition took up the resolution which was passed by the Cape House of Assembly on the 26th of April, in favour of settling all difficulties with the Transvaal by peaceable means, at the same time deprecating the interference of any foreign Power. This, said our patriot, was the answer of the people of the Cape to Mr Chamberlain’s “war policy.” They would have none of it. The Colonial Secretary had done his best to kindle a hostile feeling between the Cape and the Transvaal.

“In every utterance of his during the last few months there is no doubt he has been endeavouring to exasperate sentiment in that country, and to produce what, thank God, he has failed in producing—a racial war. But his policy has been defeated. It has been defeated by the good sense and good

feeling of the people of Cape Colony, and the vote taken the other day was a vote of condemnation of this war policy. That vote was in support of a peace policy, and by a majority, I am happy to say, the Cape Government rejected the policy which is represented by these additional estimates.”

The absurdity of this description of Mr Du Toit’s motion requires no exposure. But what was the real state of the case at that moment? The Transvaal Government had on more than one occasion violated the Convention of London, which they had sworn to observe: and they had been requested in friendly and conciliatory terms to give us satisfaction. This request was then under consideration: and this was the moment which the Liberal leader thought a fitting one for telling the Transvaal Government that the request was conceived “in a spirit of hostility and aggression”; that it had been condemned by the Cape Colony; and suggesting, not obscurely, that the Transvaal would be justified in refusing it. If this is not “exasperating” public sentiment, we don’t know what is. But if such language has any effect, it can only have the same as the encouragement addressed to Greece. It can only precipitate a war, which the English Government is so anxious to avert—a war bringing ruin on Sir William’s deluded proteges, and reducing thousands to poverty and misery. Mr Chamberlain had hoped that this South African question might not be made a party question. Had he, really? We should have thought he knew his man better.

It is not, perhaps, of much use to refer to Sir William Harcourt’s conscience. At all events, it is one of those pleasant ones which “never does its owner any harm.”

He may not feel any qualms at the thought that he has been instigating President Kruger, as we may judge from his reply to Mr Chamberlain, to adopt an attitude towards this country which may end in war, by representations which have no foundation in fact, and can only entail on those who are deceived by them the most bitter disappointment. But his friend Mr Canning thought differently. He thought nothing could lie more heavily on the conscience of a public man than such a course as Sir William Harcourt has pursued. But Sir William loves a free hand. He is only to quote Mr Canning when it suits his purpose. He is to use him as he would have us use the Continental Powers. But why complain of this? What is Sir William's whole career but one long illustration of this great principle of freedom in his own person. He has been Conservative and Radical, Gladstonian and anti-Gladstonian, Parnellite and anti-Parnellite, Unionist and Home Ruler, all in less than forty years. He certainly stands quite at the head of the deciduous school of politicians.

We must now turn to his views of treaty obligations; and here we come in touch again with Mr Canning, and have once more the benefit of his testimony. Sir William declares, for himself and for the Liberal party generally, that they will hear no more of the integrity of the Ottoman empire. It has indeed been solemnly guaranteed by treaties to which all the great Governments are pledged. But what of that, says the honest fellow, to whom the honour and dignity of Great Britain are so dear. What is a treaty? Take away the bauble. Let not such musty obligations control the action of "a great and

free people." We could almost fancy we were listening to Elijah Pogram or the brown Forester. In his speech at Norwich on the 17th of March, and again at the Eighty Club on the 13th of April, Sir William gave utterance to those sentiments which met with so sarcastic a reception from Lord Salisbury at the Albert Hall on the 6th of May. We—that is, the Liberals—will be parties to no policy of which the integrity of the Ottoman empire is the basis. That is his dictum. But they *are* parties to it. They cannot help themselves. The treaties of 1856 and of 1878, the one concluded by a Liberal Government, the other by a Conservative, have made them so. When a man has backed a friend's bill, he cannot refuse to pay because he says he will be no party to the system of kite-flying. Let the bill be got rid of: let the treaty be repealed: and he may then talk. We cannot escape from our contracts because we are tired of the responsibility. The introduction of the contrary doctrine into the realm of diplomacy would indeed be anarchy, and must end in chaos. It would break down all public law and every guarantee that we possess for the security and independence of nations. It would destroy civilisation. Yet the language used by Sir William Harcourt, if it is pushed home, really comes to this. He will say of course that it is a gross exaggeration. But will he tell us how he proposes to get rid of the "integrity of the Ottoman empire" without either repealing or repudiating the treaties which confirm it? The Powers are not ready to repeal them; and if England chose to make a clean slate, and apply a wet sponge to all her most solemn engagements with the rest of

Europe, would not that practically be an act of moral bankruptcy, just as dishonourable as the repudiation of a national debt?

It was at the Eighty Club on the 13th of April that Sir William made his most vehement appeal to the memory and example of Canning, recommending the rising generation, almost with tears in his voice, to take that great man for their model. Now Sir William was quite right in saying that Canning refused to join the great Powers in forming a kind of committee of supervision for settling the affairs of Europe generally. This is a totally different thing from an agreement between the same Powers to act together for one particular purpose; to avert one special and practical danger which concerns them all; and to protect and uphold arrangements in which they have a common interest, and to which they are all pledged. The Concert which Canning recoiled from—not the Holy Alliance, which was a harmless fad—was nothing of this kind. It was, as we have said, nothing less than a permanent Vigilance Committee or Mutual Insurance Society; and this would have been enough to make any English Minister, from Chatham to Salisbury, decline the honour of belonging to it.

But there is a still wider difference than this between the two alliances, which Sir William had apparently forgotten. No Power can be expected to join in a compact of which it disapproves the objects. This goes without saying: and it was less because he wished to stand aloof from such connections, than because he was hostile to the purposes for the sake of which he knew them to be established, that Canning acted as he did. The league between the great Continental monarchies from 1820 to

1830 meant a war upon opinion: the suppression of political principles to which the monarchies were opposed. It was not formed to resist breaches of international law, to prevent territorial aggression, and to keep other countries within their assigned limits. It was directed against domestic revolution, against forms of government, and national institutions, with which no Foreign Power has any right to interfere. This was the European Concert from which Canning stood aloof, and it had little more in common with that now existing than the Inquisitor who burns a heretic has with the magistrate who quells a riot.

This distinction was unfortunately overlooked by Sir William Harcourt. There is nothing in the career of Mr Canning to lead us to suppose that he would have refused to join any European coalition of which he thoroughly approved the object: which was directed to the maintenance of peace, and the settlement of a quarrel between two minor States, so as to prevent the risk of its leading to a general war.

But if Sir William's reference to Canning in regard to the European Concert is plausible at first sight, and until the analogy is pricked, he cannot get even this superficial and short-lived support from him on the question of treaties. As he is so fond of Mr Pitt's pupil, let him lay his case before him, and see what answer he will get. When Canning was appealed to by the Greeks to do something to help them against Turkey, he replied to their ambassador as follows:—

“They forgot that there existed between England and Turkey treaties of very ancient date, and of uninterrupted obligation, which the Turks

faithfully observed, and to the protection of which British interests, to a vast amount, were confided within the domains of the Sultan; and that all these interests must at once be put in jeopardy, and the obligation of the treaties which protect them be at once advisedly broken, by the first blow which Great Britain should strike, as the *ally of Greece*, in hostility to Turkey."

Mr Canning then suggested the idea of compromise with the Porte, but the deputies declared that the Greeks must be either "entirely independent or perish."

"Mr Canning, then, having thus explained to the deputies all that the Greeks had to expect from the British Government, endeavoured to impress upon their minds that the efforts to induce Great Britain to take part in their favour had not only no favourable result, but were always attended by consequences prejudicial to their cause."¹

This is the language of Lord Salisbury and the language of Mr Chamberlain. "We observe treaties ourselves, and don't intend that others shall break them to our prejudice." Our difficulties in South Africa only arise from what is our bounden duty, our demand, namely, that treaty engagements shall be faithfully observed. Sir William Harcourt thinks that this is unnecessary. But how he can reconcile such a theory with the advice which he gave to the youth of England at the Eighty Club—namely, that all who looked forward to political life should make Canning their study night and day—we are not in a position to explain.

We next come to Sir William Harcourt's mode of speaking as to the motives and characters of the European Governments: and we hope that on this subject young

England will follow his advice, and read for themselves what Mr Canning said on this very point. The words used by Sir William Harcourt on the 12th of April would be quite sufficient for our purpose; but they are not the most abusive ones that he has thought proper to employ:—

"The cause of humanity and the claims of freedom are sacrificed to the jealousies and selfish interests of the Powers, who declare that they will go to war if they are called upon to listen to these claims of humanity for which they appear to care so little, and to these claims of freedom for which they certainly care a little less."

Elsewhere he has accused the great Powers, graciously excepting England, of supporting Turkey now, that she may cut up all the better hereafter, when their turn comes for dividing the spoil. Speaking in Monmouthshire a fortnight later, he stated that the great Powers looked on the Ottoman empire with the eye of a gamekeeper:—

"They used the integrity of the Ottoman empire as an excuse in Armenia, they use it as a pretext in Crete. It is not because they really respect this integrity; they regard it just as a gamekeeper regards a covey of pheasants. One of these days they mean themselves to have a great shooting, when they can agree upon the terms of the *battue*."

Mr Balfour told the leader of the Opposition what he thought of him, in words reminding us very much of the rebuke addressed by Canning to the Opposition of his own day for their abuse of the Continental Governments.

"The right hon. gentleman," said Mr Balfour, "openly said that the Powers of Europe for their own selfish

¹ Stapleton's Life of Canning, vol. ii. p. 444.

ends wanted to keep the peace, but cared nothing at all for freedom and good government. I do not know whether it is consistent with the position of the leader of a great party to fling these accusations wholesale against Powers friendly to this country—Powers with whom he has had to deal in a responsible position; and with whom he may again have to deal in an equally responsible position.”

These are almost the very words of Mr Canning, in commenting on the disgraceful epithets bestowed on the great Powers by the Whig Opposition.

“I doubt,” he said, “whether it is wise even in this House to indulge in such a strain of rhetoric: to call by a hundred hard names Powers with whom, after all, if the map of Europe cannot be altogether cancelled, we must, according to the admission of the most anti-Continental politicians, maintain *some* international intercourse.”

It is pretty clear what Sir William Harcourt would have had to expect had Mr Canning been sitting opposite to him in the House of Commons. To be a friend to freedom is a totally different thing from deriding treaty obligations, from insulting in the coarsest terms the allies with whom we are engaged, and from endeavouring to thwart all the efforts of a Government directed to the attainment of confessedly desirable objects, by declaring that it does not possess the confidence of the country, and that the national sympathies are all with those who refuse to listen to our advice. Mr Canning is Sir William Harcourt's ideal of a Foreign Secretary. He was an enemy of absolutism, and a friend to popular institutions, yet no one has protested more strongly against that very course of conduct which

we have just described, and which the leader of the Opposition considers it his duty to pursue, than the very statesman of whom he has the consummate assurance to call himself a disciple.

Mr Canning knew, as every man of sense does, that we must take things as we find them: that being compelled at times to have communication with the absolute Powers, to consult with them, negotiate with them, and sometimes to act with them, it was idle to expect to have everything our own way: or to think ourselves justified in breaking off any connection with them formed for a specific purpose, because on some particular points they did not see through English spectacles. The business of the world could not be conducted on such a principle as this. And if we not only thought ourselves entitled to insist on their ways being our ways, but also fell foul of them at once, and set to reviling them like pickpockets, because they refused to abandon their own traditional methods, we could only expect of course that they would cast us adrift, and that the whole influence we had a right to exercise in the affairs of Europe would at once be lost. Canning knew this, and pursued a very different line of policy. He was particularly cautious of doing anything to wound the susceptibilities of friendly Powers, and was firmly resolved to maintain the comity of diplomacy.

How does any one suppose that the Emperors like being called by such names as Liberal statesmen now apply to them, especially when they hear that these are the men who represent the public sentiment of England? Is that the way to smooth matters and render it easier to transact business with them; or is it the way to

make them view with suspicion and distrust whatever proposals emanate from this country, and turn a deaf ear to suggestions which otherwise they might have been willing to entertain? Sir William's Gamaliel answers this question in one way, and Sir William himself in another. The pupil throws over the master, thinking it will not be found out. We leave the public to choose between them. Sir William may be quite right, but let him cease in future to defend himself by the example of Mr Canning.

We have omitted all reference to the parliamentary proceedings of last month, in order to draw attention to the use which has been made of Mr Canning's name by one who evidently presumed on the public ignorance of the subject. Even Sir Charles Dilke made a blunder about the Holy Alliance which we should not have expected from him. But Sir William invokes the name of Canning as a shield that will cover the whole extent of his attack from end to end. Starting from the postulate that Canning would have sympathised with Greece in the present war, and slily slipping in the entirely false suggestion that the present Government does not, he thus contrives to place Canning and Lord Salisbury in apparent opposition to each other. This done, he makes Canning's presumed agreement with the Radicals as to the main end of the present war serve to justify their conduct in every particular relating to it. The cause of Greece is the cause of liberty. The cause of liberty was the cause of Canning. Therefore we are at liberty, with the sanction of that illustrious statesman, to sneer at treaties, to hamper our own Government, and insult our allies, if

only these things are done in the interest, or supposed interest, of Greece! Such is the grotesque and truncated form of syllogism to which Sir William's argument is reducible. Those who have the same end in view may differ widely as to means; and we hope we have shown that every one of these methods of testifying our friendship for a nation in the predicament of Greece would have been as severely condemned by Mr Canning as they are by Lord Salisbury. The same charges were brought against the former as are brought against the latter. He was accused of want of sympathy with the Spanish Liberals, of want of sympathy with the Greek insurgents—an indictment quite as false as those which are levelled at the present Prime Minister; and it is quite possible that some future Sir William Harcourt, fifty years hence, may be found appealing to the Foreign Secretary of 1897 as our own Sir William appeals to the Foreign Secretary of 1823, and exclaiming with a deep sigh, "Ah! if we had but a Lord Salisbury among us now!"

We had thought of recalling some earlier instances of the ill effects which are produced by an Opposition anxious only to make party capital out of foreign politics. We might refer to the conduct of the Coalition during the last years of Walpole's Administration; to the conduct of the Whigs in 1797 on the subject of the currency, when the nation was only saved from imminent bankruptcy by the wisdom and courage of Mr Pitt; and again to their attitude during the Peninsular war. But we feel that we have said enough, and with one parting observation we may dismiss the subject. Bad as was the party spirit displayed by the Whig-Tory

Opposition in 1738, and afterwards by the Whigs on the several occasions we have mentioned, they never went so far as to urge on the Government of the day the duty of tearing up treaties, repudiating engagements, and snapping their fingers at the other parties to the contract. It was reserved for the Liberals or the Radicals of to-day to take this great step in advance, and place it to the credit of democracy. Canning would have said, as indeed he does say, in the passage we have quoted, "However good your cause, and however bad your adversary's, treaties must be observed until they are repealed, or modified with the consent of all who were parties to them." This is the political canon which Mr Canning has left us, clothed in words of great power and precision, elicited from him by the same kind of pressure which has been placed

upon the present Government. This is the dictum of the great statesman whom the rising generation are recommended by Sir William Harcourt to adopt as their guide. It is a pity Sir William had not some one in his youth to do the same kind office for himself; for perhaps had he studied Canning's policy attentively while his intellect was still pliant, and before he had entangled himself in the meshes of party, he might really have been able to act on the maxims conveyed by it. As it is, he is unable to digest them. A name, however, by itself goes a long way, if it is continually quoted in favour of any given course of action, without remark. We were determined that the deception thus practised on the public should not go unexposed, as far as our humble efforts could avail to unmask it; and with that object alone has this article been written.

22ND JUNE.

THE trumpeters in a row,
With a note as clear as a bell,
And all the flutes and the fifes below,
And the brazen throats, and the strings of fire,
To let the people know
That the Mother, the Queen, the heart's desire,
From her palace forth doth go.

Princes, form in array!
Great ye are, and greater may be;
But only guards and vassals to-day
To the Lady enshrined in duty and love;
Pacing forth on her way
In weakness of age, and in power above
All words we can sing or say.

The streets that sound like the sea
When the tumult of life is high,
Now, in a murmur of voices free,
Hum and ripple and rustle and stir,
Straining each eye to see—
To gaze and to watch and to wait for Her
Whose subjects and lovers they be.

Sons and lovers and subjects all,
The high and the low together—
From Princes that ride in the festival
To us in the crowd who but shout and gaze;
Rendering, every man and all,
Thanks to our God for her lengthened days
And the nation's festival.

Hark! what is this which hushes the crowd?

A sound of silence amid the noise;
The sweep of a pause through the plaudits loud—
A moment, a stillness, a start, a stir—

The great heart of the multitude
Holding its breath as it waits for Her,
One being in all the crowd.

She is coming, is coming! the Queen! the Queen!

Here is our moment in all the day.
One voice for all, and the air serene
Quivers, as if a storm blew by:

A little more, and there had been
Gates burst apart in the very sky,
To hear a whole nation shouting on high—
The Queen! the Queen! the Queen!

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